MEN I LOVE!  Who Gets The $5,000?

By Harriette Underhill

Title Contest Prize Winners on Page 32
Every little mouthful
has a message all its own

The message, ladies and gentlemen, is one of warning to your gums.

For it is the food that we eat, three times a day, that is to blame for the troubles we have with our gums.

How Soft Food Ruins Gums

It's too soft, this food. It doesn't stimulate the bloodstream in the tiny capillaries of the gum tissue. Under our modern diet, gums are growing soft and congested. They become inflamed, and bleed easily. And when "pink toothbrush" appears, then let your teeth look out for trouble ahead.

To keep gums hard and healthy, thousands of dentists now prescribe Ipana Tooth Paste. Many direct a daily massage of the gums with Ipana after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana, because of the presence of ziratol, a valuable antiseptic and hemostatic, has a toning and strengthening effect on weakened gum tissue.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums have a tendency to be soft or to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it, you cannot fail to note the improvement. And you will be delighted with its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

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Across the ocean, the noblest lords and ladies vied for possession of these glorious furs. At one time in England, only royalty was permitted to wear silver fox. The same was true in other countries.

The first silver fox furs to arrive in France were tipped with gold and presented to the king—a truly regal gift.

Today, you need not depend on the uncertainties of the chase for the splendor of this rich fur. Pontiac Strain Silver Foxes, bred in captivity, provide pelts, unmarked by traps or fangs, fully furred, pelted exactly at prime and clear in color.

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A copy of the booklet, "The Fur Incomparable," is yours for the asking. It gives valuable pointers on fur selection and tells something of the romantic history of the silver fox.

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A W. M. de MILLE PRODUCTION

Vol. XXVII

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KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Business Mgr.

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Why Men Fall in Love with Actresses

By Constance Talmadge

in the next issue of Photoplay

Constance is one of our most famous heartbreakers, and she ought to know. The actress sees all kinds of men and acquires a certain amount of knowledge of why men fall in love. “Most men,” Constance says, “see the actress on an elevation (the stage) and to them she generally remains on an elevation. They never see their actress doing the human things other women are found doing. They never see her struggling with house work. She doesn’t seem quite human, and that is one of the reasons they fall in love with her. They don’t want a heart. They want to be stepped on.”

Constance has written a really remarkable article on this subject, and although she treats it with her usual vein of humor, the facts she sets forth can hardly be denied.

Incidentally, there are some mighty good tips in it for the average woman whose love affairs have not been running smoothly, or for the girl who sits in the picture show with her beau, and who is secretly broken-hearted because he is going into ecstasies over one of the beauties of the screen. If she only knew, she needn’t have much fear of the competition.

Tom Mix Tells It Himself

His own life story will be another of the striking features of the February Photoplay. Tom Mix is true to the type of Westerner he so realistically depicts in his pictures. His earliest recollections are those of rude frontier days—life in a log cabin in Texas, battles with prowling beasts of the forest, the excitement and zest of contact with nature and its dangers. He will tell his screen admirers of some of the striking episodes in his more than full life.

His story starts in the February

PHOTOPLAY

On all Newsstands

January 15th
Miss Moore's Greatest Role

THANKS to Edna Ferber, Colleen Moore has her most wonderful role in "So Big." And thanks to Miss Moore herself, Selina Peake, the central figure of Miss Ferber's popular novel, will be remembered as one of the most real, vivid, and sympathetic screen characters of all time.

In the oval on the right is Colleen as the banged-haired, lace-collared belle of yesteryear. In strange contrast is the scene below the oval. The piquant little schoolma'am of ten years past has become a battered, strained soul fighting for her boy.

"So Big" will be in many theatres during and immediately after Christmas week.
A special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

BROKEN BARRIERS—Metro.—Slightly better than passable film fare. Story is about young woman who cares for married man believed to be hopeless cripple. Wins him. (October.)

BUTTERFLY—Universal.—Story of two sisters, one vain and spoiled and other self-sacrificing. Fairly good. (November.)

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Vitagraph.—Of the oldest existing days of seventeenth century and revolves around a series of sea fights. Splendid entertainment. (November.)

CAPTAIN JANUARY—Principal. —The sentimental tale of an old lighthouse keeper, and his protege; a neat and wistful story. Baby Peggy is the waif. Fair. (September.)

CHANGING HUSBANDS—Paramount.—When a husband can't tell his wife from another woman, there is bound to be trouble—or comedy. Some of the latter in this, though it falls down. (September.)

CYTHEIRA—First National.—Far above the average picture, although differing largely from George Cukor's book. Alma Rubens, Lewis Stone and Irene Rich are excellent and settings and photography beautiful. (July.)

DANGER LINE, THE—F. B. O.—Japanese picture made by Famous with Susie Hayakawa giving excellent performance. Highly dramatic and worth seeing. (July.)

DANGEROUS BLONDE, THE—Universal.—Light and frothy but entertaining. All about foolish father's letters to vamp recovered by clever flapper heroine. (April.)

DANGEROUS COWARD, THE—F. B. O.—Poor entertainment provided by story of a cowboy who refuses to fight and is dubbed "yellow." (August.)

DANGEROUS MONEY—Paramount.—This is Bebe Daniels' first starring picture. Just another flabby film story with William Powell, the scoundrel who tries to get Bebe's money. (September.)

DANTE'S INFERNO—Fox.—This is a queer mixture of a modern story with Dante's immortal effort interwoven. British, pace, pitch and Bathing girl, Shades of Dante! (December.)

DARING LOVE—Truart. —An unfaithful wife drives husband to a questionable resort, where a cowboy makes him see the light and happiness. Not much. (September.)

DARING YOUTH—Prinpiel.—A sappy fare, well enough done, with Bebe Daniels and Norman Kerry. (July.)

DARK STAIRWAYS—Universal.—If you will lay aside your judgment you'll like this one. A mystery story, impossible, but exciting. Good entertainment. (September.)

DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE—Prinpiel.—Here is another one that lives up too closely to the title of make it suitable for the family audience. A good cast. (August.)

DESERT OUTLAW, THE—Fox.—Not much of a story but western melodrama with action galore. (November.)

DON'T DOUBT YOUR HUSBAND—Metro.—A good story and society girl lost in wilderness. Experiences cure girl of distorted view of life. (November.)

ENEMY SEX, THE—Paramount.—Betty Compson in a sexy film of the girl who comes through fire unseated. Keeps the family home. (September.)

FAST WORKER, THE—Universal.—A capable cast makes this picture thoroughly entertaining. Reginald Denny does some thrilling automobile racing. (December.)

FEET OF CLAY—Paramount.—Cecil B. De Mille's newest find, Vera Reynolds, in her first big role, Heetic, and apt to disappoint. (December.)

FEMALE, THE—Paramount.—Poorly handled story of a girl who sings and plays with lions. (November.)

FIGHTING AMERICAN—Universal.—Comedy born of sheer nonsense and filled with lively entertainment. (August.)

FIGHTING FURY—Universal.—A conventional Western of cattle-rustlers, lovely ranch-owner and heroic stranger which merits unqualified verdict of "pretty puky." (October.)

FIGHT, THE—Fox.—Snappy and well acted, this film appeals to all who like prize fights. Based on Richard Harding Davis Van Bibber stories. (October.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10
"Now It's My Turn To Laugh at Him!"

We were dancing together to a beautiful, lilting melody. I led her gracefully around the room, keeping perfect harmony with the music. We were thoroughly enjoying ourselves.

And then, suddenly, I saw Jim standing near the door. He was watching us. But he wasn't laughing this time! His eyes followed us around the room, wondering, curious. He seemed a little lonesome standing there in the doorway, and I just couldn't help drawing it to Jeanne's attention. "Now it's my turn to laugh at him!" I said.

She grinned up at me. "He'll never laugh at you again!" she whispered.

"I'll be there," I said, "and I'll dance!"

I remembered that other night, a month ago, and was glad. Jim had invited me to a dancing party, although knowing very well that I barely knew one step from another. And he urged me to ask Jeanne for a dance, knowing that she was the most graceful and talented dancer in the room. I was horribly self-conscious, clumsy as a bow, stepping all over her toes and leading her right into other couples. It was torture. And then I saw Jim standing in the doorway, laughing. Other couples had stopped dancing to watch us, and were laughing too. I was the goat!

It was a humiliating experience, and the next time Jim invited me to a dance I refused. "Tired of dancing already?" he asked, laughing slyly. That laugh, somehow, irritated me. "I'll be there!" I said grimly—"and I'll dance!"

I sent for the five free lessons

That evening I sent off a coupon to Arthur Murray asking him for the five lessons that he offered free. I would show Jim—I would show all of them! They'd never make me the goat again. I'd become a good dancer, as popular as any of them.

Arthur Murray's five free dancing lessons arrived just the evening before the dance. It was fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions. I practiced before a mirror. I quickly mastered a fascinating new fox-trot step. I learned how to lead, how to dance in harmony with the music. I acquired a wonderful new sense of ease and poise. I could hardly wait for Jim's dance.

And then—that wonderful dance with Jeanne! She had hesitated when I asked her, but she was too polite to refuse. The orchestra was playing a fox-trot, and I swung her gracefully into the rhythm. She was an exquisite dancer, and we interpreted the dance like professionals. It was a triumph. Everyone was amazed, and especially Jim. He stood in the doorway watching us—the very doorway where only a short time ago he had stood and laughed. Laughed! Well, it was my turn to laugh now!

Jeanne and I finished the dance together. Others stopped to watch us. Jeanne was smiling—others were smiling—soon everyone was smiling, and applauding. I was popular!

I never dreamed that knowing how to dance well could make anyone popular so quickly. You, too, can quickly learn dancing at home, without music and without a partner. More than 200,000 men and women have become accomplished dancers through Arthur Murray's remarkable new method.

I found it great fun

Send today for the five free lessons. They will tell you more than anything we could possibly say. These five lessons will tell you the secret of leading, how to follow successfully, how to gain confidence, how to fox-trot and how to waltz. These complete five lessons are yours to keep, without obligation. Arthur Murray wants you to send for them at once, today—so that you can see for yourself how quickly and easily dancing can be mastered at home. You will find it fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions.

Clip and mail this special coupon NOW for the five free lessons. There is no obligation. Please include 25c to cover the cost of handling, mailing and printing. ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 380, 290 Broadway, New York.

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 380
290 Broadway, New York
To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening you may send me the FIVE FREE LESSONS by Arthur Murray. I enclose 25c to pay for the postage, printing, etc. This does not obligate me in any way.

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Address: ________________________
City: ___________________________ State: ____________

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your Creative Test, your 96-page book, "The New Tool for the New Century," the complete syllabus of the Palmer Scholarships Foundation, which awards 60 Free Scholarships annually, and a list of all the successful authors who have come to the Institute with no previous writing experience.

[Signature]

Name.

Address.

[All correspondence strictly confidential]

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

FIRE PATROL, THE—Chadwick.—An old-time melodrama with every old film thrill worked in. (Aug.)

FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE—Parker.—The most amusing Mack Sennett comedy that Harry Langdon has created in this film. (Oct.)

FLIRTING WITH LOVE—First National.—Colleen Moore always lovely, tosses her bobbed hair this time in a typically romantic way, and finally learns that she loves a reformer. (Nov.)

FOOLS IN THE DARK—F. O. O.—Frannest kind of book mystery play, with skeletons, cars, ancient fortresses. (Sept.)

GAIETY GIRL, THE—Universal.—A good comedy. May McAvoy and Heck Gibson as a village jack of-all-trades. (July.)

GIRL OF THE LIMBEBRO—F. O. O.—Interesting story of a woman with everything to lose. (Sept.)

GOLDFISH, THE—First National.—Consuelo Talmadge finally succeeded in getting back on familiar ground with a comedy with this comedienne at her best. (July.)

GOOD BAD BOY, THE—Principal.—Story of the worst sort of boy, is most perfectly played by Harold Harare. (Sept.)

GUILTY ONE, THE—Paramount.—A regular vaudeville of force, murder and whatnot, and the players themselves. Nothing. The players themselves don't seem to think much of it, either. (Sept.)

HEARTS OF OAK—Fox.—This should prove popular with film fans who like a tale of simple folks striving to attain happiness in their homely, honest way. (Dec.)

HER LOVE STORY—Paramount.—The story revolves around a prince and a princess, and the grand business one line about marrying an old neighboring monarch. (Dec.)

HIGH SPEED—Universal.—Story of an athlete in love with a banker's daughter. Herbert Kawinsson retains his popularity. (Aug.)

HIS HOUR—Metro-Goldwyn.—Picturization of story leaves little to the imagination. Keep the children home. (Aug.)

HIT AND RUN—Universal.—H. Gold Gibson program picture in which his fans will find him at his best in a story quite unusual and entertaining. (Oct.)

HOLD YOUR BREATH—Hodkinson.—An amusing thriller with a human fly and funny situations. (Aug.)

HONOR AMONG MEN—Fox.—Another romance of mythical royalty, built from Richard Harding Davis' "The King's Jackal." Edmund Lowe plays the part. (Dec.)

IN FAST COMPANY—Travers.—Incongruous. Comedy falls down. Good prize fight scene. (Aug.)

IN HOLLYWOOD WITH POTASH AND PERL- MUTTER—First National.—Coaching good comedy with a laugh in every sub-title. (Nov.)

INTO THE NET—Pathe.—A thriller that sustains interest throughout. Story based on daily life of New York police department. (Nov.)

IRON HORSE, THE, THE—Fox.—An epic of the terrific handicap of the Central Pacific Railroad. (Nov.)

ITALY—Majestic.—Story of the eternal triangle with plenty of suspense and thrills. Carries a surprise punch. (Nov.)

JANICE MEREDITH—Cosmopolitan.—Another romantic melodrama of the most unusual type. Marmorello and Davies appear to advantage as Janice. Supporting cast good. (Oct.)

JOHNSON, LEBLO, JR.—Pathé.—If you were ever a kid you will like this picture. Will Rogers and The Gang combine for a lot of fun. (Oct.)

K—THE UNKNOWN—Universal.—Overstuffed story about a young man who imagines himself guilty of carelessness. Redemee self by operation. (Nov.)

LAST OF THE DUANES, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey's novel of the lives of the dueling brethren escapes makes a typical Tom Mix picture. (Oct.)

LIFE'S GREATEST GAME—F. O. O.—This time, Emory Johnson, his wife, and three baseball players. Full of hokum melodrama but the baseball sequence is very good. (Nov.)

LILY OF THE DUST—Paramount.—From Sudderman's "Song of Songs." Tale lacks real appeal. (Nov.)

LISTEN LESTER—Principal.—Adapted from a popular English tale. It is a hopeless attempt to include bootleggers. Fast and full of tricks. (Dec.)

LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOE—Metro.—Viewing Jackie Coogan as a shipwrecked orphan on a cannibal beach is an evening well spent. The children will love it. (Oct.)

LONE WOLF, THE—Paramount.—A revival of an old favorite with plenty of intrigue and adventure and love interest. Worth seeing. (Sept.)

LOVE AND GLORY—Universal.—Second Rupert Julian version of "We Are French." The first was a gem. This one isn't. (Oct.)

LURE OF THE YUKON, THE—Lee Bradford.—Continental solid serial with plenty of red-blooded action. (Nov.)

MANHANDED—Paramount.—In which Gloria Swanson discovers that men will be men and an old man's love is best. By far this star's best work. (Sept.)

MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Fox.—Easily the best picture of the Fox series of western films. aiad is a good fight movie. (Dec.)

MAN WHO FIGHTS ALONE, THE—Paramount.—A fair story of a man paralyzed and confined to a wheelchair who believes he is losing his wife's love. (Aug.)

MARRIAGE CHEAT, THE—First National.—The best of a series of romantic comedies with Lorette Joy, Percy Mant, and Adolphe Menjou mixed up in a triangle story. The minor characters with Adolphe and the native girl, helps the picture some. (Sept.)

MARRIED FLIRTS—Metro.—The old theme of the wife who neglects her personal appearance and loses her husband. Pauline Frederick gives a striking performance. (Dec.)

MEASURE OF A MAN—Universal.—A weak melodrama with an episode likely to be too morbid for the average audience. (Nov.)

MEN—Paramount.—Typical Pola Negri film concerning an actor who is the idol of Paris. Not for children. (Aug.)

MERTON OF THE MOVIES—Paramount.—A screen-struck youth decides to become a movie actor—and he does it with Lestrade Joy, Percy Mant, and Ollie Traven of the often seen story. (Dec.)

MIEFFAUER, THE—Metro.—A painful love story which ends on a good note. (Dec.)

MISSING DAUGHTERS—Seldick.—Thriller dealing with white slave traffic done in old-style melodrama—first a tear and then a laugh. (Aug.)

MILE, MIDNIGHT—Metro.—Mae Murray in a black wig which somehow detracts from her usual alluring feminine charms. (Dec.)

MONIER BEAUCAR—Paramount.—The return of Rudolph Valentino to the screen, along with the story by Booth Tarkington, makes this worthy of an evening's entertainment. (Dec.)

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE—F. O. O.—Story too well-known to be told here. Picture lacks vitality. Picture never shows the vitality of the usual M.G.M. production. (Dec.)

NAVIGATOR, THE—Metro.—Ruster Keaton is at his funniest. You'll laugh your way through six thousand feet of film. (Dec.)

NEGLECTED WOMEN—F. O. O.—Another victorious story of the woman who can make a success of herself. Just a dull and mildly heroic melodrama. (Oct.)

NEVER SAY DIE—Associated Exhibitors.—When a fellow is only given five minutes to live an old friend's life he seizes the opportunity to inherit the fortune and then doesn't die—there's trouble. Another amusing Douglas MacLean effort. (Dec.)

Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
Could She Love Him Were He Bald?

On what a slender thread hangs interest—Affection—Love!

She notices, for the first time, some tell-tale specks of dandruff on his coat, and that his hair is getting thin on top. What if he should lose it? Could she love him then—if he were bald—bald as Uncle Charley?

The very thought is a severe shock to her, for she has always been so proud of his personal appearance—and her own. Wherever they have gone together, the verdict of their friends has been, "What a good-looking couple."

But if he should lose his hair—if he had a shiny, bald head—she just couldn't stand it. Anything but that. She wouldn't mind a sweetheart or a husband. whose hair was gray, or even one with a red head—but a bald head . . .

Could any girl's romance survive that blow?

New Hair for You In 30 Days Or No Cost!

Don't let thin, scanty hair ruin your personal appearance. It isn't necessary.

If you are worried over the conditions of your hair
—if it is falling out
—if it is getting thin on top
—if your bald spot is growing larger every day send at once for our free booklet, which gives you full particulars of an easy, simple home treatment that has grown new hair in one month's time for hundreds of people.

Don't say "It's too good to be true." Don't be skeptical. Don't doubt. Investigate. That's the only wise thing to do. It costs you nothing to find out what this treatment has done for others—what it can do for you.

So, mail the coupon now. Learn all about this marvelous, new treatment that produces such amazing results.

Proof of Success

You are not asked to take our word in this important matter. We can refer you to hundreds of delighted people for whom we have grown new hair, after all other remedies failed. Read these brief extracts from a few of the hundreds of grateful letters, which are on file in our offices, open to your personal inspection:

"Your treatment so far is nothing short of wonderful. New growth started after three weeks. My fears of baldness are gone forever."—Angus McKenzie, Lakeview, N. J.

"The top of my head is almost covered with new hair. I have been trying for last five years, but never could find anything that could make hair grow until I used your treatment, and now my hair is coming back."—Tom Carson, Ohio.

"Hair stopped falling out and quite a lot of fine new hair is coming in where my head was bald. Can highly recommend it."—E. L. W., San Francisco, Cal.

"Lots of hair is growing where I was bald. It was just as bare as the palm of my hands. New hair is coming again."—C. Fitzgerald, New York.

"I have gained remarkable results. My scalp now is all full of fine new hair. I am well pleased with results."—A. W. B., Maywood, Ill.

"A new growth of hair has shown on each side of temple where I have been bald for years."—Chas. Barr, New York.

If you want just such results as these people are getting—if you want to stop your falling hair—cover up your bald spots—improve your personal appearance—let us hear from you at once.

Free Booklet Tells All

All you need do, to obtain full details of this easy, pleasant, home treatment, that grows new hair in thirty days or costs you nothing, is to sign and mail the coupon at the bottom of this page.

This interesting, 32-page booklet, not only fully explains our simple, scientific system of growing new hair, but it gives you positive proof of what we have done for others, together with photographs showing what can be accomplished.

Act promptly. The sooner you get this informative little book, the sooner you can stop your hair from falling out—start to cover up the bald spots—begin to improve your personal appearance.

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You may send me, in plain wrapper, without cost or obligation, a copy of your new booklet telling all about the Merke Institute Home Treatment for stopping hair from falling out, growing new hair and improving one's personal appearance.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE.
If Peggy, Why Not Roscoe?

Bennington, Vt.

It is announced that Peggy Joyce is going into pictures. I have no desire to stop her nor curiosity to see her.

But if this woman who has never been seen on the screen, whose performances on the stage and off have never been illustrious, and who was barred from pictures two years ago because she has been involved in so many scandals, can now become a film star, what good reason is there for any further suppression of the clean, joyous pictures of Roscoe Arbuckle?

His fame as a creator of wholesome and refreshing comedies is world-wide. His films are said to have made him a member of the Chinese hierarchy, while in this country, in a popularity contest in 1922, he received more votes than Douglas Fairbanks, John Barrymore, Harold Lloyd, Eugene O’Brien, Wm. S. Hart and others.

With every vaudeville theater in which Roscoe Arbuckle now appears crowded to the doors with friendly throngs, it is the height of absurdity for anyone to say that the public doesn’t want him.

M. E. K.

An Artist Protests

It will be a crime against filmdom and the memory of Gen. Lew Wallace if Ramon Novarro is allowed to play Ben Hur. As an artist and a movie fan I protest.

The Wallace Ben Hur was a young blond giant. The very nature of the tasks to be performed demands a man of magnificent physical frame.

I can assure Mr. A. L. Erlanger that “when all’s said and done” he is not going to like that picture. Even with Mr. Niblo’s incomparable direction.

Believe me, and I say it with deepest sincerity, I cannot visualize Novarro struggling to fit his small feet into the huge sandals of Ben Hur and straining his slender shoulders with the weight of the play.

M. Stocking.

Claire Windsor’s Mother Writes

1543 Third Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

I have a clipping from the October number of Photoplay Magazine, written by “A Fan,” saying that she has sent quarters to several stars for their photographs and has not so far received one. Claire Windsor was named as one of the stars.

Miss Windsor is very sorry if someone has not received a photograph and has, besides, lost her quarter. She would like to know the name and address of the writer so that she may send her a picture. The letter was written from Missoula, Mont., signed merely “Another Fan.”

I wish to state that Claire Windsor’s maiden name was Claire Viola Cronk.

CLEAIRE WINDSOR’S MOTHER
(MRS. G. E. CRONK).

Girls That Boys Are Proud to Escort

Just a few words in admiration of Bebe Daniels and Norma Shearer.

They are, above all others, my favorite actresses because they are such normal, wholesome girls. Not only are they exquisitely beautiful but they are aristocratic. They are the sweet, wellbred, conserva-tive type of girls that boys are proud to take to their fraternity dances and introduce to “the brothers.”

One of my favorites. Thanks for Photoplay for bringing Mary Fuller back. I hope we will have a chance to see her very soon. I hope you will find William Powell and bring him back. I saw him last in “Under the Red Rose,” a year or more ago.

I think the motion picture public, if it is really fond of a star, is interested in him or her ever after. I have always liked William Farnum and will welcome him back to the screen. I have missed Lillian Walker. I should like to see her again and often.

I am not an “old timer.” I have my new favorites.

F. C. B.

High Brow—Low Brow

Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Of course I go to the movies, everybody does, high brow, low brow, and just us common people. We go because we expect to get out of them something we want, something we need, some amusement, and—consciously or unconsciously—for inspiration.

Do you think we audiences feel that the price of our ticket covers our obligation in the transaction? We don’t, the proof being that we remember happily the stars and plays that please us, days and years after the show—like some book read and enjoyed, discussed and appreciated years later.

MARION GUERRIN.

A Soldier’s Praise

Roosevelt American Legion Hospital,
Battle Creek, Mich.

I am a constant reader of Photoplay. I can hardly wait for the next copy.

I want to pay my compliments for the collection of ideas about “What Is Love?” in the November issue. Miss Lois Wilson has written the best letter. May I extend to her my compliments through your magazine?

The greatest love is that of a mother for her child.

CARL ARMHEITTER.

Petrova and England


You were so very kind as to publish a letter from myself in your splendid magazine. As this one concerns a matter very near my heart I hope you will treat me with the same kindness.

I wish to refer to the letter from Eloise Atkins, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the October number of Photoplay. The theme of the letter was “Why Madame Petrova No Longer Appears in Pictures.” I should so much like to say that Madame Petrova has a very large and extremely loyal following in this country. Although it is a long time since any of her pictures have been shown here one is constantly hearing, “If only we could see Mme. Petrova and Vallette.” We all like the dear old favorites, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Douglas Fairbanks, and we are growing attached to Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, and others amongst the new favorites. I believe we English are fairly loyal and we cannot forget those we admired and loved in days past, and now see no more.

MRS. NESTA HARRIS.

Another Petrova Advocate

Baldwinville, L. I.

After reading Eloise Atkins’ letter in your October number, concerning our beloved Petrova, I want to say it expresses my sentiments. I have watched and admired her for years on both screen and stage. I think none can surpass and few can equal her.

MAE L. SAWYER.

[Continued on page 16]
Ned Wayburn—The Leading Authority on Stage Dancing—The Man Who Staged The Best Editions of "The Follies," Including the "Follies of 1923" Now on Tour and Over 50 Other Musical Comedies, Revues and Vaudeville Acts—Will Develop Your Talents By Exactly the Same Methods He Used to Develop Ann Pennington, Evelyn Law, Marilyn Miller, Gilda Gray and Many Other Internationally Famous Stars.

THINK of it! A chance to train for a stage career under the personal supervision of Ned Wayburn—master of stagecraft—maker of stars—recognized genius of the modern theatre. What a fascinating vista of success, wealth, fame, this wonderful opportunity opens up to you!

Imagine the joyous thrill—the tingling sense of achievement and power—that comes to those who, night after night, win the applause and praise of the multitudes!

Think what it means to be popular, sought after, feted, admired! To be honored in a thousand ways by public, press and friends! To have money! To travel—to see the world! To know the refinements of ease and comfort!

Great Demand for Dancers—Salaries Were Never Higher

Yet to the boy or girl—the young man or young woman—who has the ambition and the proper training—none of these things is impossible. Never was there a greater demand in the theatrical profession for well-trained dancers. Never were the financial rewards higher than they are today. Producers of new musical comedies, revues, vaudeville acts and motion picture productions are constantly seeking for new talent—young men and women who have been developed to the point where they are ready for success on the stage.

It was to help meet this great demand that Ned Wayburn, who has discovered and developed more dancing stars than any other man in the world, opened his now famous Studios in New York. Out of his many years' experience as a producer and theatrical director, Mr. Wayburn has evolved a method of developing stage dancers that is regarded as one of the wonders of the modern theatre.

The Ned Wayburn Method

Mr. Wayburn wastes no time with old worn out theories of training dancers for the stage. He doesn't require his pupils to spend years in acquiring a fundamental technique that can be mastered in a short time. He does, of course, require his pupils to perfect themselves in a foundation technique. But the method is his own—complete, yet marvelously simple. Knowing exactly what he and other producers want, he knows how to develop his pupils to meet these requirements in the quickest, easiest way.

That is why so many dancers in "The Follies" and other Broadway Productions are from the Ned Wayburn Studios. So high is the value placed on Ned Wayburn-trained dancers, that many pupils earn extremely high salaries, even in their first engagements!

Famous Stars Developed by the Ned Wayburn Method

The best proof of the soundness of Mr. Wayburn's method is shown in the long list of celebrated stars whom he has discovered and developed. Ann Pennington, Evelyn Law, Marilyn Miller, Gilda Gray, and many more. Ann May (Weeks), Charlotte Greenwood, Dorothy Dickson, Ray Stacey, Oscar Shaw, Elizabeth Hines and the Fairbanks Twins are only a few of the many internationally known stars who have had the benefit of Ned Wayburn's genius with success on the stage, you should grasp this big opportunity offered by the Ned Wayburn Studios—now.

Previous Experience is Not Necessary

No matter who you are—whether you have had professional training or don't know one step from another—whether you actually aspire to a stage career—whether you wish to fit yourself to teach—or simply want the glowing health and strength, the beauty of figure, the winning charm and grace that stage dancing gives—the Ned Wayburn courses will help you realize your fondest dreams.

Remember, every type of stage dancing is taught at the Ned Wayburn Studios. Every secret of this fascinating art is made so simple, so easy to grasp, that you will be amazed at how rapidly you progress.

Send for FREE Book

It is impossible, of course, in this limited space to do more than hint at the many marvelous features of the Ned Wayburn Method. But in our new illustrated booklet entitled "Your Career," the entire story of our method and courses is covered with a wealth of fascinating detail. This booklet is free to those who mail the coupon below.

If you are ambitious—if you long for a career on the stage—or for the health, strength and perfection of bodily beauty that stage dancing gives—you should have a copy of this booklet. Making the coupon places you under no obligation whatever. So fill in and mail the coupon now—right away.

New classes for adults start January 5th and February 2nd. Private instruction may be arranged to begin at any time. Children's classes every Saturday morning.

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Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

ONE NIGHT IN ROME—Metro-Goldwyn. A long suffering duchess is unjustly accused of being the cause of her prodigal husband’s suicide. Happy end- ing. (November.)

OPEN ALL NIGHT—Paramount. Novel story but at times a bit soiled in presentation. Story of woman who grows tired of over-gentlemanly husband and seeks cave man but gets over it. (November.)

PAINTED LADY, THE—Fox. On a South Sea Island cruise, a painted lady meets a real beeman and through his love “comes back.” Not for children. (December.)

PAL O’ MINE—C. B. C. A human story of a wife who feels the urge to take up a career and does it. Pleasing. (August.)

PERFECT FLAPPER, THE—First National. Colleen Moore in a made-to-order production of a mouse girl who bursts into a life of dizzy jazz. Artificial. (September.)

PRICE OF A PARTY, THE—Associated Exhibitors. Another story of Manhattan’s night life. Fairly good entertainment of its kind but not pretentious. (December.)

PRINTER’S DEVIL, THE—Warner Brothers. A well-worth while picture with Wesley Barry at his best. Story lives up to title with lots of thrills. (August.)

RACING LUCK—Associated Exhibitors. One of the funniest pictures ever made. (August.)


REJECTED WOMAN, THE—Distinctive. Fine story with Will Rogers. All about opera singer (Alma Rubens) who loses her voice and wins a husband. (July.)

REVELATION—Metro. A revival of Nazimova’s best picture; Viola Dana attempts to play a part in story of redemption. Her talents not adequate to the task. (September.)

RIDERS UP—Universal. An old favorite, Crichton Hale, in a good role. That of a react-rack waggoner whose family thinks he is a good boy. The girl knows he isn’t and loves him anyway. Good picture. (July.)

RIDGEWAY OF MONTANA—Universal. Typical Western thriller of hero and villain winning out. As usual, great riding by Jack Hosie. (July.)

ROMANCE RANCH—Fox. The lost will and the rightful heir are features in this tale. Every one is beautiful when the will is found. (September.)

ROSE OF PARIS, THE—Universal. Another variation of the Cinderella theme. Mary Philipps is again buried amid the machinations of an inferior story. (December.)

SAWDUST TRAIL, THE—Universal. A spoiled son finds his heart’s desire in a girl of the circus, who has been won. Heart Gibson, the star, doesn’t do much riding. (September.)

SEA HAWK, THE—First National. A romantic tale of the seven seas that reaches supernatural heights. (August.)

SELF-MADE FAILURE, A—First National. Lloyd Hamilton and Ren Alexander in a splendid comedy of mistaken identity. (September.)

SHERLOCK, JR.—Metro. Buster Keaton with specially created role of Sherlock Holmes. Don’t miss it if you like Keaton. This time he is an amateur sleuth. (July.)

SIDE SHOW OF LIFE, THE—Paramount. Ernest Torrence’s characterization of the circus clown, who goes to war and of which carries the blue-blooded lady, is enjoyable. (October.)


SILENT WATCHER, THE—First National. Here we have Frank Lloyd directing Glenn Hunter, Bruce Love and Hobart Bosworth in a picture vivid with life. It is a story of a youth’s loyalty to his employer. (December.)

Sinners in Heaven.—Paramount.—Romance of a girl and man cast upon desert isle from a wrecked plantation. Contains local and old-time romance. (November.)

Sinners in Silk.—Metro.—Highly amusing comedy of the ultra modern younger set, depicting a few new tricks. (November.)

Son of the Sahara.—First National.—Good Picture.—The Sheik of the Son of the Sahara and Clair Windsor do splendid work and are supported by good cast. (November.)

Spirit of the U. S. A.—F. B. O.—Another attempt to use the flag to get your money. (August.)

Story without a Name, the.—Paramount.—There is enough action crowded into six reels to make it a several exciting serial. Taken from Photoplay's prize contest story. (December.)

Sword of Valor, the.—Capitol.—Contains one of those interfering fathers and proves a clean-cut American can win in anything he tries in any clinic. (August.)

Swallows and the Woman.—F. B. O.—Story of the French Revolution, done in 18th artistry and charm. (September.)

Tarnish.—First National.—Taken from the famous stage play. Selected as one of the six best pictures in November. All-around good entertainment should go see this picture. (December.)

Telephone Girl.—F. B. O.—This one of the series of comedies from the directing of Estelle Taylor and director of the Thieves in Red of last year. (September.)

Tess of the D'Urbervilles.—Metro.—Reaches the screen minus most of its vitality, both leading characters poorly done. (October.)

That French Lady.—Fox.—All about love without marriage. Consists in short comic sketches of Dave's and Witwer, called "The Square Sea." Only fair. (July.)

There's Millions in It.—F. B. O.—The Balckie, rich young debutant, and the battle of syndicates to get control in the world of interesting pictures. Well directed. (September.)

Those Who Dance.—First National.—A tremendously well directed, through a maze of bootleggers, blackmailers, police pursuits, pistols and jazz. (August.)

Three Women.—Warner Bros.—Story is the emotional struggles of a woman and grown daughter over every man. Not savvy but smooth told. (November.)

Tiger Love.—Paramount.—Antonio Moreno and Estelle Taylor manage to have a wild time in the mountains of Spain with outlawry, and kidnapings. At times hilarious. (September.)

Trouble Shooter, the.—Fox.—Tom Mix in a part that lets him act. A simple story sustained by his straightforward acting and enhanced by little Kathleen Key. (July.)

Tumolo, the.—Universal.—Booth Tarkington's story of a little middle-western town. Besides one big scene the picture is fair. (August.)

Unprotected Women.—Paramount.—Drama and life here collaborate to make an exciting picture. Good story by Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix, (September.)

Untamed Youth.—F. B. O.—A pretty good story of a girl (Dorothy Perdue) whose unconventionality is a means of her release from the small town and the love of the village catch. (July.)

Vanity's Price.—F. B. O.—Heavy and luxurious melodrama of revolution is thrilling and amusing. Directed by Weill-Munck. (November.)

Venus of the South Seas.—Lee Bradford, Annette Kellermann still good in water but inadequate to the emotional lines on land. (August.)

Wanderer of the Wasteland.—Paramount.—Thanksgiving serial color picture with a number of new and well-matched western stars. (September.)

Wandering Housewives.—Hudkisson.—Light and life come in this picture with many situations awkwark and over sentimental. (August.)

Wanted by the Law.—Aywon.—Neither worse nor better than a hundred other Westerns. (September.)

Welcome Stranger.—Prod. Dist. Corp.—An entertaining comedy based upon Aaron Hoffman's successful stage play. (December.)

(Continued from page 16)

New Self-Massaging Belt Reduces Waist—Easily!

Produce same result as an expert masseur, but far quicker, easier and less expensive. Substitutes good, solid, normal tissue for that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat, yet does it so gently that you hardly know it is there.

Science has found a delightfully easy way to quickly remove fat and obtain a graceful savorv—a tone strainning your heart with violent gymnastics or weakening your system by starving.

Formerly those who wished to reduce without dieting or strenuous exercise had to go to a professional masseur. He has perfectedly dissolved the fat and brought about the desired reduction. But it was expensive and time-consuming, and so few could take advantage of it.

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It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner, it actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks you find it to inches from your waistline. At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, bloating, and the shortness of breath disappear as the science of removing fat from the internal organs are put back in normal place. Man or woman, you are filled with a wondrous new energy, and both look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

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Send for booklet showing simple of way with and without the Perfect Leg Forms. (December.)

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Chemist
Pharmacist
Civil Engineer
Airplane Engines
Mathematics

The substitution of Ramon Novarro for George Walsh in the title role of "Ben Hur" is a piece of colossal stupidity on the part of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer.

Mr. Walsh is, in every respect, suited to the rôle. He is the only actor on the screen who possesses the almost supernatural strength and muscularity that belonged to the Ben Hur of Lew Wallace’s novel. That he is sufficiently handsome no one will deny. As for the acting, Ben Hur does not make great demands on an actor. It is, after all, a straight "hero" part, and falls easily within the scope of Mr. Walsh’s powers.

Now let us look at Mr. Novarro. A stripping of Ben Hur! His physique is absurdly inharmonious, and his voice is something more than a bit girlish. He seems to have no idea of the character, not even the chariot race. He is of bare medium height, his face is delicate and boyish, his personality is anything but virile—in short Mr. Novarro is, in every detail, the exact opposite of Ben Hur.

Unless Photoplay has misinformed its readers, Mr. Walsh has been treated dishonestly. I wish I could convince him that he has lost nothing in public esteem, through this action of his employers; and I wish I could make him know how many there are who still believe that Miss Mathis’s faith in him, and our faith in him, will yet be justified.

Iris de la Marr.

A Voice from the Vast Majority

Holbrook, Mass.

I am one from that “vast majority” of families whose income is under $2,500, of whom you write. We support the motion picture industry. Neither I nor any of my associates have any desire to see the lifeblood of our industry sapped. Either they have never lived as a family must live on forty-five dollars a week or they have not the best interests of American theatre in mind. It is true that a picture is not in every detail of actual occurrence but the public is not flat, but it contains its strongest appeal when we discover that it is probable within ourselves and our own environment. I believe he is the most worthy scenario writer who adapts true life to the studio equipment. I hail him as a genuine artist.

It has been said, the public is fickle and probably at most times does not know what it really wants in regard to pictures or to picture players. There is an audience for “better pictures,” another for the movies as they are, and still another that always craves something more daring or novel in naughtiness. No doubt there are producers for each of these classes. But efforts towards betterment seem to be decidedly limited. Possibly the most feasible plan suggested is that of organized cooperative power for both producers and exhibitors and advertising mediums.

Theaters playing two feature pictures at a program could, it seems to me, offer entirely different themes for the same story without injuring their box office receipts.

It may help a little if those in the motion picture business know what some of us are thinking.

Jay Winfield.
Thanks, Florence

Lexington, Mo.

I have been taking PHOTOPLAY for several years and I think it gets better all the time. I wouldn't want to miss a single copy. It certainly saves time and expense for one who only wants to see the best pictures. I depend wholly on your magazine in my choice of pictures and I nearly always agree with your criticisms.

Thomas Meighan is by far my favorite actor. When his pictures are shown here or in Kansas City one must hurry through dinner and go early to get a seat. Sometimes his story is not good, but his acting is always fine.

Florence Lankford.

A Clerk at a Thousand a Week

Boston, Mass.

I like the idea that the lady from Boston_expression in this department of having little articles in PHOTOPLAY, by old-time stars like Marguerite Clark and Edith Story, about what they are now doing and what they think of the movies of today.

I wonder why so many people criticize the life movie stars lead. Give the average office clerk a thousand a week and popularity and see what happens to his otherwise spotless life. As long as a person has beauty, money and popularity his efforts to enjoy himself are going to be criticized. While most of us criticize, we secretly envy others their good times. That is why you never heard of anybody ever turning down a chance to get into the movies.

A. Hallam.

Varying Views

New York, N. Y.

To critics all:

You may as well put away your little hammers. Rudy is back and we shall see that he stays. Don't worry about his losing his fascination for women. We are all at the feet of the graceful, sparkling, appealing "Beaucaire."

He is not "trying to act." He is doing subtle and compelling acting. No other person on the screen except John Barrymore is capable of even one of the clever and expressive gestures with which Valentino conveys so much.

M. L. S.

St. Louis, Mo.

Why the endless discussion of the respective merits of Rudolph Valentino and Ramon Novarro? Why not let me end it by the order of seniority? Valentino is the king of shiks and Novarro is the prince.

Maud Felkins.

Rutland, Vt.

I believe that Rudolph Valentino's fans want to see him in his original kind of roles. The wicked glance, the passionate manner, which he conveys in such a delectable way. Some actors need costumes of a romantic period to put them across. Rudy needs only what nature gave him, a wonderful smile and those eyes. Give us back our old shiek and let us be happy.

Madge Richards.

Shreveport, La.

Still people flock to see Valentino. I suppose it is because he is a good dancer. And because he was one of the first of his type on the screen. He is my idea of nothing at all. Just to see him on the screen irritates me. He certainly can't act. His face is practically expressionless.

Shirley Morrow.
Laughter - grace - and the charm of "A skin You Love to Touch"

Beauty means something more than bright eyes — a beautiful skin —
But it is through things like these that beauty speaks; without them, beauty is imprisoned — dumb.

Haven't you known some woman whose gay, charming spirit was hidden forever from the world behind a dull, unattractive exterior — dull eyes, dull hair, a dull, faded complexion?

Your skin was meant to be bright and beautiful. If you haven't a complexion you can be proud of — clear, smooth, flawless — begin today to make it so! Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Give this new skin, as it forms, the right care, and you can transform your complexion.

Blackheads, blemishes, will vanish. Your skin will have a fresh, clear color, instead of looking sallow and faded. The texture will become smooth, firm, velvety.

Do you know just the right method of taking care of your particular type of skin?
Look in the booklet that comes around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and there you will find the famous Woodbury skin treatments for each different skin need. These treatments are based on the best scientific knowledge of the day, and are clear and simple to follow.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the right treatment for your skin. You will be surprised and delighted at the improvement that will follow.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today!

Copyright, 1924, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., 501 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed ten cents — Please send me —
A trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."


Name ................................ Street ................................
City ................................ State .................................
FRANCES TEAGUE'S grandfather was a railroad fireman, her father is a prominent railroad official and Frances won a long-time contract by her work in a railroad picture, "The Iron Horse." She was featured in four of her first five pictures. We don't believe that grandpa ever speeded the old locomotive that fast.
JOSEPH TALMADGE KEATON was looking straight into the camera—poor picture work. But Aunt Connie Talmadge was smiling at the "little birdie," which shows she's had experience before the camera. She is using it at present in making "Learning to Love."
NOT Nazimova but Colleen Moore claims your attention on this page. Her continued upward progress makes her one of the screen's most intriguing personalities. In "So Big" she eclipses her previous record. Just about what she does in each succeeding picture
CONSTANCE WILSON, Lois' sister, is becoming one of the most talked of younger screen actresses. Constance didn’t wait for press agents. She did a bit in "The Covered Wagon" and a little bit more in "Fair Week." Then she married Ensign C. C. Lewis, Jr.
ALICE JOYCE announced that she would retire from the screen after she had completed "White Man" for B. P. Schulberg. She wanted to devote all of her time to her children. But along came Metro-Goldwyn and signed her to star in "A Man's World"
BESSIE LOVE has one of the prettiest bobs we've ever seen and we've seen lots of them. She is now playing opposite Tommie Meighan in "Tongues of Flame" and how she is playing! When you see the picture you'll understand why it's easy to rhapsodize over Bessie.
THIS is the first picture we’ve printed of Mary Pickford for several months and the fans have written letters about our negligence. Well, they’ll never see a sweeter picture of her than this one. And, we ask you, wouldn’t it be a shame to bob that wonderful hair?
Never let silk garments lie damp and soiled in a hamper

Though worn but once and apparently unsoiled, silk blouses, undergarments, stockings, are sure to contain impurities which are ruinous to both colors and fabrics if allowed to remain even for a day.

Each garment should, therefore, be washed in gentle Ivory suds as soon as possible after being worn.

No, this is not a heavy task. Ivory suds, instantly made from Ivory Flakes or Ivory cake soap, cleanses fine things quickly—in just a few moments of dipping and squeezing.

Stockings need no ironing. If you cannot iron at once the things that do need ironing, they should be laid away, fresh and clean, until ironing day comes. What a difference this treatment will make in their appearance and lasting qualities!

It is scarcely necessary to remind you that Ivory suds is safe for the finest things you own—harmless as pure water itself, for you already know that Ivory is the first choice of millions of women for the cleansing and protection of lovely complexions.

Helpful suggestions for the care of your lovely garments

To wash black silk, use suit in the suds, and tea or blue the last rinses—very dark. Press first between thin black cloths, then again on wrong side of silk.

Wooden garments should be washed in lukewarm Ivory suds only, and rinsed in water of the same temperature. Extremes of heat or cold will shrink wool.

To wash lace, soak a few minutes in cold water, then drop into a two-quart Mason jar containing one-fourth package Ivory Flakes and one quart boiling water. Shake jar briskly until lace is clean, then put fresh suds in jar, place it on a block of wood in a kettle half full of hot water and boil for fifteen minutes.

Let us send you a free sample of IVORY FLAKES

It will give us great pleasure to send you without charge a generous sample of Ivory Flakes, together with our beautifully illustrated booklet. "The Care of Lovely Garments"—a veritable encyclopedia of laundry information. A request by mail will bring a prompt response.

Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 15-AF. Cincinnati, Ohio.
FRANKLY, I used to consider Eric Von Stroheim a foreign upstart, who when he had pleaded with Carl Laemmle for an opportunity and was given it, rewarded his benefactor with ingratitude. I resented his "Foolish Wives," and still do. I resented his insistence on giving us his continental viewpoint of the sex relationships. I resented the stark brutality of his screen treatments. I thought he was trying to glorify himself at the expense of the producers who entrusted him with their money. I considered him a poseur of the first water, a forty-five calibre egotist. But I have changed my opinion of the man. I must give Von Stroheim his due.

Now I see that through it all the man has been fighting the whole motion picture business in an effort to express himself. His severest critic, and I have been called that, could never accuse him of any ambition to make himself solid with the producers as a good "commercial director." He wanted to make pictures for the sake of making them — "art for art's sake" in the finest sense of the word.

An egotist, yes, I haven't changed my opinion on that, for egotism in one form or another is the driving impulse of every great accomplishment. But I think I have misjudged Von Stroheim's motives. Certainly his motive was not the accumulation of money, for today he is flat broke, without a swimming pool or a silver-plated megaphone to his name, living from picture to picture, without a studio to lay his head. He is the artist, living in the garret of the motion picture Latin quarter.

Only a man of this type would have essayed the translation of "McTeague," to the screen, and if the producers who financed him have any complaint because of the length of time he took to make the picture, or the expense, they should realize that unwittingly they have become patrons of the arts. Much as it may hurt they will probably accept with motion picture modesty whatever praise is forthcoming on that score.

I HAVE not had the opportunity to see his "Greed," made from Frank Norris' great novel, "McTeague," because Metro-Goldwyn are trying frantically to cut it from thirty miles of film down to an evening's entertainment of ten miles or less, but those who have seen it proclaim it a masterpiece. Rex Ingram, in whose judgment I place confidence, tells me it is the greatest translation of life to the screen ever produced. "McTeague" is a great novel though never a best seller. It is a gruesome story of life in one square block of tenements in the poorer sections of San Francisco. It is a large painting of drab color in which there are few spots of the sunlight of human kindness. Von Stroheim has chosen his screen title well, for it is a sermon on the futility of the lives of little people who spend their whole existence in a miserly anticipation of the "rainy day," shutting out every human emotion but greed.

I am awaiting his "Greed" with more anticipation than is compatible with one who has seen almost every motion picture of consequence ever made, and who by this time should view "masterpieces" with the blasé air of a boulevardier surveying the ankles of a pretty shopgirl. Von Stroheim will probably shock us again with the brutality of his picturizations. He will probably attempt to show us in detail the throat-cutting episode in which the money-mad Polish junkman kills his demented wife. I will not see it anticipating a delightful evening's entertainment. I will go prepared. But after all I do not have to see it unless I want to, do I?
The Three Gamblers

And such gamblers as Hollywood has never seen before

By Jim Tully

It is a true tale they tell in Hollywood when the sun is down and the lights are low. It concerns a young Austrian director with a streak of genius who made a picture called "The Salvation Hunters" for forty-five hundred dollars that bids fair to be the sensation of the year. It also concerns a young English actor named George Arthur who plays in pictures as a vocation, but who proved himself a financial wizard by avocation. He was who raised the forty-five hundred dollars. It also concerns Douglas Fairbanks, as a patron of the arts.

George Arthur had struck a bad vein of luck. He conceived the idea of writing his own story and playing the lead in it for the very good reason that he could get no other work. He approached his friend, Josef Von Sternberg, the director of "The Salvation Hunters," and asked him to write the scenario for his picture, which George called, "Just Plain Buggs."

Now, Von Sternberg is the friend of Arthur Schnitzler and many other brilliant men, so naturally he thought that George Arthur was just plain bugs to submit such a story to him. He decided that he did not want to write the scenario for the story, and, as an alternative, said to George five days later, "I have a story that I have just written. It centers around a mud-dredger in San Pedro harbor, twenty miles from here."

Von Sternberg managed to get George to go with him to the harbor and there in the mud-bespattered atmosphere they watched with intense fascination a huge dredge with a bucket weighing nine tons taking mud from the bottom of a shallow river. Many derelicts of life gathered about and watched the workmen also. The bucket went up and down, up and down at the eternal vigil of removing earth from earth, and always there was more mud, more mud, more mud.

The mud of life was everywhere, in the creased faces of the workmen, in the faces of the wharf loungers who watched—everywhere. Mud had permeated the souls of the men and it gave this young Austrian Jew his great theme. Arthur may have been just plain bugs in writing "Just Plain Buggs," but he was smart enough to meet high talent on a low highway that was about to lead him on to fame and fortune. He consented to raise forty-five hundred for Von Sternberg's idea, and not his own.

Indeed he was wise, for this sardonic young Jew knew what he was about. He was getting ready to place the ladder of fame against the house of life. And let it be recorded here that Von Sternberg, though very young, is old in the ways of pictures. He had climbed a long jagged road. He had assisted many a director far inferior to himself. A Young Napoleon, he was obeying the orders of moron sergeants.

The Austrian looked about and found a young woman to play the lead. She had been an extra girl, one of those footsore and high-hearted and beautiful young wanderers, in and out of the tinsel of Yessirland. Her name is Georgia Hale. And she is a very great actress. She has the beginning and the end of acting at her finger tips. She does not act at all. She has poise, beauty, a subdued something, a pathos, that divine flair that one either has or has not, that evanescent thing known by the hackneyed word called Soul.

I watched her work in the picture. Charlie Chaplin and
The wife of a director sat near me. The director's wife said to me, "She reminds me of Betty Compson." My rejoinder was, "She's a thousand times greater than Betty Compson." Chaplin overheard and said, "Yes, yes, she's very much greater."

Several casting directors should resign when they are given the opportunity of seeing Miss Hale's work. Perhaps Von Sternberg had something to do with it. But then, one cannot make a granite statue out of clay.

The story of "The Salvation Hunters" is that of a boy, and a girl, and a little child, and a male lizard of life and his woman. The boy is George Arthur, the girl is Georgia Hale, and the little child is Baby Bruce Guerin. The lizard's woman is played by Nellie Bly Baker, who did so well in Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris." And the lizard himself is portrayed by Otto Matieson, a Danish player of rare skill. A sinister man walks in and out of the picture and does his work with women, as sinister men always do, without regret. His name is Stuart Holmes.

Von Sternberg was ready with his embryo film masterpiece, but the money to produce film masterpieces always lags behind. Enters George Arthur. It was his job to raise nearly five thousand dollars. He portioned this amount into sixteen shares of two hundred and eighty-one dollars each, or four thousand four hundred and ninety-six dollars. He portioned the sixteen shares all right, but he couldn't portion out sixteen people from the Hollywood population to buy the shares.

By a stroke of genius, he actually convinced Robert McIntyre, casting director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to buy a share. Everybody else ridiculed the idea of making a picture for five thousand dollars.

The young gamblers leased a studio for five days, used old sets which they dressed themselves; and for this five days it cost them seventy-six dollars. They paid extra for the electricians and the light. The forty-five hundred, which eventually was raised by George Arthur, was only raised in small dribs. They could only buy four hundred feet of film at a time.

It came time for Stuart Holmes to enter the picture. The young gamblers wanted a NAME. Stuart Holmes worked all day, and through Arthur's friendliness with him, he consented to show his sinister countenance in the picture C. O. S. (cash on the spot). They gave him the hundred in silver dollars.

They couldn't hire him for the next evening, not having the next hundred, so they put his shadow through its paces in a way that only a pictorial genius like Von Sternberg could understand. Stuart Holmes may want to collect if he reads this, but perhaps Stuart also has a kindly feeling for art.

To make matters worse, Von Sternberg became ill with neuritis. Now, the young director of a wild dream has a hard time getting respect in Hollywood. It is the way of the world that even genius must prove over and over again before the leading citizens of Moronia will recognize it.

The Austrian Jew, brain on fire with a big idea, body worn from neuritis, groped his way about the sets and instructed the players, who, with but few exceptions, had no respect at all for him. Genius being a rare commodity in Hollywood, moving picture people should not be censored for not seeing it. The loudest and most blatant publicity horn gatherers in the ducats at the box-office. It is a huge circus.

There was five hundred dollars to raise, and Arthur had one more trump card to play. He went to the manager of a bank. He asked that mighty man to loan him five hundred, or buy two shares of him with which to finish the picture. The banker asked him to come to his house in Beverly Hills and see him after he, the banker, had come from [CONTINUED ON PAGE 177]
Just a few Little 1925 Resolutions

May Allison
I have sworn during 1925 that I will play a "bad woman." I am sure that I can be as bad as our baddest (on the screen) and I intend to live up to this resolution or die in the attempt.

Betty Blythe
During 1925 I am going to swear off: playing bridge with quarrelsome partners, dancing later than the midnight hour, and swimming in imitation salt water swimming pools. Hereafter if I want my water salt I will go into the Pacific Ocean.

Betty Bronson (Peter Pan)
It's only three years ago that I made my first New Year's resolution. It was a promise I made myself that I was never to say anything which could possibly be harmful to anyone. I think I meant then that I wouldn't repeat gossip, but each year since, when I have renewed my resolution, I have added a bigger meaning to it. So that's my resolution for 1925—not to say anything—or even look anything—which will make people less likeable than they were before.

Lew Cody
I need more sleep and in 1925 I am going to make an exhaustive study of radio bed-time stories. This will get me to bed about nine o'clock. However, I think the broadcasting for the "sand man" should be extended to nine-thirty on Saturdays and every third Wednesday, as I will probably have the usual number of screen homes to ruin during that time in the next twelve months. Late hours and h欢ping go hand in hand in Hollywood.

Bebe Daniels
To stop betting on my own golf game.

Richard Dix
Resolved that during 1925 I will see more interviewers and make less pictures. I like what the writers have to say about me much more than I like myself on the screen.

Jack Gilbert
Resolved: That I will never pick up a golf ball lost by another player until it has stopped rolling. The last time this happened the other fellow was much annoyed and I was greatly embarrassed.

Julianne Johnston
Via cable, Isle of Malta. I have resolved to stay in America during 1925. Making pictures in Paris, Berlin, London and Constantinople is all very fascinating but I will be the happiest girl in the world when I see the old statue of Liberty in the oiling and realize that sunny California is only a few days more to the west.

Barbara LaMarr
I hope to make resolutions as situations demanding them arise. A generalized resolution is like a wild colt—both are meant to be broken!

Rod La Rocque
My business is to please the public and I'm hoping for the New Year that I can so perform on the screen as to make friends of those who still do not like me.

Harold Lloyd
I hereby resolve not to get into Hot Water by being Girl Shy unless it is a question of Safety Last. New Year's resolutions are made to be broken, anyway, so Why Worry about making a list that will be laughed at by Grand-ma's Boy and Dr. Jack.

Bessie Love
So far as I am able to learn I am the only girl in pictures who has never been reported engaged. I am resolved that I'll get a press agent who will have me married at least once a week in 1925.

Ben Lyon
I'm going to shoot every reporter who reports me engaged until I send out the engraved announcement. I have only been reported engaged to twenty or thirty girls this year and if I don't stop these reports now I am afraid I won't be able to keep up my average in 1925.
That Will be Kept—Perhaps

Dorothy Mackaill
Not to read any more signs on the backs of Fords. My sense of humor has degenerated into a horse-laugh. Besides, the darn things move too fast anyway.

Not to pose for eccentric photographers, I want some pictures that I can have reproduced without tremors, blushes, or the wrath of the Anti-Nudity Society.

Adolphe Menjou
I hereby resolve during the year of 1925 to marry at least one girl in one of my pictures!

Colleen Moore
Resolved not to announce my retirement from the screen for an operatic career. I like motion pictures too well and can only sing in English—if you can call it singing.

To withhold no longer the fact that I am desperately in love with a man by the name of John E. McCormick. . . He happens to be my husband.

Antonio Moreno
I have resolved not to scowl any more at the numerous waitresses who suggest “Spanish omelette” because they know my nationality. It doesn’t do any good.

Pola Negri
For 1925, I have made up my mind to carry on my work of becoming intimate with the people of my adopted country.

This year, I took out my first citizenship papers and the feeling that gave me was one of great satisfaction and contentment. I intend to do everything in my power to make 1925 a year of real friendship between myself and the people of my new country.

Norma Shearer
I resolve not to get married during the coming year—unless the right man comes along.

Not to get arrested for speeding—unless I am in a hurry to reach the studio for an early call.

Not to buy real estate nor any cars. Not to insure my face or hands or feet with Lloyds.

Not to be kidnapped and not to buy the world’s most pedigreed dog, cat or elephant.

Milton Sills
Not to tell my young daughter any more fairy tales. She has accused me of being a “fibber.”

Constance Talmadge
I quit making resolutions several years ago, but, if you insist, I’ll resolve to keep on doing just what I’ve always resolved—to make bigger and better pictures.

Estelle Taylor
I hereby declare that I will not allow the counsellor of public relations to announce my engagement to a well known world’s pugilistic champion more than ten times nor to deny it more than nine during the coming year.

Conway Tearle
To employ more than two fingers in scenes where I am called upon to use the typewriter.

To kick like a steer when the director wants to take more close-ups of me—but to yield gracefully upon second request.

Rudolph Valentino
I had made a resolution not to make any New Year’s resolution, but now that Photoplay has asked me for one, I shall have to treat my pledge as most other people treat theirs—break it. I, therefore, resolve to make two good pictures this year. If I don’t, remember that I didn’t want to make a resolution, anyway.

Lois Wilson
I will not make any New Year’s resolutions. I never have made any and I’m not going to in 1925. To me the making of resolutions is a sign of weakness. Resolving not to do a thing would not prevent me from doing it.
The Lucky Ones who Won

Young Detroit Machinist Submits the Title that Wins $2,500 Prize

A TWENTY-ONE year old machinist, who has devoted his spare time to developing himself as a writer, has won the first prize of $2500 in the contest which has just closed, in which PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE offered $5000 for a title for "The Story Without a Name," which was written for PHOTOPLAY by Arthur Stringer.

His name is Laverne Caron, and he lives at 19181 Danbury Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

The winning title is "Without Warning," and it will immediately take the place of the title under which the picture is being released throughout the country by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—"The Story Without a Name."

Mr. Caron's reason for selecting this title was: "Because Alan's invention strikes its victims without warning; because foreign spies have conspired against Alan and the American Government."

To Miss Pauline Pogue of Uvalde, Texas, goes the second prize of $1000 for her title, "Phantom Powers."

Her reason for selecting this title was: "In this story there are two powers—the power of radio, and the power of love, both of which are phantom."

 Asked what he intended to do with the prize money, Mr. Caron wired the editor of PHOTOPLAY the following:

"Success in this contest makes it possible for me to discontinue factory work on a boring machine, and devote myself to the task of developing whatever writing ability I have."

In spite of his youth, Mr. Caron has already won a prize in an Author's League contest. He used the money won in that contest to take a course with the Palmer Institute of Authorship.

His ambition is to obtain a position as a staff scenarist, and make picture-writing his life work.

He admits that he likes jazz music, but prefers classical, and considers Elman and Rachmaninoff the greatest living musicians. He never misses their recitals when they appear in Detroit.

Mr. Caron was an indefatigable worker all throughout the contest. He submitted many titles and sub-titles. His coupons were prepared in a neat and concise manner showing thorough workmanship throughout.

Many of the contestants sent their answers in an extremely artistic manner, but this had no bearing on the decision of the judges. The decision was based entirely on the titles and reasons given.

It was the thrill and dash of the story, as much as the prospect of the prizes, that lent a peculiar zest for readers of PHOTOPLAY to this contest. The narrative had a compelling and forceful dramatic power that fascinated every one who started it. Arthur Stringer conceived his plot with great brilliancy and then told his story with a terse directness that won the admiration of the most jaded of novel readers. The narrative was keyed to a constantly higher intensity, until it swept to its conclusion in a smashing climax.

The task of the judges was most arduous. Their final selections were based on the strict rules of the contest. They endeavored to arrive at fair and just verdicts, and when there were duplications in titles, their task was that much harder.

Under the rules of the contest, it would have been permissible to award all of the radio sets to one person, or, for that matter, one person could have won every prize offered. From the number of titles submitted by some of the contestants, that is what they evidently aimed at. The fact that there was not such an outcome was due to the keen competition offered by more than 50,000 film and radio fans.

Before closing this article, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wishes to thank all who took part whether they won a prize or not. To those who won, go congratulations. To those who lost, go best wishes for success the next time they try.

Just another word. PHOTOPLAY regrets that it is unable to tell its readers more about its prize winners. The work of the judges consumed a great deal of time than was expected, making it impossible to receive word from the winners in time to tell about them in this issue.
the $5,000 and Radio Sets

These Get the Big Checks and Radios on Christmas Eve

Prize Winners in Photoplay Radio Contest

The first prize, $2,500, was awarded to Mr. Laverne Caron, 19181 Danbury Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, for his title "Without Warning"

The second prize, $1,000, was won by Pauline Pogue, Uvalde, Texas. Her title was "Phantom Powers"

The third prize, $500, was awarded to Victor Carlyle Spies, of Barrett, California. His title was "The Love Dial"

The five who won $100 and their titles were as follows:

"Tuning In"—Mrs. Edward Frank, 247 Madison St., Waukesha, Wis.
"Master of the World"—Mrs. H. W. Fellows, 105 Grandin Road, Roanoke, Virginia.
"Flying Words"—Alice L. Dunx, E1704 Marietta Ave., Spokane, Wash.

The next five prize winners, to whom were awarded $50 each, follow:

"Conquering Powers"—S. X. Erickson, 316 North 5th Ave., Virginia, Minnesota.
"A Tool of Mars"—Mrs. R. C. White, 10 Compton Ave., Ferguson, Missouri.
"Waves of Silence"—Mrs. E. R. Burten, 1417 23rd St., S. E., Washington, D. C.
"Wings of Peace"—V. E. David, 322 North Main St., Crockett, Minn.

The ten $25 prizes were awarded to the following:


"Silent Death"—W. H. Beesley, 1035 Haines Ave., Dallas, Texas.
"The Secret of Alan Holt"—Lee W. LaZelle, 1014 H St., San Bernardino, Calif.
"The Great Radio Plot"—Mrs. F. C. Chekal, 311 N. Jefferson St., Bay City, Michigan.
"Reys of Death"—Thomas M. Malloy, 63 St. Michael St., Quebec, Canada.
"The Unseen Destroyer"—Mrs. J. W. Woodman, Frederick, S. Dak.
"The Death Beam"—Mae K. Bauder, 413 East Third St., Hutchinson, Kansas.
"The Radio Mystery"—Mary Neville, Box 1430, Tulsa, Oklahoma.
"The Adventures of Alan Holt"—Miss Clara Lange, 581 Elizabeth St., Fond du Lac, Wis.

The four De Forrest D-12 Radiophones for the best monthly subtitles were awarded as follows:

July—"The Coveted Secret"—Jack Dillon, 25 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.
August—"In the Enemies' Claws"—May Neville, Tulsa, Oklahoma.
October—"Radio's Triumph"—Rudolph Lohrenz, 3224 Haliday Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Louis Wolheim and Agnes Ayres in "The Story Without a Name," hereafter to be known as "Without Warning"

Mary, the heroine, protects the "Death Ray" machine—Agnes Ayres and Tyrone Powers
Men I Love

Famous motion picture writer and critic tells of her screen reactions to the heroes of the films

Harriette Underhill is the motion picture critic of the New York Herald Tribune. She has interviewed everybody of prominence in the screen world and in her paper she never hesitates to tell what she thinks. Oh, yes, critics sometimes do that.

JAMES R. QUIRK

By Harriette Underhill

British fiancé, Wyndham Standing, or even David Powell, and fly with Eric von Stroheim. I doubt if I should ever tire of him—if I were a lady of the screen; but if I did it would be because Rudolph Valentino had laid siege to my heart.

As a matter of fact I am not quite sure which one of these two gentlemen the lady on the screen loves best to love. In the everyday world which mortals call the real world, though I think that our dreams and aspirations are the real things of all, in this world Rudolph Valentino is but an ordinary man. Much nicer than many people think he is, but not in the least like his joyous shadow on the screen. Yet, knowing him as I do, I never see him in a picture without immediately becoming the heroine of that story. It is even more sure, this transition, than by the old method of rubbing the magic lamp. And when we reach the happy ending I would cheerfully annihilate the censor who dared to lift his desecrating shears and clip away a single foot of that kiss.

And when I have finished with the frivolities of the world, there is Tommy Meighan. He is one of those reliable men! As a screen wife I feel I could trust him in the hands of my best friend. Screen sub-title “My husband is a dear, and I want you, Aline, to look after him while I am in Paris.” When I, as the lady of the screen, am in a faithful mood, I love Tommy Meighan. He is so strong and handsome and good. No dear old white-haired mother of the screen ever would regret having married his daughter to Tommy. But if I felt too lonely and dull when he went away on his business trips, I should choose Adolphe Menjou to play around with while my fireside companions was away.

I should love to go out with Adolphe to some of those De Mille cabaret places and dance and toss balloons in the air and drink nice light wines. II, in one of those night clubs, I
should meet Ricardo Cortez, it would give me a tremendous thrill but I should dance with him only once. Because as the lady of the screen, I think I could recognize that fact that Ricardo is dangerous. Handsome and fascinating but of no use whatsoever, if one is thinking of celebrating a “safe and sane” Fourth. But even if I, as the heroine, lost my heart to Adolphe Menjou, it would not be serious; for he would receive it with graceful banter and toss it back to me with a smile and a bow. Adolphe Menjou of the screen is a gay cavalier who is looking for pleasure, not trouble.

When I find myself a screen apache, I want nobody but Charles de Roche for “Mon Homme.” How I love him when he strangles me, hurts me to the ground, and then drags me into the embrace of that mad, mad dance! And once, when I was a gypsy maid, defending myself with a dagger from the advances of all the nomad squires, it was de Roche who tamed me and made me his humble and adoring slave. Why, even Ramesses in all his glory of “The Ten Commandments” can tear my heart to tatters.

Somehow, when I see Ramon Novarro on the screen, I automatically find myself in the role of friendly adviser but never in the role of heroine. Ramon, too, can tear this heart to tatters but only in sympathy for his sorrows if he has them, and he so often has them in his pictures. I longed to comfort him in “Where the Pavement Ends” and in “Trilling Women” and “Thy Name Is Woman.” They say that even the most persistently detached woman has the maternal instinct latent in her. And probably it is this which Ramon arouses in me. Though I never yet have known a conscious desire to become one of those grand old ladies of the screen who go over the hill to the poorhouse.

While the majority of these aforementioned male sirens are dark, still I always have felt that there is far greater lure in blue eyes than in black. The only trouble is that a blue-eyed hero is apt to gaze at you from the screen with apparently no eyes at all. Unfortunately blue photographs white; and no soul stirring glance ever emanated from a pair of white eyes.

Of all the beautiful Nordic heroes Kenneth Harlan was once my choice. No handsomer man than was Kenneth six years ago ever cast a shadow on the screen, and even three years ago when I saw him in that marvelous colored film, “Toll of the Sea,” I voted him my favorite. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]
Their First "At Home" Picture

The first day that Mr. and Mrs. James Cruze spent together after their marriage. She, of course, is known to millions of fans as Betty Compson. They are standing here in the patio of the Cruze estate in the mountains near Hollywood, and the setting has an appropriate romantic touch.
"Come along," Alice urged, as her man opened the car door. "I want to hear all the scandal of the studio." Jane laughed and got in.

It Can't Be Done

The greatest Studio Story ever written

PART III—Chapter XIII

THE blow across the mouth with which Alice Carroll terminated the first—and last—scene she ever played with Irene Shirley, might have been followed by others, had not Tony promptly interfered. Everyone regretted the lamentable scene—everyone, that is, except Irene, who had deliberately provoked it. In her small but exceedingly cunning brain she was delighted, because now she knew that the issue between Miss Carroll and herself was fairly joined.

Unless the star was ready to apologize, to eat humble pie, to allow Irene to dress and act as she pleased, any chance of their working together was totally destroyed. And Irene had not the least idea that Miss Carroll would so humble herself. On the contrary, she would in all probability make a definite issue of the matter with Mr. Davidson, would assert that either herself or Irene would have to go, relying, of course, on her belief in her importance to bring Mr. Davidson to terms.

It would be a fight to a finish, then, with Davidson forced to decide between them. Irene smiled as she thought of the outcome of that fight. Davidson would do as she wished.

These thoughts danced through her mind as she was half led, half carried, to her dressing room. The blood, from a very small cut made by

one of her teeth against her upper lip, smeared her face in a manner quite ghastly. A very few drops of blood, judiciously spread, will give the appearance of a frightful injury.

One of the extra girls, at sight of her, promptly fainted. The woman who had helped her to dress, a motherly woman of thirty, laid her out in a deep chair as though she were in extremis, and began to bathe her swollen lips with ice water. Mr. Spellman, who had been a stupefied witness of the affair, brought it in himself, trembling with excitement.

As for Miss Carroll, she swept white-lipped to her dressing room, indulged in a violent fit of hysterics, put on her street clothes and ordered her car. She could work no more that day, she informed Mr. Spellman, who had gone to her room in the hope of pacifying her—her nerves were too brutally shaken. She would drive to town, see Mr. Davidson, at once. Would Mr. Spellman please let him know that she was coming?

Mr. Spellman did, giving an account of the affair which, while entirely neutral, put Lew in a towering rage. He damned Spellman, damned Miss Carroll, would have damned Irene, no doubt, had it not seemed clear that Alice was the aggressor. Mr. Spellman, during the telephone conversation, had touched lightly on Irene's injuries, had said nothing about any loss of blood, had merely said that Alice had slapped her in the face, but there was a

Start reading this story now

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note of apprehension in the studio manager's voice, when he said
Miss Carroll was on her way to town for an immediate inter-
view, which hinted at more serious trouble.
Lew awaited her coming in a state of agitation notably
foreign to him. Orders were given that Miss Carroll, when she
arrived, should be admitted at once.
When she swirled in, still pale with anger, Davidson knew
that he was in for a fight to a finish. It occurred to him, as
he gazed at his high-priced star's agitated face, that she had never
appeared to him as an actress. Rage distorted her features until she
seemed actually old.
"Look here, Lew!" she exclaimed, hurling herself into a chair.
"I refuse to work with that Shirley girl. She has insulted me
shamefully. If she stays in the picture, you can count me out."
"What's she done?" Davidson asked bluntly.
Alice gave her version of the affair. Irene, she said, had ap-
peared in an outrageous costume, not in keeping with her part.
When she, Miss Carroll, had objected, Miss Shirley had
insulted herself grossly before the entire company by asking if she
was so poor an actress that she was afraid to appear before the
camera unless surrounded by frumps. No woman, Alice declared,
could endure such insults from a second-rate actress and
retain her self-respect. She had quite properly resented the
girl's ill-tempered and insulting remarks by slapping her face.
Davidson listened with mounting wrath. Damn these
women, he thought—why couldn't they keep their tempers?
"I think you both better apologize," he said coldly, "and go
on with the picture. Losing time like this ain't helping me to
pay no dividends."
"I certainly shall not apologize," Alice retorted quickly.
"As an artist of note, who has worked for you for nearly five
years, I must insist that the persons who support me treat me
with the respect, the courtesy, due to one in my position. I am
acustomed to work with ladies and gentlemen, and no common
little upstart can—"
"Wait a minute," Mr. Davidson raised a protesting hand.
"You both got to forget all this, see, and go on with your
work."
"Never!" "I've said I won't have that girl in my company, and
I won't in it."
"If you don't, you understand—" Mr. Davidson's face was
growing dangerously red—"you'll be breaking your contract."
"Very well. I'll break it, then, before I'll let any unknown
little—"
Again Mr. Davidson interrupted. These references to Irene
were beginning to undermine his normally placid temper. His
finger sought a push button on the desk.
"It won't get you anywhere, Alice," he warned, "making
them cracks about Miss Shirley." He turned, as his secretary,
a dark young man with a shrewd, sallow face, came into
the room. "Irving, I want you to be a witness to this con-
versation I'm having with Miss Carroll. Once more, Alice, I
ask you, if you will, will you not go ahead with your contract
and finish that picture?"
"Not if that Shirley girl is to be in it," Miss Carroll said,
weakening slightly, however, as she saw that Davidson was not
to be bluff ed. "I think, Lew, I have earned the right to select
the people who support me."
"Your contract don't give you no right to tell me who I
should hire, does it?"
"Neither does it give people the right to insult me."
"Maybe you did a little insulting yourself."
"No doubt she says so. Well—I won't work with her."
"All right. Then we go ahead without you. And for what it
costs me to make them scenes over, you understand, I got a right
to sue you—"
"Nonsense. You're going to make most of them over any-
way, just to please that Shirley girl. If anybody were to ask
me, Lew, I'd say she was just a cheap little gold-digger, trying
to play you for a sucker."
This was the last straw. Mr. Davidson's temper exploded in
a shower of explicatives.
"Himmel!" he shouted. "Ain't it enough you insult this girl
at the studio this morning, saying I was buying her clothes for
her? Now you got to come and insult me. Well—I'm through."
He turned to his secretary. "Irving, you can go on with the
witness stand and testify she broke her contract with me herself,
refusing to work in that picture?"
The young man nodded.
"I heard her say it," he replied.
"That's all, Miss Carroll. Now you got to excuse me. I'm
busy."
Alice sailed out of the office, her chin in the air. She had
suspected that Davidson meant to terminate her contract, in
any event, as soon as the five-year period had expired. It was
far better for her reputation in the screen world, she argued, to
resign, than be dropped, especially since she would thus be able,
by bringing a suit against Davidson for breach of contract, to
secure some extremely valuable publicity.
The moment Lew was alone he called up Irene at her hotel.
A very weak little voice answered him.
"Oh, Mr. Davidson," it said, "I'm so sorry to have caused
you all this trouble. I'll leave the company, at once, if you wish
it. Pardon me if I don't talk any more now. I—I'm too weak."
"Weak."
"Yes. From the shock, and everything. I'm in bed. If I
only could see you for a moment—"
"I'll be right around," Mr. Davidson told her, and slammed
down the receiver.

CHAPTER XIV
IRENE, after first aid had been administered by Mr. Spellman
and the extra woman, drove back to town in Mr. Davidson's
car. There was nothing whatever the matter with her, beyond
an almost microscopic cut on her lip, but the studio manager
was most solicitous. He had no liking for Irene, but neither did
he wish to risk Mr. Davidson's displeasure by any lack of atten-
tion to her, in her nervous and shaken condition. It was a con-
dition almost wholly pretended. Irene was delighted to see that
her lip had become noticeably swollen, and that there was a

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

JANE DARE, of the Davidson Productions Company, has hopes of
advancement, because the picture concern's star, Alice Carroll, is admittedly
slipping. Lew Davidson, who seldom lets sentiment interfere with business,
notices the aging appearance of Miss
Carroll, and is already looking elsewhere for some one to take her place. Tony
Hull, a likable director, secretly loves Jane and believes that her acting
ability should eventually make her the
star's successor. While matters are thus hanging fire, Irene Shirley, a girl
from Broadway, with a past that
might not bear too close investigation, but who cleverly feigns unsophis-
tication, succeeds in captivating Lew
Davidson, and he takes her under con-
tract. Irene goes to New York with

Davidson, where she is to work in the
company's studios, and there continues her subtly elusive campaign to
ensnare the producer. Garbed in a
flying gown she pretends to be surprised by him in her apartment, and
the revelation of her charms completes
her conquest over the picture pro-
ducer. Jane has had hopes of playing
an important role in a new photoplay
that the Davidson company is about to make, but Irene Shirley secures it.
Rivalry between Irene and the star,
Alice Carroll, at once develops, the
latter recognizing the situation, and
her jealousy is further inflamed when
Irene comes on the set in a costume
which pales her own. Angry words
follow, and Alice strikes her rival a
savage blow in the face.
"Coming from you—from a big, strong, successful man like you—that makes me happier than anything in the world. I—I'm all well again." She gave a joyous little laugh. "You mustn't stay, now, Mr. Davidson"

slight red welt across her white cheek. These scars of battle, properly displayed, would prove of value, she reflected.

Her first act on reaching her room at the hotel was to eat a hearty luncheon. Her next was to don a filmy night-dress, a becoming boudoir cap, unlock her door and get into bed. Here, with a hand mirror and her make-up box, she improved considerably the angry appearance of her injured face, adding a deep purple bruise to the welt on her cheek, inflaming the tiny cut on her lip by the artistic use of a lip-stick. A rose-shaded lamp, which stood along with a telephone instrument on the table beside her bed, bathed her in a soft and tender light; she seemed a pitiful little figure indeed, and one well calculated to arouse sympathy in the most stony of masculine breasts.

When Mr. Davidson arrived, which he did within fifteen minutes after his call, she reached her bare arms out to him eagerly from among the pillows.

"Oh—I'm so glad to see you," she murmured, tears glistening on her long lashes. "It was sweet of you to come."

Mr. Davidson gave one horrified glance at her face, then sat down on the bed and clasped her two hands in his.

"The low-lifer!" he groaned. "To hit a poor little girl like that. Spellman didn't tell me you was hurt so bad. You got to have a doctor." He reached for the telephone.

"No," Irene protested vigorously, clutching his hands. It
I consider that this great serial of picture life has the best studio atmosphere that has ever been put into a story about motion picture folks. Mr. Kummer has done a remarkable piece of work and picture producers are already bidding for the rights to reproduce “It Can’t Be Done” on the screen. It ought to make a splendid picture.

JAMES R. QUIRK

CHAPTER XV

JANE DARE, after the smoke caused by Alice Carroll’s explosion had cleared away, after the star had departed for New York, and Irene, her injuries not being too bad, had been taken to her room, followed, went to her dressing room and sat down to consider the situation which now confronted her. It had been a strange, an amazing day. The entire studio force, from stage carpenters and extra people to Mr. Spellman himself, hummed with gossip. Opinions concerning the merits of the case were about equally divided. The adherents of Miss Carroll—and she had many—held that in resenting Irene’s stinging remarks she had been perfectly right, since she sympathized with Miss Shirley, claiming that she had suffered both insult and physical injury. The judicious, however, realizing that an upheaval of some sort was imminent, expressed no opinion at all—openly, that is—but the whole studio was in a turmoil.

It was to keep out of the controversy, so far as possible, that Jane went to her room. She might have gone home; Tony had sent word that work on the Carroll picture would be continued for the day—but she preferred to wait, and thus drive back to town with him, possibly discuss on the way the effect of Miss Carroll’s action on the picture’s future, and her own. It was clear that there would have to be drastic changes in the cast—two women hating each other as Alice and Irene did could not possibly work together harmoniously in the same company. So much, she felt, was clear, although what action Mr. Davidson would take was anything else. While considering the matter she sent out for some lunch.

At half-past four Tony came to her door.

“If you’re ready to go up to town,” he said, “come along. I’m just leaving.”

Right off Jane seized her coat, jammed on her small straw turban.

“Rather early, isn’t it?”

“Davidson wants to see me,” he explained, with a whimsical smile.

“There’s something doing, Jane.”

“What?”

“Well, for one thing, Alice Carroll is out—permanently.”

“Really?” Jane was almost breathless as they got into the car.

“How do you know?”

“Irving, the Carroll picture private secretary, called up Abe Spellman about an hour ago and told him she’d broken her contract rather than play in the same company with Miss Shirley. So that’s that.”

“H—m.” Jane’s eyes grew thoughtful. “That would seem to narrow the right down to Miss Shirley and me, wouldn’t it?”

“Exactly. And if you take the lead in ‘Saints and Sinners,’ as I expect you will, I hope you’ll let her wear anything she pleases, down to a one-piece bathing suit or a fig-leaf, rather than get into a row with her. She can’t possibly hurt you any, either in looks or in acting—especially in acting. But she can hurt you, I’m afraid, by dragging you into a quarrel, and I haven’t a doubt she’ll try it. That whole rotten affair this morning was premeditated.”

“You think so?”

“I’m certain of it. That woman would sacrifice her own mother if she thought—he hesitated for a moment—for well, take my advice and be on your guard.”

“I shall—if I’m in the picture at all. But how do you know what Davidson intends to do?”

“I don’t, of course. In fact, I doubt if he knows himself yet. He’s sent for me to talk things over. Naturally, I shall urge him to give you Miss Carroll’s place—that is, to let you play the lead in this picture. It’s the sensible, logical thing to do. You couldn’t expect to be starred at once, of course.”

“Of course not. Oh—Tony—I do hope he’ll agree. I hate to boast, but I could simply eat that part up.”

“I don’t know how to tell you, young woman? Have I been watching you and your work all these months for nothing? If Lew hasn’t lost his head completely, he’ll give you the part at once, both because you’ll do it superbly, and because there isn’t anyone else.”

“There’s Miss Shirley.”

“I don’t see anyone. It was bad enough giving her a tryout in the second part. But the lead—that would be sheer absurdity. I don’t believe Morgan Sherman would be willing to support her.”

“Well, Tony, I hope you’re right,” Jane told him quietly, “but I prefer not to count my chickens before they’re hatched.”
“You’re some little mermaid,” said Tony admiringly. “I didn’t realize it when we were doing that college picture.”

Tony, eager for his conference with Davidson, drove rapidly, and Jane, sensing his eagerness, sharing it, insisted that he leave her at Forty-second Street. She had some shopping to do, she said, and would take a bus home.

“Call me up about six,” she cried, with her hand upraised in farewell. “Good luck.” Tony’s eyes grew tender as he watched her slip into the Broadway crowd.

Lew Davidson, with the picture of Irene fresh in his mind, was quite as eager as Tony to settle the matter in hand. Contrary to his usual habit, he was nervous, and rather startled his stenographer by the irritability he showed over a trifling error in one of her letters. Even Irving, smoking endless cigarettes in his outer office, decided the Old Man’s trip to Hollywood had not improved his temper. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]
Hollywood’s New Heart Breaker

Off the screen he’s got Valentino gasping for breath

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

A year ago, no one had ever heard of this Irish juvenile from Georgia and Baltimore, with his black hair and his blue eyes and his vibrating Southern voice. But at a dinner party not long ago, I almost ruined my social standing by asking suddenly, “Who is this Ben Lyon I hear so much about?”

There was one of those horrified silences—you know, the kind that follow some social indiscretion such as eating with the knife or admiring Harold Bell Wright novels.

Now, it was a very nice dinner party—quite highbrow and rather spiffy, if you know what I mean. Plainly, only people had been asked who would in one way or another lend luster to the scene. It was given by one of the really big directors, whose wife is the most brilliant and charming lady I know. A former great editor was on my left and a famous comedian on my right, with his French doll of a wife across the table. And a reigning Hollywood beauty was there, and the critic of one of the biggest newspapers in the country.

My host’s daughter, a pretty thing with curly dark hair who writes essays on things I don’t even know the meaning of, gazed at me in deepest amazement. “Don’t you know who Ben Lyon is?” she gasped.

I felt suddenly horribly conspicuous.

I was glad I had worn my very best dinner gown, which is really quite effective. Otherwise I am sure I should have sunk beneath the load of my abysmal ignorance.

“Why,” said the young collegian, “why, Ben Lyon is the boy Barbara La Marr was so crazy about. They say she left her last husband, Jack Dougherty, on account of Ben Lyon. Anyway, she used to call him up three times a day long distance from New York and cry over the telephone because she was so lonely for him. Imagine Barbara lonely! Well, anyway, he finally followed Barbara to New York, and he and Barbara were always together and were supposed to be just madly devoted and all that, and then Gloria Swanson got him for her leading man in ‘The Wages of Virtue’ and she fell in love with him, too. And then she and Barbara are supposed to have had a regular battle to see who’d win him and—all, then the first thing you know, Ben and Gloria were having a grand romance. And

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The most discussed man in Hollywood today is Ben Lyon.

I don’t think there can be any question about that. I know my Hollywood fairly well and I have discovered that whenever two or three women are gathered together, sooner or later Ben Lyon’s name becomes a topic of conversation.

Partly, it is a matter of curiosity—Hollywood has its share of that quality. They want to know why at least two of the screen’s most beautiful and famous stars have fallen so openly and violently in love with him. Partly, of course, it is the tremendous need for young leading men and young male stars—the greatest need in the picture game today. Partly it is because they don’t know him very well and mystery is always attractive.

Vampires I Have Known

Next month Ben Lyon, Hollywood’s most romantic figure of today, will appear as an author.

Ben is a mighty decent sort of a chap, and if the women insist on falling in love with him, you can’t blame him much.

He has written a delightful, humorous story that will show you the human and womanly side of some of the stars more than anything that you have ever read.
GIRLS, Ben Lyon looks harmless but we have reliable information that he's irresistible, so watch your step. Besides he's a mighty fine actor and if the ladies must fall in love with him he can't help it. Just now he's making "The One Way Street" for First National
FEW cameramen have ever caught Harold Lloyd smiling but this picture proves that it is possible. It isn’t that Harold doesn’t smile a lot—off screen. Why shouldn’t he smile? The whole world loves him. If you don’t believe it try and get a seat on a first night
JUST like a little girl! Our words when we saw this picture of Marguerite Snow who is making her first film—"Chalk Marks"—in more than two years. She recently separated from James Cruze, both of whom became famous in "The Million Dollar Mystery"
WHENEVER anyone can get Norman Kerry to attend a party all Hollywood wants to be there. His true Irish wit sparkles like vintage champagne and leaves just as pleasant a taste. He’s making “The Phantom of the Opera” with Mary Philbin.
CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

With Lubitsch directing "The Czarina" she may overcome the reputation of being a lady and prove again the fire-breathing wonder of Carmen and Du Barry.

I for one can believe while viewing Janice Meredith that Marion Davies won the American revolution. She triumphed over greater odds in becoming a star. Personally I have always preferred Marion to the campus pageants in which she was wont to romp. She needs the simple setting of light comedy contrived by experts with the whimsical touch, if such there be.

Rudolph Colman is the latest to be enshrined among the stars. He's an agreeable personality but I don't look for him to blaze with the candle power of a Valentino, Novarro or Barrymore. Ben Lyon will, in all probability, become one of the most popular men next year.

According to all reports Alice Terry has knocked them dizzy with her work in "The Great Divide." Alice belonged to the cynic crowd who believed she was mere clay in the hands of sculptor. I did not belong to that gang, so I am not surprised by her efflorescence. It will be interesting to observe this brilliant young woman under the direction of Victor Seastrom.

Of the old reliables I predict that Harold Lloyd within the next year or two will have cornered the world's supply. Doug, Mary and Charlie, as well as the Talmadges, Lillian Gish, Meghan and Barthelmess, will hold their own because they have the power of producers as well as performers.

Charles Ray and Nazimova failed as stars because they were not qualified by natural bent as producers, but, like Pauline Frederick, who also has abdicaded stardom, they command attention.

Other progressives upon whom I advise you to keep an eye are: Mary Philbin, Colleen Moore, Bessie Love, Blanche Sweet, Florence Vidor, Virginia Valli, Norma Shearer, Fred Thomson, Raymond Griffith, Milton Sills, Malcolm McGregor, and of course little Ernie Torrence.

Scenario writers are also coming out of the gloom into the bright lights, notably Frances Marion, who gets ten thousand dollars not only for writing script but for putting over the director and star, Forrest Halsey, who has scenarioized Gloria Swanson into a triumphant position, and Willis Goldbeck, adapter of "Scaramouch," "Peter Pan" and now "Mare Nostrum."

If you have studied the foregoing treatise you will arrive at the conclusion which producers are achieving with the aid of the public, namely, that it is not the story, nor the star, nor the director, nor even the producer who matters... The picture's the thing.

FRANK CURRIER in the classic role of Arrius in "Ben Hur" fell off a raft for the tenth time, and after blowing out a goodly share of the Mediterranean announced in dignified puffs that from now on he would only play bankers.

FRED NIBLO and his wife Enid Bennett visited a little restaurant at the Castel Gondolfo near Rome.

"Funny thing," said Fred. "They were playing Neapolitan songs when we came in but as soon as they noticed us they started playing "Yes, We Have No Bananas." I don't know how they knew we were Americans."

"Did you speak Italian?" asked Ramon Novarro.

"Yes."

"Oh well," said the subdued Ramon, "that's the reason."

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These Hollywood Movie Stars

Marion Davies gives a swimming party. Those present, left to right, are Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Jack Mulhall, Marion Davies, Sid Chaplin (on spring board), Mrs. Donnas, Marion's mother, Mrs. Owen, Secna's mother, and Miss Lederer, Marion's niece. Buster Collier is in the pool. The children belong to Secna and her sister.

Florence Vidor entertains at tennis. From left to right on the court are George Archinbaud, her director, Mrs. Archinbaud, Florence and Conway Tearle. In the audience are Adela Rogers St. Johns, Mrs. Bennett, Katherine Bennett, and Harry Gibbons.
PITY the poor, hard-working film stars. They are torn from home to go on location in the desert or frozen north; they must be at the studios at nine o'clock in the morning, and they work until late at night. But when they play, they play. That's all. And what wonderful places they have to play in. Yes, it's a hard life the movie people lead. So does the Prince of Wales.

Helen Ferguson and Eddie Phillips are polite. They don't make a sound while Douglas MacLean tries for an eight-foot putt at the California Country Club.

Charlie Ray puts a little pep into his swimming parties. He seems about ready to lambaste Ramsey Wallace with the water wings. Mrs. Wallace, unconscious of her husband's danger, is just stepping into the pool, while Vivian Martin seems about ready to shove off with the automobile tire. Mrs. Ray is the woman at the left in the swing. Mitchell Liaison, C. B. De Mille's art director, is seated on the edge of the pool.

Tennis starts with a "1" but tea follows the game at Priscilla Dean's home. Left to right (standing) are Alice Bennett, brother of Enid; Ben Lyon, Wheeler Oakman, Robert Ellis, Judgie Johnson and David Backus. Seated are Lieut. Nelson, brother of Erick, one of the around-the-world-fliers; Joseph Diskay, Hungarian tenor; Mrs. C. C. Mosley, Priscilla pouring the tea; Norrine Johnson with Chuck Emory on arm of her chair; Lieut. C. C. Mosley with cigarette in hand.

Certainly Lead a Hard Life
Here we are together again. Just a happy crowd.

After the battle on the tennis courts, the boys and girls engage in a tea fight at Florence Vidor's home. From left to right: Harry Gibbons, brother of Cedric Gibbons; Florence Vidor, Conway Tearle, Kath Bennett and Mrs. Bennett, sister and mother of Enid; Mr. and Mrs. George Archinbald.

The Santa Monica Swimming Club is popular with the film colony. In the sand chair is Helene Chadwick. To her left is Bryant Washburn, who has taken his new mustache out for a swim along with Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, who both wear the same kind of a hat, not because it's cheaper but because they like them.

Playing tennis are Wheeler Oakman, Ben Lyon and Robert Ellis. Others are Mrs. Johnson, Priscilla Dean, Mrs. C. C. Mosley, Joseph Kiskay, David Boelus, Norrine Johnson, Chuck Emory, skip the next two and you reach Lieut. C. C. Mosley and Lieut. Nelson. In the pool are Jamie Johnson and Alec Bennett.
How it Feels to Become a Star

By Richard Dix

Learning ventriloquism "in five easy lessons" gave Richard opportunity for good comedy work in his first starring vehicle, "Manhattan," and he didn't overlook it.

There's no doubt this should be the happiest day of my life. And yet it is not. I have just been made a Paramount star. And next to birth, marriage, and death, the most important thing that can possibly happen to a young man in the movies is to be made a star.

I do rejoice. But at the same time I am somewhat weighted down by a consciousness of all the responsibilities such good fortune involves and I feel that I may never again be quite as care-free as I have been in the past. I am not, in truth, unlike a bridegroom upon his wedding morning—tingling with delight and yet trembling with fear, looking ahead eagerly to his new life and yet casting an occasional lingering glance behind, hoping to carry his new estate well and yet somewhat fearful that he may disgrace himself at the altar.

Hitherto, I have been an obscure young leading man, very glad when I got a good part and striving always to do good work in my chosen profession. I have attempted to be simple and natural and to put into practice what little I have learned about acting, both on the stage and under some of the fine motion picture directors with whom I have been privileged to work. But none of the worrying has been mine. Schedules, estimates, release dates, story—in a vague way, they mattered.

I desired, of course, to be in good pictures. But they were not of such vital or real importance as to keep me awake nights.

Now, all that is changed. And when I sit down as I now am and estimate what faces me, I realize that being a star is one of the hardest jobs in the whole world. It is surrounded by dangers, forbidden fruits, instabilities, responsibilities of all kinds. And yet would I not give it up for any man.

First of all, there is my reputation. The day of the morality clause is not so active as it was. But a star, especially one of my type, must realize what it means to have anything happen to his reputation. I tremble when I think of the things that can happen to a man's reputation, and that quite without any fault on his part. For example, suppose some jealous husband should get annoyed because his wife cut my picture out of a fan magazine and should name me as correspondent, in spite of the fact that I had never even seen or heard of his wife. It has happened to other actors. Suppose the scrub lady should be taken with a violent pain in her tummy and be called to the Great Beyond while mopping my kitchen floor. Suppose—the list is endless.

I feel rather like you do in a nightmare, when you suddenly find yourself wandering about in crowded places with nothing on but a dinner jacket. I have always been rather shy and retiring. I become all hands and feet when I am presented to strange ladies. Yet I shall be expected now to attend balls and openings and people will stare and say, "Is that Richard Dix? Why, he looks like cousin Will, or the iceman, or Aunt Sarah's first husband."

First of all, now that I am actually a star, I must avoid getting the swell head. All my friends have warned me that that often happens to people when they become stars.

I am a lucky stiff to be a star. Anybody will tell you that. I got all the breaks. I am lucky because I happened to be with Lasky when they [continued on page 125]
As everyone knows, especially the diligent ones who follow the film magazines, there is a new star blazing in Hollywood, coming from the land of nowhere and skyrocketing up to fame and fortune in a brief year or two. I mean the astonishing little lady with the brown eyes and the wistful smile, who acts without seeming to act, and though I conceal her under the name of Ruth Hedeen, you will guess her identity in a flash. If you do not, it merely proves that you are not a thoroughgoing film lover.

Her obscurity, until Mr. Neal Hyler began to direct her in motion pictures, was utter and complete. No one had ever heard of her, and for excellent reasons. Her past life was a closed book. She was not even a Follies girl, a conventional start for so many of the doll-faced climbers of Hollywood.
Together, Neal Hyler and Ruth Hedeen, like twin meteors, and society people ask them to dinner. The company gave Neal a limousine for the advertising.

Shine

A Romantic Phase of the Wet or Dry Question

There is a great deal of unsatisfied curiosity about Ruth Hedeen's true age. How old is this girl? It is a matter of speculation, because Ruth can be a flapper in one picture and a matron in the next, and convincingly. I am able to inform a palpitating public that Ruth is twenty-six, and will be twenty-seven on the fourth of next July.

Neal Hyler, likewise, is a name that is moving into larger type, day by day, and powers that be in the picture world agree that he will become one of the towering figures in the industry before he finishes. He has struck his stride, after discouragement, after knocking about in Hollywood for years, directing for this and that company, and never quite, as they say, ringing the bell.

His former pictures were just fair. Until a year ago, if you
walked out on a Neal Hyler five-reeler, you didn't miss much. Curious thing how the quality of a man's work will suddenly improve. There are other directors, too, who have come unheralded, out of their lowly cocoons. Look at James Cruze, the collarless young man, who spent years fabricating inconsequential things for the screen and finally broke into the big league.

Hyler is now forty, and the tide has definitely turned for him. Office boys barring the gate in some second-class studio will never scorn him again and his salary is two thousand a week. A year ago it was two hundred, and irregular.

They have risen together, Neal Hyler and Ruth Hedeen, like twin meteors, and society people ask them to dinner. A perfume has been named for Ruth and a motor car company gave Neal a limousine for the advertising. Mr. Hyler now resides in a bungalow, hidden away in a small park with trees and fountains. Two years ago he occupied rooms in the Atlas Hotel in a Hollywood back street, a modest inn presided over by Karl Wecht, who is whiskered, fify and German, and Karl Wecht is the man who had much to do with the success of Neal Hyler and Miss Hedeen. Really, the reason for this chronicle is to show in what a curious way luck, or fortune, or fate takes a hand in the affairs of floundering mortals.

It goes back a long way, ten years, in fact, to a frowsy little Arkansas town, and a man standing on the train platform ready to leave for the West, bags at his feet and a friend or two to say good-by. The man was Scott Barricklow and his doctor had given him three months to live if he remained in Arkansas, and six if he started immediately for Arizona. Scott elected to fight for the extra three months. He arrived, white-faced and shaky, in Yuma, hired a team and started for the desert, winding up in a tent under a joshua tree, seven miles from the town known as Joe City. The heat of the desert rose up and smote him, and he began his battle.

He had what people always have when they go to Arizona. Six months drifted by and the sick man lived and was improved. A round-faced doctor named Bill Sweeney called on him weekly and told him the newest city joks. Six years followed and the wasted lungs continued to heal. One day Bill Sweeney stopped in his ruined automobile and they talked it over.

"You're going to beat this thing," the doctor said.

"Say, Doc," said Scott wistfully, "am I going to get well enough to leave this country some day?"

"In time, yes. The day is coming when you'll be able to live anywhere on top of the footstool."

"Good," Scott laughed. "And would you like to know where I'm going?"

"Where?"

"You'll snicker when I tell you . . . I'm going to a town called Pokomondolong."

"Say it again," Doc Sweeney asked. "I don't think I got it."

"Pokomondolong. It's a real town, six thousand miles away in the Pacific Ocean, on the island of Celebes, which, if you don't happen to know it, is in the Malay Archipelago, on the back porch of the world."

Doc Sweeney sat on a soap box and lighted his pipe, and Mr. Barricklow paced to and fro and unbosomed himself, with the blazing Arizona sunshine beating upon him. He hated Arizona with a hatred that rarely comes to a man, though it had cured him.
“Sunshine,” he snorted. “Look at that sun. Look at that sky. Blue and nothing but blue and never anything else. Never a cloud. For six years I have blistered in the heat and looked at the sun come up and cross the sky and descend. Do you realize, Doc, that for six years I have never seen it rain—not once? In six years I can scarcely recall a cloud, except little fleecy devils on the horizon.”

It was true and the doctor knew it.

“And mighty blamed lucky for you,” he granted.

“Yes, lucky for me, but I’m a parched hombre and I long for moisture. I crave rain-water something terrible. I want to see the heavens open up and pour on me. I can actually get a feeling of ecstatic bliss just thinking of myself as soaked to the skin, sitting out like I am now, with a torrential downpour drenching me. And look at this!”

He pointed to the sapphire sky.

“Why this Poko—this Pokalong town, you have just named? What is there about it that ensnares you?”

“My dear Doc,” said Scott, “it rains in Pokomondolong every day in the year from two to four in the afternoon. I have looked it up in the encyclopedia. Pokomondolong is the wettest spot on the known globe. Consequently, when my sentence here is up, I am going where I can get some real rain, and spend the rest of my life with water dripping on me.”

Doc Sweeney reflected. He spat accurately towards a startled lizard.

“You are certainly one funny bird,” he remarked, glancing at Scott and noting the healthy, tanned jaws.

“I’m not funny at all. I’m just dry. I am the driest thing in the world, but watch me the day you tell me I am ready to start.”

*  *  *

Scott Barricklow grinned at his medical adviser. He was halfway through his thirties, but there was a boyish heartiness to his laugh and a boyish gusto to his gestures. The desert had cooked him and the upper part of his face was a peach red. His eyes were blue and glinted mischievous. Women would call him an interesting type to look at, but not handsome. He was still lean, but the meat was slowly coming back upon his bone and Doc Sweeney noted certain changes with inward approval.

For two more slow years Doc held his patient under the joshua tree and the ceaseless blue of the Arizona sky, and they had many a talk, while the medical man attempted to explain Scott’s yearnings for dampness.

“You’ve got a complex,” he said cheerfully, “or what the Freudians call a libido.”

“Maybe,” agreed Scott. “That’s one thing I got. Another thing I’m going to have is a railway ticket to Los Angeles, and after that a steamer ticket to Pokomondolong, the blessed. I’m going so far from Arizona that it will take five dollars to mail me a postcard, showing the Phoenix city hall.”

The facts were perfectly clear to Scott, because he had looked them up in thick books. Pokomondolong is largely a mud hole, a dab of damp earth, against which the Pacific Ocean has been hurling itself since time began. Steamers drop anchor off Pokomondolong when they have to, and not otherwise. The equator is a stone’s throw away. At two in the afternoon the heavens open and the rain falls. There are palm trees waving in the tropic heat and half-naked people with slightly tinted skins, queer diseases, Britshers wearing basket hats, mud streets, straw houses, no sidewalks, mangoes, guavas, monsoons and nothing to do. In other words, it is a typical tropic spot, in the far South Seas, such as the movie people imitate cheerfully on Catalina Island with the aid of the research department, expert carpenters and four dozen palm trees made of Oregon pine.

In the course of time Scott Barricklow, a restored man, shook hands with Doc Sweeney for the last time. In his pocket was a time-table and an English guide book, with complete information concerning the Malay Archipelago.

“So long, Doc,” Scott said. “You’ve been a good friend to me and I won’t forget it. I am now heading for a spot where it rains, and where I will forget this blue sky and sunshine. Every afternoon, about two, you can picture me walking out into the main street of Pokomondolong and letting the monsoon douse me.”

[continued on page 100]
The Little Brown Wren

Bessie Love has developed a personality that is delightful and unique

By Ivan St. Johns

were none of us very happy. Two or three newspapermen, a big executive of First National, the director and cameraman, Charlie Murray, a couple of cowboys in off the range, a middle-aged woman dozing over a week-old newspaper and—the girl.

A slender, brown wren of a girl, in the ordinary and rather awkward khaki riding habit of the district. A mouse-like little person. Brown hair, sleek and smooth about her small head. Brown eyes, peering out from a smoothly brown face, clear but colorless. A sweet, humorous, timid mouth. Nobody was paying much attention to her.

You see, we had all ridden miles in an automobile in the face of that snowstorm, to get to the “Sundown” location, seventy miles north of El Paso. We were, with the exception of the cowboys, city-bred, and used to our comforts. We were not habituated to roughing it. It was very cold and dismal, and the endless, uninhabited prairie outside depressed us.

And then the girl, sort of casually, picked up her ukulele—dread instrument of torture as a rule—and holding it cockily under her left arm, began to sing.

I am not poetic as a rule, being a very average, ordinary sort of citizen, but the thought that came to me then and still comes to my memory of that evening, is “A brown wren turned into a nightingale.”

And so she did.

Bessie Love sang for us—all sorts of songs, funny little character songs that she had picked up, heaven alone knows where! — jazzy, daring, tantalizing little songs; tender, crooning things that have outlived the centuries—and we forgot the snow outside, and the penetrating cold, and the wind itself paused to listen, and the tent became a happy con-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107
Our Gang Went on Strike For Christmas

Claiming the inalienable right of all children who believe in Santa Claus to celebrate his annual festival, Our Gang walked out on the job, quickly bringing Director McGowan to terms. Then they had some pictures taken a whole month ahead of Christmas.

It was Farina’s idea, as shown in the upper photo, that they would get more presents if they caught Santa in a bear trap. In the lower picture is the Gang’s conception of the kind of set they ought to stage their revels on Christmas morning. The right spirit, we’ll say.
Good and Bad in Movie Interiors

I

S there a chance for better settings in the movies? The home, and by it I mean the environment with which our homelife is surrounded, plays today, probably more than at any time in the history of modern civilization, a vital part in the moulding of character and the shaping of the destinies of our people. As a consequence, there is a far greater interest in the planning, the decorations and the furnishings of the homes of all classes of people than ever before.

This interest has quite naturally brought about a desire, especially amongst the middle classes, for education in those things which lead to better and more attractive homes, a condition of affairs to which anyone in any of the several branches of the interior decoration and furnishing business will readily testify. Most every home today has its ideal to which it aims. Not only is character built and inspiration attained in the home itself, but the home further becomes a real expression of the ideals of those that live within its walls.

The educational value of the moving pictures has long been appreciated and taken advantage of in many different ways. In the pictures which take us on travel trips to the remotest corners of the world, and show us accurately the characteristics of all peoples, they are educative in the fullest sense of the word; in the pictures of plant and animal life, they are highly instructive; and in many of the stories which they tell, the value of right over wrong is so emphasized that the minds of the younger generation, especially, are bound to take note of it and ponder over its application.

But with all due respect to these and many other of their features, the settings of most of the motion pictures which depict interior views of our modern home life are neither educational, inspirational, nor truthful. Isn't there a great chance here for educational service for the moving pictures to perform which they seem to overlook?

Far be it from me to criticize the movies. I get too much solid enjoyment out of them for that. And, besides, I know little, if anything, of the technicalities of studio stage setting or of motion picture photography so that I could not qualify as a critic if I would. A critic should know actual conditions under which the thing that he criticizes was developed. Without that knowledge, he is not fit to criticize.

Therefore, as I say, I am not attempting to criticize the movies. But I am to make a suggestion or two. I am, by profession, an interior architect. As such, I do appreciate the ideal home interior, and also see the inspiration to character which is bound to be derived therefrom. But I realize fully that the studio scenic artist cannot play the same game as the architect. My cards are on the table face up. I deal with realities, for my work is constructive. The studio scenic stage setter, however, must, as accurately as possible, represent the reality, and do so under very extraordinary and limited conditions. In the game he is playing, his cards all are face down. In contrast to both, the theatrical stage artist must obtain only an effect of the reality. The conditions under which he works eliminate realities entirely.

The average motion picture audiences look to the settings of the movies for suggestions and ideas in interior decoration and furnishing of the house, just as they do to see right always win out over wrong. But they must often be disappointed. The sets either represent interiors of homes that are so beyond their limited means that they dare not admire them, or so beneath their ideals that they are ashamed to show interest.

In pictures that are based on historical anecdotes, where the settings are authentic, as, for example, the scenes laid in Haddon Hall, in Mary Pickford's picture, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," the decorations and furnishings are entirely beyond reproach. They are reproduced, no doubt, from actual photographs of the old castle, and are perfectly in accord with the times. And yet they offer no inspiration to the average motion picture audience, for rooms such as those could never be a part of their homes. But the value of these authentic sets to me now are in the fact that they prove conclusively that bad settings cannot be laid to the conditions under which the scenic artist operates. We tried to overlook their mediocrity at one time on that account. But a good set, now and then, takes the blame off those shoulders.

Let us, for instance, recall some film laid in modern times and notice the settings. We

By R. W. Sexton

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]
An Impression of

Marion Davies

Beauty, talent, charm, and iron
determination characterize
this still rising star

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Do you ever think that certain people belong in certain places and nowhere else? I mean, you know, there are certain women who just naturally belong in kitchens, and there are certain other women who belong in these lacy and scented boudoirs, and still others who belong on golf courses, in knickers and close fitting sport hats.

Marion Davies belongs in a garden.

She does, really.

And it's rather funny, because she isn't at all an outdoor person. Not outdoors in the general sense—at the mountains or on the tennis court or down by the bounding billows. But in a garden—perfect. I should prefer her to be wearing one of those pretend-to-be-simple-and-rural frocks, of pale pink chiffon, with narrow black ribbons at the wrists and waist, and bare-headed, of course, and knee-deep in roses.

It is not every woman who can stand a California garden on a September morning, with the still little ocean breeze blowing her hair and the hot golden sun bringing out every line and detail of her skin and color.

I first began to be interested in Marion Davies when she made "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Up to that time my feeling about her had found sufficient expression in a very few words, "Yes, she is pretty." A very limited vocabulary would have done me very well where Marion Davies was concerned.

And I have seen a good many pretty women in my day and— to another woman at least—pinniness palls in time. The only woman I have ever known whose beauty is always fresh to me, and whom I continue to love to just look at, is Florence Vidor. Otherwise, after about so long, I cease to remember or to think about whether they're pretty or not. You get like that in Hollywood.

To myself, I said, "This Marion Davies is just another one of those 'my face is my fortune, sir, she said' girls. She will never be any different than she is now until she gets a wrinkle or two and the chin begins to sag. Then she will be through. Having seen her in one series of very charming portraits cleverly strung together by a good director and a good continuity writer, I have seen all her pictures from now hencethrough and forever more and I will spare myself a lot of boredom by not going to see any more of them."

So I put her away in my mental cubby-hole under the label, "Just another pretty blonde," and went my way.

Then social obligations necessitated my going to see "Knighthood." I was invited to a dinner party by a lady who has a very good cook, and when I was there and already deep in my hostess's caviar, I discovered that I was expected afterwards to attend the opening of Marion Davies in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." And, of course, I could hardly do less. And I found that my effort was rewarded. Marion Davies had become an actress. I know of none save Mary Pickford herself who could have equalled her performance as Princess Mary. It had delightful shadings. It had real characterization. It had comedy—oh, delicious comedy. It had power and breadth.

It sent me out of the theater talking to myself. No one likes to have settled and preconceived notions rudely jarred like that. We rather like to conceive ourselves infallible. I am no different than the rest of the world on that point—in fact I am a little more so. But as we rode home I quietly took Marion Davies out of the pigeon hole and placed her in another marked, "Beautiful and can act. Don't miss any of her pictures." And I haven't.

Achievement is always fascinating to me. And I wondered just how and why Marion Davies had developed as she had. Beauty is a rare and enviable thing, as women know who don't possess it. But it can be a handicap, too, as I have often seen. If you are pretty enough, nothing else seems to matter. It doesn't matter what you say if you say it charmingly enough. It doesn't matter how rotten your disposition is, if you look adorable enough when you're in a temper or have the sulks. It doesn't matter whether you have any brains inside your head if you have golden curls out.

In my childhood I remember reading a classic work entitled "Emmy Lou." There was a little girl in that book whose name, I think, was Harriet. Maybe not. But it seems to me that it was Harriet. And Harriet, to whom the gods had not been kind in the matter of personal adornment, once stated a great truth to Emmy Lou—"If you're not... 

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]
THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

The Shadow Stage
A Review of the New Pictures

HOT WATER—Pathe

HAROLD LLOYD is at the crossroads of comedy. He can go on presenting variations of the old farcical themes or he can venture further into the field of comic characterization. He can go ahead with adroitly developed farcical incident or he can humanize and mellow his humor. "Hot Water" isn't a particularly impressive indication of what he can do. Surely it follows the path of least resistance. It is brimful of hokum, with a complete revue of the mother-in-law wheeze, the comedy automobile, the commuter with the bundles and the frightened-by-a-ghost episodes so familiar to celluloid farce.

Right here let us explain that "Hot Water" is funny. It has many laughs. But it is old stuff, nevertheless. Jobyna Ralston is pleasant enough, if rather colorless here.

CLASSMATES—First National

PUTTING West Point into pictures seems like a sure bid for popularity and the result, taken all in all, is satisfactory. This is a film that the average follower of the screen will like. The setting is impressive—it could hardly be otherwise, with real cadets going through their maneuvers on the historic spot up the Hudson. The action takes us from the U. S. A. to the tropics.

And Richard Barthelmess shines through the story with a lovable, magnetic personality that wins sympathy. Perhaps there is too much of a suggestion, at times, of Barthelmess, rather than that of the rôle he portrays,—a fault, however, that by no means detracts from the interest of the plot.

The story is an adaptation of William C. de Mille's stage play of the same name, first produced ten years ago.

FORBIDDEN PARADISE—Paramount

ONE of the really great pictures of the year. Taken from the play "The Czarina," it forms itself, in the hands of a capable cast and director, into a demonstration of the best that can be done in motion pictures. It is a story of a queen who loved not wisely but too well. Pola Negri plays the queen and gives one of the finest, if not the finest, performances of her career.

Adolphe Menjou as the Lord Chamberlain gives more than his usual artistic touch to the film. The dashing lieutenant, whom the queen loved, condemned to death and then pardoned, leaving him free to marry his sweetheart, was well handled by Rod La Rocque.

Ernst Lubitsch never gave a finer exhibition of directing than he did in this picture. He has at command all his old wizardry.

May Pola always have him as a director and may he always have Pola to direct. The combination develops the best dramatic talent in both. If you like pictures of this description don't miss the film.

The picture will please the more or less worldly-wise audience without any doubt, and the unsophisticated ones will not be entirely ruined morally by it.

However it is not as suited as most Westerns for the juvenile audience.

Just a few more words about Pola's Catherine. She is what one might call a good bad woman. But her wickedness is done gorgeously and regally. And her goodly actions are done in humanly and womanly fashion. The combination cloaks her with a rare quality of diplomacy that leaves her always in command of any situation that arises. And that trait denotes genius.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

FORBIDDEN PARADISE
HE WHO GETS SLAPPED
HOT WATER
CLASSMATES
SIREN OF SEVILLE
MANHATTAN

The Six Best Performances of the Month

Pola Negri in "Forbidden Paradise"
Adolphe Menjou in "Forbidden Paradise"
Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates"
Josephine Crowell in "Hot Water"
Lon Chaney in "He Who Gets Slapped"
Richard Dix in "Manhattan"

Cast of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 114

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED—Metro-Goldwyn

When Victor Seastrom presented his version of Hall Caine's "Name the Man" we were disappointed. He failed to rise much above the level of a fourth rate novel. But this adaptation of Leonid Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped" is a superb thing—and it lifts Seastrom to the very front rank of directors. This fatalistic Russian drama is a bizarre thing; of a scientist who, wrecked by a faithless wife, seeks to forget as a clown in a small traveling circus. He becomes the famous and mysterious "he who gets slapped." In the same circus is a pretty little rider, daughter of a derelict count. He comes to love the girl, Consuelo, but he masks his longing behind his grotesquely painted face. Consuelo loves a young rider. The count tries to sell his daughter to another but he saves her for her lover, and gives his life that she may live on and be happy.

All this is unfolded in a series of beautiful camera pictures, technically faultless. It is told clearly and directly in pantomime, as is the right function of the photoplay. True, there are subtitles, but in the main they are philosophic (and well written) comments upon the action. Andreyev's play was elusive behind the footlights. Enmeshed in celluloid by Seastrom, it gains immeasurably in clarity. The director has taken liberties with the original story, but they seem to us logical and in the spirit of the Russian dramatist's original theme.

The acting is remarkably fine. Lon Chaney does the best work of his career. Here his performance has breadth, force and imagination. Tully Marshall, as usual, gives an outstanding performance, and Norma Shearer and Jack Gilbert, as the lovers, are delightful.

THE SIREN OF SEVILLE—Producers Distributing Corp.

You will enjoy this picture of old Seville with its romances, jealousies, bull fights, man fights and woman fights. Priscilla Dean proves herself one of the screen's best actresses by her fascinating portrayal of Dolores, the peasant girl who takes her rural and boyish sweetheart, Gallito, to Seville to make him one of the country's greatest matadors. After he wins the honors, his head is turned and he forsakes her for the white lights. The deserted Dolores hides her sorrow and becomes a famous dancer in the city's leading cabaret where she discovers a plot to kill Gallito. His rival drugs him just before he enters the bull ring and Dolores saves his life by rushing to the arena and killing the bull before it goes the dazed matador. The picture is well directed, well acted and splendidly photographed.

MANHATTAN—Paramount

We congratulate Richard Dix on his first starring vehicle. We had some fears for the result when we heard that R. H. Burnside, one of our best stage directors, but wholly unfamiliar with the camera, was to wield the megaphone on Richard's first star picture, but Mr. Burnside has done a good job and produced one of the liveliest comedy crook melodramas we have seen in a long time. The star plays a blase young son of an old Knickerbocker family who cannot get a thrill even out of his cellar any more, and seeks adventure among the crooks of the East Side. Does he get it? Plenty. And to rescue the sister of one of the crooks he has to put up a fight that uses the whole screen arsenal, fists, chairs, knives, revolvers, teeth, and a flight of stairs. It is fine entertainment.
SANDRA—First National

A dual personality role is played in this picture by Barbara La Marr. As Sandra she is a wild spirit seeking adventure. As Rusty she is the home-loving, husband-comforting wife. It is hard to tell which she plays worse. The weak story is wretchedly told. Our disappointment on viewing this picture was the greatest we have ever felt while sitting before a screen. Great expectations were shattered.

THE GARDEN OF WEEDS—Paramount

Betty Compson depicts in "The Garden of Weeds" the type role she has made her own; that of a chorus girl who goes wrong, but is saved by true love.

Director James Cruze (Betty's husband) has brushed the rather drab story with colorful human interest touches, and Betty Compson is ably assisted by Warner Baxter and Rockcliffe Fellowes. This is not a picture for children.

HUSBANDS AND LOVERS—First National

The intimate domestic drama seems to be the thing these days. This one has its good and bad points—and the bad ones come all at the end. For three-quarters of its length "Husbands and Lovers" is a deft little study of a married couple, directed with a good measure of human- ness by John M. Stahl. The couple is superbly done by Lewis Stone and Florence Vidor.

WORLDLY GOODS—Paramount

"Worldly Goods" is a youthful edition of "Babbit," with Agnes Ayres stepping into the star limelight and doing the best work of her screen career. A young husband endeavors to show her how to live on braggadocio and an empty pocketbook, the wolf scratching at their door, but she wearies of his idle talk and a divorce threatens until, in the end, he makes good and she returns to his arms.

WHITE MAN—B. P. Schulberg

The return to the screen of Alice Joyce after an absence of one year, along with the entertainment value, makes this picture doubly interesting. It deals mainly with three characters whom Director Gasnier has deftly handled. The action chiefly concerns a man's honor and respect for a woman, in spite of their hostile relations. An excellent cast—Alice Joyce, Kenneth Harlan and Walter Long.

WINNER TAKE ALL—Fox

This is different from the usual cowboy story featuring Charles Jones. It is full of snappy action and a lively climax. A cowboy becomes a prizefighter but refuses to play the game crooked. He returns to the ranch but enters the ring again under the stipulation that winner take all. He wins the fight and of course the girl. Jones looks like a real fighter and seemingly packs away a good wallop.
Upon David Melias’ story Freshness Dark.

The Lover of Camille—Warner

Sacha Guitry’s drama of a famous pantomimic clown and his unhappy love for “the lady of the Camélias” made a theatrically effective footlight offering as David Belasco produced it. In the film it somehow borders upon saccharine sentimentality. We put most of the blame to the story. Monte Blue’s playing of Jean Gaspard Debureau, the clown, is singularly weak.

The Silent Accuser—Metro-Goldwyn

Melodrama with a dog, yclept Peter the Great, as the star. The hero is unjustly sent to prison for the murder of his sweetheart’s grandfather. The dog worms his way into prison, aids the boy’s escape, helps track down the real murderer and finds time to act as Cupid, too. The dog’s acting is its one saving grace. Even the canine’s work is a bit too involved for the probabilities.

The Snob—Metro-Goldwyn

Check a hit down to the promising Monta Bell, who first revealed his possibilities in “Broadway After Dark.” Bell has developed his dramatic story with fine freshness and originality. “The Snob” is a Helen R. Martin story and there is a Menonite background. John Gilbert is excellent as the professor and the cast is admirable, particularly Norma Shearer as his wife.

The Border Legion—Paramount

This melodrama of the great open places, adapted from a Zane Grey novel, will not stand minute inspection, but is a mighty good entertainment. Perhaps we are a little surfeited with the regeneration of bad men before the calm gaze of pure celluloid cuties. Still, this has lots of action, rugged backgrounds and a performance by Rockcliffe Fellows, as the wicked, hard riding Kells, that runs away with the film.

The Only Woman—First National

Trite story, greatly padded. The usual father tottering on the edge of disgrace forces his dutiful daughter into a mercenary marriage with a young waster. Eventually, in a shipwreck, the scapegrace proves himself and the girl comes to love him. Director Sidney Olcott’s handling of the situations is workmanlike. Norma Talmadge’s acting is adequate and her gowns are an eyeful.

My Husband’s Wives—Fox

The original story was written by Barbara La Marr—and what better authority on husbands can we find than Barbara? Shirley Mason appears as Vale Harvey, a sweet young thing, who, unknowingly, marries her school-chum’s ex-husband. Vale induces her friend to visit her and of course there’s bound to be trouble. Take a tip—never invite an ex-wife to visit you. [continued on page 97]
ASHLEY, there has been a rumor around Hollywood, a rather persistent rumor, that the day of the vamp is over. I suppose those rumors will bob up now and again. Probably the Egyptian ladies spoke somewhat thusly when the asp got in his dirty work with Cleopatra.

When the rumor was again circulated along the Boulevard, I admit I wondered if there might not be something in it. The wise ones shook their heads and remarked deeply:

"You know, the pendulum always swings back. The vamp is passing. Her day is all but done. It's a long lane that has no turning"—and so on.

I harkened. It seemed reasonable enough, after all. I almost believed.

And then I met Madeline Hurlock. So far as I am concerned, the day of the vamp is just beginning. Madeline starts where the rest of the girls left off. Allow me to state that as long as a girl like Madeline shows up every few centuries, the day of the vamp will flourish like the well known green bay tree. Don't let anybody tell you different.

I have one qualm about writing this story. It has troubled me for days. It concerns Madeline's figure. Any story about Madeline must begin by mentioning her figure. Otherwise it doesn't give you an honest portrait.

It isn't that I have any old-fashioned scruples about discussing the human form divine. The ladies of the present day have removed any sense of false modesty about that. I am not overcome with blushes in attempting to describe what everyone concedes to be Hollywood's most beautiful figure. It is merely a sense of my own inadequacy that overpowers me. Being neither an artist nor a male dressmaker, I shall never be able to do justice to Madeline's figure.

I can only say in passing that if they had an ancient Greek contest of living statues at the Olympic games, America could have added another first to her score by sending Madeline Hurlock.

Three things, says Madeline, were directly responsible for her chance in pictures. A new style of hairdress, a string of beads—don't get excited—and a black dress.

Having left Maryland and arrived in Hollywood via the Century Roof, Madeline was playing extras on the Lasky lot, and not doing very well at that. Week after week she plodded that weariest of roads and nobody paid any more attention to her than they did to anyone else.

Now the girls who play at Lasky's are dressed by the wardrobe department. And Madeline couldn't seem to get the right clothes. They usually presented her with some of Mary Miles Minter's old frocks or something like that and Madeline's personality was completely buried.

But one bright day Mr. Greer, the designer, originated a long, narrow black gown. It was so narrow that nobody could wear it. Possibly the seamstress left out one breadth or something. Anyway, it was Mr. Greer's pet gown for a fashion revue which George Fitzmaurice was using in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]
What do they see that inspires such fear? The very existence of all mankind is depicted in the struggle these four are facing in "The Lost World," produced by Waftermo R. Rothacker, the secrets of which First National is jealously guarding until its release in January. From left to right are Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Bessie Love and Arthur Hoyt.

When a World Was Lost

Dinosaurs roamed the land and battled man

Down in a South American jungle, with extinction facing them, Edward Malone (Lloyd Hughes) and Paula White (Bessie Love) find their love greater through the dangers they face.

"The Lost World" is filled with dinosaurs, great apes and all the prehistoric animals that roamed the earth before man's ascendancy. Here is Bull Montana playing one of the most fearsome roles of his career.
Things They Want to Forget

Stars find it not always best to recall past achievements

By Frederick James Smith

There is just one thing worse than failing with a screen rôle. That is succeeding!

It is a dangerous thing to hang up a big celluloid hit as a shining mark to shoot at. A film hit is merely a happy combination of circumstances. The chances are always against the combination breaking just that way again. That is why most of the stars would like to forget their successes—and start fresh again.

It takes unique ability to triumph over one's successful screen past. Players talk about living their rôles. Actually, they have to live them down. A few stars have accomplished the feat, which seems to be the hardest thing in all the length and breadth of the silent shadow land. For instance, consider how long it was before Blanche Sweet equalled her telling performance in that first Griffith super-spectacle, "Judith of Bethulia." That was in 1914. Exactly ten years later she scored in "Anna Christie." Ten long years to live down a success!

There are those who have gone on to greater success, using their menacing hits as stepping stones. No one can forget Thomas Meighan in "The Miracle Man," despite his steady success since. Meighan has never equalled that rôle, and yet his ingratiating personality and production sense has carried him along to consistently growing popu-
Richard Barthelmess set a mark for himself in "Tol'able David" that is hard to surpass.

The player is ready. A thorough training is essential to enduring success in the films, as anywhere else. An early hit, too, has often caught a young player off balance, destroying his perspective and bringing his success toppling about his ears.

Another penalty of a hit is that it inevitably boosts a player's salary. This salary increase often makes prohibitive the ideal conditions that existed before success came. Productions must be built around a big pay envelope. Thus lucky combinations are broken and productions must suffer.

Gone are the opportunities to characterize a rôle in a good story. Just what makes a screen hit, anyway? The aforementioned circumstances are the time, the place and the rôle. The characterization must come at the right moment. Miss Sweet's Judith was the heroic forerunner of all the hordes of historic women—mythical and actual—to invade the films. Today such a performance would mean little or not at all.

The hit must be in a picture getting wide distribution. Today that means it must be in a big production of a prominent company. And most of all, the rôle must have either lovable or highly colored qualities. It must be a Little Colonel, a Madame Du Barry or a tango dancing Julio.

Let us look back at the dangerously successful hits of the past. Dorothy Gish, for instance, never encountered another rôle like that of the piquant, harem-scarem Little Disturber of "Hearts of the World." Henry B. Walthall never quite came within reaching distance of the lovable Little Colonel of "The Birth of a Nation." Perhaps there will never be another male rôle quite so compelling in its sympathetic appeal. Alla Nazimova never approached the electric spark of her "Revelation," achieved right at the start of her silver-screen career. Nazimova dissipated her remarkable abilities for a mess of ego. Bryant Washburn never again touched the brash Americanism of "Skinner's Dress Suit."

The hand of Griffith shadows many of the successes that later swallowed up their players. Mary Alden never again was so compelling as she was as the mulatto in "The Birth of a Nation," nor did Walter Long ever do anything quite so sinister as his renegade in that film classic. And Mae Marsh, despite her commendable effort in "The White Rose," never touched the dramatic heights of the pathetically tragic little sister depicted in "The Birth of a Nation."

At first glance it may appear strange that so many prominent players of today developed under the guidance of Griffith. Actually, this is easy of explanation. There was no star, and Griffith, with his well balanced organization of non-stars, was able to cast his players in the roles they best fitted without distorting the characters or the theme. Hence their frequent personal hits.

There are mistakes of business and publicity studing the celluloid way. Mary Miles Minter would doubtless like to forget that she was ever designed to succeed Mary Pickford. Theda Bara probably hopes to forget her ill-judged "born-in-the-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]
STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP

Marriage has its compensations after all. This picture was taken the day Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost were married. They both said it was the best picture either had ever had taken and now they are glad they got married. Well, we confess the photographer had two very attractive subjects. And judging by where his eyes are resting Kenneth is sure that one of them is liked the play, as it gave her a chance for emotional and character work. Imagine her disgust when the manager said, "Oh, Miss Allison, you are far too beautiful for this part," and tried to argue her into accepting the star role of a musical comedy—for he it is known that May has a splendidly trained voice—in which she would be a lovely persecuted heroine.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO gave a party to New York newspaper and magazine writers before leaving for the coast, and it was a most enjoyable affair. Rudy had to stand a great deal of chaffing about his whiskers but took it good-naturedly—probably because he had not yet heard that the master barbers of Chicago had passed a resolution binding themselves to 'take away from his pictures until he shaved off the offending beard. Favors at the dinner were false whiskers for the men and safety razors for the women, which, in view of the barbers' action, may have been premeditated by Rudy in anticipation of some such resolution. But the most fun at the party was the manner in which Nita Naldi, much thinner, put on her best Ritz manners. Anyhow, she looked fascinating in a gown cut low—quite low—in the back. Mrs. Valentino was fairly radiant in a gown of gold cloth, while Dagmar Godowsky scintillated in white. Ruby De Remer was there with her millionaire husband and looked quite as wonderful as in the days when she was one of the most beautiful women on the screen.

Alleen Pringle is appearing with George Fitzmaurice in his latest production "A Thief in Paradise," and let me tell you when that picture is released Mac Murray will no longer hold a corner upon dancing, nor upon figures, nor upon how few beads can be worn on the screen and get by the censors. Miss Pringle has certainly no apparent reason for not wearing as few beads as possible. And she does. And she can dance, exquisitely and enticingly, which is rather surprising because she always seems a little stiff and over-dignified.

The whole United lot was finding inumer-

AFTER witnessing "Dante's Inferno" we are convinced that only good-looking women go to hell. In all the hundreds who writhed in agony there wasn't a fat one, skinny one or ugly one. Besides, we didn't see a Japanese, Chinese, African or Indian. They probably all went to heaven.

WELL, Betty Compson and Jimmy Cruze have gone and fooled the wise guys along the boulevard who were betting it was just "a Hollywood engagement" and that no wedding bells would ring out. And even Betty didn't know the time and place of her own wedding until one hour before it took place.

But Jimmy Cruze and Betty slipped quietly away one afternoon, after the great director had finished work, hunted up a judge (Cruze already had the marriage license) and the knot was tied in the living room of the beautiful Cruze home at Flintridge.

Although the date of the wedding had been set for several days before it actually occurred, and was to have been celebrated in Frisco, Utah, where Miss Compson was born, the pressure of work prevented the couple from carrying out their plan.

In honor of the occasion Cruze donned the first pair of long trousers and the first tie he has worn in five years. Miss Compson wore a salmon pink silk afternoon gown and still had on the make-up she wore on a studio set before the wedding.

She was given no time for preparation for somewhere around two o'clock in the afternoon, about an hour before it happened. Jim decided to get married at once. He didn't want to bother Miss Compson so he just drove down to the marriage license bureau and through a special arrangement obtained a license without her appearance, then stopped at the studio for Betty.

"Come on, dear, we're going out to my house and get married," said Jimmy. And they did.

DURING the past few months May Allison has rejected five distinct offers to play sweet young thing roles on the screen. May has a lovely sunny disposition but had a difficult time keeping it recently when a theatrical manager who had never met her called upon her to discuss a new stage play, the leading role of which was a pretty blonde French girl of the gamin type, sort of a Kiki. Miss Allison
able excuses for visiting Fitz's set during the days when he was working with Miss Pringle in the beads and handsome young leading men galore were offering to act as prop boys or assistant cameramen. The day I was there Miss Pringle and Mr. Fitzmaurice were having an argument about the color of makeup on her knees.

And it seems that in this costume Miss Pringle has to wear a complete make-up, which takes hours to put on.

To come back to more personal matters, there still seems to be some doubt as to Miss Pringle's choice between her two devoted suitors—Cedric Gibbons, art director for Metro-Goldwyn, and Matt Moore, well known leading man. Someone saw Matt buying heaps of new neckties in a fashionable haberdashers the other day, very zara and gay neckties they were, too, and instantly the rumor spread that the fair Aileen had broken with "Gibby" and once more smiled upon Matt.

To date there seems to be nothing very definite to go on.

And still there may be another side to the story for Matt was seen at the opening of the Writers Revue all alone and the sole possessor of three seats. One held his hat, one his overcoat and the third Matt.

Maybe "Gibby" stole a march on him that time.

FROM Paris comes word that Gloria Swanson has been offered the heart and hand of an honest-to-goodness marquis, none other than Marquis de Falaise than which there is no other bluer blooded scion of the old French aristocracy. Of course, that doesn't mean that Gloria will marry him. Many others have offered their hearts and hand and cash and estates to Gloria unavailingly. But it appears that the Marquis has a very bad case. Whenever Gloria appears, the Marquis appears beside her. If the glorious Gloria is at a loss for a French word, the Marquis supplies it. But that doesn't mean anything extraordinary. Other men have done it before him and Gloria didn't marry them. Besides, Gloria is too busy shopping apparently to take matrimony seriously. Gowns and jewels, hats and all the dainty things that appeal to the feminine taste are cutting inroads on the Swanson purse in lavish manner.

However, the purse is a large one and when Gloria returns she'll probably get a new one in New York.

"I HAVE never yet made a resolution at New Year's that did not seem, somehow, inadequate, before the ensuing year was over," said Pola Negri at a dinner party the other night.

"I remember the first time I made a New Year's resolution. It was while I was attending the school of the Countess Platen in Poland.

"All the girls were trying to see which could evolve the most startling resolution so I naturally fell in with the idea and puzzled my brain to think of one which would astonish the school.

"It was agreed that we were to wait until midnight of the last day and then tell each other what we had resolved. I was only about ten years of age and I recall those last minutes before we were to tell our resolutions as among the most dramatic of my life.

"When my turn came I was very nervous. All the others had signed their intention to abandon innumerable little things like shirking lessons, making fun of our instructors, telling white lies and that sort of thing. Then I cast my bomb.

"I sat up in bed and said, 'I am going to assassinate the Czar!'"
NOW you can turn to the rotogravure section and take a good look at him. The editor gave me a call for that item, and then said, "Well, I've got to make good with Norman—bring me his latest pictures." Seems to me a lot of film folks would like to have similar mistakes made about them.

A GAIN beautiful Barbara LaMarr seems to be in the midst of another love puzzle and the question is whether she is a married woman or has a right to announce her engagement. Waiting in the ofing is Ben Finney, wealthy young Floridian, who went into the movies in 1916 and who is about to play opposite Barbara in "Her Second Chance," a picture that certainly wins the prize for appropriate titles.

Barbara, now in New York, won't say whether or not she is engaged to Finney. She says she doesn't know what she is going to do. It depends principally on what the courts eventually decide about her marriage to Ben Deely, who died recently. If that marriage was a regular one, then her subsequent marriage to Jack Daugherty before Deely's death wasn't. And if she never were legally Mrs. Ben Deely, then she is unquestionably Mrs. Jack Daugherty.

YOUNG Ben Lyon certainly believes in preparedness! Before leaving Hollywood for New York, where he is to do his next picture, Ben paid a visit to the Federal building in Los Angeles, not about his income tax but to secure passports for Europe.

No, he isn't exactly planning a trip abroad. That is, he hasn't set any fixed time for such a trip, but Ben admits that he misses Gloria Swanson terribly, in spite of the almost daily calls he is said to receive while that adorable star is in France making "Madame Sans-Gene," and if he has a few days between pictures while in New York, well—he just might be dragged aboard a liner by the desire to see Gloria again.

And in case of a hurried sailing Ben isn't going to be turned back over such a little thing as passports. He's got 'em now and always carries them with him.

COLLEEN MOORE has finished "So Big," the film made from Edna Ferber's great novel. I have seen some of the rushes, and though I don't know yet what the picture will be like, I want to tell you here and now that Colleen's individual performance is a thing of
One’s life is hardly safe in Hollywood these days with arrows flying in all directions since the archery craze arrived. Director Monte Bell and Norma Shearer are latest victims.

Paul Powell, American archery champion, is instructing such beauty and poignancy that it is wholly indescribable.

Here is a girl—a young girl, the very essence of youth—who for over two-thirds of the picture plays a woman with a grown son—and Colleen does it so marvelously that she is unrecognizable. Her scenes where she saves her son from the results of a dramatic and startling love affair equal anything ever done on the screen. And these same scenes will establish Ben Lyon’s right to be called an actor of power and pathos instead of merely a handsome juvenile.

Colleen had to hold her mouth and her whole face in different positions for this part, and she says she’s got the habit and finds herself going around off the set with her mouth held like an old lady’s and her hand curled a little and even finds herself walking like an old lady.

She’s gone up to Arrowhead for a vacation, to get used to being young again.

F R A N K M A Y O is one of these violent radio bugs and when he goes on location his radio set goes with him.

He had it out in the wilds near the Mexican border a short time ago but couldn’t tune in on a single darn thing.

Around the faithless instrument were grouped fifteen or twenty lonely members of the company, who had gathered at Mayo’s tent expecting to spend a pleasant evening listening to Hastings, Neb., et al.

Solicitous they watched Frank wrestle with the silent (all too silent) speaker and at last one of them piped up:

"Maybe, Mr. Mayo, when you left Hollywood you forgot something.

"I sure did," exploded Mayo. "I forgot to throw this damn thing away." And suitings his actions to his words he walked to the door and pitched the radio out into the inky black night.

M E M B E R S of the New York film colony received a shock when they learned that Texas Guinan was to desert the El Fey club to become social hostess for The Arabian Club, which Jack Kears, manager of Jack Dempsey, and Bill La Hiff, owner of The Tavern, were to open in December, Texas. the two-gun girl of the movies, has been hostess of the El Fey for nearly a year and through her efforts it proved to be one of the most popular in New York.

The Arabian Club will be one of the most beautiful in the big city on the Hudson. Norman Bel Geddes has been selected to provide the interior decorations. Those who have seen "Feet of Clay" and "The Miracle" will remember the marvelous sets he arranged in those productions.

A L M O S T immediately after pretty Marie Prevost had been freed from previous marital bonds by her husband, H. L. (Sunny) Gerke, being granted a final decree of divorce in the Los Angeles courts, Marie and Kenneth Harlan were married at the Wilshire Presbyterian Church by Dr. John A. Ely and left for a brief honeymoon at Del Monte. This was the culmination of a three-year studio romance. Harlan has also been married once before, having been divorced from Flo Hart, a dancer and former Follies beauty.

They had planned a Honolulu honeymoon but this had to be cancelled because of Harlan being cast for the leading role in Harold Bell Wright’s "The Re-creation of Brian Kent." Miss Prevost is one of the Warner Brothers’ stars.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Canfield were best man and matron of honor for the wedding. Besides Mrs. M. Prevost and Miss Peggy Prevost, mother and sister of the bride, and Mrs. Rita Harlan, mother of the bridegroom, there were a number of intimate friends from the film colony present.

I AM really going to give up in despair if they don’t stop having these magnificent openings in Los Angeles. I have long ago run out of adjectives. I can’t make them sound more and more wonderful because my vocabulary fails me. But I will do my best with "Janice Meredith," which opened with a lot of excitement the other day.

Miss Davies, who is still in the West making "Rendezvous," was present, which added much to the occasion. She wore a frock of flesh-colored chiffon and a band of silver and diamonds in her fair hair.

Charles Chaplin, for the first time in the history of man, acted as master of ceremonies. He made a brief little talk, after being greeted by the crowd with positive howls of enthusiasm, and then introduced Miss Davies and the other members of the cast present, Harrison Ford, Joseph Kilgour and Holbrook Blinn. Chaplin, you know, is a great admirer of Miss Davies, both as an artist, as he stated from the stage that evening, and as a friend.

In the audience were Norma Talmadge, who looked her very loveliest, wearing filmy white. She was accompanied by Eugene O’Brien, her husband being absent in New York. Mrs. Talmadge was with them, and in the party were also Constance Talmadge, in white chiffon headed with rhinestones, John Con-sidine and Theda Bara. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ince also were in Miss Davies’ party, and Mrs. Ince wore the most adorable gown of dawn-colored georgette, trimmed with silk flowers raised in various colors all about her shoulders, and edged with gleaming pearls, Madame Elinor Glyn was there also, very stately and Parisian in black satin and emeralds.

Lois Wilson looked prettier than I have ever [continued on page 52]
This chapter takes us into the star chamber sessions of Broadway and Fifth Avenue for glimpses of the sensational personal drama of magnates and stars, in the war of millions, which we call the motion picture industry. Many facts never told before, and never meant to be told, are revealed in the swift movement of screen events here unfolded. They are told now because they have played a vital part in the creation of the world's greatest art—and because they have exerted influences that reach right down to the screen where you will see the pictures tonight, no matter whether you live in Paris, France, or Paris, Kentucky, Broadway, New York, or Main Street in Junction City.

Here we come to the events which seem but yesterday in the race of film progress. Our history has reached the early hours of the morning of today.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

Chapter XXXIV

This scenario of motion picture history for the season of 1916-17 gets its punch from Lewis J. Selznick, supported by Clara Kimball Young.

Four years had now elapsed since Selznick invaded Broadway to sell diamonds to Pat Powers and Carl Laemmle and lingered to appoint himself general manager of the Universal concern.

Now "L. J." as he was becoming known, had appointed himself the general disturbance of the motion picture industry. He was building his fame by preaching in pungent and pithy advertisements published at the expense of the World Film Corporation.

Officially Selznick was vice president and general manager of the World Film Corporation. Practically he was the corporation, which, however, included some other minor annoyances like bankers and theatrical producers.

The bankers were in the World because of a charming piece of Selznicking. Early in the history of that concern, some two or three years before Selznick found himself in possession of the World Special Films Corporation, an importing concern acquired by him from Emanuel Mandelbaum and Phillip...
so-called feature picture entitled "Whom the Gods Would Destroy." The title may have been prophetic, but it was accidental. The picture cost $4,250, or rather was going to cost that when it was paid for. Selznick went back to Wall Street and personally solicited investment in the sum of $42.50 from ninety-nine bankers. He kept one share for himself. It was easy for him to find ninety-nine bankers so busy and impatient that they would rather write a check for $42.50 than spend the week arguing with this persistent person. They were also intrigued a bit with his salesmanship and the novelty of a proposition in which they were not permitted to invest except in the definite sum of $42.50. The ninety-nine bought and, to be sure, received a profit. Out of this ninety-nine came a hand picked few who went into the financing of World Film Corporation, with figures that eventually ran up to a matter of a million or so.

With similar diligence Selznick built on the Famous Players' idea by drawing William A. Brady and the Shubert stage producing interests into the concern. William A. Brady became a "supervising producer" with duties which obligated him to visit the Peerless Studio in Fort Lee now and then and to draw a salary.

In this period of the ascendancy of the World Film Corporation, Selznick inaugurated the ornate special pre-view idea of film promotion with showings extraordinary and elaborate in connection with a typical Broadway "party." The Astor Hotel was the scene of these operations intended to stimulate beneficial conversation in the trade about the wonders of the film under treatment. These screenings, which continue in vogue today, now moved over to the Ritz-Carlton, and were ornamented by cut flowers, dancing, food and the assorted juices of corn and grape.

One of the earliest of these exploitation functions accidentally made a star. Selznick had invited the who's who and what's what of Broadway to a Roman holiday in honor of a production entitled "The Seals of the Mighty," a Canadian screening of a Sir Gilbert Parker story. When the hour of the showing arrived the print of the picture was missing. As a last moment substitute the only available World picture was hastily requisitioned and screened. It chanced to be "The Wishing Ring," with Vivian Martin, produced by Maurice Tourneur. The picture, which had been considered a program commonplace, made an pronounced impression. Miss Martin got a star contract and the fame of Tourneur began to grow.

Miss Martin had been in musical comedy with Lou Fields, her first picture engagement was with World Films for a part in "Old Dutch," where her work sufficiently impressed Tourneur to lead to casting her for "The Wishing Ring."

This accidental instance is the only one in which one of these promotional frivols exerted a beneficial influence on either players or pictures. But it became a precedent.

The ballroom screening party has become an institution. The motion picture peddlers of Broadway adopted it into their practice with the simple faith of the great commonality taking patent medicines and listening to political promises. A recent Ritz-Carlton party involved the expenditure of $5,000 to launch a picture costing $40,000 and worth half of it. Everybody remembered the headache and forgot the picture, which never got to a Broadway screen.

The flamboyance of Selznick was the exciting cause of many curious displays of motion picture rivalries in vanity in the 1916-17. Many of the seeming

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A henna colored sash, which was deeply fringed, added the proper dash of color.

Miss Kane, by the way, had been dressed and made up for work since nine o'clock and at four had not been called. However, she together with Martha Madison, also playing in “Miss Bluebeard,” were called upstairs for stills, so the afternoon was not entirely lost.

Bebe Daniels, who had just finished a scene, stopped to watch for a few minutes. She was wearing a delightful evening gown of rose colored marquisette, and this was beautifully embroidered with crystal beads, posed over a foundation of silver cloth.

Just as we were ready to leave we caught sight of Francesca Billings, dressed for a scene in a slightly draped frock of black satin with soft lace collar and cuffs.

The loose side panels added grace to the lines of the dress.

Could not resist staying on a few moments longer to see her work, and was rewarded by a most amusing scene wherein Miss Billings falls in a faint, is caught by Raymond Griffith, who drags her across the set, depositing her on a carpet sweeper.

After wiping his brow with meticulous care, he trundles her to an exit.

Diana Kane, wearing an ivory colored velvet, elaborately embroidered in beads in deep rose, Chinese red, blue and black.

Miss Kane was awarded this frock as a beauty prize at the Metro-Goldwyn Ball.

I SPENT a most interesting afternoon when I paid a visit to the Famous Players Studio at Astoria, L. I. After picking our way ever so carefully through a chaos of broken scenery, etc., we came to the sets where they were shooting “Miss Bluebeard,” starring Bebe Daniels, with Robert Frazer playing the lead. Frank Tuttle is directing this picture—a most nonchalant young person.

Just here I might say I would not have been able to know just who was directing the picture, had I not previously met Mr. Tuttle at a dinner—because I simply could not find any man in breeches and puttees with soft shirt opened at the throat, without which costume no real director is supposed to be able to direct.

While this is almost the uniform costume of directors in Hollywood, it is quite different in the east, eastern directors being content to appear on the set in regulation business suits.

When we arrived they were shooting a scene wherein our debonair friend Raymond Griffith is chased about a room amidst a perfect deluge of breaking crockery, some of which is aided in the breaking process by coming in contact with his head. This proved very amusing, so much so, that even the workmen clustered about the set were forced to laugh.

There were several retakes of this scene and one wondered if the Famous Players had a crockery factory.

Diana Kane was sitting on the side lines together with Thomas Meighan, watching the scene.

She was dressed in a smart day or street frock of navy twill in Eton effect. From the slashed sleeves trimmed with henna and blue braid and silver buttons peeped an undersleeve of cream colored organdy.
On Fifth Avenue
by Grace Corson.

This past month has been such a very busy one, because a part of it had to be spent in shopping for my winter wardrobe.

I chose a coat from H. Jaekel & Sons, of heavy lustreless ottoman silk in black, collared, cuffed and bordered in a most unusual manner with skunk fur. The fur is applied to the bottom of the coat in sections, creating the new circular effect, and is lined with black satin.

In connection with this a note of color is introduced by bunches of flowers in flannel appliqued to the lining with gold thread. This type of coat is very smart for lunch and afternoon wear, and is quite dressy enough to be used over an informal theater frock.

Then there is my new fur scarf. I chose red fox, because red fox and silver fox are the really smart furs for winter.

The new thing about it is the use of double skins instead of single skins. This use of double skins greatly enhances the luxuriance of the fur, adding, also, a touch of distinction.

Milgrim created the most fascinating hat for me. An ever so close-fitting shape combining black velvet and satin. The greatest chic in hats lies in their perfect simplicity.

You will note that this hat combines beautifully with my black coat, as well as with the straight little frock which Milgrim is making for me in black crepe satin.

The straight line no longer is paramount, but is broken in this instance by a circular flare of velvet. The sleeves are long and tight.

The rounded neck is low cut in front, and the back closing is effectively fastened with groups of tiny velvet buttons and with silk loops.

For evening wear the sophisticated simplicity of a beautifully draped white satin intrigued me beyond resistance. Here are some of its characteristics.

It is long—quite in reverse to what fashion has decreed correct—but in this instance the beauty of the gown depends solely upon the length of line and grace of draping.

Just here I might say the decrees of fashion are not to be followed blindly, and though a gown may be a bit exotic, daring in color, or unusual in design, if it has beauty of line and grace it can always be worn with a consciousness of being dressed in good taste. You can feel entirely at ease under these conditions.

For wear with this gown I chose a single strand of smoky pearls to enhance the lustre of the rose pearls in my three strand necklace.

On my arms I wind strands of the smoked pearls together with the rose pearls.

For color I carry a fan of silver gauze with paillettes of steel, silver, scarlet and black. Although it is not illustrated in this article, I also add a large scarlet chiffon handkerchief to complete the effect.
Beverly Bayne looks very chic in an ensemble for afternoon wear consisting of a three-quarter length wrap-around coat of silver gray satin deeply banded and collared in taupe fox, and slim one-piece frock of satin ermine having narrow trim band of reverse self-material. A novel sleeve design is introduced in coat by a puff attached to sleeve below the elbow, and caught at wrist with narrow band. With this costume Miss Bayne wears a close fitting velvet hat, brim sharply upturned, trimmed with a cocarde of pleated ribbon held with double crystal pins. The completing note is a strand of black and white pearls.

The effectiveness of beading and simplicity of line are admirably portrayed in the formal evening gown selected by Beverly Bayne for wear in the "Age of Innocence." This gown of gold tissue elaborately beaded in an original Peacock design is slightly fitted to the figure and has a train. The filigree band of gold and pearls, enhancing her close-cut uncurled hair, completes her jewel effect created by a choker of pearls, and long pendant pearl earrings. A gorgeous color note is introduced by a large fan of uncurled ostrich and coque feathers in ombre, shading from the most delicate pink to deepest scarlet.

While the costumes already mentioned from the "Age of Innocence" were in perfect taste, some of the gowns worn by Miss Bayne in this picture were in very bad taste. As example, the black velvet dinner gown beaded in pearls in a barbaric design and a huge cluster of gardenias on the shoulder. Her ensemble costume of navy bengaline and rust crepe had smart lines, but the effect was somewhat marred by ribbon rosette worn on lapel and by a faddish walking stick.

The use of an embroidered Spanish shawl over a long sleeve, almost tailored type frock, was decidedly out of place. Another costume worn by Miss Bayne lost its effectiveness by being over-elaborately trimmed. This was a gown of gold brocaded satin draped in front with panel and train of lace and satin edged with chinchilla fur.

Age of Innocence

The beauty of beige carrocel combined with matching fox is stressed in the wrap model worn by Edith Roberts. The coat has a large fox collar and narrow bands of fox fur as sleeve trim, while double bands of the fox separated by a band of carrocel trim the bottom and create a circular effect at closing. With this coat Miss Roberts wears a smart hat of beige felt with an upright trim of two saucy feathers that are placed directly in front. A costume, which is most harmonious in every respect, is completed by blonde satin opera pumps and beige suede gloves.

One's indoor hours are made more delightful if one is wearing a negligee of ombre chiffon in the yellow to gold tones with wing sleeves edged with the most delicate of chantilly lace falling from the shoulder to the floor. It will be noted that the front panel effect is broken at the waistline by a cluster of flowers. Such a negligee as the one described is worn by Edith Roberts. With this negligee she wears gold brocaded slippers and nude hose of sheenest chiffon. The whole lends a delightful charm and grace to the wearer and is very effective.
The Greatest Authority on the manicure perfected this Liquid Polish

Spreads evenly and smoothly
Won't peel off
Gives a deep natural polish
water will not dull
Is just the rose color of the smart Parisian manicure
Lasts a whole week
Needs no separate polish remover

Northam Warren revolutionized the manicuring habits of the world.
By years of study he perfected the scientific Cutex Cuticle Remover which for the first time made it possible for everyone to have lovely well-groomed nails, graceful finger tips.

Its fame spread around the world until today more women use Cutex than all other manicure preparations together.

Now he has perfected a wonderful new finish for his famous Cutex manicure—a liquid polish so perfect that in Paris, the home of sophisticated toilettries for lovely women, this American product, Cutex Liquid Polish, is sold more than any other liquid polish. You can depend on it as you have always depended on all the other lovely Cutex preparations to make your nails exquisite.

Cutex Liquid Polish is quicker and easier to use. It won't crack or peel off and is so thin it won't dry in ridges, leave brush streaks, or gummy places.

For a whole week the lovely smooth lustre lasts, keeping the nails just the rose petal shade of this season's smartest Parisian manicure.

You can get a full sized bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish for 35c or it comes in three of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.50, and $3.00 at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England.

What we send in 6c package
This 6c Package contains the wonderful Cutex Liquid Polish, the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover—enough of both for 6 manicures—a brush, an emery board, orange stick and cotton and the helpful booklet "How to have Lovely Nails." Address Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada Dept. Q1, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon today—
with 6c for this wonderful Liquid Polish and the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover.

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The Second Installment of

Jackie's European Diary

He narrates exclusively for Photoplay what befell him in Paris

AFTER we left London we rode on the train for three hours before we reached Dover, where we were to take the boat to Calais. Everybody on the train was talking about the weather and they all said they hoped that the Channel would not be rough. One man said that he was on the Channel once and the sea was so rough and the fog so thick that they were lost for five hours and all the people on board thought they would never reach land. My tutor told me that the reason the channel was most always rough was because the North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean met there, but Mr. Dreyfus, the manager of the Savoy hotel in London, who came with us, said not to worry, and told us that he was never sea sick when he crossed over to France.

When we reached Dover we went on board the boat, and the water was terribly rough. Everybody ran for the top deck, but mother and daddy and I went down to lunch as soon as the boat started. The dining room was empty. The sea was so high that everyone was hanging on to their chairs and the water swept over the deck and the boat rocked just like my boat does when I put it in the bath tub and make great big waves. I thought it was lots of fun, and everybody in our party was well except Mr. Dreyfus who had told us that he never was sick but he was awfully sick this time. We arrived in Calais on time and were in France. Everything looked so different than it did in England, and we were only four hours from London.

The Paris train arrived at the [continued on page 96]
**The Duchesse de Richelieu tells how to have A Lovely Skin**

"The woman whose life is given not only to society but to concert-singing must always appear with a complexion fresh and radiant.

"Care of her skin, second only in importance to the care of her voice, can best be obtained by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams. They keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely."

**Duchesse de Richelieu**

**Hair** full of golden lights, shadowy blue eyes and a cream-and-white complexion which makes everybody turn to look, women with envy, men with delight. The charm of a nature gay, generous and sincere.

These make the Duchesse de Richelieu a woman everybody loves to see—and to know. And to hear, too, for she has a lovely soprano voice of limpid tone.

In the exclusive social set of Baltimore—always famous for its "Baltimore belles"—she spent her gay girlhood. But since her marriage to the head of one of the oldest titled families of France, she is often seen in the smart circles of Paris.

And in New York, too, where her home, "The House on the River" is the scene of many gatherings of the socially elect.

Among its lovely old furniture, books and objets d'art from France—many of them handed straight down from the great Cardinal de Richelieu, himself—she moves, a hostess full of grace and charm.

The Duchesse de Richelieu determined that her cream-end-white skin should remain always as fresh and youthful as it is today. For, she said, "the woman whose life is given not only to society but to concert-singing is compelled to appear fresh and radiant."

When she learned of the Two Creams that beautiful women everywhere depend upon to cleanse and protect the skin, she declared: "They keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely." This is the method the Duchesse approves:

**Pond's Cold Cream for Cleansing.** At least once a day, always after any exposure, smooth the cream liberally over your face and neck. Let its pure oils bring to the surface dust, powder and excess oil. Now wipe off all the cream with a soft cloth. Repeat the process. Just look at your skin now—as refreshed as rose-petals washed with dew!

Next, **Pond's Vanishing Cream for a Delicate Finish and Protection.** Smooth on just as much as your skin will instantly absorb. Now see how soft and even the surface looks—transparently lovely. How well this cream takes your powder, too—holding it in a velvet grip long and evenly—and how perfectly it protects you from soot, wind and cold.

Try for yourself, today, this method which all the world's lovely women are pursuing. You will find that Pond's Creams will keep your skin as creamy-white, as soft and fine as the Duchesse de Richelieu's own. The Pond's Extract Company.

---

**The Duchesse de Richelieu**

Twice an aristocrat. Before her marriage to the head of one of the oldest houses in France she was a "Baltimore belle" of one of the first families. Today she is a social leader in France and the United States. Above, a glimpse of the music-room of her New York home, "The House on the River."

**The Princesse Marie de Bourbon**

**The Vicomtesse de Frise**

**Lady Diana Matchabelli**

**Mrs. Marshall Field, Sr.**

**Mrs. Condé Nast**

**Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont**

**Mrs. Julia Hoyt**

**Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop**

**Mrs. Cordelia Biddle Duke**

are among the women of distinguished taste and high position who approve Pond's Method of caring for the skin.

**FREE OFFER:** Mail the coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two famous creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
What threatened to be a big fight scene in this picture of Frank Condon and Frederic Arnold Kummer turned out to be a love feast episode. "Batting" Kummer on the right and "Kid" Condon on the left. They may be great writers, but they don't know how to make up to the camera, hence its foggy presentation.

The Unforgettable Plot
By Frederic Arnold Kummer

The life of a writer is full of shocks, from the income tax to hearing what the critics have to say about his latest play, but rarely does it fall to an author's lot to read one of his own stories under another man's name.

Last summer, while pounding away at the trusty Underwood, the wife breezed in and laid a magazine on the desk.

"Read that and weep!" she said.

Inspiration having done a nose-dive, there seemed nothing to do but obey. And there, in the August number of Photoplay, was a notice of the filming of a story called "The Legend of Hollywood" by Frank Condon, with a synopsis of same showing it to be identical in plot with my own story, "The Seventh Glass," published in Century Magazine for June, 1914.

Not having read "The Legend of Hollywood," which appeared in Photoplay for March, a copy was secured, whereupon it at once became evident that the two yarns were as alike as two peas in a pod.

What to do? A writer's affection for his brain children is akin to that of the ring-tailed gazinkus for its young. Somebody had been guilty of infringement — of plagiarism. Off with their heads! The picture producers must be boiled in oil. The entire staff of Photoplay, if they could be waked that early, must be shot at sunrise. As for the author —

But it did not take long to find out that the author in question was a charming and entirely honest fellow-writer who would rather commit hara-kiri than steal anybody's plots. He, too, had been victimized, by a friend who told him the story — as a real incident — something it was not.

There are plots so ingenious, so unusual in quality, as to be, as the editor of Photoplay put it, "unforgettable." Such plots are certain to be told and retold until the source of their origin is lost. Any writer, listening to the wonderful ideas constantly being offered him by well-meaning friends is in danger of doing what Mr. Condon did — of becoming an unconscious plagiarist through no fault of his own. Like the Greeks bearing gifts, it is a good idea to beware of friends bearing plots — especially good ones told as real happenings. They are apt to be too good to be true.

The Fight's Off
"Kid" Condon and "Battling" Kummer call it a draw

SIX months ago there appeared in Photoplay Magazine a story called "The Legend of Hollywood." It was written by Frank Condon, and it has since been made into a picture. And it's a very good picture. A few months later, this story was brought to the attention of Mr. Frederic Arnold Kummer, another of Photoplay's brilliant fiction writers. Mr. Kummer didn't know Mr. Condon, and, naturally, he hit the ceiling when he saw in it the plot of a story of a somewhat similar nature that he wrote ten years ago.

Well, there was an awful fuss about it for a few weeks. Mr. Kummer was mad clear through, and Mr. Condon was just as indignant. It looked like pistols and coffee for a few days. Instead of meeting on the greenward at daybreak, they got together in my office in New York City, Mr. Kummer coming up from his home at Catonsville, Maryland, and Mr. Condon from Los Angeles. There were quite a few thousand dollars involved. Short story writers get big money for their brain children, and even more money when they write a picture that is good enough for the screen. They had never seen each other before. Inside of ten minutes, they were fast friends and everything was rilly. They both wrote short statements, which appear on this page, had their photographs taken, and smoked several Fatimas of peace.

It just goes to show that no editor or writer can keep in touch with everything that has been written — not even Bob Davis, editor of Munsey's, or Ray Long of Cosmopolitan. We gave that up years ago.

Condon is a husky little chap, who keeps in training by eighteen holes of golf a day, and Mr. Kummer, who told him the yarn as original had better hit for the mountains when Frank arrives home in Hollywood. Read their own statements. It's the first thing either of them ever made for me for nothing.

The Editor

The Curse of Liquor
By Frank Condon

I HAVE slowly come to the conclusion, especially since writing "The Legend of Hollywood" for this same eminently respectable magazine you are now reading, that it will be just as well if I confine myself to writing stories not written before.

Of course, it is a much simpler matter to sit down in as comfortable arm-chair, with one's feet up, read an interesting story in some good magazine, and then write it all over again, giving it those deft little touches which the original author has omitted. This method relieves a person of considerable mental wear and tear, eliminates the struggle to find a good plot and leads to copious piles of money from an ambitious author with a southern exposure cell in a steam-heated jail.

Mr. Kummer's story was a work of considerable artistic excellence and the plot was what we professional persons call a sockdolager. The well-meaning individual who, in the true kindness of his heart, told me the story, had never read the Kummer tale. I know, because he is not a book-worm, and his literary bournings take him only to the Police Gazette, the telephone book and Sears-Roebuck's admirable manual. He had heard the story somewhere, probably leaning over a bar, and all he forgot to tell me was that he had heard it somewhere.

I will be able, in future, to give a written guarantee, printed on one side of the paper only, that all fiction matter coming off old ironides, has not been narrated to me by a kind-hearted acquaintance. I am forevermore off these things that someone declaims aloud at a jolly dinner party, with appropriate gestures, and while I question no man's integrity, or his veracity, still and all, as we say in Hollywood, never again.

Another discouraging thing about doing one of Mr. Kummer's plots after he has done it is, that one is in the position of sucking Mr. Dempsey in the eye after Mr. Dempsey has had the first sock. One's effort is likely to be a bit futile.

Between us, we have supplied the motion picture industry with an interesting photoplay, which you should certainly go to see. When "The Legend of Hollywood" comes to your town, don't have any prior engagements, because if you miss it, you'll miss something. If you don't say it is a genuinely meritorious movie, we will both eat your hat.
Do you know how to choose your powder—and how to use it?

Women who get the best effects from their powder are as careful to choose the right shade of powder as they are to select becoming clothes.

**SMME. JEANNETTE**

Clever women are clever in the way they use powder. They realize that the more they can make powder appear to be the natural finish of their skin, the more effective it becomes.

Powder must be applied with complete uniformity so that it looks like the delicate little finish we often see on the skin of beautiful children—it must be put on evenly. Also, it is of greatest importance to use the shade of powder that best matches your skin.

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in the four shades that most nearly match the four typical skin tones of the women of America. These shades of powder are—Naturelle, Rachel, Flesh, and White. These are the four essential shades to obtain natural effects. In a general way, there are four distinct tones of skin found among American women—the medium, the very dark, the white, and the pink or flushed-looking skin. The following simplified explanation of typical skin-tones will prove a guide to women who are aware that their powder has always been too obvious.

**Skin-tones—and shades of powder**

The Medium skin varies in values and is sometimes hard to determine, for it is found with many combinations of hair and eye colorings. It is pleasantly warm in tone, with faint suggestions of old ivory, and fleeting suggestions of sun-kissed russet. The correct shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder for this type of skin is the Naturelle shade.

The Milk White skin is quite without a trace of color except where the little blue veins show. Few American women have this very white, colorless skin, but these few are the only ones who should ever use white powder.

The Pink skin is most often found with blonde or reddish hair. As a woman grows older it is apt to deepen into a flushed-looking skin, and the result is a too-high coloring. Women with this type of skin often make the mistake of using a white or dark powder, thinking to hide the pinkness. Pink or flesh-colored powder, however, should always be used on this skin—the flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder will tone in with your skin and at the same time will tone down the pinkness.

The Olive skin is rich in its own color-tone, though it rarely shows much red or pink in the cheeks.

Women with this exquisite coloring should not try to disguise it with White or Flesh powder, but should enrich its beauty with the Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has a quality of fineness that is due to its being sifted through silk. Its delicate consistency is a caress to a woman's skin. Its odor is delicate and elusive.

It is made in the Pompeian Laboratories—

"Don't envy beauty—Use Pompeian"

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The engagement has been expected for some time. Lytell gives as the reason for his split with his first wife the long separations which the difference in their work made necessary and he and Miss Windsor both state that they hope to work in as many pictures together as possible.

ROD LE ROCQUE was doing the boasting. Robert Edeison was listening. Rod was telling about calling on Leatrice Joy and holding her tiny baby in his arms.

"And what do you think?" asked Rod.

"She went to sleep while I was holding her in my arms."

"Probably very true," replied Edeison.

"You undoubtedly had the same effect on her that you have upon your audiences."

And it took three strong men to keep them apart.

HAROLD LLOYD has just presented his wife, Mildred Davis Lloyd, with the most gorgeous new Rolls-Royce town car that Hollywood has ever seen. It was a present to celebrate the arrival of Mildred Gloria. And Mildred is one of those women who are naturally cunning and adorable, is a dream about it. I've never seen anyone get such a kick out of things as Mildred does, anyway, and this is the climax. She makes all sorts of arrangements so that she can make effective entrances in and out of the car, even to making Harold and her guests wait in the lobby while the car draws up properly. And she says she has had to buy all sorts of new clothes to go with it, because you have to have certain kinds of clothes to go with a Rolls-Royce town car.

It is a very dark royal blue, which is particularly becoming to Mildred's blonde beauty. Incidentally, Harold never told her a thing.

seen her—everyone commented upon it—and she wore a frock that she bought in Paris when she was over not so long ago—the palest shade of pink, with little flared satin panels, heavily embroidered in pearls. In her hair was twisted a rope of georgette and pearls to match, and she wore a huge corsage of orchids. Mae Murray was wrapped in a stunning evening coat of gold and rose and black, with an enormous collar of ermine. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix were given a tremendous ovation by crowds in the street, and Mrs. Mix wore a cloak of pale gray georgette trimmed with chinchilla, over a frothy orchid evening gown. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean had a large party, and Mrs. MacLean looked stunning in a low cut gown of black velvet.

Florence Vidor wore pale yellow satin, straight of line and low cut in the back, and very heavily embroidered in beads of a topaz yellow. Her evening wrap was white velvet, delicately shirred so that it fitted close to her figure, and with collar and trimmings of monkey fur. Mrs. George Archainbaud, wife of the well known director, wore bright jade green, with trimmings of silver beads, and a cloak of gray chiffon with a gorgeous collar of ostrich. Carmelita Geraghty, accompanied by Bobby Agnew, was in flame-colored chiffon, very frilly, with flat scarlet poppies in her black hair.

Hedda Hopper, who is fast acquiring the reputation of being the best dressed woman in Hollywood as she has long been called the best dressed woman in New York, wore a delicious creation of mauve satin, with tiny pleated panels of turquoise blue chiffon down the sides. Alice Terry looked unusually lovely in black velvet, with little slashes here and there revealing narrowly pleated cloth of silver. Jack Gilbert and Lew Cody were among those present.

BERT LYTELL and Claire Windsor are to be married just as soon as the law allows, according to their mutual announcement, made when Lytell landed in America after several months spent in Tahiti filming "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

The first news Bert received was that his wife, Evelyn Vaughn, had been granted a divorce from him, and immediately Bert and Claire began a search to find out just how soon they can be legally married.
"A physical wreck—I was irritable, nervous, debilitated. I tried nearly every curing treatment known to science, but to no avail. I was simply depleted of nervous energy. When I heard of Fleischmann's Yeast I was skeptical of the wonderful results attributed to it. After using the yeast, my digestion became better, my complexion brightened, and I slowly regained lost vitality."

(Claire C. Cook, Los Angeles, Calif.)

"We restaurant eaters must force greasy, quickly fried food into our stomachs in a hurry. And our next move is 'take one of these pills each night!' Even the best stomachs cannot stand such treatment. On the advice of a friend I ate my first yeast cake. Now I feel like the man who puts coal on a fire. He gets heat units, while today I'm enjoying health and vigor units, and am glad to be out of the 'glass of water and pill' class."

(Thomas Leyden, Elizabeth, N. J.)

"I knew my headaches and unwholesome complexion were caused by constipation. To take frequent cathartics was my regular program and even by doing this I was tired and dopy. 'I like what yeast does for me,' said one of my customers and asked if I had ever tried it. I began to drink yeast in milk regularly. Soon people began to comment on how well I was looking—my husband said I grew younger—the mirror told me my complexion and eyes were clear and bright. Cathartics are now a thing of the past."

(Mabelle Conomikes, Marathon, N.Y.)

"And my Fleischmann's Yeast cakes as usual. For almost three years I have given this order to my grocer several times each week and will continue indefinitely. As a young mother in a run-down condition, with boils rendering me almost helpless, I felt that the end of my endurance had been reached. In desperation I sent for Fleischmann's Yeast cakes. The boils began to dry up. I slept better—had a keener appetite, felt better—and regained my strength and vivacity."

(H. M. Raup, Linthicum Heights, Md.)

FOUR KINDRED ILLS

Lowered Vitality - Stomach Troubles
Constipation - Skin Disorders

One simple food to banish them ~

 THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active.

At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water

(just hot enough to drink)

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast when taken this way is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Write us for further information, or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. I. The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.
SYLVIA BREAMER, the little Australian actress who played in such First National attractions as "Hayu," "The Girl of the Golden West" and "The Woman on the Jury," and who has just completed the leading role with Frank Mayo in a James Hogan production, has signed a new starring contract which may keep her off the screen the rest of her life.

Quietly slipping away to the historic Glenwood Inn at Riverside, Miss Breamer "signed for life" with Dr. Harry W. Martin, prominent Los Angeles physician. Their engagement was only recently announced and the wedding was set for next June, so the marriage came as a great surprise to the film colony.

Miss Breamer came to Hollywood from Australia, where her father was a commander in the British Royal Navy. Dr. Martin practiced medicine in Chicago until the World War when he joined the service, and upon his discharge came to Los Angeles.

NOTHING could be more enjoyable for a motion picture fan than to drop in at the Biltmore in Los Angeles on a Saturday night, if it happens to be the right Saturday night, and see the galaxy of famous movie stars and beauties enjoying themselves.

The other Saturday evening, for instance, was a particularly fortunate occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Loew were entertaining a big party of their official family. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Neilan (Blanche Sweet) were with

about it, until one day it drew up before the door and the chauffeur simply announced that her car was there.

Somebody gave Harold a tiger skin rug the other day, too. And he doesn’t know what to do with it... He’s tried it in every room in the house but he can’t quite arrange it to suit him.

“Somehow tiger skins don’t just go with me, do they?” he says a little dubiously.

MARION DAVIES is entertaining as her house guest the Princess Marie de Bourbon, heiress of the famous house that once ruled France, and cousin of the present King of Spain. The Princess is a most charming little person, who speaks English as only a Frenchwoman can, and is vastly interested in Hollywood and all its people.

Miss Davies has given a number of charming dinner parties for the Princess and among those asked to meet this titled lady have been Douglas and Mary, Florence Vidor, Joseph Urban and his daughter, Greta Urban, Charlie Chaplin, Luther Reed, Norma and Costas Talmadge, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ince.

One evening Miss Davies gave a dinner dance, among the guests being Charlie Chaplin, Anita Loos, John Emerson, Hedda Hopper, Jack Gilbert and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kerry.

And an amusing situation occurred. Miss Davies has rented the home belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kerry. Finding that the dining room was not big enough for her to entertain in, Marion calmly turned the terrace into a most gorgeous dining room, filled it with ferns and flowers and was delighted with it. Suddenly, on the very eve of the dinner party, she realized that it was Mrs. Kerry’s house, that Mrs. Kerry was coming to dinner, and that she didn’t know a word about the fact that she had a new dining room which she might or might not approve of.

Marion was in a chill of nervous fear until after Mrs. Kerry, who is a very charming and very pretty woman, arrived and greeted the addition with warm enthusiasm.

FOR the first time since becoming a star, Tom Mix, greatest of all Western heroes on the screen today, will be seen by his public without his cowboy togs. Mix is making his first costume picture of his starring career and the chaps and six-guns have been discarded for the silks, brocades, sword and plummed hat of the early eighteenth century, for he is now making the story of the life of Dick Turpin, that greatest of all gentlemen highwaymen, who was such a romantic and daring figure in the public eye of England at a time when a gentleman of the highroad was looked upon more as a brave adventurer than as a road agent. Dick Turpin and his horse are a part of English history. In fable and song he is almost a modern Robin Hood, freeing ladies in distress and robbing the rich to feed the poor. This new picture presents Tom as a handsome and dashing cavalier and still gives ample opportunity for him to show off his horsemanship.

Colleen Moore got excited over aviation this year, with the army aviators flying around the world and the ZR3 crossing the Atlantic, so she designed the Dirigible Derby. It is made of black felt with orange felt trimming, silver tissue lining and a propeller of rhinestones. An orange scarf sets it off.

One of the strangest and sweetest romances of Hollywood or anywhere. When Mrs. B. B. Hampton lay dying she asked her husband, the producer, to marry her dearest friend, Claire Adams. The wedding was quietly celebrated in Hollywood recently.
May Allison

THE lace oxford is undeniably simple—but there lies the secret of its smartness, its allure, its true Parisian charm! Lace oxfords are very popular among screen stars this year who are wearing them whenever possible, on and off the screen, with street and sport attire.

The very simplicity of the lace oxford gives emphasis to the small details of its construction and finish. For this reason May Allison, talented and beautiful star now appearing in "The River Road," an Earnest Shipman Production, wears lace oxfords that are finished with visible eyelets. Visible eyelets are practical, decorative and fashionable—they are among those niceties of footwear construction that mark the shoe of quality and good taste. Without visible eyelets no lace shoe is entirely complete and correct in appearance.

Always insist on Goodyear Welt shoes with Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
Manufacturers of DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Robert G. Vignola, the director who is credited with Marion Davies' greatest screen work, has brought himself a home, situated on the highest knoll in Hollywood. There this lovely Italian-American can have the time of his life watering the lawn and such wild Hollywood pastimes.

them, and Blanche had on the loveliest frock that she brought back from Paris, crystal beads over palest pink and made in a straight line that fitted in close to her lovely figure. By that way, she's wearing her hair straight, and it's fascinating. Alice Terry was in that party, too, in a very low gown of orchid, with her favorite trimming of ostrich plumes. And King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, wrapped in a many colored Spanish shawl, and Hobbart Henley and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rapf and Irving Thalberg and his pretty, dark-eyed sister.

Agnes Ayres and her new husband, Manuel Rialchi, were there, the first time they've appeared in public since their marriage became known. Agnes wore heavy, close-fitting black satin, with a plain, thick turban of black satin, her only ornaments some satiny gardenias on the shoulders and a exquisite pearl tiara. And Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel had a big party in which were the Jack Holts, and Lois Wilson and Ronald Colman. Lois was really gorgeous, in that new flame pink, with a great cluster of orchids pinned on one shoulder. Certainly she held the much heralded Mr. Colman in devoted subjection all evening. And Mae Murray and her husband, Bob Leonard, had a big party. Mae was wearing her hair straight too, but that short, wild straight that Paris is just declaring so fashionable. She was all in white. And Dorothy Phillips, whom I haven't seen out since her husband, Allen Holubar, died. She wore the softest white, with a tiny, black lace dinner hat, caught with a diamond arrow, and black satin slippers with arrows to match. And Leatrice Joy was with some friends, in black and white, very severe, with a flat wreath of gardenias in her hair. And of course one of the loveliest women in the room was Daisy Moreno, who with Antonio was entertaining some very important New York social leaders. Mrs. Moreno wore a French gown of the new shutter green, and a silver dinner hat. Claire Windsor was there, all in white as usual, with a very elaborate rhinestone headress, escorted by Herbert Somborn, who used to be Gloria Swanson's husband. And Harold and Mildred Lloyd—Mildred looking more beautiful than ever since the advent of young Mildred Gloria. She wore a satin frock of golden-brown, trimmed with some soft fur. Young Ben Lyon was in their party and Harold and Marcus Loew were exchanging golf stories between tables. And Seena Owen, with Howard Hawks. Seena looked very lovely, in a bright blue frock, with a panel of ostrich plumes down the front and a swaggering little plume in her lovely blonde hair.

THEY should be a little more careful. The marital woes of Frank Mayo have been reopened in the Los Angeles courts with the application of Joyce Eleanor Mayo for $2500 attorney fees to permit her to appear in connection with a suit between her and Mayo over a property settlement entered into before Mayo was granted a divorce two years ago.

During the arguments in the new case it developed that a final decree of divorce had never been entered, although it was reported some time ago that Mayo had married Dagmar Godowsky, a film actress and the daughter of the famous pianist, Leopold Godowsky.

Mrs. Mayo was said to be in England and without means to come to this country and appear in the suit over the contract under which Mayo was to pay her $150 a week alimony.

Mrs. Mayo also filed a motion after the interlocutory decree was entered, asking her default be set aside on the ground that she had been unable to come to this country and fight the divorce suit. She was said to have been working at the time in Paris, France, as a chorus girl at a salary of $25 a week.

Monte Blue, one of my very favorite actors, is the latest victim of Cupid in the screen colony, his bride being a Seattle girl, Miss Tove Janson, a former Harrison Fisher model. They are now on their honeymoon and are expected back in Hollywood in a short time. The marriage took place in Seattle.

Miss Janson attended the Forestride Convention in Seattle and four years ago her mother, once a famous Norwegian actress, took her to New York, where her beauty soon won her fame as an artist's model. Later Miss Janson appeared with Elsa Janis and did a little picture work.

It is understood that the bride will give up her professional work under the terms of her "new starring contract," for Monte believes one actor is enough for any family.

This is Monte Blue's second matrimonial venture. He was divorced last year from Erma (Always Blue).

Somebody was talking to Colleen Moore that an actor in a cast of a certain picture. "Why in the world did you have him?" said the critic.

"I don't know," said Colleen. "Why did his mother have him?"

Which has now become the classic Hollywood phrase for an actor who isn't popular.

True to her threat—"They've gotta stop kicking my reputation around"—Miss Mabel Normand has brought suit for $500,000 damages against Mrs. Georgia Church, Los Angeles, a woman who named her as a petite comedienne in her sensational divorce complaint against her wealthy clubman husband, Norman W. Church.

Miss Normand denies all intimacy with Church and says they were simply friends and fellow sufferers introduced by their physician while they were both confined in a Los Angeles hospital, and never saw him again when he left there.

In her $500,000 damage suit Miss Normand declares that because of being pictured as a "vamp" in the Church divorce, she has not found it "profitable" to undertake the production of new films. [Continued on page 92]
It set him thinking

HERE, right in the prime of his business career, he had fumbled the biggest deal he ever had undertaken. It was the great disappointment of his life. And now he was putting himself through a rigorous self-examination, trying to fathom the reason for his failure.

Just then he stumbled across a peculiarly frank magazine advertisement that seemed to hint at the possible reason. It made him do some hard thinking.

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

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic. There are three sizes: 3 ounce, 7 ounce and 14 ounce bottles.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

Interesting News!

Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . . While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations.

They are 25 cents a package

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use
LISTERINE

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J. M. BARRIE’S
A HERBERT BRENON Production
ASSISTED BY ROY POMEROY
Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

Let Peter Pan
give you the youthful way
of looking at life once more!

“Peter Pan”, J. M. Barrie’s immortal play pictured at last! A glorious celebration of youth, adventure and lyrical mischief!

Whole train-loads of “Peter Pan” as a book have been bought!

Thousands of theatres have been jammed to the aisles in a score of countries to enjoy “Peter Pan” as a stage play!

In England the play is revived every year and puts most of the current attractions in the shade!

Paramount has owned the picture rights to “Peter Pan” for a long time, but refused to produce it until the technique of the screen could beat the stage productions completely in bringing out the magic and mystery of Peter’s adventures, and until a perfect type to play Peter was discovered.

Well, the magic’s there all right, and so is Betty Bronson, chosen by J. M. Barrie himself as the ideal artiste for the part; and Ernest Torrence is Hook the Pirate.

“Peter Pan” is the greatest family movie the world ever saw. Nobody is too young to enjoy it, and nobody’s too old to feel like a happy kid when he sees it.

See the Dec. 27th Saturday Evening Post for list of theatres showing “Peter Pan” New Year’s Week. Ask your theatre manager when he will show it.

It’s a Paramount Picture
LENORE, BEDFORD, IND.—Nice little Lenore. I thank you for the "dearest." Ben Lyon uses his real name in his screen work. He was born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6, 1901. He is Ben Lyon, Jr. Not married.

FLORENCE, LOS ANGELES, Calif.—A confidence from a woman of fascinating age, written in a most amusing hand, - "He kept up in bed at a quarter of twelve. How romantic! You admire the love fires that burn in Monte Blue's eyes, and you recall that his grandmother said that Monte was always the life and soul of any party. I am not concerned. I advise Monte "blue" to keep on climbing dear to the top. That is where he belongs." I forward your advice to him through this column, gracious midnights lady. His recent work was in "Her Marriage Vow" and "The Dark Swan."

SCOTT, STRATFORD, ONT.—Any star, however busy, will appreciate a letter from one who has sat in his audience. Whether he has time to answer, save in an interval between pictures, is problema is solved when you know that a letter is written by a group of letters stars most appreciate and are most fluable to answer. May McAvoy is twenty-three. Robert Agnew twenty-five.

D. M., CHICAGO, ILL.—"Give you as brief a biography as I can of Lon Chaney." Here's a record one. Born, Colorado Springs, Colo., August 6, 1883. Want other parts of his career? I thought so. Height, five feet, ten inches. Weight, one hundred fifty-five pounds.

CLARA, NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO.—Your favorite actress, Bebe Daniels, was born on one of Texas' many acres. Strictly speaking, Dallas. She is a decided brunette, with black hair and brown eyes. Not engaged. She is at the Paramount Studio when not on location or in Hollywood, or in Europe or Africa. More definite I cannot be.

L. R., ESHOM, MINN.—The initials are enough for publication. I wouldn't have "razed" for your comments about Ralph Graves, so the secret of your identity will die with me. "Crazy about all blondes." Like the Sunshine Brothers, do you? There is no record of Pola Negri being a member of any fraternity except the sisterhood of women. I have no information that she was a college girl. John Barrymore belongs to the sportive Lambs' Club in New York.

CATHY B., WEST NEW YORK, N. J.—Beginning PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE that contained articles or photographs of Loth of Olive Thomas were September, November and December, 1917; January, March, June, October and December, 1918; May, 1919, and February, July, August, November and December, 1920. To secure back numbers of the magazine write to PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago Ill. Send twenty-five cents for each copy.

Bobby A., CHICAGO, ILL.—"A hot argument about the age, height and weight of Marie Prevost?" This from unduly-products authorities will, I hope, lower the temperature of the argument. She was born in 1898. Her height is five feet, four inches, and her weight one hundred twenty-three pounds.

R. A. CUMBERLAND, Mo.—Certainly, Ruth. I will in this instance be your Naomi. Pittsburgh proudly claims to be Lois Wilson's birthplace. It maintains its claim. The pleasing event occurred June 28, 1906. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., eleven months before Lois Wilson appeared before the world's Kleigs. J. W. Kerigan is of the state that is noted for "fine women and fine horses." I never could learn why they don't say "fine men."—Kentucky. Neither Helen Jerome Eddy, Marion Davies, nor George O'Hara is married. Miss Davies latest picture is "Zander the Great."

ANGIE, LAKEVIEW, Mich.—Your favorite star since Wallace Reid's death is Thomas Meighan and you "want to know a lot about him." Is this a lot? He was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9, 1879. "The Alaskan," followed "The Confidence Man." He is a blue-eyed boy. He was married in 1914. Am I "Mr. or Miss," Angie? How could you omit "Master?"

RAMONA, WINNEPEG, CAN.—Pola Negri's age is well, what is it since she was born in 1897? Height, five feet, four inches. Weight, one hundred twenty pounds. Her outstanding characteristics? Let us say candor, especially when she discusses her heart and Charlie Chaplin. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. He is two inches less than six feet tall and weighs forty less than two hundred pounds. Dark brown hair and eyes. His outstanding characteristic, as you well put it, is his complete absorption in his work.

U. R., APPLETON, Wis.—What picturesque initials! Put one on the offensive. Want to say, "Well, I am what?" Edith Johnson and William Duncan are married. A son was born to them Sept. 9, 1922. Send your congratulations to them through Universal.

DUCHESS, CHICAGO, ILL.—"Glady like you, Duchess. Even if only because I am "mystified." I like you because of your girlish candor, your feminine yet legible handwriting, and your robin-egg blue notepaper. Why don't you try the Paramount for a photograph of Richard Dix?

K. K., ARLINGTON, N. J.—Evangeline Adams, the astrologer, was married last year but retains her maiden name in her professional life. She uses that name on the door of her studio at Carnegie Hall, New York. Glad you enjoyed the horoscope she cast for stars, published in PHOTOPLAY.

PEGGY, AERON, Ohio.—Of course I agree with you that May McAvoy is "cute" and that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is "a fine looking lad." Master Fairbanks has signed a contract with the Famous Players-Lasky Co. to play boy characters. Yes, Peggy, Corinne Griffith is "dainty and delicate" if you like, and has other charming traits.

ELLA, MIDLAND, Ont.—The only thing in the world you want to know is where Mabel Normand is at present engaged? That's easy, Ella. She is not making any pictures.

R. L., Atlanta, Ga.—John Barrymore's club is that of the light-hearted actor. Because they gambol it is called the Lambs. No, dear, I didn't spell it "male. The Lambs is run by a mutual benefit that they give for themselves they call the Gamol. Richard Barthelmess was born May 9, 1897. His mother was an actress. He is a college man. Height, five feet, seven inches. Much discussed weight, one hundred forty pounds. His eyes and hair are dark brown. Ramon Novarro's oft asked about but not answered "Where was he born?" His much curiosity stirring weight is one hundred sixty pounds. His controversy, proving height is five feet, ten inches. Marion Morgan "threw" him and made him one of her dancers. He was the only boy in the fascinating aggregation. His eyes and hair are brown.

A. L. P., FARGO, N. Dak.—Sweet of you to say you enjoy my "black work." Anna Novarro is a serious student of his art. He is of the Latin race which has produced many artists. He was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. His height is five feet, ten inches. His weight one hundred sixty pounds. Dark brown eyes and hair. Not married, thank you, save to his art. But I promise nothing. Who knows what capers Cupid may cut in the short while before this goes to press? There's no insurance against that tricky meddler.

EDA, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Just leaving for the other side and sending me a letter by pilot. ch. You are indeed interested since you want your reply to queries about hip Hip, Gordon, to follow you to Europe. You are sure you won't even forget him in the Paris cafes? Mr. Gordon is about thirty-five. He is not married. Gladys Brockwell, we have found with the United Studios continues. She is not now married but hasn't been twice divorced.

JIMMIE, NEW YORK, N. Y.—You adore Edith Johnson and are hurting with certain questions about her." And they say that the hair are antagonistic to each other. Miss Johnson was married in 1920 to William Duncan. They have one child, born September 9, 1924. Mrs. Duncan is six inches shorter than her spouse, whose height is five feet, ten inches. Her hair is blonde. The other question must be sent to the Universal Studio. 

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as those concerning politics or sports. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.

Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space, we do not always list them of interest to others in the industry. It is generally necessary to treat such subjects in a different way. If you have other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses, will be published in each issue of PHOTOPLAY where in this magazine every month or every other week, the box numbers to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.
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What gift could be more appropriate for that friend that is so interested in moving pictures? Send for your copy of the "Stars of the Photoplay" today. Just fill out the coupon below, enclose your check or money order for only $1.75 and a copy will be mailed to you to any part of the United States or Canada. If it does not come up to your expectations or if you are not more than satisfied with it, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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Before the Church divorce suit became a matter of public gossip, the complaint asserts, Miss Normand earned more than $150,000 a year in her screen work.

A T last Metro-Goldwyn have made a statement explaining why George Walsh was supplanted by Ramon Novarro after he had been sent to Rome to play the title role in "Ben Hur." PHOTOPLAY called attention to the rather brusque methods used with Mr. Walsh and insisted that some sort of explanation was due him, and now, so late that the act is done with poor grace and saviors of an agreement in a legal settlement, the company issues a statement explaining that the merger of the Metro and Goldwyn interests made the change of players necessary, as they had Mr. Novarro under contract and it was good business to play him in the important rôle to build up his value as an attraction.

There is unconscious humor in the conclusion of the statement. Mr. Loew, the president of the company, explains why they felt constrained to annihilate Walsh, and then wishes him good luck. But what we wonder is whether they paid his salary for the duration of his contract or gave him a small part of it with the well wishes thrown in for good measure, and whether Mr. Walsh will deposit the good wishes in his bank.

A strange business this.

LEFT'S bring out and kill the fatted calf for the Prodigal was lost and he has been found. Richard Dix is back in Hollywood after ten months in New York, where he has been making pictures at the Paramount Long Island studio, and the gang around the Boulevard welcomed him with open arms. For Richard is one of Hollywood's favorite sons.

THE laugh seems to be on Walter Hiers, as a result of a letter the fat comedian received from a school teacher in the Middle West. In part, the letter reads:

"... Last week I was enrolling pupils in my class, when there came before me a freckled-faced lad of about ten years. I asked him his name.

"Walter Hiers," he replied.

"Walter Hiers!" I repeated, 'why, that's the name of a movie comedian.'

"Yes'm," returned the freckled-faced lad, "but I ain't him."

ESTELLE TAYLOR and Jack Dempsey, whose recent reported engagement was followed by a divorce suit filed by Miss Taylor's chivalrous and accommodating young husband, may be co-starred. An offer, satisfactory from a money viewpoint and doubly enticing to the two celebrities because of their intimacy, is said to have been made to them by an independent producing company.

WALLACE MACDONALD recently entertained a friend and his very young daughter in Hollywood, showing them through the studios. The child was greatly impressed by the knee pants worn by numerous assistant directors. Later they went out to Wally's country club for luncheon, served on the veranda.

Here there was a magnificent view of the golf course, dotted with players.

"Have you ever seen a finer course?" MacDonald asked.

Before his friend could reply, however, the child seized her father's arm, pointed toward the course, and cried:

"Oh, daddy! Just look at all the assistant directors."

THE newest member of the "Hollywood Mothers Club" is beautiful Katherine MacDonal, in private life the wife of Charles Johnson, Pasadena millionaire, who is rejoicing in the arrival of a five and a half pound son. Miss MacDonald announced her retirement from the screen when she became Mrs. Johnson.

Have You Ever Been Jealous of a Shadow?

GIRLS! Have you ever sat in a picture show, and just bit your lips, and tried to look pleasant while your escort raved about the charms of Pola Negri, or Gloria Swanson, or Constance Talmadge, or any of the other beauties of the screen? Have you ever felt that you would like to commit a nice lady-like murder when he exclaimed, "Oh, isn't she the most beautiful thing you ever saw?"

Or, when his enthusiasm ran away with him and he exclaimed, "My, what a woman!"

If you have, you must not fail to read the explanation of it in the February PHOTOPLAY. Constance Talmadge, herself, tells "Why Men Fall in Love With Actresses"—and she ought to know. There's more than plain beauty to it. Any woman can have a man fall in love with her, but it takes brains to keep him in love if she wants him that way.

"Most men do fall in love with actresses," says Constance in her article, "because, after all, what woman is not an actress?"

This is just one of the features in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY—on the newsstands January 15th

It may be gone before you get there, so ask your newsdealer in advance to save you a copy.
One of the real thrills of a recent convention of motion picture folks did not appear on the program—it was an added event and was missed by the great majority of exhibitors present. Elsie Asher, of the Corinne Griffith company, who was the impresario and one of the principals, is now being accused of poor showmanship, having pulled his little attraction in the lobby of the hotel with only a few spectators when he might have lied a larger audience.

It happened thusly:

During the convention Samuel Goldwyn was accused by Elsie Asher of trying to lure Miss Griffith from the Asher banner to that of Sammay Goldwyn. The lie was passed and there were hot words but the two rivals were seemingly cooled down by friends.

Before I go farther let me explain that Goldwyn is at least twenty pounds heavier, to say nothing of a much longer reach. He looked the winner if they came to blows.

With the adjournment of the business session for the day, Asher slipped quietly over to the lobby of Mr. Goldwyn's hotel and recklessly giving away twenty pounds advantage, met his friend Sammay with a right hook to the nose. Now this may be a tender spot with Sammay. Anyway the chronicles have it that Goldwyn took the blow on the nose and the elevator in the same jump, leaving Elsie in undisputed possession of the field of battle.

If your house ever catches on fire send for Tommie Meighan, also Bessie Love. They may not be able to save the house but they sure can fight fire. In making "Tongues of Flame" it was necessary for Famous Players to build a town and then burn it. There were warehouses and houses, stores and shops and everything else that goes to make a town. The town was augmented and Tommie at the head of 100 Indians and 350 white men and women, battled valiantly but vainly to save the structures.

Even when augmented by Bessie, the heroine of the picture, Tommie and his fire-fighting brigade couldn't quench the blaze and the town was a complete ruin. The little town of Astoria got an awful kick out of the fire but Tommie said that if it had been a real town he'd saved it. If he had accomplished that at the lake fire he'd have ruined the picture.

The Los Angeles bill boards the other day carried, in twenty four-sheets and giant letters, the following announcement, "Margaret Meighan comes back in 'The Chalk Mark.'"

A lot of people got a thrill out of that and [continued on page 116]

Things They Want to Forget
[continued from page 67]

Join for Ten Days
The millions who fight film on teeth

A CCEPT this offer of a ten-day test. Learn the way that millions found to whiter, cleaner teeth.

It means new beauty, new protection—things you and yours desire. You should not go without them.

Combat the film
That viscous film you feel on teeth is what clouds and ruins them. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it, so much of it clings and stays.

Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That is how teeth lose their beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed in millions by it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

You are almost sure of trouble if you don't combat that film on teeth.

Pepsodent REG. U.S. The New-Day Dentifrice

Ten Days Will Tell
Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

Then you'll realize why you see so many prettier teeth today.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

Dental science has in late years found ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many careful tests have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

That new-type tooth paste is now used by careful people of some 50 nations, and largely by dental advice.

Some unique effects
Pepsodent differs widely from the tooth pastes of the past. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, multiplies its starch digestant. Those are Nature's agents for fighting mouth acids and starch on the teeth.

These unique results have brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning. You will want the people in your home to get them when you know,
youngster. Moreover, the public likes to see its favorites growing old in the familiar group. It resents changes.

Consider the directors. Griffith put up the highest target with "The Birth of a Nation," thereby making it once a film classic, a technique and a tradition. He has gone along courageously. Yet "The Birth of a Nation" was such a milestone that it is possible to understand how the public may forget that he has been marching right along with "Intolerance," "Broken Blossoms," and "America." It is safe to wager that, at least now and then, Griffith regrets "The Birth of a Nation." Rev. Ingram has not yet toppled "The Four Horsemen." Frank Borzage never did anything since to equal his "Humoresque." Perhaps the combination of Borzage and Frances Marion had something to do with it. Maurice Tourneur has never approached his "Barbary Sheep" and his "Prunella," drifting away on the shoals of trying to give the public what it wants. Fred Niblo has not approached with hailing distance of his "Blood and Sand." Marshall Neilan never came up to "Stella Maris," nor, for that matter, has Mary Pickford. The combination had the correct electric ingredients at that moment. Frank Lloyd appeared unable to duplicate his "Let Us Be" and his "Dope." He has done justice to the William Farnum, until his recent "The Sea Hawk." Lloyd can now snap his fingers at his past.

Emmet J. Flynn never again touched his "Yankee in King Arthur's Court." and it is possible to consider that Ralph Spence's aid in that production of Mark Twain's humorous classic may have had a lot to do with it. Ernst Lubitsch has not equalled his "Passion" because he hasn't had a star pliable, anxious and on the threshold of a career to work with, nor has he since been wholly untrammeled by the shadows of exhibitors and censors. Pola, herself, hasn't been able to forget Lubitsch's direction.

King Vidor never touched the gentle humanism of his "The Jack-Knife Man." Fate has dealt the cards so that he has never been able to afford another flyer in the face of "what the public wants." Hobart Henley has not approached his "The Gay Old Dog," because he never again drew the lucky combination of circumstances, one of which was the co-operation of Mrs. Sidney Drew. It took James Cruze eight years to forget his early serial career as an actor at old Thanhouser before the chance came to direct "The Covered Wagon." Before doing the Emerson Hough "Chesney" Griffith had given indication of hitting his past over the ear with the now almost forgotten Wallace Reid racing pictures.

Every new production of Doug Fairbanks is a shining target, a little higher than the previous one. Doug is steadily making marksmanship more difficult for everyone, including himself, yet, with all his showmanship, I doubt if the public will let him forget "The Mark of Zorro."

To return to the players. Histrionic hits carry the elements of immediate disater to one's career in various ways. Eugene O'Brien scored opposite Norma Talmadge and, in the public mind, he never could be anything but that star's leading man. Lila Lee has been spending most of her career trying to live down her ill devised early life's experience. Mary Thurman never could quite down her physical revelations as a lathing girl on the Sennett lot. It was never quite possible to take one's mind off that vaccination mark regardless of Miss Thurman's subsequent dressed-up emotionalism. Mae Murray would probably like to forget her "On With the Dance," dimly, and find her way to the jazz possibilities of the photoplay. Until "The Enchanted Cottage" it seemed that May McVoy would keep right on trying to erase memories of "Sentimental Tommy." Pearl White never could get away from her first serial success. Nor has Louise Fazenda ever been able to make people forget her eccentric comportment on the Sennett lot.

There are more recent hits, hung in place in the past year or so. Ernest Torrence replaced his mountaineer in "Tolable David" with his old guide in "The Covered Wagon." Torrence need not worry for awhile, anyway. But what of Mary Philbin, who chalked up a hit in "The Merry-Go-Round," and hasn't done anything since?

There are other things to be forgotten. Samuel Goldwyn has devoted years to forgetting Mary Garden as a film actress and Maurice Maeterlinck as an eminent author. Carl Laemmle has been trying to forget Eric Von Stroheim and, let me add, Von Stroheim has been trying to forget Laemmle. And Adolph Zukor is way down the oldest of his best to discard memories of Enrico Caruso as a film actor, along with that other non-filming vocalist, Lina Cavalieri.

Tom Mix's Own Life Story

His first recollection is of his mother shooting a mountain lion that was paying too much attention to their log cabin in Texas. His mother was part Cherokee and part Cherokee.

His life has been plumb full of action—cowboy, soldier, football player, scout, sheriff, U. S. Marshal, a Texas ranger, lumberjack and bicycle racer. Tom really lived a lot of the lives shown in his pictures. He learned to ride and rope almost as soon as he learned to walk.

His ambition as a boy was to become a knife-thrower in a circus, and when he was a little fellow, his father came home one day and found his sister tied to the cellar door with the precocious Tom practicing knife-throwing on her with a couple of jackknives and a butcher knife he swiped from the kitchen.

The first installment of this remarkable life story tells about his parents, his birth and boyhood, all through his service in the Spanish war.

Tom Mix has millions of followers in this country, and they will be delighted with this human story that he has written in his own language. It starts in the

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\[Image of Resinol Soap advertisement\]

Jackie's European Diary

[Continued from Page 78]

Gare du Nord (the station in the north) about five o'clock and there were plenty of girls and men and women there, and when I got off the train they all shouted 'legose,' 'le gos-es,' which means The Kid in English. The gendarmes who dress like soldiers could and did keep the crowd away from our automobile. French people are very different from the English and much more affectionate, and all the men wanted to take the picture of the Kid. It did, it seemed kind of funny and I'd much rather shake hands, because kissing is for girls and not for boys.

Our hotel was the Crillon. During the great war many of the American officers stayed there. It had marble stairs and red velvet drapes and beautiful decorations just like a palace in a picture. We walked to the Concord and from my window I could see Cleopatra's Needle and the Eiffel Tower and I was willing to go up in the Tower right away, but daddy didn't like the idea especially at night.

The first thing the next morning we went to see Mr. Herrick, the American ambassador, but he was away and I signed the book on his desk to show that I had called. His secretary showed me around. I saw a wonderful picture of George Washington and pictures of all the famous men who had been Ambassadors from America to France. Then I met Caesar and I was glad that I had gone to the Embassy. Caesar was certainly fine. He has been in Mr. Herrick's office a long time and everyone loves him, and we became great friends right away. Caesar is a big white bull terrier with one pink eye and one brown one, and he can't see out of the pink one very well but he's a good dog. I loved to watch him waggle his tail and I wish I had one. When I was ready to leave, Caesar wanted to come with me, but daddy said I had enough dogs at home, because Olga, one of my police dogs, has just had ten puppies.

After we left Caesar we took a drive out on the Champs Elysees, which is one of Paris' most beautiful boulevards. We visited the Arc de Triomphe, where France's unknown soldier is buried. The French people keep a fire burning all day and all night under the arch in memory of the boys who gave their lives in the war. In the summer, after we drove out of the Bois de Bologne, which is one of the big parks in Paris. I had some pictures taken at the duck pond and fed the bread crumbs to the big white ducks.

The Bois, that's what they call it for short, is full of lovely trees and flowers and playgrounds where the babies play, but the best things in the park are the Punch and Judy shows, which we don't have in America. For twenty-five cents you can buy a card of one of our jenny in our money, you can sit all afternoon and watch Punch and Judy. I saw all of them, and at one place they had a man in a dress and another place they had a used up lady and a very young man. I laughed very loud, but he wasn't half as funny as the real Charlie.

In the afternoon the French newspaper men came and interviewed me, but they spoke English, and pictures are the same in all languages, and that's why the movies are so popular all over the world.

The third day in Paris I had a special matinee at the Madelon theatre for the orphans of the heroes of the French Legion of Honor, which is the most wonderful decoration that can be given. The theatre was all in French and the audience was packed with boys and girls of my own age, and they were all little ladies and gentlemen, and it made me very happy to think that I was their host, because they were having so much fun, and most of the time they didn't have any fun. First they showed some scenes from my pictures, "Little Robinson Crusoe" and "A Boy of Flanders," and I wished that I had brought some scenes from my newest picture, "The Rag Man," because I'm going to Paris from Athens we will have a week of time to see the paintings so that Mrs. Newell could explain them to me. So I'm going to visit Versailles, and I'm going to see that I am going to see it on our way home.

On Sunday we went to church at the Notre Dame Cathedral. It's one of the most historical churches in the world and all of the French Kings and noblemen used to go there to worship before the French Revolution. On Monday Mrs. Newell took me into the Tullettes, and I wanted to kiss my boots on the pond with the other boys.

Mrs. Newell and mother were very anxious to have me go through the Louvre and the Luxembourg Gardens, but in the had a few days left, and mother said that she wanted me to have plenty of time to see the paintings so that Mrs. Newell could explain them to me. So we were to visit Versailles, and I'm going to see that I am going to see it on our way home.

The next day mother went shopping, and daddy and I went, and did some shopping for mother and for my little friends in Los Angeles. We bought some gifts on the Rue de la Paix, and all of the shop girls came out the door to kiss me, but I wouldn't let them. I guess girls and ladies are the same.
all over the world. Then we walked over on
the left bank of the Seine where all of the
artists live and visited some of the studios.

The day before we left for Rome I intran-
signant (Mrs. Newell spelled that for me),
one of the newspapers in Paris, gave me a big
party, and had a big crowd of French boy
scouts with a band and everything to greet me.
I was made a French scout and they gave me
one of the caps without a visor like all French
boys wear and like the Blue Devils wore
during the war. I was glad to become a
French scout because I have to wait until I'm
twelve to become a scout in America.

Paris has the finest food in the world.
Every day we went to a different place to eat.
The French people don't eat much breakfast,
most of them don't eat until noon, and at first
when I ordered a ham omelet for breakfast the
waiter didn't know what it was. While we were
in Paris Mr. Gordon Berry, head of the
Near East relief in Europe, came up from
Athens to see me and he is going to travel with
us to Greece. I'm anxious to see the Acropolis
and the Parthenon. We'll be in Athens a week
from today.

When we left Paris there were a great many
people there to see me off. I waved my hand
to them and said Au Revoir, which means
good-bye in French.

Jackie will tell of his visit to Rome, where
he saw the Pope, in the next installment of his
diary which will appear in February Photoplay.

The Shadow Stage
[continued from page 63]

CHEAP KISSES—F. B. O.

This marks the advent of C. Gardner Sulli-
van into the cinema world as a producer.
The tale—a good little chorus girl elopes with
a wealthy man's son. His father stages a wild
week-end party and naturally the newly-
marrined son falls for the charms of a woman
of the world. Cocktail shakers and a floating
hair are present—but what would a movie party
be without these? All in all, it is amusing and
enjoyable, but nothing very special.

TEETH—Fox

A new member has been added to the
Mix organization—Duke, the dog. There
is not much romance but plenty of thrills and
action. It is a Western story in which the
prospector, through the aid of his horse and
dog, escapes from jail after being arrested for
murder. He rescues a girl from a forest fire
and wins vindication when the villain gives a
dying confession.

MADONNA OF THE STREETS
—First National

MARKING the return of Nazimova but
otherwise a draggy and sordid tale. A
wife deserts her home and slips to the dregs of
Limehouse, finally to find redemption in a
refuge directed by her deserted minister-
husband. The opportunities to make this a
poignant story are missed both by the director
and the players. The story is lacking, even in
Nazimova's acting. Not a story to be recom-
manded for the whole family.

CHRISTINE OF THE HUNGRY
HEART—First National

A dull and episodic treatment of the
neglected wife theme. In this version of
Kathleen Norris' novel, the robbed wife has
three amours, two involving matrimony. After
the third, a runaway with a playwright, she returns
to her child and femininity. No amount of
exaggerating the neglect can gain sympathy for
the wife, played as well as possible by Florence
Vidor. Clive Brook is excellent as drowsy
No. 2.

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Ask for a tube of Vauv today at your drug or department store. Price 50c. But if your dealer cannot supply you, just send us your name and address with 50c (regular price plus postage) for a generous, full-size tube. Or 10c for a week's trial sample tube.

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241 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE RIDIN' KID FROM POWDER RIVER—Universal

The latest entry of Hoot Gibson. A conventional Western melodrama revolving around the feud between cattlemen and necromancers who have come to win the death of aged benefactor and winning vindication after being chased by sheriff and posse. Hoot, who does some hard riding, is supported by Tully Marshall, Walter Long and Gladys Hulette. The time of the story is around 1870. There is too much mystery for a conventional plot.

THE BELOVED BRUTE—Vitagraph

The circus strong man is a drama compared to Victor McLaglen in the title role of "The Beloved Brute." Here's a combination Jack Dempsey and "Stage Beauty." Dempsey is the strong man in her melodrama, concerning the widespread exploits of the hero whose strength so fascinates the girl he loves that she capitulates. There's a soft-touch of brother meeting brother and the younger proving himself stronger than the "beloved brute," but in the end, of course, everybody in the picture is happily cared for.

THE MILLIONAIRE COWBOY—F. B. O.

The first of a series of Westerns starring Leif Flynn promises some of good screen entertainment of the outdoor type. The picture is filled with pep, thrilling situations and a wow of a climax. The story deals with the adventures of a young taken from the gay white way to a deserted town where the chances of bandits and makes famous by putting a chemical discovery on the market.

OH, DOCTOR—Universal

Suppose you were brought up to consider yourself a hopeless invalid and you suddenly began to feel yourself slipping for a beautiful nurse, and certainly the more so the better an impression on nurse than you were a game sport and dare-devil—wouldn't you? Well, that's just what Reginald Denny did in this case and we sure did enjoy his recklessness and successful efforts to become "a man" and win Mary Astor, the nurse.

THE BRASS BOWL—Fox

An international crook tries to victimize a wealthy bachelor because of their marked resemblance. This is the beginning of a series of mysterious adventures interwoven with a fascinating romance. Edmund Lowe plays the dual role and is supported by the nestors, Lynn Hope and Marjorie Rambeau. One of the most gripping mystery stories in some time. There is plenty of action from the beginning to the very end. Taken from the popular novel by Louis Joseph Vance.

THUNDERING HOOFs—F. B. O.

A PEACH of a western, starring Fred Thompson. Filled with all the thrills one can think of and a few more besides. Beautiful photography, beautiful settings and worth anybody's money. The comedy may be a trifle overdone but there is so much good about this that we'll have to point out the heart of a fair Mexican maid and thwart the villain about to marry her, that one doesn't feel like being critical.

FIRE WHEN READY—F. B. O.

This is the fifth episode in "The Go-Getters" and is just like the rest of those nonsensical things that you chuckle over and wonder what it is all about. There isn't anybody on the screen we like better than Albert Vaughan and if she doesn't make a big star some day we'll be awfully disappointed. When you stop to figure that she has George O'Hara, Kit Guard, Albert Cooke and Stanley Taylor to help in the funmaking you can feel reasonably sure you will laugh.
KATHLEEN KEY has also found difficulties in Italy. At the Villa D’Este on Lake Como she asked the waiter to bring her mail with the breakfast. The waiter beamed and returned with a quart of whiskey. Well, what better news from home could you want?

Nor one ever achieved fame, at least not in pictures, without being compared to some one else. The idea prevails that stars, like knights of old, are in constant rivalry. Thus the “rivalry” of Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson, the early comparisons of Chaplin and Lloyd and the recent ones of Novarro and Valentino. The only explanation that seems reasonable is advanced by Alice Terry. “I don’t know why they compare them,” says Alice, “unless it’s because they’re so different.”

Incredible as it may seem, in the days of the standardized movie there are individuals who cannot be classified.

In company with Novarro I recently visited the lace shop of Olga Asta in Venice. On the wall was an autographed picture of Mary Pickford.

“I think you also are some one famous,” said Signora Asta, observing Ramon with shrewd eyes. “I do not think you are in pictures. I think you are an artist.”

Ramon was wearing a beard at the time for the galley scenes in “Ben Hur.”

“You remind me of some very well-known person,” continued the signora, studying his features. Then, triumphantly, “I know—you remind me of Christ!”

Then she added that Douglas Fairbanks also came there. I asked if he also reminded her of the Lord. “No, he reminded me of the devil,” replied the signora.

INCIDENTALLY, some one made the observation, after seeing Novarro in his beard, that he should play Christ in Pappi’s “The Life of Christ.”

“Never!” interrupted a practical person. “It would kill him at the boxoffice.”

Which reminds me of the famous actor who was offered the role of Abraham Lincoln. “I should say not,” rejected the actor indignantly. “I couldn’t afford to play it—not with that ending.”

Oh, would that producers ran this earth so we all could have happy endings!

If pictures are unduly sentimental it is not because of the people making them. I was watching the galley scenes being filmed in the bay of Leghorn for “Ben Hur” when I noted a deep sea diver walking the deck.

“I see you are taking every precaution against accident to the players,” I observed to one of the assistants.

“Yes,” said he, “We have a diver on hand so that if any of them fall overboard he can dive in and get their costumes.”

ART Note on Siena: I recently visited Siena, famed as an art center during the middle ages. I found it filled with 14th century virgins and posters of Viola Dana. I spent the day with the madonnas and the evening with Viola. I feel the evening was profitably spent

BADLY AFFLICTED

In a Hollywood studio a group of executives was discussing the wisdom of caution in an actor whose ability is almost as great as his thirst.

“Isn’t he the fellow,” asked one of them, “who has killed his own cattle on his ranch?”

“He ain’t,” another explained. “The one we got in mind is a fellow that by himself has got it the mouth and hip disease.”

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Rain or Shine

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

He grinned and picked up his suitcase.
"You’re a queer duck," said Sweeney.
"Something unusual will probably happen to you."

We leave Mr. Scott Barricklow in the smoking car of a rusty local train, bound for the Pacific coast, and jump ahead of him to the land where it rains every afternoon at two. There was a woman in Pokomondolong, a white woman, a young woman, who had been teaching their letters to a crowd of inky young citizens. The head mistress, in the solitary school, was an English maiden lady named Miss Prothero, a sprightly creature of fifty, and her staff consisted of five natives, some of them half-breeds, and one rebel. For seven years the rebel had been teaching school in order to pay her board, and that unhappy school teacher in faraway Malay was—Ruth Hedeen, the same Ruth Hedeen that has so recently set the movie world afire and started moguls bidding against each other.

She was born on the island of Celebes, and had been adopted by an English family and fostered by them until she became old enough to earn a few pounds a month. Then she taught school, and looked at the map of the world with longing eyes. Years before her mother had come ashore, with sixteen frightened Lascars, in a small boat, after their steamer had gone down under them; and this daughter, Ruth, had been born three months later. Her parents were Americans, the father long since dead, and her mother died five years after Ruth came, leaving the child to the friendly guidance of an English family.

Ruth struggled with the black-skinned little devils for what would be six or seven dollars a week in American money, and stuck to her job, because there was nothing else to do. It dawned upon her that there were other places in the world besides Pokomondolong, with its mud streets and straw houses, and she coveted these other places, longed for release, yearned for something of nothing else, year by year, and planned release from her moist prison. One day she walked into the grim office of Miss Prothero, the head lady.

"You will have to get a new teacher," Ruth said.
"I am going away."

Miss Prothero stared at her uncomprehendingly. No one ever went away from Pokomondolong.

"Where?" she asked.
"I am going," said Miss Hedeen calmly, "to the only place in the world where it never rains."

The head mistress stared harder than ever, convinced that her young subordinate was either jesting or touched by the fever.

"Did you ever hear of a small town in the state of Arizona, U. S. A., called Joe City?"

continued Ruth. "You probably did not. It is not prominent or large. I never heard of it myself, until I began my investigations. Please look out of the window."

Miss Prothero looked.

"It is mining," said Ruth bitterly. "It is always raining. The clouds are forever overhead. Since my earliest recollections I can remember nothing except this—this damnable dampness."

"Miss Hedeen!" said the principal, stiffening.

"Very well. For six months I have been hunting through the sources of information and I have found Joe City, Arizona. It is the one spot on the globe where it never rains. The sky is always blue. The sun forever shines."

"I gather," said her superior, "that you dislike our rains."

You gather correctly. I hate them. I detest them beyond everything else in existence. It has been raining on me since childhood, soaking me, making me miserable. And for three years I have been saving every penny to escape. Now I have enough, and so I am going to take the steamer for America."

Miss Prothero coughed gently.

"What an eccentric notion you have," she said.
"I should never have suspected it. However, you are a free agent, and if you are bound to leave us, I shall look about for an instructor."

Scott Barricklow passed out of this land on his way to the Orient, intending to have a look at the sights. He noticed in the newspaper the modest advertisement of the Atlas Hotel, in Hollywood, "rates reasonable." He went directly there from the railway station and was greeted by Karl Wecht and shown to Room 18, which is on the second floor, looking out upon the garden. Hollywood interested him. There were numberless things to see and he met a man who built furniture for one of the studios and who offered to take Scott through.

While Mr. Barricklow looked over the land of the film, an H. & B. liner nosed its way into Los Angeles harbor, crept into its wharf and tied up, and the first person ashore was a slender, bright-eyed young woman, whose eagerness was manifest to one and all. Miss Ruth Hedeen arrived in America on a sunny morning and the blue sky pleased her beyond words. Not knowing precisely where to go, she went to Hollywood, deciding that she would like to see Charlie, or the famous Mary. Her steps, too, were directed to the Atlas Hotel and she was given Room 24, which is on the third floor, looking into the garden, and there she settled for a brief stay. The first man in the hotel to observe the newcomer and wonder about her was Scott Barricklow. He was coming down the steps as Ruth signed her name in the book.

"WHO is the lady?" he asked Karl, with whom he had become friends.

"That," said Karl, "is a stranger from a far land. Her name is Hedeen. She looks nice, doesn't she?"

"Very," Scott agreed.

Neal Hyler, the director, who had been a familiar at the Atlas for three years, encountered Miss Hedeen at lunch, or rather observed her enter the dining room. He was sprawled, at the moment, in an arm chair, chatting with Karl Wecht, and the sight of Ruth Hedeen set off a light in his eye.

"How long has that girl been in the hotel?" he demanded, sitting up and knocking the fire from his cigarette in his perturbation.

"She came today," Karl answered.

"Who is she?"

"Her name is Ruth Hedeen."

"Where's she from?"

"Pokomondolong." Karl grinned a Teutonic grin.

"What is it? Where is it?"

"The lady," Karl continued amably, "is a school teacher, from the far east. That is all I know at the present."

"As school teacher!" Hyler snorted. "What a waste of good material. Karl, there's the girl I've been waiting for—the girl I have needed for five years."

"Sentimentality," replied Mr. Wecht, puffing his pipe, "in a man of your age is absurd."

"Sentimentality your hat!" exclaimed Hyler.

"I can make that girl famous and rich, and I don't care whether she's intelligent or not, though I think she is. Have I been studying girls for ten years past in California without knowing what I want? I have needed a certain, rare type of young woman, and this girl is it. Find out what you can about her, or, better still, introduce her to me."

"Of course," said Karl. "But let us go slowly. My guests have a way of taking me into their confidence, and perhaps Miss Hedeen will, too."

Three days later, Neal Hyler's Teutonic friend reported.

"It is no use," he said smilingly. "Your
dream is gone bust. Miss Hedeon, in her little bag, a ticket to Joe City, Arizona, and there she is going. She is a determined soul, if ever was one.

"Ticket," snapped the director. "What's that got to do with it?"

"You do not understand," Karl explained. "I have had two talks with my guest. She comes from the Malay Archipelago, where she was born, though her people were Americans, and where, as she says, for many years she has been almost a prisoner. It rains, I gather, in Pokomondolong. It rains largely, continuously, viciously, almost. The lady has a detestation of rain. She seeks, now, the driest, sunniest place, and it is Joe City. Odd, is it not?"

"Odd! It's crazy. It's all bosh. I'll talk to her."

"Do," said Karl, smiling. "I am merely telling you what I have learned. I shall be glad to introduce you to her."

AND thus were the two people brought together through the good offices of Karl Wecht, a hotel keeper—the two who apparently needed each other to achieve what they have achieved. A feeble, inarticulate movie director shook hands solemnly with an obscure school teacher from Pokomondolong, Celebes, Malay Archipelago, and history was made, at least film history.

"Miss Hedeon," said Hyler earnestly, "I am a motion picture director of considerable experience, and a student of human nature. A few weeks ago I was asked to produce pictures directed by me, and it is my first big chance. I have been looking for a star, a young woman whom I can mould and build to genuine greatness. The moment I saw you, I knew you to be the woman I have been searching for."

Ruth Hedeon looked astonished.

"I don't know whether you are joking or not," she said, "I am a school teacher, and this is my first time in America."

"That is of no importance. Nothing matters to this—this you have the singular personal qualities that fit you for a splendid career on the screen. You have a rare gift, which you do not suspect. In a year or two I can make you famous, and if money matters in your affairs, I can assure you a fortune."

Miss Hedeon smiled.

"I am not rich," she said. "What you tell me is interesting and surprising, but I am afraid it cannot be, Mr. Hyler."

"Why?"

"Tell me this—if I were to accept your offer, would I have to remain in California?"

"Of course. Almost all pictures are made here."

"Then I cannot accept."

She spoke pleasantly, but decidedly. Hyler looked puzzled.

"You prefer some other place?" he said. "California is a very fine land."

"I am going to Joe City, Arizona, there to stop, and nothing can save me, not even this generous offer. For a great many years I have planned and saved, looking forward to it, and it is now to be put aside."

"Joe City is a frightful place," Neil said. "I've been there—once. It isn't even a town."

"Does it rain?" inquired the lady.

"It rains much."

"I thought so. That is why I am going there."

"Do you mean to say you would push aside the long years to become a famous actress, and bury yourself in Joe City, Arizona?"

She nodded.

"And pass by a salary of, say, five hundred dollars a week?"

Again she nodded and the director stared at her in dismay. His disappointment was plain on his face.

"We will have to talk of this again," he said, as Ruth rose. "I wish you would think it over. I have waited five years for you to come along and I cannot let you escape, at least without a battle."
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It was eight o'clock. At midnight other guests began to disappear, but the travelers talked on and on and Karl had his porter put fresh logs into the fireplace.

There is no record of what they said, but it is not difficult to fancy the general tenor of that first conversation between the man who was going to Kokomo and the girl who was journeying to Joe City, where there is never a cloud in the sky. They asked each other polite questions. Each was friendly to the other. After two in the morning Scat glanced at his watch and Miss Hedeen announced that it must be quite late.

This was the beginning, and scheming Karl Wecht stood by and observed. They had breakfast together the following morning at the veranda, surrounded by flowers, with one California sun shining on the tablecloth. It was Miss Hedeen's intention to depart on Saturday. Scat pleaded for delay, and in a no, I don't know what you're going into.

And I don't like to see you on your way to Pokomondolong, she said.
They returned to Hollywood and Karl Wecht observed them at dinner and knew that his job was done and done well. He encountered Hyler.

"It is accomplished," he said, smiling. "They are in love. If you do not believe me, look at them. I watched him hand her a napkin. There are many ways of handing a woman a napkin, but only one way when the man loves the woman."

The days fled rapidly. A steamer crept out of the harbor, bound for the south, and another man occupied Scott Barricklow's berth. Train after train lumbered eastward toward Arizona, and Ruth was on board none of them.

"You have done me a great favor," Scott said to old Karl Wecht one morning at breakfast. "Greater than you know. Miss Hedeen is going to do me the honor of marrying me."

Karl chuckled softly.

"Then you surely have a knot to untie. The Malay land is very wet, and she hates it. Arizona is what it is and you hate it."

Scott nodded.

"We will settle that."

"Hollywood," continued Karl thoughtfully, "is a rare spot and beautiful. It rains there often and enough, but not too much. The sunshine is glorious. The skies are blue for weeks on end, and then the pleasant rains come. I hope you are coming to Hollywood as the solution of your problems. Think it over, my boy. Half of America would come to California, if it knew what you and I know."

"A true Californian, Karl Wecht, an advertiser, almost a native son." They were married in the red brick church on the boulevard and Neal Hyler was the best man, while old Karl gave the bride away, and their bride never fused with a veil. Neal's pocket, at the moment of the wedding, was a contract and that contract has already made movie history and will make more.

ALL this was two years ago, and you know what Ruth Hedeen has done in that short time. Hyler was right. The new star has personality, and personality is what stars require. Together Hyler and Ruth have produced six pictures and the public has welcomed Ruth and proclaimed Hyler a great man. Scott Barricklow is more than a mere husband.

Besides being the business manager of his wife's affairs, he has gone in for a hobby that occupies a good deal of his time. He swims. He swims almost with fanatic zeal. Down at Santa Monica he can see the tanned man paddling through the water any afternoon. It is Scott Barricklow, cheated of Pokomondolong, but apparently happy with an ocean to play in.

Mickey: "Well, he did. Von Stroheim went to the station to meet him and he almost got run over by a truck."

"Von Stroheim, however, is going happily ahead with his preparations to produce the "Merry Widow" for Mr. Loew, and he says it isn't going to cost a million—he hopes. Even if it doesn't, Von will still hold the record with "Foolish Wives" and "Greed."

However, I saw "Greed" the other night in ten reels, and it is a great picture.

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An Impression of Marion Davies

[continued from page 9]

Maiden Marion, pretty, Emmy Lou," said Harriet, "you’ve got to be smart." I recommend that look for all plain little girls. But for the pretty ones—no.

Perhaps Marion’s desire to be an actress—her determination to prove that she could and would act—came partly from the fact that she was a marked departure from the crowd. She was bloomed out to a beauty when she had gone through all the hurts and slights of a plain little girl.

For she grew up to be one of the prettiest girls in the whole school. Girls who worked with their teachers told her she was still terribly shy, and quiet, but generous to a fault. And big-hearted.

"You could always get anything she had," said one of them, reminiscently, "she’d lend you anything from cold cream to her last dollar. Marion was a good kid."

First of all, how else could the public has seen of the real Marion Davies. Less, I believe, than of any other star on the screen. She has done so many costume pictures that Marion, just as she actually is, has been kept a good deal in the background. Which is as well as she would have it, I discovered. She feels better when she is buried beneath manners and clothes and atmosphere. It’s one of the things she is striving now to overcome.

And as she walked down the flower bordered path to the big shaded terrace, I discovered many things about this young lady, of which I had been unaware.

In the first place, she still has the freckles. You’d never suspect the creamy, lotus-like Maroins of them, would you? But there they are, you see, the same little freckles that scarred her face and went across her nose and peeping at you from the pink of her cheeks. Whole flocks of them scattering down her bare, white arms and legs, just the same as any other thing that lives. Now, personally, I adore freckles. The kind of freckles, with a golden sheen. They look so companionable and natural and human. I feel it’s the noblest form of freckles. The kind that the nose gets at summer. I would have more, but that’s all there ever seem to be. When I looked at Marion Davies, I was consumed with envy.

And then—she stutters. Oh, yes, she does. Just a little bit. And she does it better than anyone I have ever met. I suspected her at first. It did seem to me that I had read somewhere that Maroins was a stutterer. In fact, it’s the most irresistible thing I’ve ever encountered. She looks up at you with those big, soft, blue eyes, and then she stammers, and the whole business is so reminiscent of all human limitations, not to, and the color floods into her cheeks and—well, girls have been made heroines of modern novels for much less. If I were five years younger and two shades blonder, I’d cultivate it myself. As it is, I recommend it highly to all young girls who wish to have their front door mobbed by the opposite sex. As for the dimples, you know them on the screen and they are just the same off, only a little more so.

It took me all afternoon to find out what I came for. And then I didn’t find it from Marion, who simply and positively cannot talk about herself or her work. So we talked about everything and everybody under heaven and she was as talkative as the average girl, and as kind. The passionate determination of hers to become an actress.

Why, she had it when she was playing with her dolls. She had it when she was suffering agonies of shyness in a New York grammar school. She had it when she was driving herself to be herself, whenever she had the chance. She through of the Follies. She felt it when she was being praised by the critics all over America as a doll. But her shyness has held her back, just as every other handicap has held her back too. She couldn’t, she simply couldn’t, break through the wall of her self-consciousness to allow herself to do the very things she wanted to do.

She worked at it, with her art, and went out to the studio the next day determined to do it just that way. And then—she couldn’t. She would be overpowerd with a rush of shyness and go dumbly, prettily, swiftly, through a scene.

But there is always someone there somewhere, and a temper. Oh, I dare guarantee you the temper.

But the delight what Robert Vignola did to aid her in winning through at last, to be able to play the Princess Mary as she wanted to play her. She gives Vignola immense credit. Her friendship for him is a very fine thing, and her gratitude.

But I believe that she carried her desire for years, never losing sight of it, never losing her such at all, shadow it or make her forget it. I believe she cared much more about it than she cared about success, or about fame, or about money, and I think she was amply repaid. She has been grateful to those who gave her a chance to have the finest directors and the best training and time to work and work and work at things until they began to come right.

Frances Marion, who wrote her scripts for some time and who had her share in developing the star, says Marion Davies is the hardest working of any of the girls.

"Nothing was ever too much trouble," Frances told me once, "if Marion thought it might better a scene. She would actually do it over, she would try it and try it, and try it right. She was never satisfied. She was never lukewarm or careless about her work. She could have been. She was a star. Her position of wealth and fame and leisure would have made her do everything done for her. But for all that, she slaved and studied and strove in every possible way, to become the fine actress she has become.

It’s not just as far from satisfied with her- self now as she ever was. She seems to be happy only when she can see something higher ahead to strive for in her work."

I think the girls who write—and the girls about Marion Davies—and I defy anyone in the world who meets her to help her like—her is a rather unique, unusual and special quality of humility. It isn’t simply that she hasn’t the pretty face and her good fortune turn her head. It isn’t only that she has remained as simple and natural as Norma Talmadge—and she is the Peerage’s only Ward—is still the same in naturals, although she has a shyness that does not characterize Xorna in any way.

But Marion Davies has actual humility, which is something very rare. She has it in her, she has all the humility, the most essential to good creative work, and—combined with will and determination—the most powerful.

I think she might be "easy" for people. I think she might be apt to let little things take their course. I think she might feel herself incapable of being harsh ever, or of judging. It wouldn’t be difficult for her in some things to follow the line of least resitance.

But she has wit—more than she uses. Her shyness is a veil she puts over many of the things you can see sparkling in her eyes. She has the ability to appreciate and enjoy. She is never bored with life ever. She has a stereo in her organization vouches for that.

I was surprised to unearth a mania for clothes. It’s just that she does not wear her clothes particularly well. She hasn’t that smart elegance, that groomed to the last word look that distinguishes Gloria Swanson and Jean Harlow—nor the mannish look. But she adores them.

"I don’t have to see them," she said, wrinkling her nose. "I can feel them, blocks away. I feel the chintz. It’s my weakness. I take anything—good or bad. I have rotten taste." She looked sidewise, and grinned at me.

There is a touch of the gamin—that proved so useful in "Little Old New York"— in the vixen, that has come out in "Jancee."
Who Says Vampires Are Thorough?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64)

"The Chest." Greer tried it on a lot of people and finally on Madeline Hurlock. That was the answer. Madeline apparently was made to wear it. Hips are not in her vocabulary.

And while she is as slim as a willow wand she hasn't a bone showing. As she went by Gloria Swanson's dressing bungalow on her way to the set, the great star happened to glance out and see her.

Now it may be that Gloria, who is a very real person, remembered the days when she was and that girl. Maybe she remembered what trials she had gone through to evolve the dazzling and distinguished personality that makes her now the greatest woman star on the screen.

Anyway, Gloria called to the little extra girl.


With the help of her maid, Miss Swanson took down the long black hair and re-dressed it into the newest and smartest of Parisian coiffures. Then she examined her work.

"Ugly—mm," said the great Miss Swanson, "something is lacking. I know."

FROM her jewel case she took a rope of pearls and flung them about the girl's neck: "Perfect."

And as Madeline protested, she said, "No, wear them. I like to see such a perfect picture."

It was so successful—that picture—that Mr. Fitzmaurice increased her bit to quite a fair part.

And that part won her a strange opportunity and one that many people have wondered just why Madeline accepted.

A few days later Mack Sennett called up the Lasky casting office asking for suggestions for a type to play opposite Ben Turpin. He had made tests of thirty girls and none of them suited. Instantly the casting director said:

"We had a girl here the other day playing with Fitz. I think she's what you want. I'll send her over."

Madeline got the part in "Where is My Husband?" on Opening Night This Evening."

At the end of it, Sennett offered her a long term contract, and the girl from Maryland signed.

But people protested. When she'd just gotten a start on the Lasky lot, in drama, why slip back to comedy? But Madeline quietly said:

"The greatest stars in the business have come from comedy. Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, Raymond Griffith—all great artists—were trained in comedy. I have heard everyone say it is the finest training school in the world. I have heard that Mary Pickford thinks Mr. Sennett has genius for translating thought into action and that she would like some day to have him direct her in a picture. I'm young. It's the experience and training I want."

So now Madeline is playing featured roles and leads on the Sennett lot and is being talked about by Hollywood as the next great dramatic star who will arrive from the comedies.

Madeline Hurlock, by the way, is her real name, though it doesn't seem possible. Her mother must have guessed she was going to be a movie star. She was born in Fedenburg, Maryland, and there is a town in the same state, Hurlock, named for her family. The Italian ancestry, of which she is proud, shows in her coloring and in her great soft brown eyes.

Anyway, she is her answer to that silly rumor about the day of the vamp being on the wane.

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If you weigh too much, you owe yourself this relief. The method is too well known for sensible people to doubt. Miss Crawford only regrets that she did not heed Wallace's offer two years ago. She is a Chicago lady, her address is 6710 Merrill Ave., where anyone who wishes to confirm her story may write. But a better way is to start reducing with the reducing record Wallace will furnish—for a free demonstration—read his offer and begin reducing this week.

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Hollywood's New Heart Breaker

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

they say, that when he played opposite Pola Negri in 'Lily of the Dust,' Pola was just a whitishly intrigued by him and if he hadn't already been so much in love with Rod La Rocque—

"Goodness!" gasped her brilliant mother, "where do you learn such things, child?"

"I can read, can't I, mother," said her daughter calmly, "even if I am supposed to be an ingenuous young girl. If it's in the newspapers, you know. Personally, I think he's a little too close to the screen, but I don't suppose I shall ever be allowed to meet him off. Mother will think he's too dangerous."

"I should think so," said her mother, a little breathlessly, "but the papers are apt to exaggerate such personalities."

"He doesn't sound a shrewd, devil," I said, a little overwhelmed by such a record, "I remember about him now, of course. I'd just forgotten his name. But—doesn't he ever do anything beside court women?"

The reigning beauty closed her topaz eyes until only the magnolia lids were visible. "Well," she said, "he's supposed in the chorus of the new theater with Gloria in New York. But—"

"I can see—he's sort of—oh, you know—"

"But—" I said, knowing and not seeing any necessity for asking such a silly question, "after all, he's supposed to be an actor, isn't he? Can he act?"

THE critic spoke then. A hard-boiled critic.

"Press agents cut out his cautious comments and paste them on the walls beside their own futile blurbs in order that their stars may not lose all sense of proportion.

"You bet your He life he can act," he said briskly. "He has real talent. If the fool women don't ruin him, he'll show us something with while."

"What's he got, really?" asked the great director, who has lately been intrusted with the most difficult task of the year. "What makes him the greatest?"

First National's grooming him for stardom as fast as they can, that's sure. He could work in eight pictures at once, the demand for him is that heavy. Is he intelligent? Is he intelligent? He's a red-blooded American, he is."

"He's perfectly capable. There's nothing to keeping him. He's the only youngster looming up who seems to amount to a damn."

Now only five years ago, only a few days later I met Ben Lyon. We discovered, to my infinite astonishment, that we had a mania in common—tennis. The designs had been arranged for us. We've met on the court rather often, since then.

And I have found myself more and more amazed by this young Ben Lyon, who, in Hollywood, is so much discussed.

I didn't find in him any of the things I had been led to expect. Nothing suggested a new edition of Valentino. And, though he photographs so amazingly well, off the screen he has no startling amount of good looks. A big, well-built, well-favored, enterprising, with a suggestion of the traditional football hero about him, with his healthy brown hair, with his dark brows that meet in a frown when he is interested and that have Wally's old trick of creeping pathetically upward when he is bored. A strong mouth that is apt to be a little sulky when he is smiling.

I am quite frank to admit that he captivated me. Rather against my will. I don't like being captured. However, most of the time, they have no conversation. Ben Lyon has. He is almost instantly responsive to mental stimulation. He has a curious bent for interesting himself in the lives of others. He talks as much with such men as Paul Bern and Charles Brabin as he can.

And yet, he is very bashful about all it. So thoroughly ashamed, too, of his participation as a mere looker-on. Quite capable, I see plainly, of punching the head of any man who so much

as suggested such a thing in his presence. Just as much disgusted with his suddenly acquired fame. He fleetingly refused to take himself seriously. And a sense of humor is rare trait in actors.

But in all he has, this charm, this young Ben Lyon. Indefinable always, is charm. Particularly indefinable in Ben Lyon. Because he has a quality of sweetness, of clean sweetness, a charm, a quality of that sort, and his obvious passion. He has youth, of course, and manliness and a most appealing shyness, and rather more than a bit of nasty sly humor, and a hot young pride, and extreme sensibilities and—miracle of miracles in these extremely good manners. You get a conviction of a fine manner somewhere in the background, in Ben Lyon.

But, combining the whole thing, you can only call it charm.

It isn't difficult to understand why Barbara and Gloria both have adored Ben Lyon. He is handsome, to be sure, but he has a touch of that Simon-of-the-Vast slyness, and he has the sweetest, the most melodic face of any of the women of the world who have been much buffeted about by life, his very chivalry, his respect for women, his innate decency—perhaps a South American, perhaps a Southern-born, Ben Lyon—his adored sisters—must have been new and delightful.

He was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and brought up and educated in Baltimore, Maryland, where he went when he made his stage debut some years ago in "Seventeen" and his first stage hit as the hero of "Mary the Third.

Colleen Moore brought him to the studio about the time she went to "Flaming Youth." And his latest—and greatest—performance is as Colleen's son in "Big City.""

When anyone asks me about Ben Lyon nowadays I always see a series of little pictures—those flashing, illuminating little episodes of life that paint character and portraits so much better than the finest words can do.

O N the tennis court—swift-movi ng, hitting a ball that is like a shot from a cannon, but his eyesmanship is perfect. His courtesy always to be counted upon.

Eating plates of spaghetti at a Sunday night supper and in the midst of his struggles with them he will have a story. Of the spaghetti—murmuring vindicatively, "This is the first time I ever wished I was a Latin actor."

At the Hollywood American Legion fights, in a pal's corner, giving him everything he has of enthusiasm and support.

Flat on the floor playing checkers with seven year old Bill Reil, who is rather a chum of his, the two surrounded by an audience of four or five other youngsters watching the game with admiring eyes. He must indicate by all this that he hasn't great attraction for women. I should think a love affair with Ben Lyon would be too much of a strain for all his youth. It is plain enough that he would be master—he would dominate always, and none too gently at that. I think he understands that a woman is only with his superior. Being in love with Ben Lyon would be like Oscar Wilde's description of life, "A bad quarter of an hour made of afternoons inside a music box."

The thing I'd like to bring out is that Ben has the same sort of attraction as I've known West Point football heroes to have. The sort that other men understand, and respect and resent or object to. Just a good-looking, chivalrous American youth with a lot of charm—that's Ben Lyon as I know him.
genial, friendly place where a man would rather be than almost any place else he could think of. It takes personality to "put over" a song across the footlights. It takes more to put over a song in a drawing room. But it takes personality to make a song itself a thing to be surrounded by snow and wind and filled with, harshly and coldly disgruntled men.

I REMEMBER one night at a party given by Marshall and Blanche Sweet and Alan Hale was there, and though he is more often villainous upon the screen than anything else, off the screen he is the most sparkling of luminaries and the most entertaining of companions. He is also by way of being one of the best trick dancers I have ever seen. On the night of this party he had a lot of new steps, and needed a partner to do them with. Now there were at the party, though I will mention no names, two or three screen stars who are famous for their dancing. At least one of them is more famous for it than for anything else. Two of them had been great stage dancers, musical comedy and Follies favorites. They all fell down on the job, though they tried hard enough.

And then the first thing you know, while Max Fisher's orchestra played seductively, there was little Besse Love, quietly and unapproachably. She went through the mazes, light as a feather and graceful as a flower in a summer breeze. She never made a mistake nor a misstep, and she gained suddenly as she played a slighter personality, an impudent little boyishness that is one of her chief attractions.

It is the same way on the screen. Though she was a full-grown star, and though her role is not a featured one in big productions, Hollywood has a tradition that Besse Love will steal any picture she is in; that she has in fact, stolen more pictures from the people supposed to be starred in them than anyone else on the screen. It isn't quite fair to enumerate them, but if you will stop and think I'm sure you will remember half a dozen pictures from which you took away most poignantly the memory of something Besse Love did.

She was born in Texas but went to Los Angeles when she was only a baby. She went to public school there and to Los Angeles High School. She was training herself to be a school teacher, and had been before her when pictures crept upon her horizon. She was still in high school when D. W. Griffith picked her from a mob of applicants to play a part in "Intolerance." He was so sure of her ability that he gave her a five-year contract, and she did some pictures with Bill Hart and was leading lady for Douglas Fairbanks.

After that, for almost three years, she was practically an outcast. She couldn't get a job. She had made a mistaken starring venture, had failed, and so it seemed as though her career might end with that. She fought against it, and finally decided to come back to the screen in any sort of parts, even "kid stuff," which she hoped she had abandoned forever. Her picture was "Forget-Me-Not"—a child role.

But the breaks began to come her way after that and today she works in as many as three pictures at once.

And in those three years she seems to have distilled the sweetness within her, so that she can project it upon the screen. She seems to have developed a new and very telling personality. There is a measure of understanding and a depth of experience in her which no other screen actress. And then, she's such a little thing. And so bright and sweet and kindly.

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**It Can’t Be Done**

(continued from page 41)

"Looks like this dame from the Coast has thrown a monkey-wrench into the works," he grinned, as Tony came in. "Lev's waiting for you, s.o.s. as a new boil. Better make it snappy, Tony."

"Hello, Tony," Davidson growled as the latter entered the room. "Miss Carroll is out, but we shouldn't let the girl get rid of her. What we need is young blood."

This sounded promising. Jane was even younger than Irene.

"I'm with you, Lew," Tony agreed. "What do you say if we give that part to Jane Dare? Nobody could do it better."

Davidson glanced up, sudden suspicion in his eyes. "I mean, the day before, that Tony held more than a professional interest in Jane and her career. I got other plans," he announced coldly, yet with a pinch of irritation, as though not entirely sure of his ground.

"I'm sorry to hear it, Lew," Tony made no effort to hide his disappointment. "I've watched Miss Dare pretty carefully this past year and, take it from me, that girl has star material in her."

"Miss Dare's a fines actress," he conceded, the suspicion in his eyes deepening, "but I got someone else I want to see play the lead in that picture."

"Who?"

"Miss Shirley."

Tony, even yet, was not prepared for Davidson's words. He leaned forward in his chair, his face drawn with anger.

"Irene Shirley," he gasped. "Why—Lev— you can't mean—"" Why can't I?" Davidson brought his fist down on the desk. "I mean that I want Miss Shirley to play the lead in 'Saints and Sinners,' and I want you to direct her in it. I'm going to make that girl a star."

"It can't be done," Tony flared out angrily. "It's going to be done—"Davidson banged the desk again, this time even more loudly.

"If not by you, then by somebody else. Take your choice!"

---

**CHAPTER XVI**

FOR a moment Tony Hull was stunned by the suddenness of words, the ultimatum contained in them, but he managed to keep his temper. His first impulse, of course, was to accept the challenge, refuse to direct Irene and accept. But then he would have to give up his work for the time being, what he might, he felt a momentary impulse to open Davidson's eyes—tell him the truth.

"I don't know what Miss Shirley has told you about herself. Lew," he said, "but I happen to know something about her, and I can tell you—"

"I got no further. Davidson raised his hand with an exclamation of anger. "I ain't asked you to tell me anything about Miss Shirley," he roared. "Anything I want to know I can find out myself. All I asked you to do is to cast Miss Shirley."

Tony's cheeks grew suddenly crimson. Never before had Levine Davidson treated him as a mere employee. Their relations had always been those of a professional and an artist, working together for the best results. It hurt him immeasurably—hurt his pride. An angry retort came to his lips, but thoughts of Jane Dare caused him to restrain it. If he left the Davidson company, he would leave Jane—would no longer be at her side to guide and help her.

After all, why not hire Davidson in his madness? Irene would prove quickly enough, by her own dependence, the folly of trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Let the Old Man learn his lesson.

"Very well, Mr. Davidson," he said quietly. "I don't think I need any more opportunity to prove it to you—" to confirm your judgment."

He rose, now thoroughly in command of himself. "Sometimes I make a mistake, maybe. But, as I told Sam Kessler, don't forget that I picked Alice Carroll off the Royal lot when everybody said she was apple sauce, you understand, and made a star of her, didn't I? A fellow has got to back his own judgment in business, and I'm backing mine. If I lose, it's my money I'm losing—don't forget that. Now this girl, Miss Shirley, is smart, and a card. I'll see what you can do with her, and I can't say for sure whether she's going to be in shape to act tomorrow or not. If she is, I'll have you her down. And when she's working with them exteriors you got to make with Miss Dare. Got busy now, boy—he slapped Tony on the shoulder with all his old camaraderie. "I know I can do anything I want with a woman like that."

"That's... that's all right, Lew," he rasped. "I'm just where I was before. In this business one of the first things I learn, I guess, is to keep right on smiling."

"Atta girl!" Tony told her. "And don't forget you're not by any means just where you were before. You're a whole lot better off, backing this little false alarm, than you were under David's thumb."

"I can't believe it," she replied. "Good-bye."

He did not tell her what price in humiliation he had paid to remain at her side.

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**CHAPTER XVII**

LEV DAVIDSON, during the days and nights that followed, and with Alice Carroll, as Miss Shirley, as a lead woman in "Saints and Sinners," devoted much of his time and energy to launching the publicity campaign of his proposed new star.

One of his first steps was to discharge Ted Grimes, the middle-aged newspaper man who had for years handled the company's press business. He had had many newspaper friends, and this one, a much higher priced man named Benny Evans. Mr. Evans scorned the title of press agent, and styled himself a "personality builder," in the manner of the new breed of Americans, and realtors. He went about the business of making Irene's name a household word as methodically, as scientifically as though he had been promoting a new brand of shaving soap. He held the theory, and experience proved it to be correct, that the public will buy anything which is sufficiently advertised. He was able to turn a pianoplayer to a grand opera star, and usually without regard for merit. Propaganda was, in his school, the chief requisite for success. "Mr. David," as the younger generation might die in the poorhouse, but the men and women whose names appeared sufficiently often in print, whose faces stared at you with sufficient frequency from the illustrated pages of magazines and newspapers, could be "sold" to the public with ease, to the great profit of all con-
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A great part of this material perished in the editorial waste-basket, but enough was printed to make its sending out worth while. A popular but commercial illustrator was induced to declare Irene’s figure the most perfect he had ever met, free of charge, and the resulting portrait of her was placed with a dramatic weekly as a magazine cover, in return for a fulsome reading notice inside. Mr. Davidson paying the bills. She “reviewed” a forthcoming novel, declaring it “the most wonderful love story she had ever read.” In return, she had the opinion of “Irene Shirley, the famous screen actress,” reproduced in their advertisements of the book, and printed in large letters on its paper cover. Designed by a newspaper syndicate, for a consideration, to report a prize fight, and her naive comments— with photographs—appeared in dozens of newspapers. A nude, and as exalted by a well-known artist, was said to have been taken from life in the person of Irene—the following lawsuit, with attendant publicity, about both her and the artist profitable publicity.

It would be impossible to set down in detail all the devices which the resourceful Mr. Evans employed to get Irene to the public, but the method was invariably the same. “You boost me and I’ll boost you,” with consequent profit to both persons involved. Something being nothing is nothing, and this is un- remittingly. Before long he was able to place with a woman’s page syndicate a series of daily articles, of a few hundred words each, by Miss Evans, throughout the country. That is, her photograph in one corner. The articles were written by a brilliant literary derrick, who might have been famous in his own right; Mr. Evans “hired” him, as he expressed it—at fifty dollars a week, to write, among other things, the pungently clever little articles which appeared daily over her name, and he was then of course, in advance, but enjoyed reading them hugely, in print.

Mr. Evans’ methods being efficient, systematic, continued, produced the inevitable result. Irene’s reputation, not as an actress, but as an individual, grew like the rolling snowball, while Mr. Davidson continued in equal fashion to grow and swell. Insiders smiled knowingly, of course, but not too openly, since Lew Davidson was not a person to be laughed at, at least until he had been thoroughly tested. There was no denying that she was a very beautiful girl, and Lew, in the past, had picked very few failures. As a result, judgment was suspended. But the stories, however, which began to trickle to Mr. Davidson’s ears, vague though they necessarily were, caused her a good many sleepless nights.

CHAPTER XVIII

JANE DARE, coming along Fortieth Street one afternoon, happened upon Alice Carroll in front of the Hud-on Theater. The matinee was just out, and the diminutive star was waiting impatiently for her car. When she saw Mrs. Carroll approaching her with outstretched hand, the two had always been friendly at the studio.

“My dear!” she exclaimed, grasping Jane’s arm. “I’m so glad to see you. What are you doing in town? You don’t mean to say the picture’s done?”

“Oh no. Not half. I wasn’t needed this afternoon. Mr. Hull is working with Miss Shirley on some retakes—the bedroom scenes, you know, after the hub-band gets shot.”

Miss Carroll’s eyes glittered like grey-green agates.

“Bedroom scenes!” she snapped. “I should think the creature ought to do them very well—he’s had thousands of real looks.”

Davidson evidently knows what he’s about”

Jane made no comment, although she knew very well what her companion meant. Lew’s visits to Irene at her hotel had not escaped the eye of the public—the tongue of gossip; the elderly Mr. Davidson was too well known.

“Are you working?” she asked.

“No. But I’ve about made up my mind to accept an offer from the Continental. Rosen- field has decided to make some handsome offers. People. You remember the play, don’t you?”

As she spoke, her car, delayed a traffic jam, pulled up.

“If you aren’t doing anything right now, my dear, why don’t you come and have a pre-war cocktail and a nice long gossip before dinner?”

Jane had finished the shopping which had kept her downtown, and was headed for a bus on the Avenue.

“Come along,” Alice urged, as her man overtook the door of a car. “I want to hear all the scandal of the studio.”

JANE laughed, and put in a few moments about how delightful it was when Jack’s large and showy apartment on Park Avenue.

The little stai loved color; Jane found herself in a perfect welfter of Chinese rugs, Bakast hangings, brilliant pigments, glazed and painted furniture, vividly futuri-tic paintings and prints. The furnishings of the living and dining rooms, the library, had cost a miniature fortune—Miss Carroll tosses her motor coat on a chair, for a rang for a maid, then curled herself up among the flaming orange cushions of a black and green couch.

“I don’t like to be catty,” Jane laughed, “but Mr. Hill says she needs an awful lot of direction in that respect.”

“Humph! She’ll need more than direction before she gets through. I’ve made it my business to look into that young person’s career, and I must say that Miss Carroll’s treatment is putting out about her treats me to a good laugh. Do you know how she started?”

“A dancer, on the Century Roof.”

“Well—that’s nothing against her. Miriam Valda started the same way.”

“I know she did. But Miriam is a splendid actress—a genius, in her line. This woman isn’t. The best she ever did was to show her legs in a musical comedy, and play a year in a health resort.”

“A wonderful song and dance artist. On the stage, that is. She must be a regular Bern- hardt, judging by the way she’s foiled Lew Davidson to the last nail. I hear, and they tell me she thinks her a saint. Pure plaster, my dear, and cheap at that. I understand she’s married—got a husband in the background somewhere—but nobody seems to know who he is, or what has become of him.”

“A husband?” Jane exclaimed. “Are you sure?”

“Well, I can’t prove it. But I’m told that a few years ago she married some fellow out West—an actor, or stage director or something of the sort—and kept the marriage secret, for personal reasons. Now I believe she’s married, or whether there’s been a divorce, I can’t say. If I could, I bet I’d slip the glad tidings to Davidson. The only hold she has on his life is that he was engaged to a very—a shrugging woman—never had a thrill in her life, and all that. I don’t doubt he’s thought, a hundred times, that if he could get rid of her he’d be something of a shock, wouldn’t it, to find that his precious baby doll has been through the divorce court—a man in a suit, with a set pin, one word for the other. I almost wish he would marry her—he’d have such a rude awakening, the morning after.”

Jane scarcely heard. A quick jumble of the scene filled her mind. She had known, from the beginning, that Tony and Irene were anything but strangers to each other. Married to an actor, or stage director, Miss Carroll had said. “Tony had been both, in the past...
Now he hated the girl—anyone would have been blind not to realize that—refused to speak of her—maintained a grim silence concerning his knowledge of her and her affairs. Was it possible that? Jane did not finish the query, although the answer seemed fairly obvious. Miss Carroll was pressing a cocktail upon him.

"Not that a girl's being married or divorced either," she rattled on, "is any crime. If it were, I'd be shot at sunrise, I guess, for I've tossed at least one uncessary husband in the discard. But I'm not making a secret of the fact—not posing as any un kissed virgins. Well—Lee will wake up some day. And does it help me to choke to death laughing at him. They should have given you the lead in that picture, my dear. You were entitled to it.

"I'll get my chance, some day," Jane said, reflecting sipping her cocktail.

"With Davidson's company, if I'm any prophet. Look here—if I sign up with the Continental, I'll put you next to Rosenheim. He's a good old scout, and might be able to offer you something worth while."

"Thanks," Jane said, as she made ready to go. "I'll let you know later. You don't mind, do you. If I run along now? I have an engagement at half-past six." As a matter of fact she had no engagement whatever, but merely a sudden desire to be alone.

CHAPTER XIX

IT was a hot Sunday morning, and Jane had just finished a very late breakfast. There was a sparkle of expectation in her eyes as she moved about the bedroom, adding some finishing touches to her toilette. Then, realizing that there would be an hour yet before Tony arrived, she sat down to read the Sunday papers.

One of Jane Dare's most delightful qualities, inherited, perhaps, from a French grandmother, was an ability to wear clothes. Not every woman, even every beautiful woman, possesses it. As she sat in an old-fashioned wood chair beside the window, she made a picture extremely satisfying to the eye. Even Irene Shirley, in that clear, thin sunlight, would have appeared less lovely and fresh.

Her sport costume of apple-green silk jersey with a dashing little turban to match, she had put on because Tony had quite unexpectedly asked her the day before, to motor out with him to a bungalow he had rented for the summer near White Stone Landing, on the south shore of Long Island. He had taken the place believing it was within fair driving distance of the studio, and would afford him an opportunity both for some swimming and sailing, of which he was extravagantly fond, and for doing some uninterrupted work: on a scenario he was writing—a big new production called "The Lady of Shalott," based on Tennyson's poem of that name. He was to cast her at his leisure.

Jane was amusingly reading one of Mr. Benny Evans' latest efforts, a Sunday story of the hoboes of famous stars of the stage and screen, with the old-fashioned superstitious sentiment representing the screen end of the picture and when the "hok-hok" of an automobile horn beneath her window told her that Tony had arrived. She had snatched her handbag and ran down the stairs in a very cheerful frame of mind. Two days had passed since their meeting with Alice Carroll. She had mentioned the matter casually to Tony, without saying anything about the story Alice had told her concerning Irene; then had come his incredible tale of the day on Long Island. She could not resist the thought that Tony had suspected something, and meant to take advantage of this opportunity to explain just what past relations with the girl had been.

He, too, seemed in holiday mood, and expressed his eagerness to get down to the water as soon as possible for a swim.

"You brought your bathing suit, didn't you, as I suggested?" he asked.
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suit, and don’t take much up room. I
don’t wear stockings, either, so I was even
to be in a lather, and if you looked at me
I suppose you would have been surprised.

"Suits me," Tony said. "I do most of
my swimming in the water myself. You’ll
like this place of mine. I rented it, furnished,
from an artist who has gone to Europe for the
summer, and let me have it for a song, just to keep it occupied. Right
on the water, with its own beach and pier, and a
coloring little boat. I’ll take a sail
in, when we get tired of swimming."

"I’d love it," Jane thought agreeably how youthful his face seemed, whipped to color by the keen air. "Yes and yes," she agreed, "I’d love it." And the artist, and paint, the sea, families of
which had taken him first into a shipping office, and then to the stage, and finally, his artistic impulses had brought him to the collection of plays and motion pictures. Throughout it all
Jane was keenly interested; she waited, when he came to the latter part of his story, for some mention of Irene Shirley. She made no
reference to her whatever. She experienced a certain disappointment at this, but determined to put her in a corner, and enjoy the the
brevity of the moment. It was a happiness,
she admitted, just to be with him.

The bungalow proved to be tiny, love-in-a-
corner sort of a place, set among some other
her, and the white paling fence
on half lively and half
lovely." She said.

Jane jumped into the large, cool, chin-hug
room, through the windows of which could be
seen the shimmering blue waters of the bay.

"Isn’t lovely here," she said.

"Of course. It’s mine, you know, for the
time being. Get into your togs at once, and
we’ll have that swim. I’ll wait for you down
at the boat-landing.

He did not, however, have to wait. Jane
peeled off her things in a twinking, slipped
into her light bath, and darted out into the
tiny board-walk that led to the pier by
the time Tony emerged from the house. He
ran after her, calling out that there was only
four feet of water to the pier, and not to dive
too deep, but Jane, with a laugh, a
wave of her hand, went on to the end of
the springboard and stood there for an
insight. A shot of deep blue
the sky. Then, in a perfect dive, she flashed
out of sight. By the time Tony reached the
springboard, she was nowhere in sight.

The swimming was brilliant, the water almost
to the extent of a railroad ticket, but not
hungry, and a little cold. When they had
dressed, Tony took Jane to the kitchen and
the illustrated his ice-box.

The bungalow stood on small
and some eggs and bacon, and lettuce and
tomatoes, and peas and asparagus and new
potatoes, and fruit. Can you do anything with them?"

"If you will find me an apron," Jane said,
with a twinkling little grin, "I’ll show you.
Handling a boat is all very well, but—" she

Jane pointed to the tiny waterproof bag she
had tossed into the car along with her coat.

"It’s in there," she grinned. "And please


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 теплоLOYAL MAGAZINE — Advertising Section
put on the apron he took from a dresser drawer — "where is the man who can live without dining?" You set the table—I'll do the rest. I didn't spend all those years on a Michigan farm for nothing... It was over their strawberries that Tony made another of the remarks which filled Jane with such delightful surprise. "How about the chime?" he said, with an almost boyish awkwardness, "if we—you and I—are well—just going on—like this for always—?

"It would," Jane replied firmly, "if we didn't have to waste our young lives chasing the well-known dollar. And speaking of that, wasn't I telling you some more about that scenario you're working on? It sounds tremendously interesting."

Tony accepted the rebuff with his customary good-natured merriment, to the evident surprise of Mrs. Galloway, who had eaten their meal in the large, spotless blue-and-white kitchen.

"This character of Elaine, and her love for Launcelot," he said, taking a sheaf of papers from the work table, "has always seemed to me to have wonderful possibilities for the screen. The story, as Tennyson gives it in his poem, was not original with him, of course. The 'Lily Maid of Astolat' is one of the heroines of Malory's 'King Arthur,' and goes back, I think, to an even earlier Welsh tale. I am making it simpler, you understand, but for the present I am trying to do a costume picture, but I never could do a costume picture—well—modern, if you get what I mean. Too pert. Do you know whom I had in mind?"

"Of course not."

"You." Jane's voice was only slightly ironical. "Not really?" Jane looked at him eagerly. "Tony, I simply love you for that. But Davidsson would never agree."

"Lucky that we have nothing to do with this picture. I've written the scenario in my own time, and it belongs to me. Would you like to hear it?"

"Oh dear," Jane settled back comfortably in her chair, while her companion adjusted the lamp on the table and proceeded to read. Jane, as she watched him, could not help thinking how happy married couples they seemed, sitting here together in the lamp-light.

The reading, the explanations, the frequent discussions which arose over this or that scene, fairly ate up the short evening. Before either of them realized it, midnight had come; the chimes of a clock over the fireplace sent Jane to her feet, just as Tony put down the last page of manuscript.

"Good Lord!" she asked—"do you know what time it is?"

"It seems to be eleven o'clock," Tony replied, glancing quizzically at the time-piece. "I should have set it back.

"And it will take us two hours, at least, to drive to town."

"I might do it in an hour and a half, if you don't mind breaking the speed laws."

He rose, glancing out at the open door. "No—there isn't any moon. And I could say the magnet was out of order, or the generator busted, or something."

"Just the same here, Tony Hull—what are you driving at?"

"This, Jane Dare. If there's anything in your name—your last name—you won't make me come that distance just to satisfy Mrs. Grundy. Why not be comfortable, instead of conventional? There is Mrs. Galloway's charming apartment. I'm sure I can fish you out a pair of pajamas or something. And by your own confession you have a brush and comb. We've been playing at housekeeping all the evening, just like a pair of newly-weds. Why not continue the happy little scene until morning?" He came up to Jane, looked deep into her eyes. "Please do—"

Jane met his gaze quite steadily, although her heart was pounding away like mad. In that instant she was obliged to make a quick decision; it involved not only her own intense feelings, but her estimation of Tony Hull's character.

"Very well, Tony," she said easily. "I'll be glad to stay."

With what seemed to Jane an effort he took his eyes from hers and led her into the bedroom in which she had put on her bathing suit. She heard a great opening and shutting of drawers; a moment later he re-entered the studio, smiling.

"I found some things belonging to Mrs. Galloway," he said awkwardly. "They're on the bed.

Then, as he stood for an instant in the doorway he saw her two hands in a fierce, passionate grip. "Oh—Jane—my dear little Jane," he whispered, his eyes blazing down into hers.

"Thank you," said Jane, drawing her cold hands away from his. "Good-night." With a quick, half frightened smile she closed the bedroom door. If he responded to her good-night wishes, she did not hear him. On the bed lay a suit of silk pajamas, very sheer and pink.

Mrs. Galloway, she decided, must be both young and frivolous; she had pictured her as an older woman. For an instant curious, she doubted to assail her. Was there really any such person as Mrs. Galloway, at all, or had Tony invented her to suit the occasion? Angry with herself for his thoughts and for the even the momentary suspicion that her belief in his honesty might be misplaced gave her poignant pain. She would not even disbar distrust by locking her door. She slipped on the soft siren garments clinging pleasantly to her smooth skin, she put out the lights and crept into bed.

For long, silent moments she lay thinking, listening to the low "pulse—plash" of the waves along the beach. Why had Tony said good-night to her? She was certain he had not, and all at once the fact assumed tremendous importance. Did he mean to come to her—to say good-night to her now? For a delicious moment she found herself hoping that he would—feeling, in her imagination, the pressure of his arms about her, the keen warmth of his kisses, and in that moment knew that she loved him. But—what were his feelings? Were they love, or merely the passion that so frequently ached in her? Had their two days together, their long evening, been just a clever trap to snare her into her present position; his order of the lead in the new picture he was at work on the following day? Is it, Tony, she felt that she would rather die than believe such a thing of him.

The silence, to one accustomed to the noises of the city, was uncanny. With the exception of the murmur of the waves she could not hear a sound. From across the studio she fancied she heard noises, but did not dare to be sure; a moment later she was laughing at herself.

No doubt he was already sound asleep. Suddenly there was a sound that thrilled her, left her trembling—weak. The catch of a lock clicked sharply, followed by quick footsteps, the creak of a door-board in front of her door. Then for a moment her breath. It was Tony, she realized, coming to her. What should she do—what could she do—now? If he loved her, then a good-night kiss.

A knock was heard on the piano. She turned her thoughts.

It was repeated more loudly, when her emotions held her silent. "Jane," said a voice outside. "Jane.

The beating of her heart almost smothered her. Love or passion—love or passion? The question raged incessantly in her brain. Well—she alone could decide.

She raised herself up. "Come in," she whispered. [TO BE CONTINUED]


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“ANOTHER SCANDAL” — Producers Distributing Corp. — From the story by Cosmo Hamilton. Adapted by G. Marion Burton. Directed by E. H. Griffith. The cast: Beatrice Franklin, Lois Wilson; Pelham Franklin, Holmes Herbert; Malcolm Fraser, Ralph Bunker; Mary Beaumont, Flora Le Breton; Virginia Siragusa, Ralph W. Chambers; Elizabeth Mackenzie, Hedda Hopper; Beauvoir, Zeffie Tilbury; Mitchell Burrows, Biglow Cooper; Alec Greenwood, Alan Simpson; “Arby” Ardis, Harry Grippp.


“THE GREAT DIAMOND MYSTERY” — Fox. — From the story by Shannon Fife. Scenario by Thomas Dixon. Directed by Denison Clift. The cast: Ruth Warrington, Shirley Mason; Phyllis, Jackie Saunders; Murdock, Harry von Meter; Graser, John Cossar; Massi- son, Philo McCullough; Davis, Hector V. Sarno; Perry Standish, William Collier, Jr.; Diana, Eugenia Gilbert.

“THIS WOMAN” — Warner Bros. — From the story by Howard Rockey. Adapted by Edward Scobee. Directed by Reginald Barker. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Carol Drayton, Irene Rich; Whitney Duane, Ricardo Cortez; Rose, Louise Fazenda; Gordon Duane, Frank Elliott; Bobby Biecher, Creighton Hale; Stratton, Mike McDermott; Mrs. Sturdivant, Helen Dunbar; Aline Sturdivant, Clara Bow; Judson, Otto Hoffman.


“PINKY” — First National. — From the story by George Beban. Directed by George Beban. The cast: Dix, Atiy, Kelland, J. W. Johnston; Mrs. Godfrey Kelland, Wanda Lyon; Their Daughter, Baby Evelyn; Trina, Helen Holcomb; Joe, the Farmer, George Beban; His Mother, Maria Di Benedetta.

“THE ENGLISHER” — Vitaphone. — From the story by Kenneth Perkins. Scenario by Marjorie Constance. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The cast: Jacthia, Marguerite de Mores; Jack, Harry S. Berenson; Hulger McLaughlin; David Hinges, William Russell; Augustina, Mary Alden; China Jones, Stuart Holmes; Phil Beaton, Franklin Browne; Fat Malignon, Wil- ford North; Snub Tuckos, Ernie Adams.

“THE MILLIONAIRE COWBOY” — F. B. O. — From the story by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Scenario by Frank S. Benedos. Directed by Harry Garson. The cast: Gallop, Merely, Jr., Lefty Flynn; Pauline French, Gloria Gury; Greenville Trust, Charles Riddle; Fred de Mille, Norman Davis; Buffalo Jones, Danny Hoosier.

“CLASSMATES” — First National. — From the play by William C. deMille and Margaret Turnbull. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: Duncan Irving, Richard Barthelmess; Sylvia Randolph, Madge Evans; Dr. Garnet, Rev. Gasnier; Luke Irwin, Stanford; Charlotte Walker; Bobby Double, Beach Cooke; Jones, a West Pointer, Antrim Short; A drummer, Herbert Corthell; “Silent” Clay, James Bradbury, Jr.; Capt. Lane, Major Henry B. Lewis (Adjudant of West Point); Halford, leader of guides, Richard Harlan; Duncan Irving, Sr., Claude Brooke.

“FORBIDDEN PARADISE” — Paramount. — From the stage play by Laos Biro and Memine deMille, adapted by Agnes Christine Johnston and Hans Krady. Directed by Ernest Lubitsch. The cast: The Casrini, Pola Negri; Alexei, Rod La Rocque; Chancellor, Adolphe Menjou; Portia, Pauline Starke; French Ambassador, Fred Malatesta; General, Nick De Ruiz; Lady-in-Waiting, Mme. D’Aumery.

“THE SIRENS OF SEVILLE” — Producers Distributing Corp. — From the story by H. H. Van Loan. Directed by Jerome Storm and Hunt Stromberg. Adapted by Agnes Christine Johnston and Hans Krady. The cast: Gallito, Allan Forrest; Cavallo, Stuart Holmes; Ardis, Claire DeLorean; Palomino, Bert Woodruff; Freda, Mathew Betz.

“SANDRA” — First National. — From the novel by Pearl Bales. Directed by Fred Mollendorf. The cast: Sandra, Barbara La Marr; David, Robert Redford; Male Stanley, Pauline Hyams; Bobby Stanley, Augustin Sweeney; Eve Stanley, Maude Hille; Peter Stanley, Edgar Nelson; Stephen Wistlow, Leon Gordon; Rev. William James Hour, directed by George Van Dusen; Francois Moly- neaux, Wallace Morgan; Henri La Flamme, Arthur Edmund Carewe; Lini, Lilian Ten Eyk; La Flamme’s Wife, Helen Gardner.

“WHITE MAN” — B. P. Schulberg. — From the story by George Agnew Chamberlain. Adapted by Olga Printzlau and Eve Frame. Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: Lady Andrea Pello, Alice Joyce; White, Kenneth Harlan; The River Thief, Walter Long.


Pretty Women wherever you look in France
By Edna Wallace Hopper
In Paris, nearly every girl is beautiful. Nearly every girl has a beauty that is that is because French women have demanded youth and beauty. And French scientists met that demand.
I found there most of my beauty helps. I make frequent trips to find new ones. They multiplied my beauty and they’ve kept my youthful bloom. Thousand who see me daily on the stage wonder at the marvelous results.
Now all these help are at your call. In four preparations are combined 52 ingredients. So you may use the best I’ve found in 40 years of searching.
Tell me which one you would like to try. My the coupon for it.

My Youth Cream
My Youth Cream is a remarkable creation, combining many factors. It contains products of both lemon and strawberry. And the best help science gave me to protect the skin.
It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. I use it as a night cream, also daytime as a powder base. Never is my skin without it. My velvet complexion shows what that cream can do.
The cost is 60c per jar. Also in 35c tubes.

My Facial Youth
Is a liquid warmer which I owe to France. Great beauty experts have for some years now advise this formula, but their price is too high for most women. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. So cleans to the depths, then dries. All the dirt, all Trouble, all dirt. And danger, all dirty. My Facial Youth will bring you new conceptions of what a clean skin means.

White Youth Clay
A new type clay, white, refined and dainty. Very different from crude, muddy clays many have employed. The final result of 20 years of scientific study.
It purges the skin of all that clungs. It removes causes of blackheads and blisters. Brings a rosy afterglow which amazes and delights. Combats lines and wrinkles, reduces enlarged pores. No woman can afford to omit it. It multiplies beauty. My White Youth Clay costs 96c and $1.

My Hair Youth
The cause of my luxuriant hair, thick and silky, fiber far 46 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff or a touch of gray.
A concentrated product combining many ingredients. I apply it with exuberant directly to the scalp. There it combats the stilled hair roots. Powder and stimulants, actual or woman omit it when they see what Hair Youth does. The cost is 50c and $1 with eyepipettes.
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The book is not only a valuable resource for car owners, but also a great read for anyone interested in the history of the automobile. It is a must-have for any car enthusiast's collection.
The Gamblers

[Continued from page 20]

the theater. George had just put in a sixteen-hour day on location. And while Art waited on money, Art went to sleep, as Art must often do before money will see it. When the banker came, he asked Art for his money, and Art said he knew not at which he was. And then, life, laughing, made George sick. The banker thought that George was drunk and advised him to drink some cold gin. And George never drinks a drop.

George had to go back and face electricians, carpenters, extra players, everybody, and tell them all that the money was okay. They all raved. But something had to be done—and George did it. He politely wrote out the order for the singing mob, and they, with wise looks, carried it to the money right along, went next day to the bank to get their checks cashed. The bank gave them the N.S. E., and back they came again in George again. George thought surely there must be some mistake and actually convinced them all to go back to the bank again. By the time they had all made several rows, George had somehow or other manipulated enough money to buy them all ham and eggs and thus Art had again triumphed.

The miracle of the loaves and fishes would have been nothing to this youngster; he would have made the fishes whales and the loaves whole sacks of Eventually Why Notsv, and all the money would be left with only and all George had to do was to get somebody to buy the picture, get a release for it, and eight or ten other things that must be skipped over here. George carried the film around for days. He talked to everybody but the Pope, and he was out of town. Alfred Reeves, Chaplin’s business manager, is an Englishman, and he asked George finally of George indeed Alfred into getting Charlie Chaplin to see the picture if they could catch the Emperor of Morocco.

George pulled another miracle. He actually got the brilliant little comedian to unwind his film in his own projection room. The little comedian, hard and wise, told George not to hook the film around any more, as that would cheapen it. He told George that Von Sternberg had directed the greatest picture he had ever seen—the Austrich. New managing agent on in to impression on the screen that which is by Ernst Lubitsch, and Victor Searson had tried to get. He told George to get Douglas Fairbanks to see his picture.

Douglas promised George that he would see the picture. But this little miracle chap did not take a promise for an answer. They say he “got to” Fairbanks’ secretary, his manager, his office boy, and Abdul the Turk, his athletic trainer. He even “got to” Fairbanks’ butcher, who also operates the films which Fairbanks shows at his house.

To make a long story shorter than short, Fairbanks returned one night, an athletic hunter in search of a new thrill. He says to his horse, “Good night, little fellow! But” And the But he answered, “I’d advise you to see ‘The Salvation Hunters,’ Sir. It’s DIFFERENT.”

Fairbanks had heard the words, “The Salvation Hunters,” until he thought it was a new branch of the Salvation Army. He did not realize that it was the picture that Chaplin had told him about. “Did you ever see it?” he said, well, he says, “put one reel of it on. I can stand that much.” He did not know about Miss Pickford, who was with him. But the next morning, the order for seven thousand dollars unrolled, and together, he and Miss Pickford watched it with fascination. Fairbanks said at the end, “I watched it in perspiration and tears.”

At seven o’clock the next morning Douglas Fairbanks phoned George Arthur. He asked him to come over to his house immediately, and to bring Joseph Von Sternberg with him.

The English actor and the Austrian director, both around thirty years of age, both players of parts in far parts of the world, were now to play another part. George, on the way to dinner, told Joseph, “Let’s take less than five thousand cash if he wants anything at all.” And Josef, he says, “Don’t worry. He’s not offering anything.”

After a long talk with George and Douglas Fairbanks, that chap did not wait for words. He just said quickly, “How would you fellows like so many thousand dollars for a fourth picture? There’s the greatest thing I’ve ever seen, a masterpiece.”

Now, George had been thinking in terms of five thousand dollars and Josef Von Sternberg, who had had no lack of brilliance and was not shy of ambition, had had thinking in no terms at all. Von Sternberg knew the hard trail one blazes who tries to do an artistic thing in a commercial age. Fresh in his memory it was that The Writers’ Club, the social mecca of Hollywood, had refused to let him preview the picture there. But, anyhow, to make a long story short, he walked away from Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford with a check for more money than he knew was in the picture at that time, and a contract to direct Mary Pickford’s next picture. Also, the little miracle man of movie finance, George Arthur, walked quite close to him. George never gets very far from anybody who has a check.

And be it said right here, that little George Arthur has refused many, many thousands from Josef Von Sternberg for his interest in the picture. George owns stock in that picture, and he is going to get his money. And the screening of the picture to the Christ of the Salvation Army.

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I hear you. I can hear you now as well as anybody.

—I hear you. I hear you now, but they are inaudible. I would not know had I been in my own, not what I hear all right.”

The MORLEY PHONE for the
defef

Canada, New York, N. Y.

There is only one sure cure for self-consciousness.

is to be unconscious of self. A paradox, you think? I mean it. Stop thinking of yourself, Lorraine. This is a vast and generally beautiful world. Be interested in everything and every person you see. Let them crowd out thoughts of “Dear me. Whatever are people thinking of me?” They may not be thinking of you. If you persevere in being interested in them by and by they will think of you and will say, “How sweet and unsuspected she is!”

EVELYN, SAN JOSE, CALIF.

For the slight eczema you describe I should have medical advice. It is unbecoming and might become more unsightly. To train the hair forward over the ears and cheeks tie a veil or ribbon about the head at night.

GLORY, NASHVILLE, TEN.

The plumpness about the ankles should yield to rubber bandages. Rising on the toes and falling to the heels in rhythmical, regular movements for a half-dozen times at each of the three daily exercises is practice that develops that part of the limbs. The condition is so persistent that I recommend that you ask the family physician for a prescription to clear your complexion. There are excellent creams that cleanse and clear the skin for less advanced cases than your own. Ask the physician to advise you as to the right diet. Steam baths are cleansing to the blood stream. Persevere in these agencies and your skin will reveal the new care you have given it.

MARION, HARTFORD, CONN.

I think if you continue to exercise vigorously you may grow until you are twenty-one. Or longer. I know a petite young woman whose stature increased until she was twenty-seven.

This because, wanting to grow taller, she took bar exercises. She swung from rings in a little gymnasium she had fitted up at slight expense in her home. I knew a young man who grew taller after eighteen by using the same methods. The spine stretching exercises make the spine elastic and so develop height. You are both over weight. The French counsel to women to dress up to their eyes or their hair, is good.

The complexion, too, should be taken into consideration. If your complexion is clear and fair I advise wearing much blue. Any of the blues should be especially becoming to you. Again, since your skin is fair, you may wear any shade of the reds or pinks. They who are sallow will have to be more careful in their choice of colors. A clear complexion is the index of a pure blood stream. You and my other friends who read this will pardon me if I say that skin eruptions are caused usually by a lack of inward cleanliness.

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

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

—The Editor
selling activities of the embattled picture campaign- 

ners were rigid and uninspired. 

Tremendous advertising campaigns in the trade 

drew grew up as each producer-dis- 

tributor tried to out-sell his competitors. 

These efforts were the advertising to the theater- 

man, but in truth they were boasting to each 

other. This same rivalry extended to billboard 

campaigns centered in New York. The bill 

posting concerns, appreciating the spectacle, 

always concentrated the twenty-four sheet 

bulletins around the home office of the adver-

tiser and along the route between his home and 

his office.

Motion Picture Magnates Fail to Recognize Public

By this manner of advertising themselves to 

themselves some of the motion picture mag-

nates managed to build up profound self-

esteem. It is one of the greatest evidences of 

the value and power of advertising to discover 

its reaction on the advertiser. In this period, 

the motion picture industry had not discovered 

that its consumer is the public, not the theater,

and so was slow to seek the national mediums 

which reach the people who buy pictures at the 

low ticket price. Stupendous effort and large sums 

were wasted by the motion picture telling itself 

how good it was.

One of the less apparent but more potent 
purposes back of these high-priced internal 

advertising campaigns was the building of per-

sonal positions in the politics of the screen 

industry. The chieftains were glorifying them-

selves, in behalf of power as well as vanity.

And the most ardent of these glorifications was 

the rosy spotlight on the assertive name of 

Selznick.

About this time, in 1916, both the bankers and 

the theatrical interests in the World Film 

decided they were being utterly Selznicked. 

They were. 

Some hot controversies arose in directors’ 

meetings. 

"You don't pay any attention to me. You 

don't seem to be interested in anything but 

my movies," one of the bankers protested.

"That's the first time you've been right this 

year," Selznick answered in his typically 

diplomatic manner.

"One of the two of us is going to get out," 

the banker replied.

"Your resignation is accepted," replied 

Lewis J.

Selznick Parts Company with World Film

But presently Selznick was outside, dusting 

himself off and looking about. The next week, 

January 28, 1916, Variety, a trade journal, 

contained this item:

"Clara Kimball Young left Monday for 

Havana, accompanied by Mrs. Lewis J. 

Selznick. Mr. Selznick leaves next week 

for Jacksonville."

Accurately interpreted this meant that Selz-

nick was "going South" with the World Film 

Corporation.

Clara Kimball Young was the vital part of 

the World Film Corporation's program.

Broadly, her pictures sold the rest of the 

output.

Shortly Selznick announced the formation of 

the Clara Kimball Young Film Corporation, 

with himself as president and general manager.

It was proclaimed that exhibitors would now 

be able to book the profitable Clara Kimball 

Young pictures without swallowing a program 

of less acceptable pictures. 

The Young pictures were to come at the rate of one 

a month beginning the approaching October.

Selznick operated from the Hotel Claridge 

as a base and proceeded to evangelize the film

industry with his new principle of star mer-

chandising.

When, in August, the Mary Pickford Film 

Corporation, discussed in the last chapter, 

announced distribution through Arclight 

Pictorial Corporation, Selznick seized another 

handsome opportunity. In Arclight, Adolph 

Zukor was operating behind a screen. His 

name did not appear in the slightest outward 

connection with the project, and the keypunch 

was struck with the advertised line: "The 

Motion Picture's Supreme Star Heads Own 

Company. Walter E. Greene, of the Param-

ount group, was president of Arclight, but 

not its master.

Selznick now punctured this screen with an 

open letter, published in the trade journals:

"I congratulate you, Mary. You are a 

pretty shrewd, as well as a pretty little girl.

"What stronger evidence could there be 

that the Clara Kimball Young Corpora-

tion is organized on the most progressive 

basis than your adoption in the Mary 

Pickford Film Corporation of the very 

idea and ideal that I have originated?"

"Will you please exact to my friend, 

Mr. Adolph Zukor, my deep sense of 

obligation? It is indeed delightful to en-

counter among one's co-workers a man 

so broad-gauged that neither false pride nor 

shortsightedness can deter him from the 

adoption of an excellent plan, even though 

conceived by another.

"Faithfully,

"Lewis J. Selznick."

Miss Mary Pickford,

270 Riverside Drive,

New York City.

This letter served to make the friendship 

between Zukor and Selznick a great deal 

warmer but not much thicker.

Electric Sign Puzzles Picture 

Theater Patrons

Meanwhile an electric sign, among the first 

to be used for general motion picture adver-

tising purposes apart from a theater showing, 

blossomed at Forty-sixth street and Broadway,

at large expense, according Clara Kimball 

Young in "The Common Law," to be dis-

tributed by Lewis J. Selznick Enterprises, Inc.

The confused public, never having seen an 

electric picture except at theaters, tried to 

buy admissions to "The Common Law" at 

the drug store soda fountain below.

Selznick was busily and alarmingly financing 

his project by the selling of franchises on his 

product to leading exhibitors, including Jones,

Linick & Schaefer of Chicago, A. H. Blank in 

Iowa, Stanley Mastbaum in Philadelphia and 

elsewhere.

This was making mighty inroads on the 

plans of his contemporaries. War started.

William A. Brady, who had taken up the 

leadership of the World Film Corporation, 

advanced to upstage, and addressed himself 

in the picture world with great feeling, 

warning exhibitors against, "adven-

turers, get out while you can. I men-

tioned no names and he did not need to. 

Nothing could have served Selznick better.

Publicity by denunciation is still publicity.

The advertising in "The Common Law" 

was a little too matter-of-fact. His ad 

were a shade more practical and direct. 

There was a conference with Selznick at the 

Hotel Astor. Efforts were made to dissuade him 

from the course which he was pursuing. He 

swallowed all smooth running arrangements which 

the masters of the industry contemplated. 

The boys had chosen up sides and started their 

game, and now came Lewis J. and appropriated 

the bat. They protested. It was to no avail.

Zukor was exasperated. He offered Selznick 
a salary of $3,000 a week for life if he would go

Beauty

A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Dandeline" does Wonders for 

Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and 
dressing your hair, just moisten 

your hairbrush with a little "Dandeline" 

and brush it through your hair. 

The effect is startling! You can do your hair 
immediately and it will appear twice 

as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, 

sparkling with life and possessing that 

incomparable softness, freshness and 

luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Dan-

deline" is also toning and stimulating 

each single hair to grow thick, long 

and strong. Hair stops falling out and 
dandruff disappears. Get a bottle of "Dan-

deline" at any drug or toilet counter 

and just see how healthy and youthful 
your hair appears after this delightful, 

refreshing dressing.
to China and stay there. This is the first and only evidence of a prejudice against the Chinese on the part of Adolph Zukor. Selznick made the mistake of having the Loew's, of which he had accepted he would now be emperor of China. Selznick went merrily on, inventing an advance deposit system by which exhibitors put money in the Selznick vault to make sure the pictures to earn that money. The farther he went the more strongly he tied himself to the box offices.

Some beneficial results accrued from his merchandising. He insisted on a minimum rental of $100 a day for his pictures with Clara Kimball Young and demanded a contract which specifically provided for a show for at least two days. This, he appreciated, would let the theater get the benefit of the advertising created by the first showing, and it would also force the exhibitor into doing some selling on his own account. Most of the theaters outside of the dominant houses of the major or key cities had never paid more than $25 a day for a feature picture before. Clara Kimball Young at $100 put them to work, to add to her fame—and the profits of Lewis J. Selznick Enterprises, Inc.

One source of Selznick's strength was an apparently remote part of the background. This was the friendship of Marcus Loew. Loew appears to have mingled opinion and amusement in observing the exciting vibrations of the dynamic Selznick, busy playing battle-dore and shuttlecock with the annexed film industry and fighting back in desperate moments often saved Selznick in crises.

It was this intimacy with Marcus Loew and the Loew's institution which admitted the Talmdages to the Selznick array of stars.

Selznick Actively Hunts Stars

Selznick was in unwaviling negotiation with Norma Talmadge, who had been a lesser star in the Triangle constellation. When Miss Talmadge married Joseph Schenck, booking manager for the Loew Circuit, things were different. A deal was made for the Talmadge pictures. The strength of the Loew theaters behind the deal gave Miss Talmadge the benefit of high pressure selling and publicity. Whereupon Clara Kimball Young became considerably dispensable. The first Talmadge picture for Selznick was "Panthere," produced in the autumn of 1916, under the direction of Alan Dwan. It was a marked success and started Norma on the high tide of stardom.

Again the Selznick entourage was scored with Nazimova. She had been appearing with sensational success in "War Brides," an anti-war sketch on the Keith vaudeville circuit. She was employed to make the sketch for a week on the sketch, under the direction of Herbert Brennon, now detached from Fox and rejoicing in the publicity of the "Herbert Brennon Corporation." Selznick organized a company for every star, on the Clara Kimball Young pattern, paying for services with tributes to vary.

Nazimova received $30,000 for her work in "War Brides" for the screen, which amounted to about $1,000 a day. This figure, carefully broadcast, added to the discretions of other stars and helped to make things more expensive than Selznick's annointed contemporaries. Richard Barthelmess, who had been with Nazimova in the Keith sketch, as the juvenile lead, appeared in the picture. It triumphantly swept the theater market and brought a gross of $200,000.

The making success of Selznick was dazzling Broadway. At Universal, the scene of his first invasion of the film world, a new appreciation of Selznick arose. Only a few years before the Lasky Company had been of the Universal enemy, and had rid himself of the self-assured intruder by leaving a letter of dismissal and fleeing the scene on the Twentieth Century Limited.

Now for a moment Selznick and Lasky fell among chumps. A temporary common interest drove them together. Both of them wanted for their pictures a share of the glamour of Broadway. The two important theaters of the street were closed to them. The Lasky pictures, the first houses, were under contract and filled with the pictures of Paramount. The Rialto was playing Triangle pictures exclusively. These dominant first run theaters of the world's greatest amusement street was of large commercial value in prestige. In their joint quest of a place among the lights of the great white Selznick and Talmadge had been recognized. "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" to Selznick for distribution in New York territory. Selznick appreciated the compliment and puffed up an amazing total for the Adolph Zukor offer.

While Selznick was rising up to claim a share in the grandeurs and profits of the now established feature era, other less acutely personal competition developed for the original feature group centered about the leadership of Adolph Zukor. A large number of ill-conceived and short-lived picture making concerns were born, each to produce a feeble picture or two and die.

Stock Investors in Pictures Disappointed

The result was a vast cluttering of the independent market with what the vernacular of the day called "homeless features." John Cecil Graham, then assistant to the president of the Mutual Film Corporation, compiled a list of feature pictures seeking distribution contracts totalling approximately a million negative feet. It was a million feet of lost hopes. The unsuccessful projects which they represented brought in the per year thousands of small stockholders and the sum total effect was a large damage to the status of the industry in the mind of the investing public.

Also in some manner all of these pictures achieved theater showings of small circulation and contributed their mite toward a reputation for the motion picture industry not being aware that, and is hardly now aware, that a weak, bad or incompetent picture on the screen has always been its boast as evidence of the decay of the industry and the ravages of the vice of short-sightedavarice eliminated scores, perhaps hundreds of the incompetents in a period of about three years.

A richly pretentious invasion of the field now arose in the autumn of 1916 as an incident of extension of domination over the producing units of the Paramount program. Samuel Goldfish, who had been general manager of the Lasky company and a highly successful business executive in Hollywood, had, as has been recounted, been cast loose from the concern with about a million in cash.

Goldfish Pictures Corp. Appears

Goldfish headed east with a deep resolve to reassert himself. In affiliation with Edgar Selwyn of Selwyn & Company, dramatic producers, and Margaret Selznick, Goldfish announced the formation of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, Christmas week, 1916. Considerable debate attended the naming of the concern and it is said that the jokes of the industry daily with the alleged suggestion that the concern be incorporated as Selwyn Pictures.

The Goldwyn concern indulged in some of the largest announcing that the industry had heard. It was the most promising company
in an industry which sold promises for a living. Goldwyn's first line-up of stars included Mae Marsh, Maxine Elliott, Madge Kennedy and Mary Garden. There was a strong coloration of the influence of the old first idea of making the ragtime operas famous. The Goldwyn concern by dint of extravagant publicity became well known within a few weeks. There was no considerable gallantry in the excitement; one may refer to Goldwyn's Pictures when they called the concern the "old maid's home."

The Goldwyn concern ran through a complex history of manipulation and artificiality. It failed to prosper because in a large sense it did not serve any new phase or need of the industry. It was most a reiteration of the same ideas competently done by Zukor and Lasky. Goldwyn brought to its service many able actors, directors and made many creditable pictures, but it failed to be a large part of the public. It was curiously close to the Famous Players-Lasky pattern. Maxine Elliott was the Goldwyn equivalent of Zukor's Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth." Mac Marsh wore some of the same glories of Griffith that Pickford had taken to Famous Players, Mary Garden was the Goldwyn's operatic answer to Lasky's Geraldine Farrar, and Madge Kennedy represented stage fame of the sort which dominated the earlier Zukor program.

Incidental to the internal struggles of the Goldwyn organization Samuel Goldfish had his name legally changed to the more euphonious Goldwyn, but in spite of that his corporation ultimately found it possible to part with him.

**Duponts Interested in Goldwyn**

For a time the Dupont interests, grown familiar with explosions in the powder and dynamite business, entered into the affairs of the Goldwyn concern, in one of the typical chapter of the expansion of the business and screen. Somewhere interwoven into the mixture and connected by an attenuated thread was the political ambitions of Coleman T. Du Pont, who might once have accepted the White House.

The only enduring mark of the Dupont film invasion is the great Capitol theater in Broadway. Among less managerial experiments Samuel L. Rothafel was called to take over the administration of its program and the house under him became the leading modern theater of the nation.

Meanwhile the Duponts have been tentatively engaged in the manufacture of motion picture film, with an ever present possibility that their experience may be an influence on the screen industry by an important reduction of the cost of the basic material. While the major movements in the main current of screen evolution in this period were in the drama of business and commercial aspects of the machinery of picture selling, D. W. Griffith made the year of 1916 memorable in the history of the industry.

"Intolerance" is worthy of a monograph, but it can only be discussed as an incident of the time, here. Only eight years have passed since its initial production and many more years to come. It may take half a century to decide whether "Intolerance" was merely one of the curious experimental divergences from type to be found among the evolution of the screen, or if it is to be classified as a contribution to the direct line of progress toward forms of expression now not to be anticipated.

In any event "Intolerance" was extraordinary, and remains yet the most entirely remarkable expression of the screen art. The history of its production is most intimately integrated with the motion picture industry.

When Griffith returned to California from his terrific round of censorship struggles in connection with the presentation of "The Birth of a Nation" his mind was occupied with reflections and calculations. Doubtless he was seeking, half-consciously, a solution of the problems presented. In these reveries of conflict he reviewed similar struggles down to the course of history, the endless wars against intolerance, social, religious, economic. Nothing had ever availed, it seemed, but exposition and understanding. That much, he decided, the screen might do for itself.

Still with the idea half formed in mind, he cast about for a notion by which he might portray on the screen, visually to the millions, the thing as he saw it. There must be some way to fuse together into one argument all these diverse and distant evidences of history. Then came to hand Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and on a familiar page: "... endlessly rocks the cradle, Uniter of Here and Hereafter."

The metaphor of the poet supplied the literal pictorial suggestion that Griffith was seeking, a thread to join his tales of intolerance.

All through that might Griffith, abandoning himself to the fervor of his conception, pondered and fitfully wrote pages of notes. By dawn he had outlined the skeleton of his screen project to be.

Griffith had in hand a modern melodrama suitable to his purpose. It was "The Mother and the Law" with Mac Marsh and Robert Harron in the leading roles. The story was laid on a capital and labor background with tinges of the plot influence from the Stelloe case. This picture had been scheduled for release through the Mutual Film Corporation, only to be withdrawn at the time of the New York Motion Picture Corporation's sequel and the formation of Triangle.

**Griffith Comes Forth with Big Ideas**

His bigger idea, on the theme that he called "Love's struggle through the Ages," and which more actually was the villainy of hate through the ages, was now to use "The Mother and the Law" as the modern example in a composite review of historical intolerances.

As the notes fell together the Griffith story moved like a Biblical story of the Babylonian and Chaldean conquests, written in Wagnarian thunder, through Babylon of 530 B.C., through Judea in 27 A.D., and France of 1572. The transitions and interludes were to be filled with picturizations of the incident from Whitman, described by Griffith as "A golden thread, binds the four stories—a fairy girl with sun-tilted hair, her hand on the cradle of humanity, externally rocking—this, which came to the screen with Lillian Gish photographed in mysterious half-lights.

So without a sudden the grand lot of Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, became a maelstrom of costly construction. There he built Babylon with its walls three hundred feet high, the architectural pretensions of medieval France, and the streets of ancient Judea. The most stupendous expenditures were incurred. There were weeks on end when daily payroll of the lateral armies of a day, totalled $12,000 a day. The banquet hall scene for the feast of Belshazzar cost just a quarter of a million dollars.

The cast included many famous screen names, among them, Sam de Grasse, Joseph Hennahery, Tully Marshall, Elmer Clifton, Sigeu Aucon, Bessie Love, and Ralph Lewis. Count Eric von Stroheim played a Pharoah and became a director since has developed a habit of shooting everything to the vast "Intolerance" scale, regardless. Constance Talmadge played "the Mountain Girl," a rôle which brought her first attention and opened the way to a star career, beginning under Selznick auspices soon after.

"Intolerance" Costs $1,900,000

When the totals were cast up at the end "Intolerance" had cost $1,900,000. It was some thirteen thousand feet in length, cut from three hundred thousand feet of negative. Let
Mrs. Griffith’s picture drew a cold abstract title like “Charity” just when Mr. Griffith’s film had been entitled “The Birth of In- tolerance.” It may also have been coinci-
dence that the keynote of “The Mother and
the Law” part of “Intolerance” was struck by
the carriage accidents. In the heroine’s ro-
er role as a victim of a corrupt orphanage, while
“Charity” devoted itself to an alleged exposure
of corrupt orphan asylums. If so, the the-
ematic coincidence between the two sequen-
tial presentations of the far separated Mr. and Mrs.
Griffith seems most astonishing.

“Charity” was produced with the backing of
a wealthy New York brewer, who presently
withdrew from the project because of pressure
from religious organizations who considered
the production an attack.

The actual beans of a deal of “Intol-
erase” but “Charity” remained in obscurity.
It was drib and sordid, alarmingly faithful to
the portrayal of slum life. The cast included
Mrs. Griffith, Greig, Hale, Sheldon Lewis
and others of equal ability and fame. Two
years later the picture fell into the hands of
the slowly decomposing Mutual Film Corpo-
ration. It had a Chicago premiere on Michigan
avenue, opened with profound prayer by a
bishop, and some incense. Even prayer was
unavailing. In 1920 "Charity” re-edited and re-
released, with a few more shots of foreign
shorn of propaganda, made a third equally
insignificant sally on the state’s right market.
There was a curse upon it.

The Funny Mr. Linder

The season of 1917-18 contributed yet
another instance of failure to the annals of the
screen. It seems that when George K. Spoor
purposely lost Chaplin so that he could reduce the cost of buying out G. W. Becher’s Enterprise, Chaplin had
simultaneously been done with considerable internal regrets. By mid-
summer of 1916 the success of Mutual
with the Chaplin comedies was becoming
electrically potent. In 1917, we announce
Chaplin’s well-visualized, a rival for Chaplin, in the person of Max Linder.

Max Linder was reckoned to be very funny.
His fame was greater within the industry than
with the public. His day of greatness had
been back almost ten years before when
Pathé’s foreign-made pictures invaded the
American market with great success, but with
no star campaigns to the public.

Public Refuses to Recognize Linder

as Chaplin’s Rival

The advertising of the return of Linder,
through Essanay, was shot directly at Chaplin
and it was filled with innuendo. It contained
inferential charges that Chaplin was sordid,
reckless, and unclean. Professor M. Linder
in his comedies was to be a Beau Brummel of dress and a Chesterfield of
manners. A good many thousands of dollars were
spent in the campaign. As for Mr. Linder,
it made little progress in the public
prints. Despite the fact of Chaplin’s British
parentage he was. in screen terms, a creation
far removed from New York hero, who prob-
ably an alien. The inevitable reaction with
the public was:

“So this is the guy that’s come over to show
Chaplin up. Well he’d better be pretty
funny.”

When the public gets into that attitude no
one can be funny enough.

And in the tide of anti-
Linder sentiment grew out of a fictitious tale
from the Mutual’s press department, which

More Money

You have the location for this 5c Mint
Vender where it can earn $25 to $50 a week
with your investment. Receipt guaran-
ted for 6 months. Pay $2.00 down;
$6.00 a month for the remaining $38.
Write for terms. Complete stock
is available right now.

STERLING DIAMOND GROUP
(Diamond Makers—$1,000,000 Stock—Est. 1879.
63 PARK ROW, Dept. T799 NEW YORK
announced that in the heat of their rivalry Linder had challenged Chaplin to a duel. When then, Chaplin stated he was the challenged choose for the weapons— Insect Powder.

This story travelled and did its little bit. It only fair to state that Chaplin knew nothing about it, and possibly does not yet. "Max Comes Across" was the title of the first Essanay Chaplin film, the following line reads. Remember that the first Essanay Chaplin had been "Charlie's New Job." Linder's re-debut went to the screen February 6, 1917. Nothing happened.

Two more movies made with similar results. It was then announced that Linder had become dangerously ill, due to the after effects of the World War what conditions make it necessary to spend thousands in production to poll that box-office vote.

Zukor Allies with His Business Competitors

Through this period Lewis J. Selznick was building mightily upon his initial successes with Clara Kimball Young. With Talmages on the high tide of star success, sold on star series, especially Chaplin, Selznick was shooting considerable holes in the selling schedule of Famous Players-Lasky which held most of the other stars of major box-office importance, and was extreme annoyance of Adolph Zukor.

Selznick was now an old adage born of the game of political practicals, saying: "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em." Zukor decided to join, and work from the inside.

On March 15, 1917, there was an inconspicuous item in the trade press announcing that Aaron Jones of Chicago had arrived in New York for a visit.

Now Chicago is a good town and the weather is just as good there in March as it is in New York. There were several facts back of that visit to Broadway.

Aaron Jones was the first one in the celebrated triumvirate of Josie, Linder & Schaefer, Chicago theater magnates, proprietors of a local distribution system, known as the Central Film Company, and related companies. They had Selznick picture franchises. It seems a bit roundabout, but Jones came from Chicago with messages from Adolph Zukor, to see Lewis J. Selznick, 729 Seventh avenue, New York, N. Y.

Selznick has subsequently stated that Jones received a pleasant little $30,000 for his services as messenger.

Conferences between Zukor and Selznick ensued. There were plans evolved which promised to make Selznick Pictures even more powerful, and Jones the acquisition of an exact 50 per cent interest in the Selznick concern by Zukor. Selznick was to remain president. Their pictures were to be made at the Essanay studio, Chicago, and distributed by Famous Players-Lasky, Hollywood, with all of the vast facilities of that concern and sundry economies.

Also as a personal token, Myron Selznick, young son of Lewis J., now growing up to the maturity of almost seventeen years, was to go into the studio to become a production author-

bly, understudying Jesse Lasky and Cecil DeMille.

Of course there was to be no outward merging of interests. The Selznick concern was to continue in vigorous competition on the market after the pictures left the studios. The brand name of Famous Players-Lasky Pictures Corporation. This was the joker, and the source of much subsequent excitement.

The year before Zukor had offered Lewis J. 85,000 a week, the same salary he had made in China. Now he had become Selznick's partner and he moved to eliminate the painful sight that irritating name from the electric lights of Broadway for the Selznick Pictures Corporation, Inc., to Bird Central, Ia. It was, in a way, a city-beautiful movement.

Selznick had presently he had made a mistake. He had traded the effulgence of his name in the electric lights before the gaze of the world for a partnership with the man he knew to be the most powerful in the screen world, Zukor. But that partnership did not shine in the lights on Broadway.

A great silence and obscurity fell on the name of Selznick. It was swept off the sign and off the screen, with one single exception. Some months before when the Schenck interests set out to launch Constance Talmadge as a star in Hollywood, Zukor was riding the crest of his wave. He was induced to lend the brilliance of the name in a line on each picture: "Lewis J. Selznick presents Constance Talmadge." It wasn't presumed to help a bit in the period when the younger Talmadge was yet to be established.

Now it came about that the plan to have Myron Selznick and Constance Talmadge and De Mille fell through. It was postponed and cancelled. Probably there never was any real notion of letting a scion of the house of Selznick go to the West Coast and the sacred city on Vine street in Hollywood.

Also, Lewis J. Selznick, sitting in the mahogany obscurity of his office as the mere president of Selznick Pictures, was beginning to develop a positive flannel itch on the anti-publicity phase of his position. Then came the last straw which made the camel back.

A messenger, through from the west coast studio stating that the Talmadges wanted the line "Lewis J. Selznick presents" omitted from Constance's future pictures.

Selznick, with his displeasing movement had really originated in messages from 45 Fifth avenue. These same reports indicated that the Talmadge contingent had been obtaining their wish and Selznick's in consideration of favor if they would subscribe to this request for the elimination of that Selznick name.

Young Selznick Takes a Decisive Step

"If they're going to do that, I'll put my own name on some pictures, they can't stop that," Myron proclaimed in heat.

The young Selznick went shopping for stars and came home with a contract with Olive Thomas in his pocket.

It was a signal stroke for the youngster. He was yet a minor and his mother signed the contract with some of legal responsibility. Myron closed his contract with Miss Thomas at $1,000 a week against competing offers from established concerns of twice that amount. Back of that apparently strange decision by the star is one of the countless sentimental and pathetic real life stories which fills the shadows back to the tinsel of stage and screen.

It was a case of adventure and a touch of childish excitement which made Olive Thomas choose the Selznick contract. The boy Myron and his glowing plans made a youthful play appeal which was more to the star than the higher salaries bid by staid routine business.

Olive Thomas had had no girlhood. She was born as Oliviaetta Duffy, and grew up in a depressing, spogy Pennsylvania industrial atmosphere. She married into that life of

Thousands Can Draw CARTOONS Who Have Never Even Tried

Cartoonists earn from $60 to far over $300 a week. Why then not to work that is drudgery when through a remarkable new method you can easily learn at home the art to draw cartoons that SELL!

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Direct from our factory to weaver. Easiest sold, most admired by部主任 needed. No capital or experience required. Large steady income. Many earn $10, $100 weekly. Territory now being allotted. Write For Free Samples. Madison Shirt Co., 583 E. 22nd, New York.
the villain; he is very wealthy; he lives, or dwells, rather, in a palatial city apartment. He has been seen there and there, at the opera, in great doors, canopied beds, and furniture of the most elaborate details. In the first place, it is not expressive in any manner of the villain’s character. The customary points of distinction are contrary to all his ideals. Instead of emphasizing his villainous character, as may have been the idea, the environment detracts and makes one feel inclined to praise the villain as a hero for living in such a place.

Besides all this, the setting does not even represent wealth. It may suggest a vulgar explanation which would be vulgar and does not represent the value or inspirational qualities to any class of people. A little refinement in an even over-ornate setting would bring out the villain’s character by contrast, would better suggest his great wealth and the set would at the same time have an educational appeal.

The Rise of Olive Thomas

Now over in Broadway Florence Ziegfeld was engaged in his business of “glorifying the American girl” per the “Follies.” His merchandise was and is feminine beauty, preferably famous beauty. Here was youth and beauty, with a brand new fashion, that of the New York shop girl. Every race of the metropolitan melting pot was represented in that array. Olive Duff won the prize, the picture in the paper, the publicity, everything.

The scene changes to the meagre home of the heroine. She is a country girl. She is without a man to fall back on, and down in her city in quest of romance and riches. Shabbiness features her setting. That is inspiration for not even the most lowly! The ideals of the heroine take the place of the other remarkable changes, pivoting about the names of Pickford and Chaplin, are coming up again, as vigorously persistent as a dandelion on the front lawn.

Furthermore, it was reported at 485 Fifth Avenue that the office of the president of Select was filled with posters, sketches and advertising matter pertaining to Myron Selznick’s enterprise. The manager of the Select has been getting considerable fatherly advice.

This led to an open discussion and an open letter from Adolph Zukor in the trade press discussing the president of Select and how it all became a public light. It was announced that there was going to be a definite issue to decide if Lewis J. Selznick, the head of Se.-^t, could devote his energies and attention to a competitive enterprise.

Selznick, holding half of the stock and being in office, successfully resisted efforts to dissolve him. Before the collapse of the firm he had purchased the Zukor interest in Select.

Some swift moves and developments came. The Selznick organization began to lose its stars, all of them third of a departure except Olive Thomas. Tragic death from poison ended her career in Paris, where she had gone in an interlude between pictures. It is possible to believe that Miss Olive Duff never will be told. She had won success, it is called, beyond measure. She had money, adoration, yet another marriage, and it all went with her to the grave.

Outwardly the House of Selznick was still strong. It kept up a brave front of electric lights and the names of a second class line of pictures. The future will be the second phase of the striking career of the diamond merchant in screen land was in sight. While this chapter is written in the fall of ’24 a new and third phase of the same career is forming, with results yet to be written in the electric lights of Broadway,—if they are written.

We have left Mary Pickford for the moment anchored to a contract with Zukor’s Artcraft, still sharing the screen’s highest honors with Chaplin and her name being “picked” to him, after upsetting all the comfortable routines of the industry.

Now before the film world could fairly get its breath after this storm of names, other remarkable changes, pivoting about the names of Pickford and Chaplin, are coming up, ushering in the screen era of the immediate Now.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Good and Bad in Movie Interiors

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

The scene changes to the meagre home of the heroine. She is a country girl. She is without a man to fall back on, and down in her city in quest of romance and riches. Shabbiness features her setting. That is inspiration for not even the most lowly! The ideals of the heroine take the place of the other remarkable changes, pivoting about the names of Pickford and Chaplin, are coming up again, as vigorously persistent as a dandelion on the front lawn.

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Why Men Fall in Love With Actresses

By CONSTANCE TALMADGE
Now! Carry LOOSE Face Powder as safely, as conveniently, as you would a compact!

Women everywhere have been saying: “If only I could find some way to carry loose face powder in my handbag. Some neat, safe, convenient way.”

Djer-Kiss now offers you, Madame, the solution of this difficulty. Djer-Kiss now presents to you two new vanities:

The Djer-Kiss Loose Powder Vanity (Illustrated at the right)

The Djer-Kiss Rouge-and-Loose-Powder Vanity (Illustrated at the left)

Both of these charming vanities have the ingenious Djer-Kiss “powder pockets” (an exclusive Djer-Kiss feature). Each time Madame opens her vanity case, she will find that these pockets have released just enough powder for her puff.

So easy to re-fill

To re-fill the loose powder compartment, you have but to lift out the tray. [Re-fill with Djer-Kiss Face Powder—for this French poudre is of incomparable fineness and quality.] Then snap the tray back into place.

Now, Madame, your Vanity is once more ready for your use.

A double vanity — indeed new, bewitchingly dainty. It presents, Madame, these advantages:

Ingenuous Powder Pockets

A compartment in which you may carry loose Djer-Kiss Face Powder—as neatly, as safely as a Compact. Ingenious “powder pockets” (an exclusive Djer-Kiss feature) release, each time you open the case, just enough powder on your puff.

Rouge Compact

A dainty compact of Djer-Kiss Rouge—in the shade that accentuates your own natural charm.

A double faced mirror

Detail Mirror

On one side a detail mirror reflects any part of the face.

Reducing Mirror

On the other side, the unique Djer-Kiss convex reducing mirror reflects your entire face at a glance, so that you may observe the general effect achieved.

The Djer-Kiss Rouge-and-Loose-Powder Vanity is exquisitely fashioned of nickel-silver—its cover artistically embossed. Each Vanity comes in its own silken-lined box.

Djer-Kiss

LOOSE POWDER VANITY

(for loose powder alone)

A single thin-model vanity in which to carry loose Djer-Kiss Face Powder—as conveniently as a powder-compact. The unique powder pockets release each time just enough powder for your puff—no more.

To re-fill the powder compartment, you have only to lift the tray and fill it from your box of Djer-Kiss Face Powder.

As safe to carry as a Compact

The Djer-Kiss powder pockets release just enough powder for the puff. No excess powder sits through to muss your bag. You can turn the open vanity upside-down—see! no powder will sift through!

Ask today at your favorite shop to see these new Djer-Kiss aids to beauty—the Djer-Kiss Powder Vanity and the Djer-Kiss Rouge-and-Loose-Powder Vanity. See with your own eyes how at last, you can carry loose powder as safely as you would a compact.
OF COURSE she said, "Bring him along. We'll be glad to have him too," when Mabel Crosby telephoned that her Cousin Bob had arrived unexpectedly for the week-end. But Bob would make nine at a dinner table set for eight—and set with all the "company" silverware, at that. Tonight, again, somebody's place would be oddly set. This had happened too often. Why didn't she get more silverware!

ONE CROSBY TOO MANY

IS YOUR SILVERWARE EQUAL TO THE UNEXPECTED GUEST?
Can you welcome the extra guest with the assurance that you have enough silverware to set his place correctly? Or does his appearance mean that one place at table will be set with makeshift pieces?
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The sensible thing is to make your silverware equal to any occasion. Leading dealers carry the newer 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns.
You will find our booklet B-27, Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense, full of suggestions for successful entertaining. It's free. Write for your copy today. INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.

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INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
Personalities of Paramount

Cecil B. De Mille
Director General of Paramount Pictures

The name of Cecil B. De Mille is written in letters of fire and gold across the entire history of motion pictures.

In the uncharted land of Filming Life he has pioneered from picture to picture, devising and improving point after point of technique that has since become axiomatic with the industry.

In the wake of his progress he has left more than a score of world-encircling productions, all Paramount Pictures, and all so successful that nothing short of his own "Ten Commandments" could outshine them.

The glory of his example set such a torch to the ambition of others that he may be truthfully called director-maker and star-maker.

His philosophy is that the motion picture can be made the greatest instrument of human entertainment and stimulus to perfection ever dreamt of, and every Paramount Picture he makes is practical precept and proof of it.

If you saw "Male and Female", "Man slaughter", "Feet of Clay", "The Golden Bed", or "The Ten Commandments", you know the art of this super-director.

Cecil De Mille is now making "Sorrows of Satan",
Jeanne Macpherson's
screen play of
Marie Corelli's story

Paramount Pictures

Setting the Genius of the Screen

Many kinds of talent go to the making of great photoplays.

Like a precious stone, motion picture genius requires setting, and to do this, guarantees and money and organization must be forthcoming from somewhere in advance of the creation of any real values whatsoever.

In the past the Great Aristocrat was the patron of art and within the portals of his palace a place was made for the Artist.

Today, Business Organization is the Patron, holding the sacred trust in fee for all the millions of people who seek the spirit of that intenser life called Art at the motion picture theatre.

And Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is proud to realize that there are millions who demand to know nothing more about a picture before they go than that its name is Paramount.
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Make this your reference list.

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I Knew Them When

An intimate story about famous screen stars when they began their film careers and were, like thousands of others today, simply extras on the studio lot, waiting and hoping for a chance to get into the picture.

Gloria Swanson

was only an impatient and fiery little extra girl ten years ago. How she literally fought her way to stardom is told in this amazing revelation of studio life by a man who watched it and studied it. For the first time is bared the early struggles and triumphs of some of the screen’s most noted stars.

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the March issue of

PHOTOPLAY

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A CHRISTIE PRODUCTION MEANS QUALITY COMEDY ENTERTAINMENT

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A S a special service to its readers, Photoplay Magazine inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, and in brief form critical comments upon all photographs of the preceding six months. Photoplay readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

Photoplay has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photographs do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of Photoplay in which the original review appeared.

CAPTAIN BLOOD— Vitagraph.—Of the old roistering days of seventeenth century and revolves around a series of sea fights. Splendid entertainment. (November.)

CAPTAIN JANUARY—Principal.—The sentimental tale of an old lighthouse keeper, and his governess, a girl washed ashore. Baby Peggy is the walt. Fair. (September.)

CHANGING HUSBANDS—Paramount.—When a husband can't tell his wife from another woman, there is bound to be trouble—or comedy. Some of the latter in this, though it falls down. (September.)

CHEAP KISSES—A. B. O.—This is C. Gardner Sullivan's first production. The story, although about the jazz age, is quite different from others. It is amusing and enjoyable. (January.)

CHRISTINE OF THE HUNGRY HEART—First National.—A dull and episodic treatment of the neglected wife theme. (January.)

CIRCE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Boring tale said to be an original film tale by Blasco Ibanez, Too many closeups of Ma Murray. (November.)

CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS, THE—Paramount.—Not Director James Cruze at his best and yet slightly better than the average photoplay built upon a mother-love story. This is Virginia Lee Corbin's first grown-up role. (December.)

CLASSMATES—First National.—This time Richard Barthelmess has for his leading lady Madge Evans, in her first grown-up role. The average screen follower will adore Richard as a West Point cadet. (January.)

CLEAN HEART, THE—Vitagraph.—From the novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of "If Winter Comes . . ." Perce Pearce and Anna Q. Moore are especially suited to their roles. It is an interesting and appealing character study. (December.)

DANGEROUS COWARD, THE—F. B. O.—Poor entertainment provided by story of a cowboy who refuses to fight and is dubbed "Yellow." (August.)

DANGEROUS MONEY—Paramount.—This is Bebe Daniels' first starring picture. Just another flabby film story with William Powell, the secondarily told who tries to get Bebe's money. (December.)

DANTE'S INFERNO—Fox.—This is a queer mixture of a modern story with Dante's immortal effort interwoven. Brinninthe, pitch and Bathing girl! Shades of Dante. (December.)

DARING LOVE—Tраст.—An unfortunate wife uses a band to recuperate, and a dancer makes him see the light and happiness. Not much. (September.)

DARK STAIRWAYS—Universal.—If you will lay aside your judgment you'll like this one. A mystery story, impossible, but exciting. Good entertainment. (September.)

DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE—Principal.—Here is another one that lives up too closely to the title to make it suitable for the family audience. A good cast. (August.)

DESERT OUTLAW, THE—Fox.—Not much of a story but western melodrama with action galore. (September.)

DON'T BOther YOUR HUSBAND—Metro.—Viola Dana and Alan Forrest take an ordinary story and make it interesting. (September.)

EMPTY HANDS—Paramount.—Story of engineer and society girl lost in wilderness. Experience care of distorted view of life. (November.)

ENEMY SEX, THE—Paramount.—Betty Compson in a sexy film of the girl who comes through life unscathed. Keep the family home. (September.)

FASt WORKER, THE—Universal.—A capable cast makes this picture thoroughly entertaining. Reginald Denny does some thrilling automobile racing. (December.)

FEet OF CLAY—Paramount.—Cecil B. DeMille's new one; very Reynolds, in her first big role. Hectic, and apt to disappoint. (December.)

FEMALE, THE—Paramount.—Poorly handled story of girl who once ran into an African jungle and played with lion cubs. (November.)

FIGHTING AMERICAN—Universal.—Comedy born of sheer nonsense and filled with lively entertainment. (August.)

FIGHTING FURY—Universal.—A conventional Western of cattle-rovers, lovely ranch-owner and heroic stranger which merits unqualified verdict of "pretty good." (October.)

FIGHT, THE—Fox.—Snappy and well acted, this film appeals to all who like fight. Based on Richard Harding Davis' Western stories. (October.)

FIRE PATROL, THE—Cheswick.—An old-time melodrama with every old film thrill worked in. (August.)
Falling Hair Stopped - New Hair Grown In 30 Days - Or No Cost!

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Elinor Glyn Dares to Tell the Truth About Marriage

ELINOR GLYN, FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS," HAS WRITTEN A WONDERFUL BOOK THAT SHOULD BE READ BY EVERY MAN AND WOMAN—MARRIED OR SINGLE. "THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE" IS NOT A NOVEL—IT IS A HELPFUL SOLUTION OF THOSE PROBLEMS OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE ABOUT WHICH MOST OF US KNOW SO LITTLE AND CONCERNING WHICH WE SHOULD BE SO WELL INFORMED. READ BELOW HOW YOU CAN GET THIS THRILLING BOOK AT OUR RISK—WITHOUT ADVANCING A PENNY.

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

If you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affection—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or please your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do You Know About Love?

Do you know how to win the one you love? Why do husbands often grow increasingly indifferent even though their wives strive tirelessly to please them? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in their efforts to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when your really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. Her book will thrill you as you have never been thrilled before. It may also upset some of your pet notions about love and marriage. But it will set you right about those precious things and you will be bound to admit that Madame Glyn, who has made a life study of love and marriage, has written the most amazingly truthful and the most downright helpful volume ever penned. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and ruthless courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade, while she deals with strong emotions in her frank, fearless manner, she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and so adroitly that the book can be read by any man or woman.

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YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below and mail it to the publisher, or write a letter on your own stationery. Your copy will be sent in plain wrapper on approval. When the postman delivers the book to you, judge it—actually in your hands—pay him only $1.00, plus a few cent postage, and the book is yours. Or return it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in movies. Her books have been like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is designed to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it even if they are not going to buy it. And it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to worry you—it is true.

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Good Directors and All Star Casts Not Enough

Chicago, Ill.

I wonder why we can't have more pictures with Lois Wilson and Richard Dix in them? Something like “I've Found!” and “The Call of the Canyon” and “To the Last Man.” I haven't forgotten for a long time a picture I really enjoyed. The last one satisfied me for some time to come. It was “Three Women.” I had a visit from my sister in Wisconsin. She likes a nice clean picture. But after seeing “Three Women” I was unable to get her to go again. “His Hour” was another piece of photography that makes one want to stay at home and forget all about motion pictures and Hollywood stars. It takes something beside a good director and an all star cast to make a picture worth seeing. -GEORGE EPPING.

The Two Polas

Billa, Sumatra.

I want to say a few words about the recent statement that “Dough and Mary” are unknown in Berlin.

That is not so. They know Dough very well. In all the papers from there that I read or only looked through he appeared. He was always mentioned as “Mr. Fairbanks.”

So much for her former flame, Betty Blythe who made working after Wilcox Graham on “Chu Chin Chow” in Berlin, I do not know what to think of that lady. You may make yourself very interesting to Americans with such talk but not to European fans.

I think the American pictures are much more interesting and enjoyable to Europeans now that they formerly were. But I do not think the American Pola is what she was when filming in Germany.

PHOTOPLAY forever! -HULIA FOLKERTS.

Burning Words from a Zealot

Pascagoula, Miss.

Words can never express the how thoroughly I enjoyed reading what the stars said concerning love. Such articles make PHOTOPLAY the best screen magazine in the world. If all actresses left the effect upon their audiences that Lillian Gish leaves upon hers, this world would be a lonely and godlike place. She is an artiste in every sense of the word. Oh, for more stars like Miss Gish!

Although Miss Gish is the true artist, I think Barbara La Marr is the most beautiful woman on the screen. Her mouth is irresist-ible. If she would only act as well as she looks! I read so many criticisms concerning her matrimonial career, but she hasn't been divorced for months.

A closing word. How much we wish Marguerite Clarke would come back! We all loved her and do still.

JULIAN MEGRAN.

Gloria vs. Lillian

Hartford, Conn.

Just a few words of praise for Gloria Swanson in “Her Love Story.” She is the best and most versatile actress on the screen. She has steadily improved. Every new picture of hers excels her former portrayals. Her work in “Gloria” is as in “The White Sister” and “Drum of God” in “The White Sister.” Her performance in “Gloria” is by far the finest. There is something about the fact that Lillian has become famous for roles of this type and Miss Swanson has never done anything of the kind before, she seems more real, more sincere in her work than Miss Gish does.

ALBERT WHITE.

Wallace Reid’s Successor


I am writing to second the suggestions of Dorothy Treat of Paris, Tex., and Gertrude Westenberg, of Seattle. The former asks for photographs of Wallace Reid. Please let us have some. So many hundreds of people feel sure, would like to see his dear face once more. As for all this hank about Reginald Denney being Wallace’s success or, well, it is utterly ridic-ulous to say such a thing just because Denney has made a motor racing film. There will never be another actor like poor Wallace. He was unique. Perhaps I am hard on Reginald, for I consider him splendid in his own sphere; but being a truly fervent Reid fan I prefer to cherish Wallace’s memory without being constantly reminded of his successor.

EVA MOONEY.

A Plea for Gareth Hughes

Lexington, Mass.

I wonder if a little paragraph in Col York’s columns has hurt others as much as it hurt me. Of course it was inevitable. We who love him have watched Gareth Hughes slip down, down from the pinnacle of success, and yet to me at least, the standardized admission of failure, a vaudeville contract, was a shock.

Isn’t there anything that we can do? We who have been loyal in spite of poor pictures and miscasting? Are we to lose him with only that great role, “Sentimental Tommy,” by which to remember him? If so, who is to play “L’Aiglon?” There is no one else in the world who can take his place. The producers must give him back to us in good pictures and good parts. For there is only one of him, and he is of a very fine and beautiful kind.

RUTH RAYMOND.

Still Pulling at Gloria’s Bob

Mansfield, Ohio.

Of course everyone has a right to his or her own opinion and I’d like to voice mine. In the November PHOTOPLAY Mildred Wells said she hoped that Gloria Swanson would never make another picture with her boyish bob. I hope she’ll rather than different fail. It makes her look years younger and I’ll wager it’s loads more comfortable than a lot of silly false hair. Here’s hoping that she will remain the “boy bob Gloria.”

DOROTHY R. BELLMAN.

Who Knows Most About Love?

Glendive Mont.

Let those men and women who have loved with clapped hands beside some little grave and have looked into each other’s eyes and found there the courage to pick up the burdens of life and go on because they still had each other, tell what love is.

Not divorced women, or those living apart from their husbands. After reading what Nita Naldi thinks about love one wants to give his mind a bath.

The vast majority of American people will keep on loving the one man or woman through the years of their lives and many of them will not know that there is no love because Dagmar Godowsky has said there is none.

There were two welcome exceptions in your discussion of “What is Love?” That Lois Wilson said is fine and beautiful like the girl herself. And what Alice Terry contributed is like herself, sensible and womanly. The woman who said “There is no real love in the world today” is a poor, blind, misguided moral. But since some of us know better and since real love is built upon the Rock of Ages and will endure through all the changing ways of time, let her think to enjoy and enjoy her misery.

MRS. T. B. FOREMAN.

Greetings, Peter Pan

Chicago, Ill.

In the November PHOTOPLAY I was especially interested in reading of Sir James Barrie’s selection of an actress to play his Peter Pan. He selected Little Doris sitting in the manager’s office. It is unknown to all of us yet, to play the title role. His selection could not have been wiser. Her photographs prove that. She is young and pleasant and has the sort of face that we all adore. I know we will love her in “Peter Pan.”

I have read that Gloria Swanson would have given anything to play the part. Miss Swanson is an excellent actress, but, in my estimation, is far from being Peter Pan.

Three cheers for Sir James Barrie and his discovery. I hope that she will become as well known and loved as our dear Mary Pickford.

PINKIE LEADER.

One Knock and Three Boosts

Oklahoma City, Okla.

I may have a fight on my hands in making this statement, but I am of a race of fighters rather than diplomats. I cannot see Rudolph Valentino despite the fact that “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse” was one of the best pictures of the season. I expect to see. I’m rooting for Ramon Novarro and Kenneth Harlan, at the same time not forgetting that bright particular star that shone too brightly, Wallace Reid.

The memory of Wallie still lingers as bright, Will linger till Time in its span takes flight. Till the stars blink out their last starry light. And the sun and the moon shine no more, day or night.

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Brief Reviews of Recent Pictures

MY HUSBAND'S WIVES—Fox. A silly story of a young girl who marries her school-chum's ex-wife.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE—F. B. O. Story too well-known to be told here. Picture lacks vitality despite several great situations. (August.)

NAVIGATOR, THE—Metro. Buster Keaton 8 in his way our way through six thousand feet of film. (December.)

NEGLECTED WOMEN—F. B. O. Another characterisation much overdone. Just a dull and mildly hectic melodrama. (October.)

NEVER SAY DIE—Associated Exhibitors. When a fellow is only given three months to live and marries his friend's sweetheart that he might inherit the fortune and then doesn't die—there's the trouble. Further amusing Douglas Maclean effort. (December.)

OH, DOCTOR!—Universal. The story of a hypo-

chondriac youth who becomes a daredevil and wins his nurse. (December.)

ONE NIGHT IN ROME—Metro-Goldwyn. A long suffering duchess is unjustly accused of being the cause of her profligate husband's suicide. Happy end. (November.)

ONLY WOMAN, THE—First National. A trite story of a young girl forced into a loveless marriage with a waver. Nona Tal Humphrey's acting is adequate. (January.)

OPEN ALL NIGHT—Paramount. Novel story but at times a bit soiled in presentation. Story of a woman who can't get a job and goes to the hand and asks cat man but gets over it. (November.)

PAINTED LADY, THE—Fox. On a South Sea island cruise, a painted lady meets a real life-hater and through his love "comes back." Not for children. (December.)

PAL O' MINE—C. B. C—A human story of a wife who feels the urge to take up a career and does it. Pleasing. (August.)


ial. (September.)


Another story of Manhattan's night life. Fairly good entertainment of its kind but not pretentious. (December.)

PRINTER'S DEVIL, THE—Warner Brothers. A well-well picture with Wesley Barry at his best. Story lives up to title with lots of thrills. (August.)

RACING LUCK—Associated Exhibitors. One of the finest screen thrillers of the year. (November.)


RED LILY, THE—Metro. A, nucky and sordid tale more adapted to the dress of Paris. Not a family picture. (October.)

REVELATION—Metro. A revival of Nazimova's best picture; Viola Dana attempts to play a part in study of prostitution. Her talents not adequate to the role. (September.)

RIDDLE RIDER, THE—Universal. A novel serial with a long play in a newspaper editor by day and a mysterious "Riddle Rider" at night. The usual serial stuff with action gags. (January.)

RIDIN' KID FROM POWDER RIVER, THE—Universal. A melodrama revolving around the feud between cattlemen and rusters. Too much mystery for a conventional plot. (January.)

ROMANCE RANCH, Fox.—The lost will and the rightful heir are features in this tale. Every one is happy and the work is excellent. (October.)

ROSE OF PARIS, THE—Universal. Another variation of the Cinderella theme. Mary Philbin is again buried in the machinations of an inferior story. (December.)

SANDRA—First National. A weak story wretchedly told. Bad acting and directing make this an unsuitable vehicle for Barbara La Marr. (January.)

SAWTOOTH TRAIL, THE—Universal. A spoiled son finds his heart's desire in a girl of the circus, who hates men. Humphrey Bogart, the star, doesn't do much riding. (September.)

SEA HAWK, THE—First National. A romantic tale of the seven seas that reaches superlative heights. (June.)

SELF-MADE FAILURE, A—First National. Lloyd Hamilton and Ben Alexander in a splendid rendering of a modern love story. (October.)

SIDE SHOW OF LIFE, THE—Paramount. Ernest Torrence's characterization of the circus clown, who goes to war and of course marries the blue-blooded, girl. (October.)

SIGNAL TOWER, THE—Universal. A compelling story of an isolated mountain railroad signal tower. (September.)

SILENT ACCUSER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn. A melodrama with a dog, Peter the Great, as the star. The dog's acting is the one saving grace. (January.)

SILENT WATCHER, THE—First National. Humphrey Bogart, the star, is a gentle man. Besse Love and Louise Bosworth in a picture vivid with life. It is a story of a youth's loyalty to his employer. (December.)


SINNERS IN HEAVEN—Paramount. Romance of a girl and man cast upon desert isle from a wrecked chushe. Considerable romance. (November.)

SINNERS IN SILK—Metro. A highly amusing comedy of the ultra modern younger set, depicting a few new tricks. (November.)

SIREN OF SEVILLE, THE—Producers Distributing. Another addition to the Seafront series; with its romances, jealousies, brawls, fights, man fights and women fights. Plenty. Perhaps it proves herself one of the screen's best actresses. (October.)

SNOR, THE—Metro-Goldwyn. Monta Bell again (August.)

SON OF THE SAHARA—First National. Good picture. One of the few films of the year where the end is as good as the beginning. Stires do splendid work and are supported by good amateurs. (August.)

SPEED SPOOK, THE—C. C. Burr. A racing driver uses a public stunt to put the girl's father on the track. Plenty of speed, action and excitement. (January.)

SPIRIT OF THE U. S. A.—F. B. O. Another attempt to use the flag to get your money. (August.)

STORY WITHOUT A NAME, THE—Paramount. A story of an average man who gets crowded into six feet to make at least several exciting serials. Taken from Picture Play's false context story. The winning title is "Without Warning," which now supersedes the original title. (January.)

SWORD OF VALOR, THE—Cinemat—Contains one of the finest interpolations and proves a clean-cut American can win in anything he tries in any clime. (January.)

WORDS AND THE WOMAN—F. B. O. Story of the French Revolution, done with artistry and charm. (September.)

TARNISH—First National. Taken from the famous stage play, this film is a fitting entertainment. Best pictures of the month. Anyone who likes good entertainment should see this picture. (December.)

TELEPHONE GIRL—F. B. O. This one of the series, called the "Bee's Knees," is about an attempt to get a phone company to switch an operator's personal limits. Uninteresting. (September.)

TESS OF THE D'Ubervilles—Metro. Reaches the screen minus most of its vitality. Both leading characters poorly done. (October.)

TEETH—Fox. Duke the dog, is the latest addition to the Tom Mix organization. There is not much from the story, but plenty of thrills and action. (October.)

THAT FRENCH LADY—Fox. All about love without marriage, and a nice picture of what might have had. (October.)

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT—F. B. O. The Balkans, rich redoubts, and the battle of the very best of business for the most interesting picture. Well directed. (September.)

THIS WOMAN—Warner. This almost wins the brown derby for lack of plausibility. Full of movie sentiment. (August.)

THOSE WHO DANCE—First National. A thriller, well directed and acted, through a maze of intrigue, murders, police pursuits and suspense. (August.)

THREE WOMEN—Warner Bros. Story is the emotional struggle of a woman and grown daughter to win the man. Not savory but smoothly told. (November.)
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]
THUNDERING HOOPS—F. B. O.—A peach of a
Western, starring Fred Blassing. Fills your
eyes with thrills one can think of and a few more besides. (Jan.)

TIGER LOVE—Paramount—Antonio Moreno
and Noah Beery manage to have a wild time in the
mountains of Spain what with outwitting and kidnapp-
ing at altar. (September.)

TURMOIL, THE—Universal—Booth Tarkington's
story of a little middle-western town. Besides
one big scene the picture is fair. (August.)

UNGUARDED WOMEN—Paramount—Drama
and life here collaborate to make an exciting picture.
Good work by Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix.
(September.)

VANITY'S PRICE—F. B. O.—Heavy and luxu-
rious melodrama of rejuvenation is thrilling and amus-
ing box office ecstacy. (November.)

VENUS OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Lee Bradford,
Annette Kellerman still good in water but inad-
quate to the emotional lines on land. (August.)

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND—Param-
ount—Filled in natural colors this picture wins by
sheer beauty, acting and directing. (August.)

WANDERING HUSBANDS—Hollywood—
Lisbeth Selin Lee wins in this picture with many
attractive and virile individuals. (September.)

WELCOME STRANGER—Prod. Dist. Corp.—
An entertaining comedy based upon Aaron Hoffman's
successful stage play. (December.)

WESTERN LUCK—Fox—Lives up to name without a tur-
bulent lift. (August.)

WHAT THREE MEN WANTED—Apollo—Myst-
ery story. Dull and unentertaining. (August.)

WHEN A GIRL LOVES—Associated Exhibitors.
A love story that is entertaining. (August.)

WHITE MAN—Schubert—Alice Joyce, after an
absence of one year, returns to her own affairs. The
action chiefly concerns a man's honor and respect for
a woman. An excellent cast. (January.)

WHITE MOTI, THE—First National—Story is
centered around a ranch and full of mood with poor
directing and bad acting. (August.)

WHITE SHADOW, THE—Selznick—Good story of
twins sisters. Could be handled better, especially in
placing situations. A Western. (September.)

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME—First National—A
farce by Avery Hopwood done seriously. Title is a
bait. (August.)

WINE—Universal—Another hectic film of the
East Age, featuring Chara Bow as the flapper heroine.
(October.)

WINE OF YOUTH—Metro-Goldwyn—Fright-
ened by an army of suitors, the heroine takes two of
them to a mountain camp for a trial honeymoon.
Nothing much happens. (September.)

WINNER TAKE ALL—Fox—This is different
from the usual Charles Jones story. It is filled with
nappy action and a lively climax. (September.)

WITHOUT WARNING—Paramount—This
title won the $3,500 prize in Photoplay's $5,000 contest.
It supercedes the "Big Night" for active, La-Mar Reducing Soap
which the title was first released. See page 14 under original title for Brief Review of this film.

WOMAN ON THE JURY—First National—a
western story of a man philosopher and a jury con-
taining one of his victims. Hardly for the family, (August.)

WORLDBY GOODS—Paramount—A young hus-
band is a bluffer, a pusher of his idle talk. Divorce threats, but then he makes good and all is
rosy. (January.)

YOUNG IDEAS—Universal—A host of spoon-
ing mouthfuls are pushed out upon a cold world. Roy
T. Barnes turns the trick. Fair. (September.)

Nurse (Announcing the arrival of son and heir) — "It's a boy!"

EX-GROSS PROFESSOR—"Ask him what he
wants; I'm busy." —Punch

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Imprisoned Moonbeams!
MAY McAVOY, like Nero with his fiddle, is making history in sunny Italy. While May cannot be said to be setting Rome afire, she is receiving lots of praise for her portrayal of Esther in "Ben Hur". By the time this is published she will be back in America seeking new screen worlds to conquer, according to latest reports from across the Atlantic.
LILLIAN RICH is now a blonde. She is being featured by Cecil De Mille in "The Golden Bed." De Mille does things just that way. If he wants a blonde he takes a brunette, puts a wig on her head and presto! his wish is gratified. It is all so simple for Mr. De Mille, this changing of nature's handiwork, that one wonders why nature didn't consult him before making film actresses in these strenuous days.
AND look what they've done to little Shirley Mason. Not to be outdone by De Mille in making strange metamorphoses, William Fox has put a blonde wig on Shirley for her next two pictures, "Curley Top" and "The Scarlet Honeymoon." Just where these transformations will stop nobody seems to know at present. Maybe somebody will put a blonde wig on Bull Montana and call him Cleopatra
ALMA RUBENS is not only one of the most beautiful women on the screen but also one of the busiest. She just goes from one picture to another, two of her latest being "The Dancers" and "The Clash." Both are being made at the same time, giving Alma a chance to show just how much she can do when she really wants to try
MILDRED GLORIA LLOYD sat for her picture on the day she was six months old, and if she isn't one of the prettiest babies you ever looked at we'll never publish another baby picture. No wonder Papa Harold and Mama Mildred are so proud of her. We'll have to admit that these parents are entitled to brag about their first offspring.
THE Rich family seems to be quite popular this month. A few pages back we had Lillian and above we have Irene. They are not related, but there are a lot of Smiths in the same boat. Irene recently finished making "The Man Without a Conscience." She will be seen in some of the more pretentious productions scheduled for the year.
GLORIA is glorious all right, but we're not going to say so here. Everybody else calls her "Glorious Gloria" but we refuse to follow in anybody's footsteps. However if "Madame Sans Gene" is as good as "Wages of Virtue" and several other of her recent pictures we're going to call her "The Glorified Gloria" and let others follow us
It was naturally a fastidious woman who made this important discovery.

At first, the thought of her dainty undersilks in a damp, dark hamper with all the other household laundry was merely an unpleasant idea.

Then she learned that it actually shortened the life of her fragile things by months to expose them to the action of perspiration acids. Such garments should never lie in a damp, stuffy hamper for days after they are worn. Perspiration and dampness together rot silk, and wool, too. And there is perspiration in all garments that come into contact with the skin—even though they may not look soiled.

More and more women are coming to realize this. Considerations of personal daintiness, added to this danger, require for their delicate garments a quick tubbing in a bowlful of Ivory suds as soon as possible after being worn. This takes only a few minutes and results in the luxury of fresh garments every day—and in longer wear from them.

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Ivory suds, from Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes, are distinctively suited to this daily tubbing because they are pure—the delicate skin of millions of women records Ivory’s purity and gentleness. So, of course, an Ivory sudsing, no matter how frequent, will injure nothing that water alone will not harm.

Do you know of any other soap offered for delicate garments, in any form, to which you would think of trusting your complexion—even once?

Procter & Gamble

Have you ever considered this?
A great many women do their entire household laundry with Ivory Soap—for their hands’ sake, as well as for the sake of the clothes. Why not try Ivory for your weekly wash and other household tasks?

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Every one of the modern garments listed below requires the care and protection provided by Ivory (cake or flakes).
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For a very special need—a sample—FREE
If you have a particularly precious garment that will stand the touch of pure water, let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes to wash it with. With the sample will come also a beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," which is a veritable encyclopaedia of laundering information. Address a postcard or letter to Section 45-BF, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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It Floats — 99 3/4% Pure
PHOTOPLAY

February, 1925

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

CHARLIE CHAPLIN says that "The Salvation Hunters," by a new director of the Von Stroheim School, Josef Von Sternberg, is the finest picture he has ever seen. Mary Pickford says: "Josef Von Sternberg is far ahead of anyone directing pictures." I haven't much faith in Chaplin's critical judgment of any pictures except his own. But Mary is not given to such extravagant language. Doug Fairbanks says: "The picture has Chaplin's simplicity, Lubitsch's subtlety, Griffith's dramatic sweep, my own optimism and punch and a plastic art which no one has hitherto brought to the film."

All I hope is that each of them sticks to his own style and does not attempt to copy "The Salvation Hunters." As critics, I consider the trio the best producers in the business.

The picture has a theme. Discussing the high art of the cinema, however, we must call it a great thought. If Jimmy Cruze were doing it we'd call it a situation. It is reviewed in the Shadow Stage of this magazine but is not listed among the best six of the month.

And I am not going to take Rex Ingram's judgment on a picture any more, either. Under the influence of his Irish barney, I almost wept over the plight of Eric Von Stroheim, but after seeing "Greed," which was presented with grand gestures suitable only to the formal opening of a Metropolitan Museum of Art, I have decided on my New Year's resolution. For ten years or more I have not made any, because as a youth I always broke them, anyhow. Long ago I resolved that I would never accept the judgment of any director on any picture. I may seem to be guilty of a back somersault on Dr. Von Stroheim, but with the same anticipation that I saw "Greed," I am going to see how he and Mac Murray are going to get along with "The Merry Widow."

He is an entertaining little cuss, anyhow, and if he only could get rid of that little mental twist that inspires him to show dead cats instead of morning glories opening to the sun, there wouldn't be a director who could surpass him.

THE greatest editorial problem of PHOTOPLAY today is its effort to tell its two million or more readers just what pictures are worth their time and money. In our Shadow Stage we are endeavoring, as accurately as is humanly possible, to report to you the value of the latest releases in motion pictures.

It is natural that producers should make every effort to sell their pictures, but I consider that it is the province of a truthful review to offset, as much as possible, misleading and exaggerated exploitation of a picture.

Several companies have a bad habit of exploiting as a "special" a picture in which they have been unfortunate in excessive expense. They expect you to pay a dollar or a dollar and a half for a picture that should be sold at the regular price.

No one is infallible in picture judgment, but when a producer resorts to this method of recouping his production disaster, it is not only legitimate criticism, but it is the duty of the periodical such as this to tell what we think is the truth and the truth never harms real merit. We are very fortunate in having a great reader confidence and while our judgment is human there is nothing that can sway us from our determination to make it as nearly accurate as possible.

WHAT is the purpose of journalistic criticism, anyhow, and what are its essentials? Personally, I consider it a simple matter of reporting. You want to know whether a picture is worth seeing or not. Six writers see pictures for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Shadow Stage department. Where we are in doubt, all six sometimes see the same picture. First we try to establish the entertainment value of the picture, judged from the viewpoint of the average devotee of the motion picture. We try to tell you something of the story and of its suitability for the whole family, and who the players are. Where we find an unworthy picture heavily exploited, we tell you that it does not live up to its advertising.

The so-called field of higher criticism, based almost entirely upon a discussion of technique, we leave to others. If we knew more than anybody else about picture making, we would hardly be in the magazine business.

One of the biggest producers once invited me to go into production, and in answer to his coy inquiry as to whether I knew how to make pictures I modestly assured him that I knew more than anybody in the world. He looked a little astonished and on recovering his breath said, "Then why don't you go in and show these fellows up?"

I told him that my only reason was that I didn't want to show myself up. After all, it is a simple matter to stand off and express opinions, but it is a mighty difficult matter to make a good picture.

The law draws a line some place on the limits to which a publication can go in criticism of a theatrical or motion picture production, and more than once we have been threatened with suits involving large motion picture figures and the discipline of a stern judge. But it is our opinion that anybody who tries to get a dollar and a half for a fifty-cent picture is trying to pick your pocket, and we don't intend to stand by and see anybody do that when you are friendly enough to go up to a newsstand and pay twenty-five cents for this publication.
"Barbara is the eternal contradiction. Love to her is a torture, always a torture, and yet I think she must have drunk some love-philter, for she cannot help loving any more than men can help loving her."

"I shall always think of Gloria as some exquisitely polished and shining jewel, shining—always shining. Glowing, priceless, cold."

Vampires

Impressions of Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson and Barbara La Marr by the Screen's newest young lover

It is enormously amusing to write a tale under that title. Because of course I know nothing whatever about vampires. No man does. If he did, they would cease to be vampires. Anyone can see that.

But I am like all other men. I love to talk about the things I know absolutely nothing about. And it is true that before I went into pictures I had never been nearer to a vampire than the lady in Mr. Kipling's famous poem. In the last eighteen months I have played opposite the three stars whom the world calls the most fascinating and dangerous sirens on the screen—Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, and Barbara La Marr.

So that gives me some little excuse for writing about vampires.

I have been vamped, wooed, won, had my heart broken and my soul destroyed, by each of these ladies, in rapid succession.

And it would be the sheerest folly to pretend that a mere youth just out of college can go through such an experience, even if it is only in fun, as the saying goes, without having some impression etched gorgously upon what he likes to call his brain.

Figure it out for yourself.

It is fair, even in these days when seriousness is the only social crime, for an actor to be serious about his work. Being that it is only play-acting, the world will forgive him for being serious about it, I daresay. And an actor must get pretty deep under the skin of the parts he plays. He must understand them, and feel them, because after all the only two things that matter about acting are sincerity and conviction.

Therefore, if the boy I am playing falls madly in love with Pola Negri, it is necessary for me to understand why he does it, and consequently what form of expression that love would take. One falls far enough below what one wants to do, in any case.

So, professionally, I have been subjected to that high voltage of charm, that famous lure, and I have learned about women from them. A man must, you see, if he is to be an actor—or even a man. For screen purposes, I have been so thoroughly vamped by them that I find myself just a little dizzy when I think of the priceless and never-to-be-forgotten experience of it. For it is not every young man that has such a chance as that—even if it is only professionally.

It is not that I claim to know anything about women. There may have been a brief period during my high school days when
I have known

By Ben Lyon

I rather fancied myself as a deep and slightly cynical student of feminine psychology. But I am once again a victim of the age-old tradition which has to do with the mystery of womankind.

But I can have my impressions, I suppose, as well as another man.

Gloria. Of course she must have been named Gloria, because of all the names there are, that most perfectly suits her. Can you not see Gloria in her name—so lovely, so vivid, so clean-cut, and yet with it all, so cool?

To me, who have been vamped by her, even if it was only professionally, I shall always think of Gloria as some exquisitely polished and shining jewel, shining—always shining. Glowing, priceless, cold.

Her eyes shine, you see, when they look out at you, so directly. No sidelong looks, no drooping lashes for Gloria. She scorns them. She looks at you directly, with her eyes that are all ablaze, and you may look back into them deeply, and see what you can see.

For Gloria has—and so few women have it and can still be entrancing—the impersonal note. The chiselled lips, that meet so firmly. The haughty little chin. The arrogant, intelligent, altogether individual nose. Oh, a very cool and serene and dangerous lady, this one. A lady who scorns the most obvious meanings of things, the subterfuges, the mechanisms, the compliments. A lady who suggests that it might take years and years, even centuries, for you to know all that is behind those direct, fascinating eyes, even as perhaps it took her years, even centuries, to learn them.

And yet, it is odd, but you can still see the little girl in Gloria. You can see the little girl she once was. You can imagine quite easily, for instance, that you knew her when she was a slim, tall little thing, with long, thin legs and a clear-cut little face with defiant eyes. She wore a woolly brown coat, with a red apple in the pocket, and a blue tam.

And then you went away to college, and when you came back, you found a young thing with cool, direct eyes, who would meet you on your own ground and scorn all the silliness and the giggles and the ruffles and the manufactured curls of other girls. A girl in straight, white linen frocks with her smooth, shining hair close about her head. And then, of course, you would discover that she had always been in love with her.

It is strange that Gloria, of all women, should suggest that. She has looked long and disdainfully upon the world, and she rather likes it, but she does not quite trust it. She and the world are what you might call [continued on page 31]
Odds and Ends
the Camera Caught

After looking over these pictures we'd say, "See Hollywood first"

Girls, be careful about those fan letters to Rod La Rocque. His sister, Monique, acts as his secretary. However, she is quite efficient, and efficient secretaries keep pretty mum about their employer's affairs.

The cat's meow! Leo does his stuff while Sid Wagner turns the camera and Ben Stoloff directs the big cat in "Roaring Lions at Home." Nice little house pet.

Bobbing her hair and keeping her curls is easy for Margaret Livingston. She just sews them into her hat.

Here's that wonderful Keaton baby. Bob Talmadge Keaton is seven months old, or was when this picture was taken, and seems to thrive on pearls. Buster doesn't seem to approve, but Natalie appears to be asking what he's going to do about it.
A cock-eyed man meeting a cock-eyed automobile like this might think he was meeting Ben Turpin. That's the reason we put Ben in this picture, so the cock-eyed man will be able to tell them apart.

Out in Hollywood they call this little old lady, below, the sweetest mother in the world. She is Ruby LaFayette, and Paul Bern is posing her as Whistler painted his mother, but in reality it's a scene from "Tomorrow's Love."

Did you ever know that Patsy Ruth Miller had a brother? Here he is. He also plays in pictures.

Meet "Cappy" and "Dobey," children of Harry Carey. Nope, you're wrong. "Cappy" is a girl—Ella Ada—and "Dobey" is Henry George, three years old. "Cappy" isn't quite one—the life of Harry's ranch near Saugus, Calif.

Every morning, Colleen Moore, as the old woman in "So Big," spent two hours having her face transformed.
MEN with foreheads as high as the Woolworth Building have written a million books which are supposed to show just why men fall in love with women. They wasted their time.

That question was answered when God made the first man and the first woman.

Any machine is made for one certain purpose, and for no other.

Men and women were made and carefully designed for just that one certain thing—to fall in love with each other. They weren’t built for any other purpose than that, and therefore they do that, just as long as they are in good running order and don’t need a new carburetor, or to have their valves ground, or their brakes re-lined, or some such thing.

Once the pattern was made, they have been turned out in quantity production, by the millions and billions since the world began, delivered for $595, F. O. B. Detroit.

Of course they fall in love with each other! Isn’t that what they were built for? Then why write huge books to show why they do?

And yet, if it isn’t discussed in too dryly a scientific way, the subject is unfailingly interesting to us men and women, the machines themselves. We can’t get over being excited about the way we run. It continually surprises us. Each of us thinks he is a brand-new discovery and wants to tell everybody he meets what a unique existence he has led. We never get tired of talking about it.

A favorite variation in the theme is: Why do men fall in love with actresses? The theory being that every man “falls” more easily for an actress than for any other woman.

Well, I’m an actress myself, or at least I’m supposed to be. In my profession I meet a lot of other actresses. I know a good deal about whom they meet, the men who shower attentions upon them, the men who work with them and think the actress is just like any other woman, the flowers that are delivered at the stage-door entrance, the chances whether Helen will marry Jack or “Jack,” or whether Grace will divorce Joe, and all the rest of it.

I also know a lot of women who are not actresses. I know their suitors and their husbands, the number of each (there’s a
double-barreled joke concealed in that last phrase, if you can find it), and therefore I know pretty well whether the actress or the ordinary woman gets more attention from men.

Incidentally, let me take back that adjective, "ordinary." There isn't any such thing as an "ordinary" woman. There ain't no such animal.

Some need more hoeing than others, that's all.

Let's get down to personalities. They're the only interesting thing, anyway. Suppose, being an actress, I should ask myself: "Why do men fall in love with me?"

Insert title: "Came a day when, dreaming among the silken cushions of her boudoir, she wondered whether she ought to tell her maid to sweep all the men off the front steps or have ham and eggs for breakfast."

Gracious, I can feel my cheeks burning at the very thought of asking myself such a question! "Why do men fall in love with me?" How do I know that they do? Perhaps they don't, at all.

There's no law against "just supposing," though, is there? We women can get a lot of fun out of "just supposing." The way a lot of us get treated by the men, that's all the fun there is in life for us. And that's no idle jest, either.

Well, I suppose there must be a lot of loving crammed into almost every man's life between the ages of fifteen and fifty. Before or after that age needn't count. It would come into the class of museums. I say in a man's life between those ages, because you can't pin a woman down to years. There's no time to a rib.

In that space of thirty-five years, between fifteen and fifty, a man would have time for some loving. He may fall in love ten times a year, with ten different women, or he may fall in love just once in his life and stay put.

It all depends whether you spread it out all over the map or concentrate it. The total amount is the same, in both instances. Personally, I prefer—Well, never mind what I prefer.

The total amount of love-power (L. P.) for those thirty-five years is, roughly speaking, then, 35 times 10, or 350 L. P. The man can expend it in three hundred and fifty different directions, offering 1 L. P. each time, and then be unable to find a service station where he can get the burned-out engine replaced, or he can make it run smoothly and noiselessly all his life. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

It's sometimes amusing to classify the men one knows, according to their love-power rating—are they 17 L. P. or 225 L. P.?

And from familiarity with this sort of motor show, an actress acquires a certain knowledge of Why Men Fall In Love With Actresses.

The chief reason, probably, is because an actress is and must be heartless.

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How One Extra Saved Her Job

SHE was late—half a day late—and held up Harold Lloyd at a cost of $2,000. A Photoplay representative happened to be present when the girl made her excuses. Harold had seen her dancing the night before and expected a good excuse and got it. Harold's expressions were so good that he got the comedian to pose for them for Photoplay readers after it was all over.

"You see," said the girl, "my mother was washing windows when—"

"I had to run all that distance to catch her. The wind finally—"

"the wind started blowing and blew her right out of the house—"

"and carried her like a leaf clear across four blocks of houses and—"

"dropped her and we both fainted and didn't wake for two hours"
CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

Florence, Italy.

From my casement window I gaze down into the tawny Arno and over the bridge to where Dante stole his Beatrice. He never got to know her, and so he loved her always, and they lived happily ever after. I am moved to wonder what would have happened if the story had ended differently. Instead, Dante was compelled to marry another woman due to the constraints of the era. In this story, Dante is portrayed as being unhappy and cheated by his world, leading to a tragic end. The Florentines proceeded to the final cliff the next chapter invarably told of the stabbing of backs, crashing of canyons and tossing of carcasses into the Arno.

Florence is haunted by the wrathful presence of La Giaconda, Beatrice and Lilian Gish, as well as by the naughty Medici gals and Dorothy Gish. “Romola” was filmed here just a year ago. In the Piazza Signori you can still hear, in fancy, the groans of Savonarola as he was hung, then burned, and the equally anguished wails of Dorothy Gish as she was compelled to lunch on salami.

There are several persons still alive who were present the night that Lincoln was shot, but I am the only person extant who has not had something to say in the bobbed hair controversy. This controversy, started by Photoplay, spread over the world, even to India, where I’m told Ghandi went on a twenty-year fast as a protest against shingling.

I am moved to break my silence by the news that in Attila, Mass., a bobbed hair girl was shot for a woodchuck. While the girl said she should not be placed above a woodchuck, still why massacre a beautiful bird? I, for one, do not want to see the flower of our nation mowed down like woodchucks.

Besides, my girl friend, who is an Elsie Ferguson disciple, is not as beautiful with the Elsie Ferguson bob as she was with the Elsie Ferguson turrent wave. While I do not want to intimidate Miss Ferguson with the fate of a woodchuck, I feel it would be safer for all concerned if she returned to the old coifure.

Women are bobbing their hair, wearing breeches on slight provocation and replacing the trailing negligee with trig pajamas. Simultaneous with this I read, “Men Will Rival Women in Dress.” Can’t you see what is happening? Men are out for reprisals. Tit-for-tat, as grandma would say. If women persist in cutting theirs, men are bound to let theirs grow.

I have a picture of the Photoplay office in 1934 with James R. Quirk standing amid his luxurious surroundings, a rakish pompadour over one eye filled with last year’s cigarette smoke, chatting amiably while with Doug Fairbanks wearing artificial flanges, Novarro with a frizz and Bull Montana peeping out from the coy curls becoming to a spinster.

Ramon Novarro came up here to Florence for a day from Leghorn, where he has been chained hand and foot to the galleys for the past three weeks enacting scenes of “Ben Hur.” He brought sad news. One hundred snakes were engaged for the battle of the Greek and Roman galleys, for it was the jesting custom in the olden days to hurl reptiles at one another. Of the hundred, forty had died on the eve of battle.

“Suicide,” said Ramon. “Too proud to fight.”

“Too proud to fight with actors,” I queried.

Ramon withered me. “A conscientious protest against civilized movie warfare.”

Ramon clung to this theory, but his wit ran unrestrained, and he suggested the following publicity headline after the battle of Snakes vs. Actors:

SNAKE BITES ACTOR; BOTH IN HOSPITAL—ACTOR MAY LIVE.

After visiting the Pitti Palace yesterday to view the work of Raphael, who has been compared by some of his friends to Novarro, albeit I’m bound to concur with those who say his work in no wise stands comparison, being totally devoid of wit and deviltry, I found the following message on my writing table:

Hob dear:

Just brought the body up from Leghorn to purchase presents for thankless friends at home. Will see you this evening... You are my favorite moving picture star; please send me your autographed photograph.

KATE KEY.

When the merry Kathleen checked out of the hotel the manager said, “Just a moment, please; I would like to speak to you privately.”

“Now what have I done?” gasped Kate, with the terror of the hounded Hollywooder, victim of persecutions the world over.

“You are an artist, are you not?” asked the manager suavely.

“No,” gulped Kate. “A movie actress.”

“Oh, pardon Kate.” A movie actress.

“Did you know that a dancer and we wanted some one to dance in the hotel during the winter season?”

Kate reluctantly moved off with her baggage. At the door she paused and called back hopefully, “I can do the hula.”

But the manager repeated that he wanted a dancer, and so la bella Katrina missed her great chance of becoming an artist and went back to work in “Ben Hur.”

Virginia Valli writes that the vicissitudes endured by “Ben Hur” are naught compared to those of a Hollywood matron wrestling with the servant problem. After spying hopelessly with several maids she achieved what she considered a gem in the corpulent person of a colored cook, but on the second day the black pearl quilt, alleging that Miss Valli simply did not understand her. The reason she gave for the incompatibility was that Miss Valli brought home a box of chocolates and failed to offer her any.

Upon telling this to Kate Key, Kate remarked that this must be the same sensitive soft coal mama who was employed by Mrs. Ferdinand Pinney Earle. For dinner on the first evening the cook served fried chicken. A large portion was left over, and so while the cook was out the next day Mrs. Earle and the children had it for lunch. The cook returned after her motor ride in the evening, and Mr. Earle heard a wild banging of doors, accompanied by dark

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]
Charlie's Unromantic Wedding

Mrs. Charles Chaplin, sixteen years old, leading woman and wife of the world’s most famous comedian

By Cal York

I t's great to be famous, but it's sure tough when you want to pull off a quiet wedding."

This must have been Charlie Chaplin's thought after his marriage to little Lita Grey, his sixteen-year-old leading lady.

There is no doubt that he sought a quiet, unpublicized wedding, but Charlie learned that no man can be a public figure, inviting publicity one day, and a recluse spurning it the next. The public just won't let it be done. The public feels that it has bought and paid for such a figure as Charlie Chaplin and it doesn't make any difference whether he buys a new automobile, gets a divorce, gets married, or sues his mother-in-law, it wants to know all about it—and does. You can't beat the dear old public.

As the misadventures of poor, old Don Quixote, upon his ancient, ambling nag, are to the shining deeds of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, so are the courtship, wedding and honeymoon of Charlie Chaplin to those thrilling, sheikish and temperamental romances to which his name has been attached in the past. It certainly is funny.

Upon a certain day in November, Charles Spencer Chaplin, king of comedies and supreme artist of the screen, was married in the little Mexican town

of Empalme to Lilita Louisa McMurray, professionally known as Lita Grey.

No exquisite bride in shining satin enters upon this tale. No candle-lighted drawing room, fragrant with orange blossoms. No sacred, triumphant music. No brilliant gathering of celebrated friends to wish the famous couple joy. No adoring, cheering crowds to scatter blessings in their path.

Far different.

A dobe hut, with chickens and dogs congregated in the front yard. A sixteen-year-old girl, in dusty traveling costume; lawyers, a few Mexicans, a few Japanese servants, an ex-heavyweight prizefighter, and a dismal dawn were the principal features at the wedding. Then the bridegroom, stumbling along railroad ties with his bride behind him, trying to avoid newspaper men.

What a scenario for a Chaplin comedy! What a laugh Charlie would get if he tried it on the screen!

For a long time, ever since Mildred Harris was granted a divorce, there have been engagements and rumors of engagements concerning Charles Chaplin. A goodly list, the ladies whom report hath it that he might have married, or, at least, aspired to marry. Edna Purviance, quiet blonde beauty. Claire Windor, a gold and white beauty, a lovely lady. Cuning, vivacious flapper. May Collins. Lila Lee, adored of all Hollywood. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, famous beauty and divorcée. And, last of all, Pola the gorgeous, Pola the magnificent.

But it was Lita Grey, who claimed upon her marriage license that she was nineteen but whose birth certificate proves her but sixteen, who finally ensnared the gallant Charlie and led him to a tiny, remote altar, behind a curtain of attempted secrecy soon riddled by the newspapers.

Charlie first saw Lita when she was thirteen, engaged her as his leading woman when she was fifteen and married her at 16. She was born in 1908. When the great comedian was making "The Kid," there came to him an ambitious mother leading by the hand [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]
WHAT IS LOVE? Twelve Men

By Rudolph Valentino

A MAN may desire a woman without loving her. A man may admire a woman without desiring her. He may respect the brilliance of her mind, the nobility of her character, yes, even the beauty of her face and body, yet she may not move him emotionally.

Great love between man and woman is a blending of the spiritual and physical. Each augments and accentuates the other. Physical love is not lasting. It is often selfish. But a combination of the two is beautiful, ennobling and eternal. Love brings out the finest qualities in men and women.

Nearly all great art grows out of love.
Nearly all great happiness grows out of love.
Nearly all great unhappiness grows out of love lost or unrequited.

By Douglas Fairbanks

WHAT is love? I've been trying to find out for years. Whatever it is, it's wonderful.

By Conway Tearle

LOVE, physiologically, is the process called "Natural Selection."

Love, psychologically, is conceived, if at all, in a carefree moment and blooms to maturity—or perishes—in an hour of tragedy.

Love can transcend the seventh heaven or be made a caricature of the face of the Devil, depending on the intellectual and spiritual capacities of its participants.

Love is the highest emotion a human being is capable of attaining. Love is the basis of true religion.

Love is the very soul of our existence.

How often do we poor mortals go about dreaming of our heavenly reward? Those who have known love on earth will want no greater reward.

Love is LOVE—it remains for us to make the most of it.

By Rod La Rocque

LOVE is one of the essential ingredients of human existence of which the most spectacular phase, the relation between man and woman, is not intrinsically the most important.

We find that the less showy forms of affection frequently drive their roots deeper into the heart. Mother love has time and again kept a marriage intact long after the affection of courtship has passed. The love of brother for brother, sister for sister, children for their parents, all these constantly exert their influence in all sorts of affairs.

Certainly love, in all its phases, is the great cohesive force of human life.

By Richard Dix

WITH me there is only one answer to the question, and that was written by a poet who lived not so many years ago, and I cannot resist the temptation to quote him.

He said—

"A man can have but one life and one death,
One heaven, one hell. Let me fulfill my fate—
Grant me my heaven now! Let me know you mine,
Prove you mine, write my name upon your brow,
Hold you and have you, and then die away,"
of the Screen Give Their Ideas

If God please, with completion in my soul!
I choose to wear you stamped all over me,
Your name upon my forehead and my breast,
You, from the sword’s blade to the ribbon’s edge,
That men may see, all over, you in me.
That pale loves may die out of their pretense
In face of mine, shames thrown on love fall off.

Robert Browning knew what he was writing about. His love story with Elizabeth Barrett Browning was one of the greatest love stories ever lived, ever immortalized in deathless song.

By Douglas MacLean

LOVE is the chemistry of the soul.
The soul of every human being has a chemical formula of its own. Just as some substances blend with others in the chemical world, so souls find an affinity for each other in human relations.

So it is with love. Some natures beautify and uplift others; some irritate and destroy. This is the great mystery of the affinity of souls. There is no answer. The search for an explanation of this, the greatest phenomenon of existence, is as fruitless as the quest for the fourth dimension or the understanding of time and space.

By Huntly Gordon

LOVE is one of the abstract qualities for which men and women give their lives. It is the emotion that God gave us to bring about mating and the carrying on of life on this planet. Its principal ingredient is the willingness to sacrifice. The greatest lover is not the man who bestows passionate kisses under the silver moon, but he who visualizes the woman he loves as the mother of his children, the keeper of his home. Love is really a great, great friendship. A friendship deeper and more sincere because it is the one thing that equalizes man and woman. Love may make kings of beggars, beggars of kings. Nothing in life is so powerful.

But after all, love has one basic quality—the desire for home and children.

It is natural for both man and woman, wanting children, to look around for a mate whom he or she believes near perfect.

By John Gilbert

The greatest poets have aspired to define love for centuries. But the man who came nearest to achieving it was Richard Wagner. The music of “Tristan and Isolde” is closer to telling you what love is than any words that have ever been spoken.

To me, love is sharing. That is not expressed as I wish I could express it, but it is the only way I know.

I don’t think there is any love so beautiful as a happy married love. Because more and more as time goes on, two people who love and live together, must share every thought. Why, in time speech itself is often unnecessary, and they know each other’s thoughts without words.

By Bull Montana

YOU ask me what is des love? I tella you—when de sweet mama she geee you de air an’ you wanna go out an’ wrestle de grizzly bear—maybe geee you dem cauliflower ear like I got two—meestair dat es love you got.

Even Bool, when a leettle feller, he know about de love. When first I come here from Etaly I meeta one gran’ sweet mama and she hey de Bool crazee. Then I worka wid peck an’ shovel and no gotta de downhill. Alla de time she say, “Bool, ef you lova me so whyfore you no geya me de present?”

One day I see sign en front of theater an’ de sign say dey pay one buck for every minute any guy stay with some gent dey say es champee wrestling. I look at de sign pretty tough but I pretty strong young feller and wrestle shovelled around’ pretty good so I tink I try des feller guy out. Maybe I teck him or maybe I last five minutes an’ getta de sweet mama de present.

Well, des fella pretty good an’ anyway he es champee over Bool. I last six minutes and fifty secon. Dey geya me sex dolla an’ fifty cent an’ I getta de sweet mama de present. Also I getta for leettle Bool one damn fine cauliflower ear.

Weel, meestair, des es love.

By Ben Turpin

LOVE is that wonderful thing which can change the maiden’s plume from “Always a bridesmaid but never a bride” into Mendelsohn’s wedding march.

By George O’Brien

LOVE is inexplicable and as mysterious as life itself. It comes to us when we least expect it and flourishes on devotion, sacrifice and tenderness. Selfishness destroys it, but memory keeps it ever green. I do not think any person who has ever loved another can forget that love. No matter what may come up later to kill it, memories of their love will endure always in their thoughts. That, I think, is due to the fact that at first it was unselfish—that their only thought or feeling for each other was one of deep admiration, and concern for each other’s happiness. Love is, after all, a desire to give happiness to another.
PART IV. Chapter XX

FROM the moment of Tony Hull’s knock upon her bedroom door, to the time of her tremulous “Come in,” it seemed to Jane Dare that hours passed. She could hear the insistent beating of her heart, made the more rapid by the agitation which possessed her. What would she do, if he took her at her word and came in? She did not know. With a shiver of apprehension she drew the coverlet about her breast and gazed in a frightened way at the door.

And yet, in spite of the tears which swept over her, her response to his knock had been deliberate. She wanted very much to know just how Tony regarded her—to find out whether he really cared for her, in the way a man cares for a woman he hopes to marry, or whether his feelings were of a lighter nature, contemplating no more than a passionate adventure. If the latter proved to be the case, he was doomed to a sharp disappointment, but she would know, then, just where she stood, and be able to act accordingly. It would not be the first time, she reflected, that a successful director had offered to make a girl in her position a star—if she would pay the price. Such stories were common enough in all the big studios, and while by no means always true, Jane knew enough of human nature to realize that few men, either in the picture business or out of it, would offer to marry women whom they could get in any other way. Was Tony, then, trying her out, testing her, as she was testing him? It was a singular situation, and one fraught with dangerous to them both.

The setting was romantic enough; midnight, a lonely bunga-

What Has Happened So Far

LEW DAVIDSON, president of the Davidson Productions Company, notes that his star, Alice Carroll, is aging. Jane Dare, secondary lead, feels that she is the logical successor to the biggest position in Davidson’s company. Her hopes are shared by Tony Hull, director, who is secretly in love with Jane. Davidson, while looking about for a successor to Alice, takes a trip to Hollywood where he meets Irene Shirley, a former Broadway chorus girl. She fascinates him with her baby stares and baby prattle. He is warned by another producer that he is “making a fool of himself,” but angrily rejects this caution. Despite the fact that he knows nothing of her past (which cannot stand too close inspection), Davidson takes her to New York and gives her a five-year contract. She continues her campaign of vamping until she has Davidson fairly befogged. Her apparent lack of sophistication serves the double purpose of holding him in the net while compelling him to treat her with great respect. Davidson takes Jane from the cast and replaces her with Irene. The
This is the greatest story ever written on studio life. Intimate glimpses of the tribulations of everyone connected with a great picture are revealed with startling frankness. If you haven't read the earlier installments read the synopsis below.

low with just the two of them as its occupants, their unconventionals—she glanced down at the silk pajamas she had put on—and most of all, the keen interest, the love, perhaps, which had suddenly developed between them. Almost anything might happen, Jane reflected, as she waited for the door to open—anything but one. On that point, so far as she was concerned, there had never been any doubt.

Suddenly she realized that instead of opening the door in response to her exclamation, Tony was speaking to her from the living room outside.

"Just came to find out if you have anything you need," he called in a cheery voice, and to say "good-night."

The tension which had held Jane's nerves so painfully taut suddenly gave way. She spoke automatically, scarcely recognizing her own voice, so small and flat it seemed.

"Everything, thanks. Good-night."

"Good-night." She heard his padded footsteps as he crossed the living room floor, followed by the sharp click of the latch as he closed the door of his room. She sank back against the pillows with an exclamation which was half a sigh, half a ripple of laughter at herself and her vanity.

The thing had certainly been a shock, in spite of its commonplace ending, and along with the sense of relief which she experienced came a feeling of disappointment quite natural in the circumstances. What was the reason for Tony's singular caution, she wondered? Why did he persist in throwing up these unnecessary barriers between them? From the very first it had been like that, a flash of what seemed passionate love, to be followed by a sudden coldness, as though he feared to commit himself.

The thing puzzled her, disappointed her. Was he, then, too selfish to marry, too cautious to reveal his actual feelings toward her? Such perfect self-control, admirable as it might be, was not her idea of passionate love. Jane would certainly not have been glad, had he insisted upon battering down the door in order to possess her, but it would have been more of a compliment to her charms than his cool, almost brotherly good-night. The truth of the matter was that Jane had expected fireworks of some sort, and there had not been so much as the tiniest pin-wheel. She burst out laughing. The joke was certainly on her.

And yet, he might well have come in, when she told him to come, have sat on the side of her bed, talked to her—even taken her in his arms and kissed her, asked her to marry him. Frankly, it was what she had hoped, longed for.

Caring for Tony as she did, she had wanted his arms about her, her, her. She had expected, in a riot of imagination, the sweet pressure of his kisses, the warmth of his presence, so near to her. And there had been—nothing. Was it because he was in his thirties, instead of his twenties, like herself? Had age made him cautious, dulled his ardor? She had often feared that gulf of years between them. Or had he been afraid to open the door, not daring to trust himself, once they were together?

As all these jumbled thoughts crowded through her brain she was conscious of one certainty—Tony had not asked her to the bungalow, offered her the lead in his new picture, because of any ulterior motive; he might not care for her, as she had hoped, but he had no designs on her virtue—the events of the night had made that clear enough. Far back in her brain rose a primitive emotion; she found herself resenting that fact that he had not. Jane, like other women, desired to be desired; pursuit by a man is always a tribute, even though it end in failure. New women in the world have outgrown the primal instinct which causes them to thrill at the approach of the amorous male. It
affords them no pleasure to have him turn his back, no matter how noble his reasons may be. Who, after all, ever heard of a moral Pan? It was hours before Jane finally drifted off to sleep.

Brilliant sunlight, striking through the curtained windows of her room, woke her early. She glanced at her watch, found that it was only seven o’clock. Rather sleepily she leaned to the window and drawing aside the curtains, looked out. The waters of the bay were turquoise and pearl in the early sunlight. Tony was already up; she saw him, in his bathing suit, just diving off the pier for his morning’s swim.

She bathed and dressed quickly and went into the living room, supposing that Tony would join her at once; he must, however, have thought her still sleeping, for she could see his dark head bobbing through the waves a quarter of a mile from shore. As she turned from the window a picture magazine, lying among a mass of papers on the table, attracted her attention and she took it up to examine the woman’s head which decorated the cover. Beneath it, to her surprise, lay a large photograph of Irene Shirley. It was not, however, the picture itself which surprised her, but the inscription across the bottom of it, in a bold, irregular handwriting: “To my dear, unreasonable old hubby—Irene Hull.”

Stupefied, Jane stared at the words. Her world had in an instant crashed in fragments to the ground. Amazed, horrified, she replaced the picture on the table, covered it with the magazine. Irene, Tony’s wife! It seemed unbelievable, yet the evidence lay before her, proof strong as Holy Writ. From the very first, she remembered, it had been clear that between the two lay something—some experience—which, for whatever reason, they both desired to hide. Her thoughts went back to the story Alice Carroll had told her a few days before, that Irene had married a stage director, a former actor, while playing in vaudeville in the West. Why—then there was still something to be said, now. If the two were still married, Tony’s reluctance to show his feelings, his failure to propose marriage to her became understandable. And if they were divorced, why was this picture here, on his desk? Why did he aid and abet her in her shameless vamping of Lew Davidson, when a word from him would have destroyed her hold on the latter at once? It seemed beyond question that Irene still had some say in his life, to cause him thus to remain silent. Jane came to the instant and very bitter conclusion that in supposing Tony to care for her she had allowed her vanity to run away with her judgment; had confused a pleasant friendliness on his part with something more deep and serious. It was an enormous shock to her pride, to think how greatly she had allowed him to control her—or to think that she cared. Shame, anger, filled her, as she remembered her emotions of the night before.

A glance through the window told her that Tony was now headed for shore. Composing herself, she went into the little kitchen and began the preparation of their breakfast. Fruit to be laid out, coffee, bacon, eggs to be prepared, rolls to be heated—the homely tasks helped her to control herself, prevented her from breaking down and crying, as she might readily have done. she had given way to her grief. Tony must never know what she had felt for him, how deeply he had hurt her. When he came in, clear-eyed, ruddy, glowing from the exercise and fresh air, she met him smiling, as though nothing untoward had occurred.

“Hello, beautiful!” he exclaimed, as he poked his head through the door. “Thought you’d be sleeping for an hour yet.” He sniffed the aroma of the coffee, the sizzling bacon. “That sure does smell great. You’re some little housekeeper, aren’t you, in addition to being the coming queen of the movies. Well, my dear, when you get married, your husband will have a jewel, all right. Lucky devil!”

In Jane’s present state of mind the words cut like whips, gave her final proof, had any proof been needed, of the purely friendly nature of his regard for her.

“I do this only on occasion,” she said coolly, sliding the crisp slices of bacon on to a plate. “The man I marry has got to have money enough to hire his cook. I shall have more important things to do.”

“Such as what?”

“Being a star,” she flung back at him. “Isn’t that what you promised me, last night?” Her manner was bantering, but there was seriousness beneath her words. He had promised just that, and even if he did not love her, he could still serve her by making that promise good. Jane did not propose to lose her head, even though she had lost her heart.

“I’m counting on it, you know.”

“All right. What I said last night goes. Nobody shall have that part but you—that you can depend on absolutely.” He glanced through the open door to the desk in the living room, on which lay the scenario he had read the night before. “We’ll put it over together, dear, don’t worry. And on the night you and the picture make your big success. I’ll be the happiest man in New York.”

The sincerity with which he spoke made Jane tremble, in spite of her smouldering anger. They were seated at the breakfast table, by now,
an inglenook with benches, at one end of the tiled kitchen.

"How about another cup of coffee?" Tony went on, holding out his cup. "That's a great compliment—I never drink more than one, unless it's especially good, like this." He smiled across the table as though they were the happiest of wedded couples, yet Jane in her heart was wretched, and wondered that he could be so gay, married to such a woman as Irene Shirley, a woman he apparently hated. What astonished and disgusted her most was the light-hearted way in which he was allowing his wife to make a fool of Lew Davidson. Surely he owed it to his old friend and business associate to advise him that the girl was sailing under false colors. She handled his coffee in absolute silence.

Tony, apparently sensing the somberness of her thoughts, gave her a long, curious glance.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Sorry to be leaving our little nest?" He glanced about the bright, sunny room.

"Why, yes, in a way. It's been very pleasant here. But I shan't be sorry to get back to work."

"I can't share your feelings," he said shortly. "Of all the pictures I've ever made, I think 'Saints and Sinners' is the worst."

"Because Miss Shirley is playing the lead in it?" Jane asked, her eyes glowing.

"Yes. But I don't have to tell you. You can see for yourself what I'm up against. If there were only some way to open Davidson's eyes—"

"Isn't there?" said Jane, regarding him quite steadily. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Why don't you tell him the truth?" She allowed him to suppose that she meant the truth about Irene's acting, but the sudden look he gave her showed that he suspected something more.

"I have told him how rotten she is, if that's what you mean, but it didn't do any good. In fact, if I had refused to direct Miss Shirley in this picture, I'd have been obliged to give up my position with the company, and for a lot of reasons I didn't want to do that. You were one of them. I thought that by staying on, I might be able to—well—help you."

His words left Jane utterly confused. Why, if he wanted to help her, did he remain quiet, when at a word—

"I thought," Tony went on, "that Davidson would take a tumble to himself, when I showed him some of our first shots, in the projection room. That ballroom scene, for instance. I ran it for him the other day, thinking he'd throw a fit. What do you suppose he said? 'Fine—fine—she looks like a million dollars!' Can you beat it? Any assistant director or camera man on the lot could have told him the shots were rotten—I'm speaking of Miss Shirley's acting, of course, the others in the cast were fine—and yet Lew Davidson, one of the shrewdest men in the business, couldn't see it.

"What's the use, when a pretty piece of flesh like that can turn a man's brain to putty, just by giving him a few baby stares? He's so delighted, himself, just to look at her, that he imagines everybody else feels the same way. Well, they don't. And the public won't, either. The man in the street is hard boiled. Audiences have seen pretty women before—shoals of them. And they've been shown every situation there is under the sun, over and over, and they know when a scene is well acted, and when it isn't.

"That's one of the troubles with the picture business right now—bad acting—so-called stars trying to get by on their looks, their reputations. Producers, directors, getting dippy about some sweet young thing, and imagining because she gives them a thrill, she'll do the same thing to the public. I can take the best situation in the world and kill it by letting some woman just walk through it. It won't register at all. And I can take the most commonplace situation and lift it, by fine acting.

"One reason why we don't get better stories on the screen is that so many of our stars can't act them. Do you remember the vamping scene, in 'Blood and Sand'? Or the supper table scene, and after, in 'Scaramouche'? Or the scene on the whipping block, in 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame'? Imagine what those situations would have been, poorly acted, and to think that Lew Davidson, [continued on page 102]
The MAN who found Himself

By Jim Tully

He was a mud-bespattered digger of ditches, and a coal-begrimed shoveler of fuel in a railroad engine. He was a soap-box agitator driven out of a Western state because he stirred up the people. He was a newsboy and a washer of dishes in a dingy restaurant. All of these things and more, was Monte Blue—the man who found himself.

Fate was ever a trickster, a dealer of deuces and aces in the uncertain game of life. It gives to a man like Lincoln the heart of a little child, and to one like Woodrow Wilson the intense loneliness of an intellectual aristocrat who wanted to make the world safe for a democracy that would have crushed him.

It whipped Monte Blue until he mounted a soap-box, and shook his fists in its face, and yelled with Mother Jones, "All I want is a place to stand and shake my fists at the enemies of the human race." It laughed at him until he was weary. And yet as he raved, a boundless dissenter, Fate seemed to smile and say, "They who take up the soap-box may yet drive Packards, and they who roll like stones over the world may gather great moss in Hollywood, and hold fair ladies in their arms, and be beloved of all the lovely, all the filmy world around." Aye,

indade and indade, as the Irish say, Fate was ever a trickster. It was Robert Service who said of men of the breed of Blue—

If they just went straight they might go far,
They are strong and brave and true,
But they always tire of the things that are,
And want the strange and the new. . . . .

And Fate, laughing, gave the migratory laborer that which he wanted—the strange and the new—and made him, as a result, wealthy and world-famous, a trader of a soap-box for a Packard.

Monte Blue's story is an Odyssey of struggle. A long wandering for the end of the rainbow, that always comes after and never before the storm.

He landed in Los Angeles ten years ago. He had finished laboring in an Oregon lumber camp, and had discarded his overalls on a rainy day in Portland—paying twelve and a half in real money for a suit that was not so real. It was lucky for Monte that he hid the overalls in a dry place. He was caught in the rain on one of the four hundred days each year it rains in Portland. The suit shriveled on his six-foot frame until it nearly required an operation to remove it. Monte again donned the overalls and hid himself to Los Angeles.

A fellow rover had told him that life hung high and sweet in the city of lost angels. That fellow rovers have ever deceived one another about Los Angeles where there are ten men for every job Monte was not to learn until later. But Monte arrived, and heard in his cheap lodgings that extra players were getting five dollars a day in Hollywood. So he hurried to the city of unwinding [CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]
No wonder Monte Blue seems so happy. At his home in Beverly Hills with his pretty bride, he has nothing else to do but be happy. Monte has done many surprising things, as you will note by reading the story on the preceding page, but he gave Hollywood its biggest surprise in 1924 by going to Seattle and wedding a non-professional
NEW PICTURES OF A FEW YOUNG

THERE are a lot of ambitious young Americans who could find it easy to envy Holmes E. Herbert, leading man for Corinne Griffith. He has appeared opposite other beautiful stars.

CHARLES RAY recently completed "The Desert Fiddler," which is said to be the best thing he has done since "A Tailor Made Man." It is his second film since returning to Ince.

ALAN FORREST is going strong in pictures these days. His work in "The Siren of Seville" was one of the best things we've seen in a long time. "Pampered Youth" also looks good.

WHEN Jack Dougherty was in New York recently he had so many plans about pictures that we can't tell them all here. But we can safely say that Jack is getting along right well.
FELLOWS TRYING TO GET ALONG

JACK MULHALL is one of the boys growing right up with the infant industry. His last picture, "Three Keys," is one of the best things he's done, which makes it mighty good.

HERE is a young man doing quite well, thank you. Yes, Bryant Washburn is his name and if you doubt the accuracy of the first sentence just go and see him in "The Scarlet Honeymoon."

HERBERT RAWLINSON continues onward and upward and seems in a fair way of living up to the line over the top of these pages. His latest picture is "The Adventurous Sex."

GEORGE O'BRIEN was one of the sensational finds of 1924. His work in "The Iron Horse," "The Man Who Came Back" and "The Roughneck" were held his best performances.
TOM MIX has quit being a cowboy for one picture at least. As Dick Turpin, film fans will see just what a versatile chap he is. And if you don't believe that he is versatile just read his life story which starts on the following page. He has been nearly everything—a cowboy, a soldier in the U. S. Army and a coal mine worker.
MY LIFE STORY

By Tom Mix

Tom Mix is not only one of the most popular stars, and justly so, but he is considered the best director of Western pictures in the business. Then, too, it was he who directed the famous chariot race in “The Queen of Sheba,” which has never been surpassed.

Friends, I do not pretend to be an author. I have always believed in letting every man rope on his own range and I am not what my fellow cowboys in the old days used to call a “literary gent.” Therefore, in putting down these facts about my life, I hope you will take into consideration that I don’t aim to adorn the tale with any gems of language. I’ll just try to set it down like you and I were sitting around the campfire and I was spinning a yarn for you.

Such educational advantages as I have hooked up with have been mostly in the school of experience, as you might say, but I was considerably too busy as a youth to spend much time in school houses.

It’s funny, too, when you set down and take pen in hand to unveil your past as far back as you retain any impressions at all, what fool things a man’ll remember. My life has been pretty full of action, one way and another. I have been a cowboy, and a soldier, a scout and a sheriff and a U. S. marshal, a Texas Ranger, and an enforcement officer, and in childhood I was a swipe and a lumberjack and a football player and a bicycle racer. And I find it’s hard to pin down some right important fact and maybe a whole sequence of events will have departed complete, while all sorts of trivial and unimportant ideas keep popping up, making you laugh and cry right unexpected. If I had known I was ever to be called upon to write my life story, I reckon I’d have kept one of these diaries, but usually things were moving too fast for any such endeavor, even if I had considered it, which I never did.

Anyway, my plum first recollection is of my mother using a shotgun in an argument with a mountain lion. I guess I must have been about two and a half or three years old when that little fracas took place. And I can recall, all right, how I began my career in the face of danger, because when mother opened up the crack in that window and began welcoming those cats with a few rounds of buckshot, I got right down on my little stomach and crawled under the bed. I reckon you could rightly call it a bed, though it was used for a couch, too, in the day time. But it had one of those ruffles hung around it, and I felt safer there, somehow, and I could peck out and watch mother squint along the gun barrel, and then pull the trigger. Every time the gun would go off, I’d hide my face and when it was quiet, I’d peck out again.

I don’t mind relating this because I was pretty young at the time and perhaps later happenings will wipe the stain off my name. But there’s one funny thing come out of that. A cat animal knows I can’t get along with cats, not any way at all. Don’t make any difference whether they’re big or little, either. Even house cats that belong to my wife’s friends get up and leave the room when I come in. And when I worked with the old Selig company and had to be around the lions and tigers, we both knew right off the bat that we weren’t going to be friendly.

I was born in that log cabin in Texas, in 1879. It was a mighty lonely spot, up north of El Paso, and in those early days our neighbors were a long ride away. My father built that cabin with his own hands, and it was snug, and weather-tight, but it was as small and primitive as any pioneer cabin ever was. Anyways, I got the right start in life, because I’ve heard a lot of times since that being born in a log cabin is one of the best ways to cinch success later on in life. It’s now regarded as a heap more lucky than being born with a gold spoon in your mouth. A lot of men would have laid the scene of their entrance into this sphere in a log cabin if they’d been writing their own scenario.

Father was off on the range most of the time, either looking after our stock or riding herd for the other ranchers or working for them, and my mother and I and my sister, and my half-brother and his sister, lived alone in that cabin. We were snowed in a lot of the winter, at
Tom Mix's story is much more than a mere personal record. It is an inspiring narrative of self-reliant manhood—of a courageous chap who has always stood firmly on his own strong legs.

My Dad was once a captain in the 7th U. S. Cavalry and he was pretty well known in Texas in the early days as a man of parts. Everybody knew him and if Tom's say when there was some talk of me being adopted by Buffalo Bill and taking the name of Cody, I couldn't quite see it. I thought a lot of Buffalo Bill and he was all right, but I was born with the name of Mix and I've got every reason to be proud of it. We've had something to do with making this country of ours. We were pioneers and endured the hardships and fought the battles against odds that every pioneer family fights. The name Mix stood for square-shooting and fearlessness in Texas when Texas was pretty rough and ready, and so, I'm satisfied to die as I was born—plain Tom Mix.

It was sometime while I was living in that log cabin in Texas that I learned to ride and rope. But I've got to admit I can't just remember how nor when any of the circumstances surrounding this part of my education. My mother says I could stick on a horse considerable before I could navigate safely on my own pins, so I guess I got saddle broke right early. I can only tell you this—I can't recollect any time when I couldn't ride and a horse has always been intimately associated with my thoughts of childhood. A horse to me, as a kid, was a necessity, like your own legs. I never could conceive life without horses. It was a long ride to town and I used to have to make it when I wasn't but five or six, to bring stuff from the store for mother, and I always felt perfectly safe as long as there was a horse under foot. I reckon if I'd been alone I'd have been scared half to death.

I can still see the big room of our cabin, rough finished inside. About half the room was taken up by the big stove, and one little thing about that stove comes back to me and I shouldn't wonder if—like the wild cats—it left its impress on me and that's maybe why I've never used tobacco. I had an uncle that wasn't accounted to be a very respectable citizen. Most every family's got one of those bums on his account, I reckon. I've noticed. Well, the game law was out on uncle most all the time, and mother didn't have any too friendly a feeling for this old coyote, but she was awfully loyal to her folks, and she used to let him come in off the range and sit in front of the big stove and warm up. The snow'd be packed up tight outside the cabin and the fire'd be blazing away, and every few minutes uncle would open the door and spit tobacco juice on that bed of red hot coals. They didn't do another thing all day, and it fascinated me so I'd creep closer and closer to watch him. But it sickened me of tobacco.

We kids ran pretty wild in the summer and we had all kinds of exciting adventures. I remember one time my sister and I—we were awfully good pals—were playing bustling bronchos in the corral and I saw a big black thing hanging on the corral fence. The pony I was busting in the corral I thought this was a long, black whip and would be exactly what I needed to throw a scare into him, so I went over and grabbed it. Just then I heard a shriek from my mother and she came prancing in there like a wild woman [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]
New Costumes from New Pictures—By Grace Corson

THIS bridal costume is one of the most adorable things I have ever seen, and will be worn by May Allison in a picture now being made by First National, working title: "The Interpreter's House." Could anything be more enchanting than that adorable little "poke" of delicate lace and orange blossoms over May's sunny hair and wide blue eyes?

The whole effect is, of course, Directoire, and while it is a thing of beauty and a quite lovely idea for such a supremely important event, I should not advise attempting to adapt the design for any other use, as it is too decidedly in what I called recently the "picture gown" class.

Briefly described, it is of white satin, silver and lace. The gown itself is a slender little sheath of heavy satin, with a high silver girdle, scarcely any neck at all, and mere wisps of tulle puffs in place of sleeves. The deep scallops edged with silver and two rows of lace are charming variations. Real honors go to the train, however—long, square, and falling straight from the shoulders, under the veil, for it is lined with gleaming silver and has rows of lace and great silver loops and knots for trimming on the back.

If the gown, which was just being started, is anything like the plans they showed me and from which I made the above drawing, Miss Allison is going to be a figure straight from a fairy tale.
Mid-Season Costumes for Evening

Madge Evans has blossomed into an unusually lovely young girl, and is to be seen in “Classmates,” with Barthelmess, in the airy frock at the right. Such a frock is perfect for those first parties that mark the step from childhood to being a “grown-up.” Describing it is like trying to describe an April shower or the first anemone, for it is Youth and simplicity itself. Of tulle, in three tiers, and carelessly sprinkled with flower petals, in palest tea-rose pink, and with large flat roses from shoulder to the very slightly raised waistline.

For once I can forgive ermine tails. They have been in disfavor for some time, but Mabel Prevost’s wrap, at the extreme left, is sufficient excuse for most anything. A diagonal cape of ermine, striped with metal bands, is hung over a straight ermine coat, and although straight coats are still favorites this design may be included in the month’s best costumes. This was worn in “Lover of Camille.”

Norma Shearer’s wrap in “The Snob,” also of ermine, has a large collar, and cuffs of white fox, a popular combination for evening wraps. This is distinctly lovely in design. Under it she wears a white gown, beautifully cut in narrow lines, and thickly crusted with crystal. Norma is one of the few girls in pictures who may be depended upon for smart clothes. I have yet to see her in anything not in good taste.
Three Sport Outfits and an Ensemble

Pauline Frederick, in "Married Flirts," wears a striking black and white sport costume. The long black chiffon scarf is very smart, and I am sorry space does not permit more comment upon the clothes worn in that picture, as most of them were admirably good. Norma Shearer wears the plaid, also in black and white, in "The Snob."

Below, at the right, are two drawings of Jetta Goudal, wearing an ensemble from Hattie Carnegie, of unusual cut. It is extremely nice and smart, from the long lines flaring at bottom to the tiny hat folded across the top. The coat also flares and has fox fur trimming. Worn in "Salome of the Tenements."

Betty Compson, in "Locked Doors," wears yellow kasha and a colorful scarf. This costume is perfect.
When I am Old
as told by
Mary Pickford

To Russell J. Birdwell

A Remarkable Letter from a Stage Star of Long Ago

CLAIRA MORRIS was the toast of New York when she was Mary Pickford’s present age. Now she is nearly seventy-nine, but is still remembered by the Broadway that was Fifth Avenue fifty years ago, when the city’s principal theaters were located on that now fashionable thoroughfare. The following letter was written in response to an invitation to appear at a "Clara Morris Night." It reveals the "Spirit of Springtime" contending with the winter of age. It is, mayhap, Mary Pickford speaking to you fifty years from now. It is, in reality, Clara Morris, with a wealth of loving memories that neither pain nor old age can dim, speaking to you now.

"Please pardon the seeming discovery of the pencil. It is a painful necessity, and unless you are a good guesser you will never know what I am trying to tell you (saying it with shakes). Sir, you certainly can successfully stage an amusing and delightful surprise—a beautiful, thrilling surprise—Clara Morris Night. I almost feel myself licking stolen cream off my whiskers while I look at that line, but—if you are not too optimistic, Mr. Quaid? Is not Clara Morris pretty much of a legend now, a sort of Cinderella tale based on that amazing Fifth Avenue opening night in 1875? Think of the years, think how the ranks of my beloved public are thinned. There are few men who remember me now, I fancy—but oh, those few would remember vehemently with impetuosity and feeling. Such applause is the sweetest sound this side of Heaven. I should love to hear it once more—but (imperious little word, always making trouble) I have been outside my house only four times in eight years—rheumatism. I could be shoddered like a bar of oats or rolled in on a roller chair—but pride forbids. So, dear Mr. Quaid, let me thank you with all my heart for your gracious thought of me. It is a delightful thing to be remembered when you know that in common decency you should be forgotten. Both Fifth Avenue theaters live apart from all other theaters in my memory.

"There can be no Clara Morris Night, sir. A big lump is in my throat as I say it, but when the pain of disappointment has passed the memory of your kindness will remain.

"Accept my warmest thanks and believe me, sincerely yours."

"ClARA MORRIS."
Jackie Coogan’s Diary  
Written exclusively for Photoplay Magazine

Third Episode

PARIS is a beautiful city, and a historical one, and the French people were very nice to me, although I couldn’t understand their language. We left Paris from the Gare St. Lazare station on the Rome Express on Saturday night. There were great crowds of people at the station to see me off, and when they saw me they all shouted “Au revoir, Jackie,” and as the train pulled out of the station I waved my hat and said “Au revoir” to them, which means good-bye in French.

We slept on the train that night and rode all the next day. I saw the famous Leaning Tower as we passed through Pisa. We arrived in Rome at 21:30, according to Italian time, or 9:30 P. M. as we count time in America. Most places in Europe count the whole twenty-four hours and the clocks have twenty-four numbers on the face instead of twelve. We reached the Grand Hotel about thirty minutes later and we had to ring the bell to get the concierge, that’s the porter, to open the doors. In Rome, too, they closed the hotel doors after ten o’clock, and put up big iron gates just as they used to do many years ago when they were afraid of bandits.

Monday in Rome will always be one of the most important days of my life. It was on Monday that Mother, Daddy and I had our private audience with the Pope. Usually it takes a long time to get an interview with His Holiness, but when we were on our way to Europe on the Leviathan we met Bishop Walsh of Trenton, N. J., who was on his way to Rome, and I told him that one of my fondest ambitions was to see and talk to His Holiness, and so the good Bishop agreed to act as my Ambassador, and he remained with us during the audience with the Pope.

It was about noon when we started for the Vatican. We went through the big bronze doors on St. Peter’s Square, and, as we entered the main door, the Swiss Guards, who dress in beautiful uniforms, all came to attention. Then we went up the big marble stairs where the gendarmes also came to attention.

Then we walked across a big courtyard and up a bigger and grander staircase. Then we entered a big hall and there were many Monsignors dressed in gorgeous purple robes. We waited until the Pope came in. He came toward us, dressed in the purest white robes. He smiled so sweetly as he gave us his hand. I kissed the ring and then Mother and Daddy did the same and he gave us his special blessing.

Bishop Walsh had told the Pope all about my Children’s Crusade, and the Holy Father patted me on the cheek and took a box from his table and presented it to me. Inside was a tiny silver medal with the Pope’s coat of arms engraved in gold on it. It was a wonderful gift, and made me very happy, because only very few people have ever received it. We were with the Pope for several minutes and he complimented me on my Near East Relief work and said he hoped I would always remember the little children who were in need.

It was all very wonderful, so solemn and beautiful. I told Mother and Daddy afterwards it was worth a longer journey than from Los Angeles to Rome to see the Pope and I shall always remember my visit to the Vatican.

The next morning Mr. Edington, the Metro-Goldwyn manager in Rome, took us out to see the Ben Hur sets. On the way we saw the Claudio Aqueduct which was famous in the days when Caesar ruled Rome. At the “Ben Hur” sets we saw a reproduction of the city of Jerusalem, and the Joppa Gate and the Circus Maximus. Afterwards we had lunch at the Cines studio.

In the afternoon we went to the Colosseum and I stood on the spot where the Royal box was supposed to have been. On the way to the Colosseum I saw the Arch of Constantine. We explored the ruins of the Roman Baths of Caracalla. These baths were once supplied with water from the Claudio Aqueduct. After lunch at Caesar’s palace we went through the Catacombs. On our way back to the hotel we visited the Roman Forum and I stood exactly on the spot where Marc Antony made his historical speech over Caesars’s dead body after Brutus had proven a traitor and stabbed Caesar. It all seemed as if I had stepped through the pages of my history book back to the time when Rome was the most glorious city in the world. I wish that every boy and girl of my age could visit these places, because it makes everything

NEXT month Jackie will tell about Athens; how he delivered the million dollar food cargo to the orphans of the Near East and his visit to the Parthenon. It will be the concluding installment of the most fascinating diary that has ever been penned by a boy of ten.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130
The Shadow Stage
A Review of the New Pictures

NORTH OF 36—Paramount

But "North of 36" near the top of your "must" movie list. It is a screen achievement.

What the perfect 36 is to a beauty chorus, "North of 36" is to the Western movie. And that isn't a lot of bull, though, to be sure, there are bulls galore in this enthralling Irvin Willat production which, adapted from a story by Emerson Hough, author of "The Covered Wagon," bids fair to crowd that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE medal winner for honors.

The picture reveals in powerful and intense development Taisie Lockhart's (Lois Wilson) struggle to make expenses on her poverty-stricken Texas ranch. Following the advice of young Dan McMasters (Jack Holt), Taisie, her lovable old foreman (Ernest Torrence) and her faithful cowboys, drive 4,500 head of cattle "north of 36" to a railroad.

GLORIA SWANSON is wonderful in this picture. No other screen actress could have played her rôle of Carmelita better.

A wet, bedraggled, unconscious thing drawn from a river, Carmelita lived to thrill others in a way that called for the widest possible range of expression and Gloria didn't register a false note throughout. Carmelita wasn't society. She wasn't middle life. She—boldly—wasn't respectable. But she was real. She was true. She was honest. She was decent. She was game.

You have to like Carmelita for the way she remained true to Luigi, the big hulking brute who saved her from drowning just to win the sympathy of the crowd and attract them to his sideshow where he appeared as a strong man. You also have to admire her when she restrained herself later from shooting him, thus saving his life and paying back her years of gratitude. But you have to admire her more when she knifed him to save her sweetheart, Marvin, splendidly played by Ben Lyon.

The love scenes between Gloria and Ben were wonderfully developed. Starting with raillery on the part of both, you can fairly see their acquaintance grow into admiration and love. At the start Carmelita was nothing but a tantalizing little hoyden. Later she became a terrifying, relentless defender of the one man who meant more than life itself.

Gloria didn't fall down anywhere in this picture. When a laugh was necessary she laughed. When a sneer was the thing, a sneer she gave. A slight shrug spoke volumes when a greater gesture would have ruined the picture. And when she rushed to Marvin's defense, she seemed like ten million furies let loose.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE WAGES OF VIRTUE
ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL?
NORTH OF 36
LOCKED DOORS
THE SAINTED DEVIL
THE EARLY BIRD

The Six Best Performances of the Month

CAROL DEMPSTER in "Isn't Life Wonderful?"
GLORIA SWANSON in "The Wages of Virtue"
GIBSON GOWLAND in "Greed"
Zasu Pitts in "Greed"
THEODORE ROBERTS in "Locked Doors"
CHARLES LANE in "Romola"

Cast of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 118

ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL?—United Artists

No doubt, this is one of the finest pictures of the typical Griffith type. We are quite sure that any other director would have made a flop of it owing to the absence of a plot. Yet, one never loses interest for a moment; in fact, we seemed to share the hardships and sorrows of the half-starved Polish family and we rejoiced in their few happy moments.

The technique of the picture bespeaks perfection—direction, photography, acting. Grace and ease characterize each player's performance. At first we could hardly believe our eyes that Inga was our own Carol Dempster with her beautiful curly hair brushed straight back into a knot at her neck. Neil Hamilton is splendid as the German lad. Special mention must be made of the delightful but simple love scenes between him and Inga. Another fine character is Ertville Alderson, a German professor. Lupino Lano and his impromptu acrobatic dancing supplies the comedy relief.

But getting back to the story—an impoverished family of Polish refugees settle in Germany after the war. Wretched and deplorable conditions of the times are vividly depicted. Each and every member of the family do their utmost to raise funds to buy food. Famine threatens and marks are valueless. One night, the younger son, who earns a livelihood as a waiter, brings home the bacon—pardon us—we mean liverwurst; Hans arrives with potatoes and Inga's hen lays an egg—and, oh—"Isn't Life Wonderful?" Taken for profiteers, Hans and Inga have their hard-earned possessions (potatoes) stolen. But as Inga crawls over to Hans and whispers, "I have you and you have me and, oh—Isn't Life Wonderful?" we felt like standing up and shouting, "It is." The same thrill awaits you—don't pass up this sterling Griffith effort.

GREED—Metro-Goldwyn

On page twenty-seven of this issue I discuss "Greed." In the limited space of this report I can only say that I never entered a picture house with more anticipation and departed with greater disappointment. The New York newspaper critics acclaimed it as a masterpiece. "Greed" is sordid. "Greed" is depressing. "Greed" is brutal. "Greed" is shocking. It reeks with good acting and wonderful direction. Translated to the screen from Frank Norris's "McTeague," Director Von Stroheim has emphasized the detail of a sordid story until it becomes almost repellent. It is the realism of vulgarity to the nth degree, and if that is art, Von Stroheim has produced a masterpiece. This is not one of Photoplay's six best, and it is given a place on this page only because of its news value.—JAMES R. QUIN.

THE EARLY BIRD—C. C. BURR

Here's a picture you will enjoy. While nobody in the cast is excruciatingly funny, there are many comic situations, and you will get a laugh out of practically every subtitle—and there are lots of them. The wits have always found the milkman a source of fun, and Johnny Hines has evolved a lot of new stunts. He uses them on his early morning rounds while delivering milk, because that is what he is in the picture—a milkman. He lights the milk trust and eventually marries the heiress who owns the trust. Before that happens, however, the audience is supplied with a lot of comedy and also a lot of melodrama. Despite this strange mixture you will like the picture. When you are not laughing, you will be getting an awful "kick" out of the thrills.
ANY picture with Theodore Roberts in it is worth seeing, and it certainly is good to see the old rascal back on the screen, even if he does his “stuff” in a wheel chair. The story is about a wife who doesn’t love her husband and he knows it. She meets a gallant chap on a trout stream and they fall in love. The husband pities them and agrees to a divorce, thus making everybody happy but himself.

Looking over the cows in “North of 36” and compare ’em to the cattle in this. Here, too, the cattlemen take their charges upon a travelogue—but there the comparison ends. The director has not succeeded in getting punch out of his rugged outdoors and has failed to develop his love story. “Sundown” fumbles its opportunities to be something really good. At that, the picture has an excellent cast.

Rather hectic melodrama with the orchidarious Corinne Griffith to give it interest. All about a girl who marries the wrong man but ultimately gets the right one. Picturesque Canadian farm country forms part of the background and there is a corking snowstorm. This is so-so as convincing drama but it is pretty well done with Holmes Herbert giving an adequate performance of the right man.

Disregard the exploitation and don’t pay an extra price to see this. A beautiful and expensive Florentine travelogue with little heart interest or human appeal. It cost nearly $2,000,000 and features the Gish sisters. It is played as a big special and you are expected to pay a special price. But that’s the producer’s fault—not the author’s—not the actors—not the director’s—not yours.

Bebe Daniels was one of our stars long before Paramount made her one. Now that she’s a double luminary she shines just twice as brilliantly as before in this Ibanez romance of South America. Ibanez could have written a better story, but the good work done by Bebe, James Rennie and Ricardo Cortez more than supplies the author’s deficiencies. The picture is no wonder, but it’s exciting.

A popular kind of melodrama. George O’Brien fights all comers, including a shark, for the right to the title of “Roughneck.” He’s a smooth shaven, clean appearing youth who oozes muscle, clinches a determined jaw, and swings a deadly pair of fists. When a youngster, his mother left him; as a man he discovers her in distant Tiahung. He also finds the girl, and mauls the heavy for good measure.
THE only thing idle about this picture is interesting action. It gets along nicely as a comedy-drama, when for no reason at all it becomes melodramatic and blah. Dr. Nye (Percy Marmont) returns to his home town after five years in prison and helps to fight the town's Simon Legree for pure water. The doc is pummelled for his pains, but wins the girl and pure water. Oh, very heroic and dull.

THE marriage tribulations of two young folks born with golden spoons in their mouths. Purports to be a close-up of the mad youngest set in all its abandon. Of course, the husband saves his pretty wife from the inevitable other man just in time. Claire Windsor makes a lovely picture as the wife, and Bert Lytell is the husband. The subtitles by Harriette Underhill are a joy.

HER NIGHT OF ROMANCE—First National

THIS is decidedly Constance Talmadge at her best. Sidney Franklin has handled his cast discriminately. A wealthy heiress, who is afflicted with nervousness, falls in love with her doctor. On the morning of their wedding, she overhears a conversation and comes to the conclusion that he is marrying her for her money. She orders him to leave—that's all we'll tell—go see the picture for the climax.

WHAT hash is to the kitchen, this picture is to the screen! Ladie-ees and gentlemen, the-ee-ees way to see the only human rubber bouncer in captivity—Richard Talmadge. He flees, flies, leaps, hurtles through space because his girl gives him "air." A death ray invention, a gang of crooks, and the "athletic" young man, with the aid of the U. S. Navy, saves the country and wins the right girl.

TENDER realism and artful direction ladder this picture to the topnotch heights of pleasing entertainment. Pauline Frederick, Laura LaPlante, and Malcolm McGregor deserve special mention for their excellent work under Clarence Brown's guidance. Jane Vaile, masterly business woman of forty, falls in love with a youth half her age. When he becomes enamoured of her sister, she gives him up.

YOUR favorite, Adela Rogers St. Johns, wrote this as "The Worst Woman in Hollywood." It is all about a screen vamp whose wickedness is the work of her press agent. In reality, she sacrifices everything to bring happiness to her kid sister. Whether it is the direction of Al Green or the script, there is too much sobstuff. And Anna Q. Nilsson doesn't impress us as the kindly film siren. [CONT'D ON PAGE 92]
FOR years, people in the Hollywood picture colony have been going around saying, "Do you know one of the best actors on the screen today is Rockcliffe Fellowes?"

But nothing much was done about it. Just talk. When a gang of professionals got together to "talk shop," Rocky's name would appear as frequently as that of any star—someone would remember a scene he did in "The Stranger's Banquet" and someone else would prove a point by a great performance he gave in some unheard of picture made on "Poverty Row."

Now at last the public is going to have a chance to appreciate him, too. Since stealing "The Border Legion," in which he played the villain, from the nice looking heroes, he has done a great piece of work in Jimmy Cruze's "The Garden of Weeds" and is now being villainous with Pola Negri.

But Rocky Fellowes is famous around Hollywood for something beside his acting. He contests the title of champion wisecracker with Mickey Neilan and Lew Cody. And wisecracking is Hollywood's favorite indoor sport.

The truth is that Rocky Fellowes actually understands the art of conversation. His wit is dangerous and pointed—but he has one of those charming and almost wistful smiles that takes the sting out of anything he may say. He has, also, a keen philosophy of life, and he will talk on any subject under the sun that pleases you to mention. And he will have ideas about it too—radical, drastic, amazing, unconventional ideas, usually, but still ideas. He will sit on an upturned box over in an out-of-the-way corner of the set, and ramble along over his pipe, and remind you a good deal of that delightful "Beloved Vagabond," whom William J. Locke made famous. His wisecracks have a slightly more polished flavor than the usual slap-stick, hit and miss variety of the age.

The greatest trouble with Rocky as an actor is that he "breaks everybody up." I remember watching him make a scene with May Allison one day. It was a very serious and important scene, and seventeen times, Rocky spoiled it by making some quiet-voiced remark to May, which sent her into irrepressible giggles. He cannot take himself, nor his work, nor his director seriously.

Villain roles appeal to him. He has the shyness of most witty and humorous men about the sentimental, but villains—he loves them. And he is that most popular of all types on the screen—the lovable villain. He always expresses strength—and no matter how doggone bad and wicked he may be, that hint of rugged sweetness, which is so essentially part of the man, will creep through.

An odd fish—Rocky Fellowes. He is bored to tears by the accepted mode of life and its social exchanges and conventions. He lives in a funny little house down on the Pacific Ocean, and I suspect that he has beach-combing proclivities. When he doesn't need money, no one can get him to work. It is his theory that a man should work to live, and since he likes to live simply, he doesn't need to spend his whole life working. He can take time between pictures to enjoy the sunsets and the sunrises.

Rockcliffe Fellowes wins title of "One of the Best"

By Ivan St. Johns

Coming Into His Own

Rockcliffe Fellowes cannot take his work, himself or his director seriously, but he loves villain roles

He is now being villainous with Pola Negri in "East of Suez"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]
When Alice Played a German Soldier with a Beard

A baffling paradox and jazz-eyed Mona Lisa exposed

By Herbert Howe

It is high time to expose Alice Terry. It will come as no shock to her. She says she always knew she’d be found out sooner or later.

Alice is a baffling paradox, a jazz-eyed Mona Lisa, a gentle Jekyll-Hyde.

When I first met her, and she turned that level, inscrutable gaze upon me, I had the acute sensations of Harold Lloyd in “Girl Shy.” I felt as though I had left off my collar or something.

In Africa I saw her do a beautiful piece of acting before the camera in “The Arab.” It was her parting scene with her dragonman lover, Ramon Novarro. He knelt and kissed her hand. Gently, with tremulous fingers, she caressed his head, lifting her face as if in benediction. A saint couldn’t have been lovelier. Then slowly she turned toward the camera, her lips trembling, her eyes blurred in tears, her face a mirror of poignant grief and tenderness. “Beautiful, Alice dear!” exclaimed Rex. We were all on the verge of tears when suddenly Alice made a face, wiggled her fingers at the camera and executed a jazz step, humming, “Papa Loves Mama.”

Ever since then I have threatened to predict her the Gish sisters’ successor.

“Oh, I’m a great actress,” rattles Alice, with mock dignity. “But you should have seen me in my palmy days when I was an extra. That’s when I did my acting. But nobody paid any attention. They never do when you are really doing something.”

Her greatest work, according to her, was as an extra in “Civilization.” She played a German peasant woman and a French peasant woman and chased herself around the screen.

There was a shortage of extra men. In fact the Kaiser didn’t have any army at all. Alice to the rescue! Discovering her protein gifts the director decided to cast her as the Hun army. Alice put on a uniform, a helmet and a beard, and mounted a war horse. Victory for the Huns seemed assured until the horse bucked his head and the German army slipped over his ears to collapse with a sickening ‘umpf!’ Alice was out. So far as she was concerned the Allies had won.

After this disaster Alice was ready to retire, like the Kaiser, Napoleon and other battered generals.

“Struggle gets you nowhere,” opines Alice philosophically. “The secret of success is to sit. I was so ambitious that I would rush for the camera in every scene until the director almost had to knock me down. Soon I realized the futility of all effort. I retired to the rear, so far back I didn’t even have to powder my nose.”

One day she fell asleep while sitting in a corner of the set. When she awoke it was dark. The set was deserted. Everyone had gone home and the stages had left. She had to walk five miles, terror-stricken, to the nearest car line.

Shortly after that she did a histrionic bit in a harem scene. She was called upon to loll with other harem beauties on the floor of the palace. Being a practical soul and not wishing to ruin what little costume was hers she spread out a newspaper on which to recline. When the director gave the order for the beauties to scamper off scene, he was stunned to behold the front page of the Los Angeles Times lying on the floor of the Sultan’s ancient palace.

Alice was sitting confidently awaiting success when it finally came to her. Rex Ingram noted her in the mob of a picture. He was struck by her placidity and poise, for by that time our heroine had become a very good sitter. Her calm, aristocratic beauty became a fixed image in his mind. He summoned her at length to play the leading feminine role in “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.”

Alice’s sitting days came to an abrupt end.

“First they changed my name,” she said. “The color of my hair was wrong, so they got me a wig. I was a few pounds overweight so I had to reduce. I spoke English only, and they wanted French only. I had to learn to dance, and act, and speak French, and diet, and be a blond. I don’t know why they picked me for the part unless it was because I was so different.”

She swears she suffered unbelievable tortures in the reducing process.

“I used to go to a specialist every day and let her pound me until she was tired. Then she would drape sand bags across me. One day there was an earthquake. I was on the eighth floor of a building with nothing on but a sheet and a couple of tons of sand. I gave one leap, and the sand flew as it never did in the Sahara. I was through! Rex thought I was keeping up the treatments, but I never went back. I wasn’t going to defy nature when it sent earthquakes to unload the sand!”

Alice never believed her good luck was quite true. She says she thought the picture would be a success, but she expected every critic would exclaim, “Where did they get that impostor in the wig?”

Mrs. Rex Ingram is an excellent actress, but she is also a witty, philosophical and brilliant woman. She is fatalistic and believes that success comes to those who wait.
"We've already told you that he was the most dutiful husband in captivity. He was."

JUNE MATHIS has a startling way about her. She startled the film world when she wrote some of the best scenarios ever produced. Then she startled it again by discovering Rudolph Valentino for "The Four Horsemen." But her latest startling act was to marry Sylvano Balboni, scion of a noted Italian family. June is one of the highest priced scenario writers in the world. In her marriage certificate she gave her name as June Beulah Hughes.

LESPIED Ben Lyon the other day walking around the lobby of the Algonquin with a dazed expression. "'Smatter, Ben?" quoth we. "'Eh?" Ben started. "Oh, I've just been reminiscing. Yesterday in 'The One Way Street' (his new picture) I did some heavy love scenes with Anna Q. Nilsson. Wonderful girl, Anna." And he strolled dreamily on his way.

THERE seems to be a life-sized jinx following the ill-fated "Ben Hur" production and all who are connected with it. The most recent to suffer through this jinx is Carmel Myers, who writes back to Hollywood that she was detained by the Paris police as a smuggler suspect while on her way to Rome to play "Irat." Arriving in Paris at Cherbourg at 3 A.M., Miss Myers and her mother had difficulty in finding hotel accommodations, so great was the influx of tourists. A taxi driver unloaded them in front of an obscure tavern, muttered incoherent directions and sped away.

A gendarme espied them and demanded to be shown the contents of a square box in which Miss Myers carried her—er—fineries. Miss Myers refused, so she and her mother were escorted to detention quarters for the night, thus having the housing problem solved for them. Explanations and apologies followed the next day.

POOR Ronald Colman. Really, I mean it. Of course many a man would think that to wake up and find a lot of Hollywood beauties pursuing him was the seventh heaven of delight.

NEW YORKERS got a laugh when they read the following article that appeared in "Zit's Weekly," a theatrical publication: "Talk about your dutiful husbands! Show us anywhere a hubby who can match the screen shack, Rudolph Valentino, in impersonating a meek lambkin in the presence of his wife dear."

"Rudy never disobeys and, this week, an instance occurred that proved him to be absolutely in agreement with anything his wife says or does. It happened this way:"

"Mrs. Valentino wrote 'The Scarlet Power,' the next picture for Valentino, which he is to make for the Ritz-Carlton Productions. Somebody was needed to make a scenario out of the story so Rudy suggested June Mathis, who, many say, was the person who 'discovered' the shack and got for him his first part in 'The Four Horsemen.' But she was connected with First National by contract, and, after some difficulty, he got First National to loan her services to the Ritz-Carlton."

"After June had started work, however, Mrs. Valentino looked over what she had done and shrugged her shoulders. It was an eloquent shrug, however, and it meant either June Mathis stops work right where she is on the script, or Rudolph stops playing."

"Did Rudolph insist that June Mathis be kept at work?"

Here's a chance to laugh at the same thing that tickled Grandma and Grandpa thirty-five years ago, when "Charley's Aunt" was one of the greatest comedies on the stage. Above is Syd Chaplin doing it for Christie Comedies.

WALLACE BEERY has a "mad." Wallie recently signed a one year contract with Famous Players, giving that company an option on him for yet another year. After finishing work in Victor Fleming's production of "Hell's Cargo" on the Coast, Wallie came on to New York to play the heavy in Tom Meighan's new picture, "Coming Through."

"It's the kind of conventional role anybody could play," Wallie grumbled.

"Why didja sign the contract?" we quizzed.

"God knows," he sighed. "I must have been out of my mind."

"Did you bring your wife to New York?"

"No, she's in Hollywood. And she isn't going into pictures, either," sensing our next question. "I lost one wife that way (Gloria Swanson) you know. I don't make the same mistake twice."

WELL, it seems that we've all been wrong again in guessing about Mary Pickford's next picture. Just after we had been told that she had signed Josef von Sternberg to direct her, comes word that Josef will have to wait a while. Instead, Micky Neilan is to do the job. Mary always plays safe. The picture will probably be "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and Frances Marion will write the scenario. These three cannot be beaten as a combination.
But Ronald Colman happens to be a very shy and reserved young Englishman, who prefers an old pipe, a quiet fireside, and a peaceful farm to anything else in the world. Consequently, it is plainly to be seen that his sudden popularity with feminine Hollywood has been an altogether harrowing business.

Of course he and Constance Talmadge became awfully good pals—no man can play a picture with Constance without appreciating that rare quality of comradeship and that charming vivacity that make Constance such a marvelous companion. And Mr. Colman evidently thinks Lois Wilson an ideal woman, for his admiration of her is open and sincere. But aside from that he likes the numerous stars and leading ladies who have been very, very kind to him.

Rumor had it for a brief period that Aileen Pringle, after having finally written Matt Moore from her list of admirers, was so interested in Colman that Cedric Gibbons was quite annoyed about it. And certainly few men can withstand Aileen, especially in such a costume as she wore in the picture she did with Colman, "A Thief in Paradise." But as nothing came of it, it probably was just one of those rumors that surround Colman—to the effect that every woman he meets falls in love with him.

WASTED whiskers is what we call the Valentino adornment. Wasted because Rudy isn’t going to play a fourteenth century Moor until after he’s made "Cobra" and "Cobra" doesn’t call for whiskers, nor mustaches either, for that matter. Incidentally, the truth about the barber’s condemnation has come out.

Harry Reichenbach, the world’s highest priced publicity agent, happened to be in Chicago when the razor-wickedlers were holding their convention. It was too tempting for Harry. He visited the president of the barber’s association and told him he was a barber on from New York where he owned three shops. The president was impressed and then Harry bored him with his ideas about this scheme he would soon have every man raising whiskers, thus putting the barbers out of business or sadly curtailing their revenue. That made even a deeper impression on the president and he invited Harry to address the convention.

Harry did. He rattled, spouted and elocuted until he had the barbers fairly worked into a mental lather. He figuratively tore Rudy’s beard from his face, whisker by whisker. At the height of the frenzy he pulled out the resolution that made the Chicago warburgers famous—it called for nothing less than a boycott on all Valentino pictures until Rudy shaved off his beard. It went through with a whoop and Harry left town on the next train. He hadn’t been back to Chicago since and says that when he does he will do his own shaving.

An electrician told me this, so it must be true. Pola Negri calls all her leading men "Rod" in the love scenes. It doesn’t matter what their names are, when the really hectic moments of the picture, arrive, and the love scenes need to take on real fervor, Pola shuts her glorious dark eyes and says, "Rod, Rod." Of course everyone pretends they don’t notice it and the leading men try not to look hurt to think that she’s forgotten their real names. But electricians think it’s a good joke on them.

Can’t friends be the most skeptical persons in the world? That’s a conclusion Richard Dix came to recently. The first day he started work in "The Maker of Gestures," he made exteriors with the Columbia football squad. The action raced fast and rough. In the midst of an exciting skirmish, a player’s elbow connected with Dick’s eye. Said eye commenced to do a rainbow and before the day was over it was a pretty looking prism. For two days, Dick made explanations when he met friends. Oh, it’s a great life, being a star—sometimes.

LILLIAN RICH, the new De Mille leading lady, is wearing blonde wig these days, and it’s startlingly becoming. So much so, that she will probably continue to wear it henceforth. Billy is exactly Alice Terry’s coloring, with big dark blue eyes, fair skin, dark brows and lashes, and dark red-brown hair which photographs black. And like Alice she is much lovelier on the screen with the blonde wig.

HAROLD LLOYD recently purchased two handsome new Rolls-Royces, one for himself and one for his beautiful little wife, Mildred Davis Lloyd. So, when they went to San Francisco to film scenes for his latest picture, a college comedy, in which Lloyd used the 75,000 spectators at the Stanford-California game as atmosphere, the Rolls’ agency in the northern city put a fine new car at his disposal.

On the Sunday following the game the
Lloyd, accompanied by genial little Joe Reddy, home true and not knowing where to go, started out for a tour through Golden Gate Park and the beach. They stopped at the Cliff House for lunch and Reddy left a new overcoat in the car.

He got to thinking it over and grew worried, so Joe signalled the waiter and said:

"Would you mind running out and getting my coat? It isn't out of that big yellow taxi of yours—limousine parked out in front? I left it and I'm afraid some one will take it."

The waiter took a look at Joe, then at Harold (no one ever recognizes Lloyd without his glasses), then back at Joe and said:

"Sure! My Ford's parked out in front too, kid."

Having started it Joe simply had to finish, and finally succeeded in dragging the waiter out to the Rolls, where the chauffeur politely touched his hat and handed the coat to the waiter.

After that Joe got all the service in the place.

There is always a lot of "shop talk" in Hollywood and pictures in general are much discussed. Difference of opinion is usually the one thing that may be counted upon.

But the colony seems to be unanimous in its praise of Pola Negri's work in "Forbidden Paradise." When Negri was first seen in "Passion" every director and actor and actress in Hollywood began to rave about her. She was the idol of the screen colony for a long time. Her recent work, however, hasn't met with much approbation out here, but in "Forbidden Paradise" she again comes into her own.

I know some girls who are working hard to get ahead on the screen who have seen her performance eight or ten times, just to study its intricate and splendid detail work.

Can you imagine having the dream of your life come true, and then not being able to enjoy it? That actually happened to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, and as a matter of fact they may not know about it yet.

As everyone knows, the Rays have always been fond of society, and have gone in for the social side of life much more strenuously than anyone else in the film world of Beverly Hills. Mrs. Ray makes rather a specialty of entertaining lions and lionesses of social fame and position and seeks to top other hostesses with similar ideas.

Not long ago she gave a dinner party in honor of Marion Davies. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Nellan (Blanche Sweet). When Mrs. Ray invited them, Mrs. Nellan told her that she had two house guests, friends who had entertained her while she was in England recently and that if she came she would have to bring them along. Mrs. Ray said she would be delighted, took their names—simple and without pretense they were—and let it go at that.

These guests were treated with the utmost courtesy but without any special attention and to this day Mrs. Ray doesn't know that she was entertaining the most promising young social leader in London, a favorite hostess of the Prince of Wales, and that the husband has a title, abandoned at the time, which ranks in splendor and age with any other in England. Such is the story of ambitions.

Lettice Joy, one of the most promising of the young dramatic screen actresses, is leaving the screen—temporarily at least. In spite of the fact that she had just been made a star by Paramount when the expected arrival of her baby made her abandon her career, Lettice says she is not going to return to the screen for a long time—not until little Lettice Joy the second is big enough not to need a mother's constant care.

Lettice claims that she can't be both a mother and an actress while her baby is so small, and that her baby comes first.

If she carries out this determination, the screen will suffer a real loss. She is more like Pauline Frederick was when she first left the stage for the silent drama than any other actress we have ever had and there are all too few of them around nowadays anyway.

Edward Codd has a new one to tell on himself. It was while working with Mickey Neilan in "The Sporting Venus" and the company on location over on the east side of Los Angeles. They were standing in front of a little church and the action showed Lew about to lead a blushing bride to the altar.

In no time there was a gallery of east side youngsters on the sidewalk in the street watching the company.

"Hello, Cody," shouted an urchin of about ten. He knew his stars.

"Hello," answered Lew.

"Codd, 'tige married, Cody?" asked the urchin.

"Yep!" says Lew.

"Well, it serves you right, Cody. Yu been a bad boy!"

Eddie Carewe has been invited to become chief of an Indian tribe and lead them on a possible pilgrimage into Mexico, but his career as a motion picture director is too alluring and Eddie has decided to stay in Hollywood.

Recently the United Studios, where Carewe works, was astounded by the sight of two stalwart Indians, wearing head-dresses and buckskins, guided by a third Indian in civilian clothes, who called at Carewe's office.

They were a delegation from the Chickasaw Indians of Oklahoma, a tribe which now numbers about twelve hundred, and called upon Carewe, who boasts Chickasaw blood in his veins, with a petition from his tribesmen asking his help in a move to better their living conditions and offering Eddie a life job as Big Chief if he would lead them into Mexico or some similar place where they could revert to their old way of living.

The trio included John Whitefeather, Indian politician and diplomat of Oklahoma, and a nephew of Carewe, Chief Big Tree of the Chickasaws and his lieutenant, Long Branch.

Hundreds of dissatisfied Chickasaws are once more wearing their full Indian regalia, declared Whitefeather. "They do not like their present living conditions. Our plans are yet vague, but perhaps we will move the tribe in a body to Mexico, where there is plenty of open land, and once more hunt and fish as our fathers did."

Barbara LaMarr, who is now working on her new picture, "Hail and Farewell," has a complaint to register.

"Do you know that no matter what man I may go out with the newspapers carry a story I am going to marry him?"

"Well?" we urged.

"I'd be afraid to go to Rome," she retorted.

"If I did and had an audience with the Pope, they'd say I was engaged to him."

Bert Lytell is threatening to quit as an actor and become a director. Recently he announced that he would make three more pic-
pictures after his present one, "Never the Twain Shall Meet," and then start directing. He doesn’t know whether he will direct under his own banner or for some of the large companies. Anyway, he says he’s going to direct and when Bert says anything he generally means just that. He has already acquired the picture rights to several stories, which can be considered further proof of his sincerity in this instance.

**RUTH NAGEL**, who of course is Conrad Nagel’s wife, went out to a cat party the other evening and started a new scandal in Hollywood. It was the first time in five years of married life that she had ever left Conrad for an evening alone.

Conrad went over to the Hollywood Athletic Club with his father and brother, and everyone he met said, “My goodness—there hasn’t anything happened to you and Ruth has there?”

It was left for Ella Hall and Emory Johnson to find a new reason for divorce. When she filed suit, thus starting the end of what has often been called Hollywood’s ideal marriage, she charged that Emory failed to tip a waiter sufficiently. It seems that they had dined and the waiter presented a check for $3.45. Emory gallantly tipped him fifty cents. Mrs. Johnson protested that it wasn’t enough—a dollar at least would be necessary to compensate the waiter for his service, according to the wife. But Emory remained firm and thus the whole thing started. They have been married more than ten years and have two children.

**NORMA SHEARER** is to be starred immediately by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, if present plans go through, her first vehicle to be with Monta Bell in a story which will give her a chance to play a dual role.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials claim that they are starring her as a result of popular demand and that her name already means money in the box office. By the way, has any old timer like myself noticed the distinct resemblance between Miss Shearer and Edna May, the musical comedy star who took New York by storm in “The Belle of New York” a generation ago? Edna May was considered the most beautiful woman of her day, and she was of a most unusual type. Miss Shearer is the first girl of the screen who has even approximated her type of loveliness and I feel that pictured side by side there would be a distinct resemblance.

**SHELDON** if ever a player won his or her spurs overnight in the Hollywood colony.

Fame has sometimes come overnight through some great part which has created a star by public demand, but not even in these few cases is the star thus made taken into the fold of Hollywood’s great without going through the acid test.

In the case of Lillian Rich all precedent seems upset, however. Chosen a C. B. De Mille leading woman for “The Golden Bed,” this stunning little English girl has been received with open arms by the men and the women of the industry alike.

“Nice trick you played on me, Cal,” said Eddie Carrewe the other day when I stopped in for a cigarette and a little chat, writing that story about Teddy Sampson and me having made up our little differences. Got me in a fine jam and me engaged—er, er, well as good as engaged—to another girl.”

And then I jumped him right back—good and hard—for, while Eddie’s a particular pal of mine, and a fine guy, how can you expect even a pal to be a mind reader. You see, Eddie had kept his secret from me and from everyone else in Hollywood as well. But now that he’s told me, I might as well let you all in on it.

Eddie Carrewe is to be married, and real soon, too, though he won’t tell us just when. The girl in the case is beautiful Mary Akin—you may have noticed her in Eddie’s last picture, “Madonna of the Streets,” in which she had a dramatic bit.

She’s as pretty as a picture and Eddie says she has a great screen future. (We can’t blame him if he is just a little bit prejudiced.) He has cast her for the part of the Portuguese fishing girl in his next picture, “My Son,” the play now running in New York and in which Carrewe will again use Nazimova.

Mary Akin is twenty-two years old and came to Hollywood from Chicago in quest of a picture career. She’s found it and more—a fiancée. She won a recent Chicago beauty contest and was well known in that city as an artist’s model.

**CONWAY TEARLE** has just received the latest example of fan ingenuity and devotion in the form of a photograph in which his own picture appears on the motor-meter of an automobile. The sender, Miss Creda Scott, of Los Angeles, is an ardent Tearle fan and has devised this latest method of telling the world she is a booster of that popular star. Who knows but what she may start a new craze. She says she took a reproduction of a Tearle photo from PHOTOPLAY, cut it down to the circular size of the motor-meter and, with the aid of a little paste, placed it where the world might see.

**GUS LEONARD**, veteran character actor, who plays in nearly all of Harold Lloyd’s pictures, has quite a reputation in Hollywood for wise-cracks.

The other day he dropped over to the Lloyd studios to see if there was any work for him. Red Golden, the assistant director, told him to show up in the morning with the war paint on.

“By the way, Red,” said Gus to the flaming topped young assistant, who has quite a rep for always being on the lookout for a chance to pick up a few loose dollars, “I heard of a job of doubling this morning which might interest you.”

“Not much to do. Just climb a few steps and do a fall. And the chap who wants the double will almost let him write his own ticket.”

“Sounds great,” says Red. “Who’s the guy [continued on page 76]"
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

By Terry Ramsaye

Chapter XXXV

We have come to the place where the World War impinged upon the affairs of the motion picture in the United States. It is a chapter of sensational importance—because nothing of importance occurred. The United States government declared war on Germany April 6, 1917.

It was quite a large war. But it was all overseas. It was stupendously big and very distant. Like everything else that is exceedingly big and vital to everybody in general it was of importance to no one in particular. The war was not very personal to any of us unless we were required to attend with a musket. The public really was not inclined to pay much attention to it. It was a big show, but monotonous. It had delivered its entire dramatic and emotional punch when the world went to screaming at the top of its voice in 1914. By 1917 we had grown used to the shouting.

This perfectly understandable and honest public attitude was reflected more accurately and frankly in the motion picture than in any other institution.

We had been so pleased with "Civilization," a rebuke to war, that we spent enough at the box office, probably about three and a half million dollars, so that Thomas Ince, the producer, took a profit of $800,000 on a one hundred thousand dollar investment.

Then we had elected Woodrow Wilson, the second time, because "he kept us out of war." And now in April of '17 we were in the blamed thing. We went to mass meetings and applauded the band, but we did not enlist in conspicuous numbers.

For related and additional reasons, if you will turn to the published organs of the motion picture, the trade journals of April and May of 1917, you will have difficulty discovering that there was a war.

The motion picture industry had been enjoying internal wars of its own for about twenty years and they were just getting good. The early months of the year found the film business amazingly preoccupied with its own troubles. Every concern in the business was about equally ready to liquidate or expand, or both. Triangle Film Corporation, which had gathered the world's greatest array of talent, including Griffith, Ince and Sennett, was paying the price of its promotional excesses and losing its hold. The Mutual Film Corporation, which held an expiring control of Charles Chaplin's output, was beset with banking difficulties. This meant that between the two concerns it was likely that the biggest box office values of the business would be out on the market again. All kinds of strife and competition impended.

Meanwhile there was a low-voiced but definite undercurrent of dissatisfaction among the theater men. They chafed at the increasing prices of pictures and selling methods which made them take pictures they did not want, so they could have the greater stars.

The whole business from the ticket window on Main street to the mahogany lined offices on Fifth avenue was in a turmoil. No one was boss.

Mergers high and low were in the air. Financial interests, some of them rich with war profits, were willing to come into the business. They were investigating and finding chaos. Every film magnate had a set of tentative reorganizations and combines to think over every night. On top of this medley was imposed the general national nervousness, a mixture of fears and speculation, over the war situation.

An excellent specimen of the giant moves planned and never made was afforded in a promotion which came to a head in the offices of John M. Burnham & Company, a Chicago financial house. A large bundle of motion picture concerns were to be tied into one corporate package with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company as the major item. Papers were drawn and details arranged, all most secretly.

Now Walter Howey, then city editor of the Chicago Tribune, knew a great deal more about LaSalle street than city editors are supposed to know. Also he had been alertly interested in the motion picture since the time some years before when he had had a share in the sensational successes of "The Adventures of Kathleen" and other serials. Howey got the story of the impending merger and published it, under profound headlines on page one.
WHEN we go up to the box office window, lay down our money and say “two in the orchestra” we are playing a part ourselves in a great super-drama of American life—the art and industry of the motion picture. Some thirty or forty millions of us play our part at the box office. Back of that box office is a hidden world of ambitions, struggles, fights, failures and successes, more human, more vital, and just as thrilling as any shadow play which marches across the screen. This chapter of our history brings us into a whirl of stirring events which are so close that they seem only yesterday—only yesterday they could not be told. Today you can know for the first time.

JAMES R. QUIRK

of the Tribune. It set LaSalle street agog and went over the ticker wires to New York at the opening of the market the next morning. It was a story of millions and it was true. Some of the principals of the transaction denied the tale, as they often do.

Joseph Medill Patterson, one of the editor-owners of the Tribune, presumably believing the denials, complained that the story had been overplayed in his paper. Howey resigned in a flash. He went to the competing Hearst newspaper, the Chicago Examin, and precipitated another spectacular Chicago newspaper conflict.

Meanwhile Carl Laemmle of the Universal in New York had taken a second thought after the furore of publicity about the bigness of the deal. His price for his Universal Stock jumped a high and handsome million overnight. At the new figure the deal was off.

One motion picture of the early war period became an international issue, deeply involved with world affairs with a history that has been largely held a secret of diplomatic records. It was the serial entitled “Patria.” The story is intricate and interesting, touching high places and famous names.

Edward A. MacManus was at the head of the International News Service and the International Film Service, both Hearst enterprises. It will be remembered that MacManus first invaded the pictures with his serial idea and the Edison-Ladies’ World- McClure “What Happened to Mary?” series. MacManus was studying the war situation and looking for ideas to be capitalized in the autumn of 1916 when everybody but the public knew we were going into the big fight overseas.

The newspapers and the atmosphere were full of preparedness propaganda.

By way of improving the scenery and giving accent to the International’s newsreel pictures MacManus and fellow conspirators planted a most impressive Joan d’Arc, in glittering armor and mounted on a white horse, in a woman’s suffrage parade on Fifth avenue. It was the first flowering of an idea of preparedness for women.

Presently this idea began to elaborate itself in the mind of MacManus and grew eventually into a full-blown outline of a motion picture serial which was to get aboard the trend of the day and capitalize at one and the same time the interest of the feminist movement and the patriotic wave. It was to be a motion picture written to a prescription.

Some elements of the history of the Dupont family of Delaware, famous munition makers for generations, suggested the basis for the story. John Blanchard Clymer started authoring the piece. Charles Goddard also took a hand at the story and eventually it came under the pen and hand of Louis Joseph Vance.

The original purpose was to show the United States attacked by an imaginary nation, with the heroine, “The Last of the Channings,” saving the country, through great suspense.

This was, however, too good an opportunity to be lost from the point of view of the Hearst newspapers. It will be recalled that these papers had had a great deal to say about the Japanese, about a naval base in Magdalenay Bay down the Gulf of Lower California, about the Mexican situation and the yellow peril in California.

Also the American punitive expedition into Mexico with its hide and seek pursuit of Villa was fresh in memory as a bit of contemporary history. The stage was well set.

William Randolph Hearst became more than usually interested in this motion picture detail of his multitudinous public enterprises and interests. The opportunity was amazingly pat to make the screen story a harmonic chord in the newspaper and magazine symphony.

The imaginary foe of the United States in the serial story became an allied army of Mexicans and Japanese.

The serial was produced by the Wharton studios. Irene Castle headed the cast, which included Milton Sills, Warner Oland and Nigel Barrie. The picture was well made, according to serial standards.

[Continued on page 322]
In Cecil B. De Mille's "The Golden Bed" is one of the most elaborate sets his creative genius has ever designed. The golden bed, which looks like a boat, is made of wood, and four carvers required six weeks to make it. The bedspread adorning this is of ermine and chinchilla.

At the right is one of the cabinets cleverly hidden behind panels at either side of the dressing table. This one contains perfume, shoes and hats.

At the left is a general view of the dressing table and the cabinets. The one at the right is where milady stores her gowns.

Above is Lillian Rich, with her new blonde wig, sitting before the Venetian dressing table and mirror, which reflects her beauty.
Learn this method
for having smooth shapely cuticle... perfected by the greatest authority on the manicure

The troublesome part of keeping the nails well groomed and charming is the cuticle, at least until you learn the right way to care for it.

The whole secret lies in keeping the nail rim free from the old skin that dies as the new grows out.

Because the cuticle is so thin, only one-twelfth of an inch deep, it is practically impossible to cut away just the superfluous skin without wounding the sensitive new skin. When you cut too much you make hangnails and little raw places. When you cut too little the dead skin is still there.

But the greatest authority on the manicure has perfected a safe, antiseptic liquid—Cutex Cuticle Remover. It softens the cuticle and loosens it from the nail so that the old skin wipes away, leaving the fresh new skin framing the nail in a lovely oval.

How to use Cutex
Wash the hands and then shape the nail tip. Moisten the Cutex orange stick with Cutex, twist a bit of cotton around the end and dip it in the bottle. Then work around the base of each nail. It is not necessary to prod or force the stick under the tip.

Then pass the wet stick beneath the nail tips to bleach them. Now rinse with water and wipe each finger tip thoroughly. All the superfluous cuticle wipes away. The new skin is left firm and unbroken in a tiny rim around the base of the nail and the nails are delightfully fresh and stainless with snow-white tips.

You will be amazed at the change wrought by a single manicure. The nails are shapely, the nail base perfectly smooth and even, the half-moons begin to show—the finger tips look transformed.

Complete the manicure with the lovely brilliance of one of the splendid Cutex polishes—Liquid, Powder, Cake or Paste.

Complete Cutex manicure sets from 60c to $5.00, or each thing separately 35c, at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

6 Complete Manicures—Only 10c
Fill out this coupon and mail it with 10c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial size of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream, emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. Q-2, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Period Picture Lessons for Your Home

Adapting old ideas to modern uses

By R. W. Sexton

The tendency of the present time in house decorating and furnishing leans decidedly towards the ideas and plans of the period rooms of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, adapted, of course, to suit our modern structural conditions, our so much smaller rooms and our present living requirements and customs. At first thought, the average home-owner of today—you or I—will throw up his hands in resignation, for period rooms mean to him something a way beyond his reach and something that he will not even attempt to strive for. But the period room as we call it in our houses today, and you will find it on Main Street as well as on Fifth Ave., does not mean elaboration and rich ornamentation—rather the taking of suggestions from the original and adapting them to our own needs and circumstances. That puts it within reach of all, the problem being what to adapt and how to adapt it to your best advantage.

In the first place it means the necessity of becoming familiar with the original and having a knowledge of their problems and how they worked them out. For even an adapted period room must be right. Books on the periods which you can see at your public library show you beautiful photographs of the masterpieces of interior decoration, and from them you can, of course, get much valuable information. But the heart of the matter lies in getting the spirit of the times in which those old designers worked. It is after all the character of the people that mould the style of their decorations, and this is not possible to obtain from the printed pages of a book. But here is my big point:—There are many picture plays produced today in which the story is woven around some true episode of history, with characters, too, taken from real life.

Such stories must have settings which truthfully carry out or convey the times in which the story is laid. The result is that we not only are able to see before us actual reproductions of original period rooms, but are so entirely carried away by the action of the story, the characters in authentic costumes of the period, and the mannerisms which they affect, that we actually get the spirit of it all, and all the representations of the period,—the decorations, the furniture, the costumes, and the... [CONTINUED ON PAGE 99]
The Lady DIANA MANNERS

the most beautiful woman of English Aristocracy praises this care of the skin

“Beauty is the touchstone of life. So, for her own, for everybody’s sake, it’s every woman’s duty to foster her beauty. She can effectively accomplish this loveliness by the Pond’s Method, by using Pond’s Two Creams.”

Diana Manners.

The Lady DIANA MANNERS is the most beautiful woman of her generation.

Beauty is in her blood. Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall was one of her ancestors. And her mother, the Duchess of Rutland, was a creature of rare loveliness when she was lady-in-waiting to the Queen.

Lady Diana’s beauty sets the pulses racing, the imagination afire.

The modeling of her face, the lift of her head, the dignity of her figure, declare her “the daughter of a hundred ears.” But the glint of gold in her hair, the starry blueness of her eyes, these touch the heartstrings, being heaven sent.

And the lily’s own petals are not more snowy-white, more satinsoft, than Lady Diana’s skin. As a great English artist who painted her said, “she has the most beautiful complexion in the world.”

How Lady Diana Keeps her Beauty

Lady Diana—who’s creed is, “Beauty is the touchstone of life”—knows the need of keeping all her own beauty untouched by wind and cold, the harsh lights and make-up of the theater, and the late hours of her exacting social life. So she bathes her face and neck in cold cream and protects them with a delicate finish provided by a second cream.

For, like so many of the beautiful women of England, of America, Lady Diana Manners has found the Two Creams that keep the skin its exquisite best no matter how it’s taxed.

Before retiring or after any unusual exposure apply Pond’s Cold Cream generously on the face and neck. Wipe it off with a soft cloth, taking away the day’s accumulation of dust, dirt and powder. Finish with a dash of cold water.

Before you powder, smooth over your newly cleansed face a delicate film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It keeps your complexion fresh and protected for hours against any weather, gives it a soft finish and holds your powder smoothly.

Like Lady Diana Manners you can “effectively accomplish this loveliness.” Begin to use Pond’s Creams. Soon you’ll have a beautiful skin, tax it though you may. The Pond’s Extract Company.

Maurice Goldberg

The Lady DIANA MANNERS, daughter of the eighth Duke and Duchess of Rutland, is not only the darling of the most exclusive society of two continents—“England’s best Ambassador in making friends of Americans for England”—but she is an actress of proven distinction. The small picture, from a drawing by her mother, shows her as The Madonna in "The Miracle."

FREEROFFER. Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two creams and a little folder telling how to use them and what famous beauty think of them.

The Pond’s Extract Company, Dept. B
147 Hudson Street, New York

Please send me free tubes of Pond’s Cold and Vanishing Creams.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOCPLAY MAGAZINE.
Rolling Rations Served Hot

IN "California Straight Ahead" they built what is technically known as a practical "prop." That is, this bungalow on wheels was built with all the permanence that the livest auto salesman will tell you is to be found in a 1927 model. Above you will see Reginald Denny and Tom Wilson announcing dinner aboard the strange craft. But not only can one have a meal aboard, but there are chairs, beds, a piano, two writing desks, radio, electric lights and fans—in fact all the comforts of home and then some. After the picture is completed somebody will buy it for camping parties.
from constipation, lowered vitality, skin and stomach disorders?

Boundless energy in this simple fresh food!

**These** remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann’s Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a “cure-all,” not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann’s Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

**DISSOLVE ONE CAKE IN A GLASS OF WATER**

(*just hot enough to drink*)

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann’s Yeast when taken this way is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann’s Yeast for Health comes only in the tin-foil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Write for further information, or let us send you free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health.

Address: Health Research Dept. 2, Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

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**"I WAS a wreck and I knew it. Although young, scarcely twenty, indigestion had taken a firm hold; my complexion was bad, vitality gone and life looked black. I had tried everything and yeast had been recommended to me. 'How absurd,' I mused. 'Yet if I only dared hope!' At the end of a month my complexion was noticeably improved, my stomach working properly and my entire system rejuvenated. Miracles like this cannot happen in a day, but now I am the picture of health.'**

(Extract from a letter from Mrs. Arthur P. Pagnan, R. F. D. No. 29, Stamford, Conn.)

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**"At the age of forty I found myself slipping in health. I was troubled with indigestion, constipation and nervous debility. I had read about people taking Fleischmann’s Yeast, and ordered some. A while later, in answer to a friend’s inquiry, I was surprised to hear myself reply, 'I feel like a prize-fighter,' and realized then that I had not felt any sign of indigestion for some time, and was putting in ten to twelve hours’ hard brain work daily, I knew I was back again.'**

(A letter from Mr. W. L. King of Washington, D. C.)

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**"Five years ago I could answer to the description of the ‘run-down, nervous, suffering woman’ in the patent medicine ads. My sallow complexion was my greatest worry and I was always troubled with constipation. I had taken medicine for four years, but the doctor said that drugs could not effect a permanent cure. I learned to eat Fleischmann’s Yeast. Today I am frequently complimented on my fresh complexion and am told I don’t look more than twenty-two. I hold the championship record for swimming and tennis in our club. I still have one incurable habit—half a cake of Fleischmann’s Yeast daily with a glass of milk.”**

(Mrs. Ella Fitzgerald of Ypsilanti, Michigan)

---

**"I WENT fishing up North, about 250 miles from Vancouver in the Spring of 1920, and had an attack of boils in a very bad form, which lasted for one year and five months. A fisherman friend made me a bet that Fleischmann’s Yeast would cure the boils if I took 3 cakes a day. He said he would buy the yeast cakes. In 10 days my boils began to dry up, in 4 weeks only the marks were left and no new boils coming. I lost the bet and paid for the cakes, but I have not been troubled with boils since.”**

(Mr. John Faulkner, Nanaimo, B. C.)
What!!! Valentino???

By Margaret Caroline Wells

I opened once a paper and I tell you what was in.
It was Rudolph Valentino with a beard upon his chin,
My heart stopped off from beating and I fainted dead away,
And I never want to come to life until the judgment day.

For Pete's sake what could make him leave them grove so wild and free?
If that's the style on deserts, or perhaps in gay Paree,
I hope he goes back over and stays across the sea.
We want our Valentino just as he used to be.

If I had seen dear Rudolph with a wart upon his nose,
I wouldn't been a bit surprised, for that's where a big wart grows.
But as an aid to beauty, they make of him a freak
He'd better see a barber and be the same old sheik

The Lord tore up the pattern and threw away the plan,
So we know there never could be just such another man.
Why he went and got himself bewhiskered, I can't tell,
But if he doesn't shave 'em off, we'll all raise —.
The Wonders of Radio now Multiplied!

Almost in a day this newest and most remarkable of musical instruments, the Brunswick Radiola, has changed all previous ideals of the musical and tonal possibilities of radio; of the ultimate in home entertainment. What it is and does—some remarkable features.

You have certain ideas of radio, both from your own experiences and those of your friends. You have heard some wonderful things.

Now we ask you to multiply those ideas; to hear, if only for the sheer marvel of it, the instrument that critics, experts and musicians throughout the world have accounted the most important tonal achievement of years.

What it is

The name is the Brunswick Radiola—a phonograph and a radio in one—the superlative in phonograph reproduction with radio's greatest achievements, the Radiola receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America.

Designed and built as a unit by the Radio Corporation of America in collaboration with Brunswick, it embodies scores of features found in no other instrument in the world.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, which in recent years has attracted virtually every famous artist of the New Hall of Fame to the Brunswick Phonograph, has been subsidized to do for radio that which it did for phonographic music. The result is a musical revelation.

Not a makeshift "combination"

It is in no wise comparable with so-called "combination" instruments (makeshifts, merely ordinary phonographs with radio installations) but a scientifically combined unit, marking the best that men know in radio and in music.

Already it is a world-commented acoustical marvel, revealing an almost unbelievable tonal quality and clarity, due to the scientific synchronizing of the Radiola loud speaker with the Brunswick all-wood tone amplifier and two-purpose horn.

And it provides a compactness and simplicity of operation unknown before.

All music at your command

At a turn of a lever you have ordinarily unexplored mysteries of the air at your command. Another turn, and you have the world's outstanding phonograph to play your favorite records. Everything in radio, in music, in the most thrilling of home entertainment, is at your command—instantly, beautifully, wonderfully.

Prices as low as $190

Some instruments embody the famous Radiola Super-Heterodyne; others the Radiola Regenoflex; others the Radiola 3 and 3A.

Prices are as low as $190. Your Brunswick dealer will explain how liberal terms of payment can be arranged.

Remember

Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments: the Brunswick Phonograph and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph and a radio in one. Embodied in cabinets expressing the ultimate in fine craftsmanship.

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The Sign of Musical Prestige

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS RADIOLAS

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Manufacturers—Established 1875
GENERAL OFFICES: CHICAGO
Branches in all principal cities

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
CAROL DEMPSTER and Neil Hamilton in a love scene from D. W. Griffith's latest picture, "Isn't Life Wonderful." Even D. W. himself has never filmed a more wistful episode than that showing this boy and girl, who, having lost everything that would make their wedding possible, say, "We still have each other."
Rod LaRocque
Paramount Star

insists on
Goodyear Welt
Lace Oxfords
with
Visible Eyelets

Few men who have seen Rod La Rocque, Paramount Star, on
the screen fail to admire the perfectly groomed appearance which he always displays.
The care which Mr. La Rocque exercises in the selection of his clothes is
evidenced by the importance that he places on even such an apparently small
detail as visible eyelets for the correct appearance of his footwear and the success
of his attire. He insists that the shoes he buys be finished with visible eyelets
because his experience before the camera has taught him that no detail is too
small to be noticeable, and that the secret of good dress is simply the perfection
of small details.

Visible eyelets are one of those footwear refinements that identify the shoe of
quality, fashion and good taste. Without visible eyelets no lace shoe is complete and
correct in appearance. Visible eyelets are decorative and practical—an assurance
in advance that the shoes are stylish and of good construction throughout.
Always insist on Goodyear Welt shoes with Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast
Color Eyelets.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.
Manufacturers of
DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS

ONLY THE GENUINE
HAVE THE DIAMOND
TRADE MARK

Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color
Eyelets have genuine celluloid tops that
never lose their color. They promote
easy lacing, retain their original finish
indefinitely, and actually outwear the shoe.
Studio News and Gossip

[Continued from Page 63]

who wants this nervous little double and will let him write his own ticket?"

"A friend of mine they're going to hang tomorrow," said Gus.

JAMES KIRKWOOD is a very determined man. He has laid down the law to his wife, Lila Lee. Now that Lila has Jimmy, Jr., to care for, Jimmy, Sr., doesn't want her to do any motion picture work, or at least none with anyone other than their old friend, Tom Meighan. Lila is now playing with Tom in his new picture, "Coming Through," being directed by his nephew-in-law, Eddie Sutherland. Eddie is a comer.

A violent incident that parallels that told by Ramon Novarro is that of pretty Ruth Clifford, now playing the part of a woman of seventy in Frank Lloyd's "Judgment." An elderly actress with balded gray hair and carmelized cupid's bow lips hailed Ruth as she was sitting at the luncheon table at Madame Helene's, where all of the United Studios people eat, and where scores of tourists flock to see them.

"My dear!" exclaimed the old jazz queen, "why are all you young people playing roles of old, decrepit grandmothers? There is Colleen Moore, Norma Talmadge, Betty Blythe, Corinne Griffith and now you are doing it!"

"The answer is," replied Ruth, "that there aren't any old women in Hollywood. If Ponce de Leon were living today in Hollywood he couldn't get a five-dollar subscription to pay his expenses on a quest for the fountain of youth. All the old women want to do flapper parts so we girls have to play the old women."

This is one on Florence Vidor—the statly, queenly, reigning beauty of Hollywood. You know how Florence is—well brought up by a southern mother and taught what a lady should and should not do from her cradle.

Florence is the essence of all that is dignified and reserved when she appears in public. It is only among her friends that her humor and love of fun are displayed.

One night not very long ago Florence went to a party given by Arthur Kane, and among the other guests at the Biltmore was Leon Errol, famous comedian of "Sally." The big dining room was jammed, and at the Kane table were many screen luminaries who all knew Florence. Mr. Errol, who had just met her, asked Florence to dance. He did it with some hesitation and with evident awe of Florence's regal bearing.

But either someone egged him on or he couldn't resist the opportunity. After two dignified and respectable turns around the floor, Mr. Errol began doing his stuff. If you saw "Sally" you know what I mean. He did splits, dips, slides, and all manner of fancy steps.

Mrs. Vidor's lovely face grew pale, her eyes widened. She was an exquisite dancer, but it was plain she was completely bewildered. Around they went, dancing in and out of the mass of dancers, whirling and doing fancy stunts at the rate of a mile a minute, while the spectators gasped at the sight of Florence Vidor thus engaged.

But Florence was game. She never faltered, and when it was all over and Mr. Errol thanked her, she managed to catch her breath and say, "I enjoyed it very much." But she didn't dance with Mr. Errol again.

This is the story of Harold and Mildred Lloyd and the tiger skin. Sounds an odd combination, and it was. Somebody presented Harold Lloyd with a tiger skin—a barbaric and gorgeous sort of creature, eminently worthy to appear in "Three Weeks" itself. [Continued on Page 84]
The big party she missed

FOR months she had been looking forward to this affair—probably the most gala event of the winter season.

And more than that—the man who was to take her was looked upon as the one real "catch" in her set.

A week before the big night she felt a dry, rasping hitch in her throat. She neglected it and kept right on going.

A few days later her throat was so inflamed she could hardly swallow food. And then a rapidly rising temperature.

The doctor ordered her to bed—and kept her there three days. On the evening she wanted most to feel fit, she was confined to the house like a little old lady—and the others were dancing.

* * *

Don't let sore throat throw you out of step with winter pleasures.

Guard against this trouble by taking the simple precaution of using Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as a preventive for throat irritations and the more serious ills that so often follow.

Have Listerine handy always in your bathroom. It is the ideal, safe antiseptic. Its dozens of different uses are fully described in the circular that comes around each bottle.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

LISTERINE Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available. While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct hoarseness, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.
If You Lived 10,000,000 Years Ago

Big game hunting was really worth while then

The armor-plated stegosaurus was a meat-eating reptilian monster about the size of a dozen elephants. In "The Lost World" he is seeking to devour Bessie Love, Lewis Stone, Wallace Beery and Lloyd Hughes.

At right is Mr. Brontosaurus, the mightiest creature that ever lived. He was brought to London, for Zoo purposes, escaped and started out to wreck the city, smashing the stock exchange to bits and throwing the populace into panic—pictorially, of course.

On your left, ladies and gentlemen, is little Allosaurus, who only requires a ton of fresh meat every day to keep from starving. Elephant guns fail to stop him, but the hero playing opposite Bessie Love finds a way. Isn't he a playful little chap? What a nice pet he'd make!
"You would never guess they are married"

It is only of a clever wife that this is ever said. Why let youth slip away, youthful radiance fade, when to keep them you need but practice a few simple rules of daily care?

PEOPLE have changed, and ideals have changed. The "middle-aged" woman is conspicuously absent in the modern scheme of things.

In her place, we have the woman who values the social importance of youth—and keeps it. Glowing youth well into the thirties, even the forbidden forties, we see it today wherever our eyes turn!

Yet the secret is simple; and the means within the reach of everyone—first, last and foremost, correct skin care. The common-sense care that starts with keeping the pores open and healthy; just the regular use of palm and olive oils as scientifically saponified in Palmolive.

See the difference one week will bring

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus, in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

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Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

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Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.
The golden glint of a butterfly's wing — The silent song of the infinite —

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a symphony of fragrances, subtle, alluring, created to express the personality whose elusive charm is ever fleeting, ever vivid.

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L.T. PIVER, INC., 118 EAST 16th ST., NEW YORK, CITY
Peter Pan Fights Pirate Crew

Betty Bronson calls fairies to aid her in battle with Ernest Torrence

Peter Pan (Betty Bronson) puts arm around Wendy (Mary Brian) and dares Captain Hook (Ernest Torrence, below) to combat. Anna May Wong as the Indian Princess in upper left.

Isn't he the mean looking pirate? There's another in upper right.

Just one of the ferocious pirates balked by Peter and the fairies.
Your Hair Appears Twice as Beautiful when Shampooed this way

* * *

Try this quick and simple method which thousands now use.

See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.

Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

* * *

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

The real, IRRESISTIBLE CHARM is the life and lustre the hair itself contains.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

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

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

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

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

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

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of this department to ask questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you ask questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenic writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.

F. L. R., Fredericksburg, Pa.—Think I'm "such a nice fellow and must be old or I would not be so kind." Ever hear of "crabbled age," my dear? Why differ with Will Shakespeare? Wrong in my color scheme. Try again, little one. Mary Pickford was married before to Owen Moore. Enid Bennett's height is five feet, three inches. She is twenty-nine. Ramon Novarro is in Rome playing Bin Hir to a camera.

Marie, South Bend, Ind.—You are nineteen and divorced, and so worldly wise that you are sure I am a "handsome young man who is married and afraid some girl reader will make love to him." If she only would, Marie! How about you? Gloria Swanson's daughter is four years old. Her name is Gloria Somborn. She is the daughter of Herbert Somborn, Miss Swanson's second husband. If you must have it, cruel Marie, Thomas Meighan's age can be determined. He published fact that he was born in 1879. Isn't it like a woman—like some women, anybody—to list the authors of her choice and ignore the actresses? Well, I'll publish yours if you publish mine. I am. In the order of your preference they are after Thomas Meighan, Lloyd Hughes, Conway Tearle, Rod La Rocque and Monte Blue. Since you must know, their ages follow in order: twenty-seven, forty-two, twenty-six and thirty-four.

G. D., Philadelphia, Pa.—I'm a "good boy" and you christen me "Moonrise." Variety is pleasing, Miss D. Ricardo Cortez is a native of Alsace-Lorraine. His age is twenty-five. Your guess that Ramon Novarro is a Latina because from Mexico is wrong. Ruth Clifford is twenty-four, O age seeker!

Helena, Washington, D. C.—Because of a wager in which I am involved—"I use your own charming English—I am happy to answer the question whether Ramon Novarro played Rupert of Hentzau in 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' He did, but at that time he used his family name, Samaniegos. Hence the confusion of memories of him. I hope you win the wager, Miss Helen.

Mrs. G., Gutenberg, N. J.—George O'Hara is associated with the F. B. O. Studios. He is about twenty-five and not married. Not at all, Mrs. G. I will keep your secret.

Mildred, Natchez, Miss.—You have just seen William Haines in a picture and think you are in love with him "because he is such a wonder." There are others. But they are not encouraged to do their kissing before a camera. These movie fellows have the best of everything. However, this Haines man is all right. I can say nothing against him. I'll be still more generous. I will acquaint you with the thrilling fact that he is not married. Write me in the gentle spring to let me know whether you are still in love with him, or who is the new tenant of your heart. Women are fickle, alas!

Thelma, Portland, Me.—"Nothing but the truth about this man." Thelma, how could you? And I such a sensitive soul! This department keeps as close to the truth as any Sunday school class in the land. The man about whom you warn me against any deviation from fact is five feet, seven inches tall, weighs one hundred forty pounds, has brown eyes and hair, uses his own name for the screen, omitting his middle name, which is Semler. He was born in New York, May 9, 1897. "Classmates" was one of his most recent pictures. So there, Maid of Maine. If you don't believe me, write Richard Barthelmess himself.

Irene, Woolsocket, R. I.—Rod La Rocque and Monte Blue are not relatives. You thought you noticed a resemblance. I'll tell them. Wonder which will be mad? Charles Chaplin, Alice Terry and Madge Bellamy have not had new cards engraved. Same old address.

E. C. A., Rochester, N. Y.—Richard Barthelmess, whom a few hardy souls, including his stately mother, dare to call "Dicky," is a brown-eyed, black-haired boy of twenty-seven. Measures: Height, five feet, seven inches; fourth quarter; weight, one hundred forty pounds. "The Enchanted Cottage" and "Classmates" were his recent pictures. Inspiration photographers, if they were bright, might send you a photograph of him.

Edythe H., Philadelphia, Pa.—Of course I like Tommy Meighan. Who doesn't? He was married fourteen years ago to Frances Ring. His height is one inch more than six feet. He was born April 9, 1879, in Pittsburgh. Gloria Swanson is not at this moment married. She has been twice married and twice divorced. You want me to let Mae Murray and Corinne Griffith know that they are your favorite actresses. I obey the command of an imperious dweller on Dreck Heights.

Ollie H., New York, N. Y.—Humph! A new variation of my poor old name. Don't like it. "Dear Amy" suggests—well, it suggests. However, I'll forgive you because I like your stationery and your handwriting. You don't like my new picture as well as the old? I shall speak to the editor about it. Gloria Swanson has adopted a small boy named Joseph as companion and character builder for the second edition of Gloria. Her famous mother thinks it is not well for a child to be alone. Rod La Rocque was born November 29, 1898. Figure it out, Ollie. My head aches.

Hazel, Waupun, Wis.—Jack Mulhall played opposite Norma Talmadge in "Within the Law." Bebe Daniels' first name is pronounced in French as though spelled "bay-ba," but everybody calls her Beebee. Richard Barthelmess' last name is pronounced as spelled, with the accent on the first syllable. Pola Negri's first title is "A pole" reversed. Negri should be spoken as though spelled "Nay-gree." Accent on the first syllable.

M. L. J. and R. M. Swasey, N. Y.—John Gilbert's allegiance is to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Reginald Denny was born November 29, 1891. He has been "in pickers" since 1920. John Bowes was a Christmas gift to his parents, being born December 25, 1888. Conway Tearle made his first appearance upon this planet in 1882. Monte Blue made his debut in the drama of life January 11, 1892.

Mary Louise, Somerset, Pa.—"Deserve a piece of candy in another mystery?" Fine. I earn the candy. Also I will take this way of letting Ruth Clifford know that you think her "altogether lovely. She was born in Pauwetuck, R. I., on February 22, 1894. Her height is one foot, one and a half inches, and of weight one hundred twenty-four pounds. Not married. Still with Universal. Easy candy.

A. F. St. Louis, Mo.—You "love Aileen Pringle and Colleen Moore best in the screen world, though you love them all." 'Tis a great heart that can hold so many. Me too, Fanny? Miss Pringle was born about 1897, Colleen Moore appeared upon the screen of life five years later.

E. L. H., Garden City, N. Y.—Most stars send their photographs on request and receipt of a quarter. Jackie Coogan is in "The Copperhead," and neither of the Barrymores but Lee Moran who was in "Almost a King." Now will you write again, Lily?

Jane and Margery, Eugene, Ore.—You have been told that Ramon Novarro is married and has a large family with Inspiration Pictures and Norma Talmadge with her own production company, which has been merged with the Pickford-Fairbanks-Chaplin combination.

Lillian, Pen Yan, N. Y.—I puzzle you. I am fortunate. That means that I interest you. Thanks, Lillian mine. "A war that must soon have an armistice." Clever. It was Lionel of the Barrymores who appeared in "The Copperhead," and neither of the Barrymores but Lee Moran who was in "Almost a King." Now will you write again, Lily?

Nannette, St. Louis, Mo.—You are really interested, as you are asking a question. Who is The Answer Man? Will I not send you the facts and a quarter's worth of photograph of me? Nice, Nannette! But will you not love me more as a man of mystery? Your sex is so capricious, so very hard to please. You might not like the shape of my nose. Gloria Swanson has told me that she feels that Gloria II is a sacred part of her life and so to be kept apart from the public gaze. Don't blame me.

Costs and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we suggest that you vary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be used. As a further aid, a complete list of studies is printed, showing where in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.
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"Now look here," says Rex Ingram, telling Blasco Ibanez how he intends to make the picture from the famous Sienpardi's story, "Marco Nostrum." They are in Paris with Tony Moreno and Alice Terry, who will play the leads.

Studio News and Gossip [Continued from Page 76]

Harold hauled it home, properly done up, and showed it to Mildred.

Then they started to put it down somewhere in their home. They tried it in the hall. They tried it in the den. They even tried it in Harold's own sitting room and bedroom. They tried it in Mildred's pastel boudoir.

Then they looked at each other and remarked, "She don't seem to fit. I guess tiger skins don't belong with us."

So they tied the tiger skin up again, and put it away carefully in the garage, hoping that some day they would have something or somewhere that a tiger skin would fit.

Incidentally, Mildred Gloria Lloyd just had her sixth birthday (month not year) and was seen to laugh uproariously at her father.

Colleen Moore has gained ten pounds in two weeks and is greatly rejoicing. And believe me it's a relief to hear someone talk about gaining instead of reducing and to lunch with a girl who deliberately orders extra portions of whipped cream.

Colleen lost so much weight playing the mother part in "So Big" that everyone was really worried about her. But the extra ten pounds have put her right back in the prize flapper class.

And she did it in spite of what she claims was the most disastrous vacation a girl ever tried to take.

She decided first of all to go up to Arrowhead Hot Springs for a rest. Just a few hours from Los Angeles they ran into such a fog that Colleen had to get out and walk for miles, feeling the bank at the side of the road with her hands and guiding the chauffeur of the car that way.

At Arrowhead there were so many people she knew she couldn't get any rest so she motored back to Palm Springs, got lost, had to spend the night in a farm house and sleep on a straw mattress, got to Palm Springs only to find that the whole hotel had been rented for a week to a big party of some kind, had to drive all night and sleep in the car and finally arrived home exhausted.

So she took her vacation in her own boudoir and now has started "Sally," in which she plays the rôle made famous by Marilyn Miller. Leon Errol, who shared starring honors when it was produced on the stage, is playing her original part.

Bebe Daniels has been furnishing New York reporters with a lot of gossip for their columns and, as usual, the dazzling Bebe has left them up in the air. Bebe has been going around a great deal with Maurice, the dancer. In fact Bebe has had so many luncheon and theatrical engagements with Maurice on her New York trip that the inquiring reporters wanted to know whether Bebe and Maurice were going to marry. Bebe smiled, said neither yes or no, and the reporters wrote just what she said and added their own opinions. Bebe didn't say a word to us but if we had one guess we would know what to say. Anyhow, after reading the papers it is safe to say that Bebe and Maurice are reported engaged. Don't overlook that word reported.

Ruth Clifford is to marry as soon as she completes her dual rôle with Frank Lloyd in "Judgment." She will become the wife of James A. Cornelius, prominent Los
Stop Gray Hair

... Look Ten Years Younger

I'll tell you the quick easy way

By MARY T. GOLDMAN

No woman should let her hair turn gray when I can tell her how to stop it. It's so unnecessary — this permitting unbecoming ageing streaks to spoil your looks. And so old-fashioned! Up-to-date women learn how to get rid of the gray.

Today, now — fill out and send the coupon. By return mail I'll send my Special Patented Free Trial Outfit, containing free trial bottle of my famous Hair Color Restorer.

Select a graying lock. Test as directed. Results will astonish you. How quickly the gray disappears, the natural color returns.

What it is

My Hair Color Restorer is clear, colorless, dainty. You simply comb it through your hair, quickly, easily. No skill required, no help needed.

This simple treatment produces even, natural color — in all lights. No streaking, discolored, artificial look.

No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off. Your soft, fluffy, lovely hair invites a marcel or permanent wave.

I invented this scientific preparation to use on my own hair, which early in life began to gray.

Now Mary T. Goldman's is the most popular, biggest selling preparation of its kind in the world.

Mail coupon — today

Fill out carefully, stating exactly the natural color of your hair. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter. You'll get the Special Patented Free Trial Outfit by return mail. Absolutely free. I even prepay postage.

Then when the "single lock" test proves beyond doubt that gray hair can be stopped easily, quickly, surely — then you'll know what to do.

Get a full-sized bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer from your druggist. Be sure to look for name and trade-mark on the carton. If you prefer, order direct from me. Price the same — I ship prepaid.

Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
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Please send me your FREE Trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is: Black ......... dark brown ......... medium brown ......... auburn (dark red) ......... light brown ......... light auburn (light red) ......... blonde .........

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IN CORSET DEPARTMENTS

Oriental Wrap-Around

Seal for Buckler H-1

Angles and Beverly Hills lanker. Miss Clifford and Cornelius have been devoted friends for several years and it was agreed before their engagement that the marriage would not interfere with her screen career. They are planning a honeymoon in Hawaii.

HERE'S an idea, girls!
If Estelle Taylor ever gets hard up she'll have her hair bobbed.

Estelle got the idea the other day when an admirer mailed her a dollar bill to pay for one lock of her raven hair.

Following the receipt of this unusual request, she took account of her stock and counted three hundred and four locks—quite enough at the market value to keep the wolf away from the door for a considerable time “between pictures.”

CONWAY TEARLE and Madge Kennedy were discussing the art of interview as they sat near the set of “The Ultimate Good” at the old Norma Talmadge studio in New York.

“I'd just like to write a story about you,” Madge asserted. “So many people have an idea you're English-y and upstage. It would be a real delight to tell them just how sweet and nice you are.”

Tearle made a wry face. “Oh, my heavens, you couldn't do that,” in mock agony. “A story like that might shatter my sex appeal!”

WHAT women would do to get a diamond bracelet forms one of the high scenes in “Inez from Hollywood,” which First National is making from Adela Rogers St. John's story. The scene was taken on a beautiful Pasadena estate and shows a number of women in evening gowns sitting around a swimming pool listening to the gossip of their escorts. Only one girl is swimming. Suddenly one of the men throws a diamond bracelet into the pool and the women dive for it. The evening gowns were ruined but the scene wouldn't have amounted to much without that loss. Besides, what woman would put one gown above a beautiful bracelet?

BOB VIGNOLO has been selected to direct Corinne Griffith in her next First National picture, “Declasse,” which will show the former Texas girl in the rôle made famous by Ethel Barrymore.

I WONDER how many girls would like to have a brand new automobile and a picture contract as their eighteenth birthday present. These were the gifts received by pretty little Violet Carewe from her father, Edwin Carewe, well known motion picture producer and director.

Not that Carewe wanted his daughter to have a picture career. Quite the contrary, for he sent her on a trip to Europe when she got out of finishing school in the hope that she would forget that ambition. But when Violet returned from Switzerland a short time ago, she was still determined to work in pictures.

The European trip had been a failure, so Carewe decided it was better to give her a contract himself than to have her look elsewhere for a chance. So Violet now has a bona fide contract to appear with Nazimova in “My Son,” the next Carewe production. And what's

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]
What Price Would YOU Pay

to Become a Movie Star?

IF you were young and beautiful but unknown and poor, what sacrifices
would you be willing to make to gain wealth and fame? Would you
be prepared to pay the price that Minnie Flynn paid?

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FRANCES MARION

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illustrating The Ten Com-
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modern life—also in colors
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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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Harold Lloyd Prod. Fred Newmeyer has completed the Harold Lloyd untitled comedy.

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Lloyd Bentson directing "The Sunny Side Up Kid" with Osmo Ando, Albert Anderson and Betty Hume.

CENTURY FILM CORP., 6100 Sunset Blvd.
Edward I. Luddy directing "Pulitzer on Air" with Elizabeth MacRae.
Charles La Monte directing "Tourist De Luxe" with George Brent and Joan Blondell.

CHAPLAIN STUDIOS, 1416 La Reina Ave.
Inactive.

CHRISTIE STUDIOS, 610 Sunset Blvd.
Neal Burns and Vera Strongman working on "Sea Legs." James Jaffe has just finished "Smoked Out." Walter Heiss is finishing "Good Spirits." Bobby Vernon is completing a two-reeler, as yet untitled.

F & R O. STUDIO, Metrose & Gower Sts.
Alfred Vaudin and George O'Hara appearing in "Alyce's Christmas." Breyne Eason directing "Flashy Spars" with Betty O'Connell.

Banner Prod., Edward Le Saint directing "Beggars" with Betty Byrne, Pauline Garon and Robert Ellis.

Harry Garson Prod. Harry Garson directing "Trendy on Border" with Lefty Flynn.

Gordon Prod., Lloyd Ingram directing "Midnight Melody" with Evelyn Brent and Bruce Gordon.
Al Santell directing "Paradise Nights" with Elsie Dorothea Barrie, Renée Adoré and Lou Tellegen.

B. P. SCHWARTZ Prod., Laura Gonick directing "The Parasite" with Owen Moore, Markie Belissy, Bryant Washburn and Mary Rolfe.


FINE ARTS STUDIO, 4500 Sunset Blvd.
Lloyd Hamilton has completed "Hooked." Line Conor is working on "Stop Lightly." Al St. John is to start his first Mermaid Comedy. The Juvenile Comedy Company is in between pictures.

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 W. Western Ave.

Chester Bennett directing "Once in a Lifetime" with Edmund Lowe.

FIRST NATIONAL PROD., United studios.
Edwin Carewe Prod. Edwin Carewe directing "My Son" with Natalie Talmadge and John Pickard.
Cosmopolitan Prod. George Hill has completed "Wanderer of the Green" with Marion Davies and Harold Ford. Maudie Tourneur just finished "Never the Southern Shall Meet" with Anita Stewart and Bert Lytell.

Samuel Goldwyn Prod., George Fitzmaurice directing "World Without End" with Blanche Sweet and Robert Colman.

Corinne Griffith Prod., Robert Vignola directing "Daedalus" with Corinne Griffith.

Ray Lichtenstein Prod., Harry Kinkley directing "Scarlet and Sanded" with Alice Terry.

M. C. Levee Prod., M. C. Levee directing "One Year" with Antonio Moreno, Alice briette and Dorothy Mackail.


Sam Rock Prod., Al Green directing "The White Ajah" with Lewis Stone, Una O. Disson and Bebe Luddy.


HOLLYWOOD PROD., 807 East 157th St., N. Y. C.
Lambert Hillyer has completed "The Interpreter's House" with Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. John Franzel Dillon has completed "The One Way Street" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Ben Lyon.

PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pearre Ave. & 6th St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Racall Walsh directing "The Crowned Hour" with Betta St. John, William de Mille directing "Banjo" with Jack Holt.

WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO, 537 Riverside Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
Benace Prod. Production will soon commence on "Dumahers Who Pay" with Margaret de la Motte and John Bowers.

IN EUROPE

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., in France
Alwyn Dwan directing "The Coast of Folly" with Gloria Swanson and Red La R eece.

METRO-GOLDWIN CORP.
In Rome, Fred Niblo directing "Ben Hur" with Ramon Novarro, May McAvoy, Francis X. Bushman, George Macoid, Kathleen Keene, Douglas Fairbanks, Frank Currier and Anders Randolph.
In France, production will soon commence on "Lettre" with Ben Emmer directing with Alfred Terry and Antonio Moreno.

CHANGES IN TITLES

PARAMOUNT PROD.
"Red Rock" has been changed to "Comico Theatricals.

UNIVERSAL PRODUCTIONS,
"Eye of Fools" will be released as "The Clash."
"The Lone Outlaw" is now known as "The Saddle Hawk."

FRANK E. WOODS PROD.
"On the Shelf!" is coming to the screen as the "Done Little.

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"Idle Tongues"—Percy Marmont and Doris Kenyon are featured in this Thomas H. Ince production. The story is an adaptation of Joseph Lincoln's "Dr. Nye."

"Love's Wilderness"—the Corinne Griffith picture you've been waiting for. Her beauty and charm in this powerful dramatic story is beyond forgetting.

"Inez from Hollywood"—a different kind of movieland story, in which a screen vampire is shown to be thoroughly human after all. With Anna Q. Nilsson, Lewis Stone, and Mary Astor.

"Born Rich"—a comedy drama of a very wealthy couple who break precedent by staying in love with each other after marriage. With Bert Lytell, Claire Windsor, Doris Kenyon and Cullen Landis.

"As Man Desires"—The color of the South Seas is the background for this fascinating story. Milton Sills is the roving adventurer and Viola Dana the alluring native girl.

Romance

FROM the China Seas came a pearl-fisher, a broken wreck of a man, to an early paradise beyond even his dreams. A thief he was, stealing the kisses and happiness that belonged to another—if one can really steal that which is freely given.

George Fitzmaurice's "A Thief in Paradise," produced by Samuel Goldwyn, is a romance that will delight you. Doris Kenyon, Ronald Colman (above) and Aileen Pringle head the cast. The story is Leonard Merrick's novel, "The Worldlings"—adapted to the screen by Frances Marion.

Comedy

CONSTANCE TALMADGE is back again in one of those roles that combine pep with charm. The picture is "Learning to Love" and Miss Talmadge is cast as an incurable flirt—until she falls in love. Antonio Moreno effects the cure, and Wallace McDonald and Johnny Harron are two of the victims.

"Learning to Love" was written for Miss Talmadge by John Emerson and Anita Loos who supplied so many of her successful pictures, and directed by Sidney A. Franklin.

Thrills

NEW and bigger thrills are part of "Frivolous Sal" which J. K. McDonald filmed in the Canadian Rockies with a cast headed by Eugene O'Brien, Mae Busch, Ben Alexander. On the left is a fight in an aerial tram car, swinging across a valley three thousand feet below. Another fight—a rough and tumble affair between Mitchell Lewis and Tom Santschi—is probably the most realistic scene of its kind ever filmed.

"Frivolous Sal" is all-around entertainment for those who like movie romances mixed with action.

Edna Ferber's "So Big," starring Colleen Moore, is this Month's Picture for Everybody

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Do you look as young as your husband

WHY is it that so many men look younger than women of the same age? Some specialists believe that the enforced cleansing of the daily shave keeps a man's skin healthier and more youthful than the average woman's.

Most women lead busy lives but no woman is too busy to spend ten minutes a day in the proper cleansing of her skin. Ten minutes is all that the daily use of Resinol Soap requires to thoroughly cleanse the skin and preserve a youthful complexion.

Used each night before retiring, the absolute purity of Resinol Soap offers to the sensitive skin a non-irritant cleanser, which refines its texture and rids the pores of impurities, imparting a velvety softness and pleasing clearness. It has no heavy perfume—only too often a cloak for medicating quality—but possesses a mild healthy fragrance.

For blotches, roughness, etc., try a touch of Resinol. This soothing, healing ointment is not only successful in clearing up facial blemishes, but it has been prescribed by doctors for years in the treatment of more serious itching, burning skin disorders. Keep a jar on hand. All druggists sell it.

Living up to their rôle, are Lilian Taskman and Edmund Lowe. Here they are in a love scene in “Piors of Cali.” Their engagement was announced while they were making the picture.

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

more, she has her very own car to get back and forth from the studio in.

OTHER directors seem to be backing up George Fitzmaurice's judgment that Ronald Colman is one of the best romantic leading men in Hollywood today. No sooner had Colman finished his last picture with Fitz than he was loaned to Mickey Nellan for the lead in “The Sporting Venus,” Nelan having greatly admired his work in “The White Sister” and “Tarnish.”

PERCY MARMONT and Alice Joyce, under the direction of Frank Borzage, are filming “Daddy's Gone A Hunting” under the title of “A Man's World.” Marmont has one of the best roles of his screen career in Julies, the artist-husband who “goes a-hunting.”

EVERYTHING seems awfully quiet around the old home place of Hollywood just now, for Norma Talmadge has packed her grip and left for Europe, and a great part of Hollywood's social life revolves about Norma. She is the spirit of hospitality, always ready for anything, always giving miraculous parties and thinking up new stunts to amuse herself and her friends. With her husband, Joe Schenck, she expects to spend several months on the continent, seeing plays in London and Paris and buying a lot of new gowns.

HAROLD LLOYD claims that he has performed his scenes before the biggest audience of any motion picture actor. He shot some atmosphere stuff for his new picture at the Stanford-California game in San Francisco recently, with 75,000 people looking on, and incidentally playing atmosphere.

The rooting section came through with a real cheer for him, too.

Mildred went along and occupied a seat of honor, looking very lovely in a black satin suit trimmed with bands of black fox, a tiny black satin hat, and a large bunch of gardenias.

THE costume picture is gradually assuming a more modern dress. It is now up to the 1900 period—that well remembered period of bustles and small waists. Ruth Clifford is pulling in the corsets to a ten inch waist, affecting the styles of that period for her featured rôle in Frank Lloyd's “Judgment.” At another studio the corset strings of the 1897 period are snapping in the wardrobe where girls are being fitted for the styles of Hobart Henley's “The Square Peg.”
Now!—A new way
to lighten cloudy teeth
—and without bleaching or harsh grit.
The way foremost dentists now are urging.

DULL teeth, dingy teeth, teeth that lack gleam and lustre—modern science has discovered a new way to correct them.

In a short time you can work a transformation. In ten days you can have whiter, more gleaming teeth than you ever thought you could have.

This offers you a 10-day test. Simply use the coupon.

Why teeth lose color, how combating the film works wonders—note results in 10 days

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a film. That’s the cause of the trouble. You must combat it.

Film is that viscous coat that you feel. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural lustre of your teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invades decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So dull and dingy teeth mean more than loss of good appearance. They may indicate danger, grave danger to your teeth.

New methods now that mean greater tooth beauty plus better protection from tooth troubles

Ordinary tooth pastes were unable to cope adequately with that film. Not one could effectively combat it. Harsh grit tended to injure the enamel. Soap and chalk were inadequate.

Now modern dental science has found two new combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. They are embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent—a scientific method that is changing the tooth cleansing habits of some 50 different nations.

To millions this new way has proved the folly of having dull and dingy teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles when their chief cause can be combated. Don’t you think it worth while to try it for 10 days; then to note results yourself?

Make the test

Remember, every time you eat, food clings to your teeth. Film is constantly forming. The film that ruins teeth: that mars their lustre, makes them look dingy and dull.

This new way will combat it—will give the lustrous teeth you envy.

It will polish your teeth; give them a new beauty that will delight you.

Make the test today. Clip the coupon for a free 10-day tube. Why follow old methods when world’s dental authorities urge a better way?

Protect the enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION
The table was all in orchid and violet, with banks of those flowers in the middle and tall orchid candles. Each guest had a huge cossage of violets and lilics of the valley, not to mention tiny enamel vanities and little ladies in purple hoop-shorts who turned out to be paper weights.

Every morning of the week, you can find Betty Blythe in the pool of the Los Angeles Athletic Club swimming miles and miles back and forth across the tank. None of the girls who trained for swimming and diving events in the Olympic games ever put in a more strenuous period of water training than Betty, and all for the sake of a figure.

Betty has been fancied for the figure since the days of "The Queen of Sheba," but a figure like that demands a lot of attention and Betty finds that two hours in the pool every morning keep her in fine physical shape.

FANNIE WARD came to New York for a short visit with her husband, Jack Dean. There was a certain legal matter that needed her personal attention. The former picture star, who is every day of sixty, looked no more than thirty, if that old. Fannie is certainly the Peter Pan of the screen, with apologies to Betty Bronson, of course. She refused to give any interviews while here, so no one learned her "plastic" secrets.

The Shadow Stage

[Continued from page 54]

THE SALVATION HUNTERS—United

JOSEF VON STERNBERG's much discussed film is another adventure into the field of realism. It relates the tale of a boy, a girl and a tiny orphan waif, tracing their search for happiness. The girl and wretches of the town come within the grasp of a procurer for a time. The tale moves almost in slow motion. Von Sternberg goes too far in taking the motion out of motion picture. He starts with one philosophical intent, piles on a lot of so-called symbolism—and drags to his immature conclusion. The direction is awkward, but there is a singular fine performance of the girl played by Georgia Hale. Altogether this is an experiment. Take it or leave it. Personally we look upon life as more enjoyable than von Sternberg sees it. There is comedy even in tragedy.

SILK STOCKING SAL—F. B. O.

MEET Sal, the lady crook, quick on the trigger, easy on the eye, true to her man, in a conventional movie plot. Evelyn Brent's new picture is the sort that encourages the amateur to attempt more movie stories. Sal, an active member of a select crook gang, is caught by the hero robbing his safe and his love reforms her. In the end, her vamping talents save her from being electrocuted for a crime he never committed.

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY—Associated Exhibitors

JUST a fairly entertaining film. Wayne Morgan (Frank Mayo) searches for a stolen masterpiece and meets Christine Kaeloch (Mabel Ballin) while portering in her father's art shop. They plighted their love, once her social rating is established. And then comes the great Chicago fire of Oct. 8, 1871, resulting in a group of Irishmen upsetting a lamp while trying to milk a neighbor's cow. The city goes up in flames, but hero and heroine are united.

THE TORNADO—Universal

HOUSE Peters's modestly flies the title role of this wind-forced feature. He is known throughout the woods as Tornado, mysterious, quiet, and strong. After a paltry battle or two with roughnecks who attempt to take his lumberjacks away, House meets his sweetheart unhappily married to a friend who double-crossed him. With the aid of a thrilling tornado, the heavy is killed and the girl restored to House. Melodrama de luxe.

THE FOOLISH VIRGIN—C. B. C.

WHY "The Foolish Virgin" should have been screened at all is one of the dark mysteries of cinema-land. It is one of the worst pictures of the year. It introduces Mary Adams (Elaine Hammerstein) as the foolish virgin who is tricked into going to a wild party where the hero quite appropriately saves her and marries her later. They go to the Carolina hills on their honeymoon and after a bewildering time of it find happiness together in a cottage. The story is silly, uninteresting, tiresome.

A MAN MUST LIVE—Paramount

THIS is good entertainment. Winning the war was an easy task compared to making a living for yourself. A man can only unhappiness, and that's just what happened with this picture. The only redeeming feature is the good photography in the prologue. Women knocking each other down and wooing with tongues is our idea of poor comedy, but, after all, it was the best thing in the picture.

TONGUES OF FLAME—Paramount

The title of this picture refers to a fire; not a new delicatessen morsel. It permits Tom Meighan to stroll placidly through exciting situations as the lawyer who protects the wronged Indian (not the working girl, this trip) from unsuspicious capitalists. After suffering for his trouble, he saves the town from destruction by fire and sets screen precedent by marrying the Indian maiden.
THE COURAGEOUS COWARD—

Capital Prod.

WHY is it that when a wealthy man's son is yellow they send him out to the "great open spaces where men are men" and invariably he cleans the town? This story is quite different from the usual ones featuring Jack Mower. Of course, the regular scheming contractor and foreman are present, the city girl whom he reneges for his country sweetheart and several thrilling fights. The children will enjoy it.

THE HOUSE OF YOUTH—Producers

Dist. Corp.

NOW don't be misled. This is not the place where the old folks regain their youth, it is just a story of the "flaming youths" of today. Jacqueline Logan does good work as the flapper while Malcolm McGregor looks quite natural in the drunken revels. In spite of the scandal thatLogan is implicated in, Spike still remains her true friend. They leave the wild life and open a Fresh Air Farm for poor kiddies.

Then she decides to settle down and accepts Spike.

TROOPING WITH ELLEN—Producers

Dist. Corp.

NO, Ellen isn't a girl scout, she's just a good little chorus girl whom two men madly love. One is a poor orchestra leader—the other a millionaire. Things begin to look rosy for Mr. Millionbucks but love always finds a way. The leader succeeds in writing a musical show—so then it's bye-bye to the millionaire. This picture will please the average audience. Helen Chadwick and Gaston Glass head the cast.

THE WHITE SHEEP—Pathe

JUST the sort of drama one would expect from a comedy expert such as Hal Roach. Not much under analysis but effective and amusing all the way. Another variation of the mild and dreaming son of a tough family who wins the girl of his heart away from his fighting brothers. The Tyler family, as Mr. Roach reveals it, is something to remember. They intimidate a whole town and, when there's nothing else to do, they conduct inter-family scrap.

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS—C.B.C.

AGIGANTIC steel monster plays the title role in "The Midnight Express," supported by Elaine Hammerstein, William Haines, and George Nichols. This is just another railroad thriller, plus an improbable story. The effeminate son of a railroad president succeeds in making a man of himself, winning the friendship of men and, by effecting a daring train rescue, the girl he loves.

THE DARK SWAN—Warner Brothers

NOT a world beater by any means. Another variation of the ugly duckling motif. Half-sisters in love with the same man, who marries the jazzy gal. When he finds her faithless, he turns back to the plain but true Cornelia. This handling of the triangle had possibilities which, somehow, these do not materialize under Millard Webb's direction. Marie Prevost is the flapper cutie (and good, too), while Helene Chadwick is her sacrificing half-sister.

RECKLESS SPEED—Capital Prod.

JUST a fair picture. A wealthy man is being swindled out of his oil well but it takes his brawny son to force the foreman to drill the hole and all is saved. Frank Merrill, who is the hero and a newcomer, resembles the advertisement for a muscle builder. One thing about him, he sure has a mean wallop—a right uppercut—and with this he packs them away.

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Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little “Danderine” and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair “Danderine” is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears. Get a bottle of “Danderine” at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

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Quinlan Eye Drops

They clear, strengthen and bring out the gleam of youth to tired, irritated eyes. 10¢ postpaid

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

Gerald Cranston’s Lady—Fox

HIGHLY emotional stuff, this, of a self-made captain of industry who purchases the titled daughter of an earl in marriage. Soon his house, based upon the theory that merchandise can be bought everything, comes toppling about his head. Edmund Goulding’s script is effectively built, Emmett Flynn’s direction is satisfactory, and the acting of James Kirkwood and Alice Rubens gives the various scenes a good holding power.

The Air Hawk—F. B. O.

THIS is an air thriller. Al Wilson, as a man of mystery, does the stunt flying and keeps you hanging onto the arms of your seat. As the hero, he ferrets out the gang that is looting a mine and, with the assistance of soldiers at an army post, captures the outlaws. Virginia Brown Fair is very well as the heroine. If you like aviation, see the picture. Outside of that it isn’t much.

Daughters of the Night—Fox

THIS wild and improbable melodrama typifies the slurring term, “movies,” but the youngsters will love it. Billy Roberts and his brother leave their wealthy parents in a huff when exception is taken to their dissolute life. Billy breaks away from his wild friends and procures a telephone lineman’s job in a small town where he falls in love with the attractive operator. There’s a villain, a fire, a chase, parental forgiveness, and a loving finale.

Close-ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

The title has nothing to do with this inane film which tells how Judson Forrest, ingeniously inventor, comes to New York to market a new kind of soap, which he manages to sell to the girl he loves. On the verge of success, he is double-crossed. Of course this misfortune rights itself and the promise of love and wealth glimmers in the future.

The Dangerous Flirt—F. B. O.

"The Dangerous Flirt," with Evelyn Brent, is an intriguing little drama spiced with a dash of the risque. Threatened with a scandal because she had been out all night with a youth whose car broke down, our heroine agrees to marry the hero. She loves him, but is afraid of love. Not understanding him, he leaves for South America. She follows. They become involved with a soundrell who falls in love with the wife and are saved through her wit and quick action.

The Fast Set—Paramount

William de Mille and ClaraBeranger’s adaptation of Frederick Lonsdale’s slender and brittle comedy, “Spring Cleaning,” minus its frothy dialogue, becomes a bit soggy in front of the camera. Still, Miss Beranger has managed to get around the risque situations pretty well. A novelist and his wife have drifted away. Disgusted with the people about him, the husband introduces a girl of the streets into their midst, Adolphe Menjou scores as the “other man.”

Open Lines

Rex Ingram sticks to the Latins. He employed Valentino in two pictures. He heralded Novarro as the discovery of the age. And when Novarro left him to do Ben Hur he went right out after more Spanish blood, choosing Tony Moreno for the lead in “Mare Nostrum.”

I coincide with Rex in a predilection for the gents of septa fini-h. Perhaps it’s the Armada strain in the Irish blood. If so, most of America is Irish, and the saints be praised for that.

It has been the style to spoof the Latin heroes, but I have yet to burst flasks with four more charming fellows than Novarro, Moreno, Valentino and Bull Montana. Three of them I count among my best friends.

GARIN is another name to drop in Hollywood and the flowery path long ago, and for several years I was closely associated with him. For all his Vesperian temperament there is no one more loyal and appreciative in friendship, none humbler in success.

Bull Montana is considered a joke, and no one roars more heartily at Bool than Bood. But he has a tall, tall name that means kindness. I’ve felt a serene security, seldom known to mortal man, since the day Bull pledged his friendship, saying, “Any time you want anyone out, Herb, tell Bool. Bool bust ‘um in the head.”

There is no better way of learning a fellow’s
When Bill Hart Played in “The Barrier”

I DROPPED into Bill Hart’s office the other day for a chat with the beloved two-gun man of the screen and he was running through some old clippings. One that caught my eye bore the by-line of that famous old gun-fighter of real life, Roy Masterson, who was one of the four or five fastest men on the trigger who ever lived.

The clipping bore the date line of February 1, 1910, and Masterson was reviewing the play of Rex Beach’s thrilling narrative of Alaska, “The Barrier,” for a New York paper.

In “The Barrier” Hart was appearing, probably for the first time, in the type of role which later made him so famous on the screen—the quiet, calm, daring desperado of the early days—and it interested me to see what this real Western character, turned critic, thought of Hart as Don Stark, a two-gun fighter.

In the hope that it will interest you as well I will quote a couple of paragraphs from Masterson’s review, which may or may not have been responsible for sending Hart to the pictures as a monument of life in the early West:

“The part of Don Stark, portrayed by W. S. Hart, seems to have been made to order for that clever impersonator of Western characters. Any one familiar with the character of the cool, calculating and daring desperado, whose presence was a part of frontier life a generation ago, will instantly recognize in Mr. Hart a true type of that reckless nomad who flourished on the border when the six-shooter was the final arbiter of all disputes between man and man.”

Mr. Hart looks the part, dresses the part and acts as if he were the real Don Stark and he stepped out of the book upon the stage.

“He indulges in none of that sort of bluff and bluster which was characteristic of the tenderfoot who went West to establish a record and was usually buried immediately after his first attempt at playing the bad man. I have never seen a man who more ably presented the imperturbable desperado under the most trying conditions than Mr. Hart. He must have given a great amount of hard study to the true frontier type in order to portray it in such a realistic manner.”

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
On a day when Charlie was seeking a star for his next film, he met Lita Grey, a young actress, and was instantly attracted. A dark-eyed, soft-voiced beauty with a Spanish air about her, Lita was the perfect foil for Charlie's outgoing personality. They began to court, and their relationship quickly blossomed into love. Lita's father, a wealthy businessman, was initially opposed to the match, but eventually relented when he saw how happy the couple was together.

The wedding was planned for the following summer, and Charlie went to great lengths to ensure that it was a grand affair. He invited all his friends and correspondents to come to Hollywood to witness the ceremony. The day of the wedding was a beautiful one, and the Hollywood studios were aglow with the joyous occasion. Charlie and Lita exchanged vows in front of the assembled guests, and the world of film congratulated them on their union.

The couple settled into married life in Los Angeles, and Charlie continued to work on his films. Lita's beauty and grace brought new life to the silent films, and she became a favorite of audiences everywhere. Their love and happiness were the talk of the town, and they continued to make films together for many years, becoming one of Hollywood's most famous couple.
Keep all your teeth clean
and you will keep all
your teeth
This tooth brush reaches every
tooth every time you brush

If your brush hitting on all 32? Look at the shape of this brush—that's what makes it so easy to reach every tooth.

It has a curved surface that fits the shape of your jaw. It has saw-tooth edges that reach in between the teeth. It has a large end tuft that helps clean the backs of front teeth and the backs of hard-to-get-at molars.

This brush is the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you know what makes your teeth decay? Germs in gum and tonsils are always in your mouth. They create lactic acid. This destroys the enamel. The important thing is to keep germs off your teeth—to remove the clinging mucus which holds the germs fast against them. That requires a brush scientifically designed with a saw-tooth arrangement of bristles. It requires a brush with a large end tuft that can reach the backs of back teeth. There is such a brush—the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you brush your gums when you brush your teeth? You should. See how the center row of bristles on every Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush is sunk below the level of the two outer rows. That is to give your gums the correct and mild massage they need.

Any brush will clean a flat surface—but your teeth are not flat. Every tooth has five sides. The saw-tooth, cone-shaped bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic clean between each tooth... the diagrams show you. The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth as shown in the diagrams to the left.
When Alice Played a German Soldier

(Continued from Page 59)

"I fully expected to go back to the cutting room at twelve dollars a week upon the release of "The Four Horsemen,"" she avers. Being frugal, with the days of the twelve-dollar-a-week cutting room just behind her, she didn't burst into immediate luxury. She was receiving just seventy-five dollars a week while making the picture. It was six times as much as she had been making, but her expenses remained pretty much the same. She arose at the crack of dawn and took a street car to the studio, hanging sadly to a strap and fighting the fumes of onion and garlic exhaled by the Mexican and negro laborers on their way to work with their lunch pails.

"When I hear of a girl who can't get along on a hundred a week I'm disgusted," she says. "When I was earning twelve dollars a week, I supported my mother, furnished a little cottage at the beach and saved money. And I was happy, too!"

Alice is incapable of worry. She says that if she ever received her salary she was going to type for Weather in the mornings to keep her mind busy. She has a sort of workmanlike nature and is sure she might talk her mother into it serenely, but she did soon forget it. "Along about Monday I'd think, 'My God, I'm going to be shot Wednesday!' But that wouldn't keep me from dancing Monday night!"

There was a time when an extra was she in sore financial straits, with a mother to support. She was almost down to my last dollar when she went to the Brunton studio for a job. "I received two dollars a day," she recalls. "I thought if I didn't get it the world would come to an end. Well, I didn't get it. And the world didn't come to an end. After that, they couldn't feed me.

She did have a momentary recurrence of the sensation when she married Rex Ingram. "I thought the world would change immediately. But when we moved away, way out from the church and I saw people walking around just as though nothing important had happened, I realized that it was utterly useless to try to impress humanity. Nothing you do matters in the least to the world."

When interviewed Alice Terry invariably assumes the role of the gracious and depreciating box-office star, as Rex is. She is simply herself and forthright. She is merely the shadow, the echo, the pretty clay which he chose to model.

Ah, Alice Terry is a great actress! The truth is that Rex has never let her be used. And it was to her he always turned for the final word. When all his aides failed to find a costume for Novarro that he liked it was Alice who plunged down into the South, the Arab slumming quarters, to bring back an amazing selection of gorgeous, luxurious and turbans. And along with them,—she dragged the admiring El Dis, merchant prince of Tunes, to drape Ramon in the proper manner.

The marriage of Alice and Rex is the most ideal union of individuals I've known, because each maintains the right of individuality. There is mutual understanding and confidence. Rex has never leaped into the state of a compliant husband. He's always the adoring suitor, marveled and astonished. In a particularly palpitation state one day, his eyes on Alice, who was holding court in the tea room of the Hotel Majestic, with eight or ten gallants, among the most famous names, he remarked, "If Alice ever wanted to leave me for a better man I would want to sign her up as a business partner. I've never known a woman of her intuition and intelligence."

It was not the sentimental edict of a le-

fuddled adorer. Alice Terry has a true intelligence, unobscured by pettiness or false theory, that permits her to see the truth of a situation. I know of no other girl who sees life as a whole in each clear perspective as the ambrosial Alice.

Down in the heart of the Sahara desert where we lived with five tribes of Bedouins making the影片 "The Desert Song," Alice was a delightful little Arab girl named Zina to whom Alice was very much attached. When we returned to Tunis Rex, who at heart has all the lovable qualities of the Holliman, said, "I believe I'll send for little Zina and make her our ward.

Alice with her thoughtful cerulean gaze replied, "But, Rex, what could we do for her? What could we give her that she hasn't there in the desert with her people?"

She paused in a moment of contemplation. "No, little Zina knows happiness. We are vain about our civilization. We could learn from her and her people."

"You are right," said Rex simply. Later he remarked to me that he never knew before that the Arabs were so well off. Zina, however, has the traditional knowledge and insight of these Arab peoples. She is fatalistic, she knows the fulness of effort, she has the poise of the mental aristocrat."

In addition, she has a ready and wheeling wit.

"I don't understand you," complained Rex. "I'll never understand you!"

"That's good," replied Alice, thrumming her ukulele. "So long as you don't you'll be interested."

And she went calmly on thrumming the Ukulele and singing, "Sitting in a Corner."

One night in Paris at Ciro's, Rex was gazing at her in rapt admiration—everyone else was doing the same. She was the most dazzling figure one could come upon, her skirt was of her own green and gold, her fashionable turban and make-up. "Oh, Alice," he sighed, "when I married you you were so simple. I certainly was!" retorted Alice gaily, as she accepted a dance from a Russian prince.

Seated in her closed car, languidly powdering over her make-up which the heat was ravaging, she gazed across the hot sands of the Sahara to the oasis where Rex was directing an audience in a scene of the picture.

They rehearsed an hour when Rex called "Camera!" An assistant rushed forward to powder the actress' nose. Another draped her mantle. A third read the title for her repeat. And Rex, for the tenth time, showed her the expression he wanted.

"And they call themselves artists," mused Alice impersonally. "How any actress or director could be simple! One in the world can earn money as easily as we do."

I agreed that it was pretty soft for a man, but that for a woman,—well, it was fattening to shop around and . . .

Alice shot me a humorous glance, a be-yourself-this-is-Alice glance.

"I cried around in the cutting room but I didn't get four thousand a week for my fatigue!"

Alice today with her jewels, her bonds, her real estate is the Alice of the cutting room. She has none of her reflective, her appreciation of values, her sense of proportion. She has owned just one car, a used Buick, which she drove herself.

The necklace and diamond bracelet were stolen, she received several thousand dollars from the insurance company. Instead of buying another diamond circlet, she contented herself with a simple chain and banded the balance of the money in bonds. She probably anticipated the magnificent diamond and sapphire bracelet that Rex later purchased to replace the stolen one!

She says she would like to purchase a desert

No Reason Now for Gray Hair

Remarkable Clean, Colorless Liquid Quickly Restores Original Shade

A few years ago gray hair had to be endured, or mussy, inefficient dyes were used, which gave the hair a 'colored' or streaked, uneven appearance. Now you can simply apply the clean, colorless liquid, known as Kolor-Bak, to your hair and quickly restore its former shade and natural appearance. Results often appear in a week. Hundreds of thousands of people have used it.

It is simply amazing to see how quickly Kolor-Bak restores the original shade, no matter what it was—brown, black, auburn, blonde—and the hair takes on "new life" and beauty. Kolor-Bak also banishes dandruff and itching scalp, stops falling hair and gives it renewed vitality. It is not sticky, greasy or mousy. It is as easy to use as water.

Ask Your Dealer

So popular is Kolor-Bak because of its merit that it is sold everywhere. Ask any druggist or toilet supply dealer. No need to furnish a sample of your hair as the one clean, colorless liquid is for any gray hair regardless of former shade. If Kolor-Bak does not bring the desired results, your money will be instantly refunded.

Kolor-Bak Banishes Gray Hair

Dealers Everywhere Sell Kolor-Bak with Money-Back Guarantee

Photoplay Magazine Advertising Section
island somewhere and just sit there the rest of her days.

But if she must have a career in pictures she would like to play Louise Fazenda roles in comedies.

Just the other day she was offered a dramatic part that appealed to her. The eager company official asked her to come out to the studio immediately.

"Tomorrow will do," yawned Alice. The next day she called the studio and told them to send her a car, as she had disposed of her Buick and didn't propose to hire a taxicab. She rode out in their car and asked them three thousand dollars a week! "Were they staggered by the salary?" I asked. "Not as staggered as I was when they accepted," she retorted.

Alice Terry is a wealthy girl, because she has never become an addict to the vanity of extravagance. She says that the true value of wealth is the privilege it gives of being yourself, of thinking and acting after your own instincts.

Alice Terry is an excellent actress—an absolute mistress of technique—a greater actress than opportunity has yet revealed. But her chief claim to greatness is as an individual—a witty, philosophical and brilliant woman.

Period Picture Lessons for Your Home

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

method of living—mean much more to us than they otherwise ever could.

Take the Tudor period, as an example. I am using illustrations two scenes from historical pictures. One from "Dorothy Vernon of Had- don Hall" and the other from "Six Days." Both the sets which I show are claimed to be authentic reproductions of Tudor period rooms, and they are extremely accurate in detail.

In those days, at the beginning of the sixteenth century in England, a man's house was first of all his fortress. It was built to last for generations. There was no thought of moving. Comfort was little considered in its furnishings. What furniture there was, and there was little, was not made for comfort, nor yet for decoration, but every piece had a real practical purpose in the room. Everything in the room was simple in outline and design and in construction.

All this is evident in the setting of Haddon Hall. Its high ceilings at first make it seem in no way appropriate to our small, low rooms, but see how readily many of its ideas may be adapted to your own house. It is necessary to add a quality of comfort that is lacking in the original and is so vital to our modern methods of living. But that means no more than the upholstering of a bench or chair seat, an added easy chair or two, and an occasional rug, perhaps.

The solidity, stability and massiveness which it was necessary for them to introduce into their designs can easily be eliminated by reducing slightly the scale. The simplicity of line appeals to us almost, if not as much as it did to those people four hundred years ago.

In this light, what a new interest these period rooms on the screen will have for you! These movies are certainly living up to their reputation as educators of the people, for, whether unconsciously or not, they are giving their audiences a real practical lesson in period decorations and furnishing.

Next time you see one of these settings, see if you cannot take some idea or suggestion home to apply to your own room.

DEPARTING Cook (after week's stay).

"Should any letters come for me, P'tras you'll kindly send 'em on."

Lady (sarcastically). "Certainly—if there's any room on the envelope for any more addresses.—Punch.

The tools of national service

The American people lead the world in the efficiency of industry. Who can say what part of their success is due to the superior implements they use. This much we know. They have the world's best telephone system as an instrument of communication, and they use it without parallel among the races of the earth. To this end our telephone service must be equipped with proper tools.

The tools of management. Bell System executives, rising from the ranks of those who know telephony, must share our responsibility to the public, most of whom are telephone users, shareholders or workers.

The tools of service. The national, two-billion-dollar Bell System, handling fifty-eight million telephone calls a day, must be enlarged and extended while in use.

The tools of forecast. We must continue to know the rapid and complex growth of communities and make provision in advance, so that the telephone will be ready when needed.

The tools of supply. The Western Electric Company, our manufacturing and purchasing department, its factories manned by 40,000 workers, assures us that extension of facilities need never be interrupted.

We must have the best tools of finance, of invention, of every- thing else, in order to continue serving the American people.
This will quickly train your hair in any of the new smooth effects

Juliette Crosby of "The Show-off," one of New York's biggest comedy successes, writes:

"To the woman who wishes to obtain the severely smooth arrangement of the hair that is now so fashionably, Stacomb is the most effective aid available."

These new satin-smooth effects look so simple. But how achieve them when your hair is the fluffy kind that flies all over? Or so wiry it refuses to go new ways?

For all rebellious hair there is now Stacomb — the new light cream that women everywhere are finding indispensable in training their hair to the new styles.

Stacomb gently and safely persuades your hair to go the way it should.

It is actually beneficial and tends to prevent dandruff—keeps your scalp cleaner, makes your hair look better and healthier than ever before.

The slightest touch of Stacomb in the morning shapes your bob and keeps it that way all day. For long hair, Stacomb prevents stray locks. Stacomb holds your wave in longer. And to even the driest hair it gives the softest luster that everyone finds so charming.

Non-greasy. At all drug and department stores. In jars and tubes, or the new liquid Stacomb. Canadian address: Standard Laboratories, Ltd., 727 King Street, West, Toronto, Ont. Dept. M-16

Stacomb keeps the hair in place

Free Offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. M-16
113 West 18th Street, New York City
Please send me, free of charge, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name

Address

FRIENDLY ADVICE

From Carolyn Van Wyck

"How can I know whether he loves me?" I am perfectly sure that I love him. He tells friends that he finds me much kinds of me. They say he cares a great deal for me. But how, dear Mrs. Van Wyck, shall I know?"

A difficult question. One that many of my correspondents ask me. How shall they know whether the young man "who kisses me before my family and kisses my older sister before he does me, really loves me alone? They tell me that he is a friend of the family and much older than themselves. They fear that his is only a "friend of the family sentiment."

There is no way of knowing except to wait. Time solves all riddles as it heals all wounds. Be friendly and interested and always show that you are glad to see him. But don't try to turn his calls on the family into petting parties for yourself. He wants to see you and that is also to find you a refreshing and interested as you can without being bold. For whatever you hear to the contrary, and no matter how many "vamps" you see on the screen, there is so little, that will believe that he pursued and won the girl he marries. He would feel foolish and humiliated if anyone inquired to him that she had pursed and captured him. So if, as the years pass, and you gain knowledge and experience, you determine to win a man and use him, never let him know of that resolve. He likes to regard himself as a splendid conqueror, not as game that has been bagged.

What are the symptoms of love?

One sign, but not an infallible one, is that he will listen to you and ask yout what you are doing and say. You will not bore him. Perhaps, occasionally, after marriage, but not before. He will try to do that which will please you. The young man carrying a box of candy or looking foolishly at you over a pretentious bunch of flowers is a symbol of love. He is trying to please the girl in whom he is interested. But even the largest blooms may be a mere convention, especially if he sends instead of bringing them. If he truly loves you he will talk as soon as he honorably can do so of marriage. He will not try to evade the question. One circumstance will justify him in evading a subject so important. That is, that he thinks he is not yet financially able to support a wife. A humorist says that love "is an insane desire to pay a woman's board and rent." The man who too long avoids the question of marriage is a truer or worse.

A serious young man may have another reason for avoidance of the subject. In this,

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante

She will also be your friend

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

—The E.P.W.
Olga, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.

You were not at all pleased with yourself when you wrote that letter, Olga. But that is better than to be supremely satisfied with our appearance or characteristics. When we are content we do not improve. I believe in drinking much water. It makes for health and a clear complexion. I have never known anyone who drinks ten to twelve glasses of water a day who has a mottled skin. If your skin becomes rough after washing it you would better use a different and less drying soap. The soap you suggest is soothing and not too drying. Most persons who give intelligent care to their complexes, apply an emollient, an oil or cream, after washing it, and then powder, especially before going into the outer air. It is unwise to go into the cold air soon after washing the face, unless it is thus protected.

The matter of dressing your hair is simple. Since it is growing long and you do not want to bob it again, roll it up at the back and pin it rather flatly above your neck. This gives the lobbed appearance, yet by it you avoid the straggling locks upon your neck.

Robert, Montclair, N. J.

You are not too heavy for your height, Robert. Possibly your weight is composed chiefly of fat. In that case you need vigorous outdoor exercise such as baseball playing or something as useful as chopping trees. Not cherry trees, my son. Remember George Washington. Cultivate a firm, quick step. I know a captain of industry who says he judges an applicant for a place in his organization by his walk. "Look at that chap," he said to me. "He could borrow money on his walk."

The young man under inspection was of about the same height and weight as yourself. But his weight seemed to be composed almost entirely of bone and muscle. He gave the impression of leanness and activity. He walked swiftly, with long strides, an athletic step all the way from the hip. Since your hair and eyes are deeply brown you can wear becomingly orange, green and red tints of a dark shade. In suits, brown or dark blue are best for business wear.

Betty, Western, W. Va.

Green in all its shades and combinations of shades should be especially becoming to you, Betty. Unusual coloring. I would make the most of green at any rate, were I you. You can reduce your weight to advantage. Colored stationery in the paler tints is smart. Stockings in light shades are popular.

Colleen, Buckingham, Can.

I agree with you that your problem is serious, Miss Colleen. A girl who, at nineteen, has wrinkles beneath her eyes and across her forehead needs advice and change of habits. Yes, habits, my dear. For the wrinkles across your forehead are caused by frowning. You have unconsciously formed them yourself. Members of your household ought to tell you whenever you frown. So by doing it you can help you break your bad facial habits. If they do not, or if you are so unfortunate as not to have a family, you would better have a long, searching session with your mirror. Scrutinize your face while it is in action. Notice in what mood, whether of earnestness or annoyance, you form those wrinkles on your forehead. Catch yourself in the act of making them. Determine that you will not again indulge that habit. The lines under your eyes may be the result of grimmaces or of graver causes. They may indicate depleted vitality or lack of rest. An hour, or two hours more, or sleep in twenty-four should smooth them away with the help of a nourishing cream or oil applied with feather-like lightness. The skin beneath the eyes is so delicate and is of a foundation so slight that if you rub it you may cause the formation of permanent wrinkles. Those you now have, I believe and hope, are temporary. Premature wrinkles are caused by making faces. Stop making them.

This might have been prevented!

Bad teeth and malnutrition are closely associated. When teeth decay, development of the child is retarded both physically and mentally.

Poison of Bad Teeth Causes Malnutrition

Interferes with Digestion and Assimilation of Food—Child Remains Undernourished

Don't wait to counteract tooth trouble Prevent It!

Colgate's removes causes of tooth decay

Preventive science is the new development in dentistry. Its aim is to keep teeth healthy—and teeth can be kept healthy only when they are kept clean. Healthy teeth are as necessary to beauty as pretty eyes and a lovely complexion.

Causes of tooth decay must be removed—safely. Soap and chalk, scientists say, are the best agents yet discovered for cleaning teeth safely—and these are ingredients of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

"Washes," Polishes and Protects

Colgate's does not scrape teeth clean. It washes them. Non-gritty chalk removes clinging particles. Mild soap washes them away. The mouth is left in its normal condition—refreshed and clean.

There is no grit in Colgate's, for grit scratches tooth enamel, thus inviting decay instead of fighting it.

See your dentist at least twice a year and use Colgate's regularly. It is manufactured sensibly, advertised sensibly and is sold at a sensible price—25c for the large tube.

COLGATE & CO., Established 1806

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 997, 199 Fulton St., New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.
Give the Children a good start

Train them from infancy to be regular in Nature's most important daily function

OTHERS must watch three things very carefully if they expect their children to be healthy and normal in size and weight: that the food agrees with them; that they digest it thoroughly; that they expel the waste regularly once or twice every day.

When your child is constipated quickly give, according to age, a half or a whole spoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is a delightfully pleasant vegetable compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with aromatics, the formula being printed in full on the package. It is wholly free from opiates and narcotics; mild and gentle in action. A bottle that can be procured at any drug store for sixty cents will be found sufficient to last a family for months. All can use it.

Don't hesitate, don't postpone. A dose of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin relieves children of constipation and biliousness, reduces feverishness and wards off colds, dispels nervousness and produces sleep, clears up a blotchy skin and restores appetite.

Sample Bottle Free

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the largest selling liquid laxative in the world, over 10 million bottles being sold annually, but if you have never used it in your family send your name and address today to Pepsin Syrup Co., 31 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois, and a sample bottle will be sent you free and postpaid.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

The Family Laxative

Dr. Caldwell's Book, "Cure of the Baby," Free on Request
and for nearly two years she had heard nothing from him.

Well, she thought, his letter had come at a good time. The week just past had been full of conflict. As the making of the picture drew to a close, Tony Hull, for some reason, possibly because his disagreeable task was so nearly over, grew more and more light-hearted, seemed more and more inclined to urge upon her a round of engagements which she did not desire to accept, and yet found it difficult to refuse.

It would never do to let him see how deeply she had been hurt, and yet, without displaying a definite coolness, it was next door to impossible to decline his ardent invitations. She had dined with him twice, listened to his rather cautious love-making, and found the food choking her. Had it not been for his interest in her career, his profilers of help, she would have refused him altogether. No woman, not even a cautious one, which Jane was not, could have endured such a situation with patience; she longed to cry out her feelings, to ask him why, if he disliked Irene, so intensely, he did not divorce her, instead of making covert love to another woman. At this point in her career, Jane came as near to hating Tony as a woman can ever come to hating a man she really loves.

Particularly she wondered what it was that prevented him from exposing Irene as a cheap little fraud. Davidson’s attentions to her had become, in Jane’s eyes, positively nauseating. The two would sit in the projection room, or watch the filming of scenes in which Irene did not appear, holding hands like a pair of young lovers, while she talked to him with a frankness that unat- tured old man, ordered him about, criticized his neckties, his suits, his shoes, bullied him as she might have bullied a boy of sixteen, all to his apparent enjoyment.

Jane wondered that he was not embarrassed in the presence of others, but he seemed to take a positive delight in making a fool of himself, a pride, in being treated as a schoolboy. Possibly it gave him a sense of renewal. But to Jane it seemed pitiful, that the Lew Davidson of old, brusque and severe at times, but always kindly and considerate when occa- sion demanded it, was gone, along with his whimsical smile, his amusing if sometimes racy stories, his keen appreciation of work well done.

In his place stood a belted dandy, whose carefully trimmed and patent-leather polished hair, pinkly massaged cheeks and manicured nails made him conspicuous as an old man aging young, and might have made him ridiculous as well, had he not been a trifle pathetic.

At least, so Jane thought, there were others, less charitably disposed, who laughed behind his back, and asked, in his face, what he had done to himself to make himself look so young. Davidson’s chest went out at this; it pleased him, although he gave credit for his rejuvenation to Irene.

Jane, glancing idly through Ben Hardy’s letter, decided that he might prove a very useful fool in her duel with Tony Hull, a pleasant adventure against the man she had heard talking about for the past week. An old friend, with claims upon her time, would provide ample ex- cuse for refusing Tony’s invitations. She slipped the letter into his hand, and went up to town by trolley, instead of waiting for Tony to drive her home in his machine, as he had suggested. A sentence in Mr. Hardy’s letter piqued her curiosity: “I have something mighty important to tell you,” he had said.

She had sufficient feminine curiosity to telephone him at his hotel as he had requested her to do in the letter, as soon as she reached New York.

It was not yet six, and she found him in his room. On learning her name—he had not expected, he said, to hear from her so soon—he almost burst into cheers.

“Jane! You dear, sweet, adorable thing! To call me up the very day you got my letter! I could kiss you for it. You can’t imagine what it means to a stranger in town, like yours truly. I haven’t been in New York for over two years. Everybody I used to know

W HAT is more difficult for a mother than the instruction of her daughter in the facts about feminine hygiene? No matter how scientific and up-to-date her own information may be, it is hard to know just where to begin, and how. This little book solves the problem for mother, daughter or wife. It carries a clear and sensible message for every woman who values her health and peace of mind.

In this age of wholesome frankness there are still far too many women who stumble along un- guided, Some have absolutely nobody to tell them what they should know. Some have received wrong or incomplete advice. Others are simply too shy or timid to ask.

The result is that thousands of women today are running untold risks through the use of poison- ous, caustic antiseptics. A shameful condition, but physicians and nurses will vouch for the truth of this statement.

Unnecessary to run these risks

Happily, science has now come to the aid of woman in her natural desire to achieve a complete surgical cleanliness and to do it safely. She can now throw out all such deadly poisons from the home and install in their place the great new antiseptic called Zonite.

Though absolutely non-poisonous and non-caus- tic, Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and fifty times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen. These comparisons give some idea of the stand- ing of Zonite as a genuine germicide.

How different in its nature is Zonite from the compounds containing phenol, cresol and bi- chloride of mercury! These fluids, even when greatly diluted, remain so caustic in their action that they can not, for instance, be held in the mouth without sharply corroding and withering the delicate tissue-hinging. Zonite, on the contrary, is non-poisonous and so absolutely harmless that dental authorities are actually recommending it widely for use in the practice of oral hygiene.

The clean wholesomeness of Zonite

Enlightened women of refinement everywhere have been the first to see the change that Zonite has brought into their lives. While knowing the importance of personal hygiene to their lasting health and happiness, they have in the past shirked from the use of poisonous antiseptics. Now they have Zonite. And Zonite, clean and wholesome as an ocean breeze, is an assurance of a continued period of cleanliness, charm and freedom from worry.

The Women’s Division offers this booklet free

The Women’s Division has prepared this dainty booklet especially for the use and convenience of women. The information it contains is concise and to the point. A delicate subject is treated with scientific frankness, as it should be. Send for it. Read it. Then you can properly consider yourself abreast of the times in a very im- portant matter of health and comfort. Pass this booklet on to others who need it. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Co., Postum Building, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

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Slightly higher in Canada

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Keeps Wave and Curl In

Wash your hair as often as you like, and have no more trouble afterwards.

A little Glostora brushed through your hair when you dress it, makes it so soft, pliable, and easy to manage, that it stays any style you arrange—it whether long or bobbed—on any and all occasions.

It acts like magic! It keeps the wave and curl in; brightens, softens, and gives dull, dry, or dead looking hair new life—immediately!

A few drops impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and makes your hair fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre instantly.

Glostora is inexpensive and you can get a bottle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

There is nothing better for children whose hair lacks natural life and lustre, or is hard to train, or keep in place.

Not sticky, pasty or greasy.

Glostora

Put a few drops on your hairbrush

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Be popular and admired

I'll teach you right at home through my wonderful new method.

Amazingly simple—easy.

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INSTANTLY makes them

...purer naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderfull charm, beauty and expression to faces. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions.

Orderable in solid cake form or waterproof liquid. At all your drap-er's or direct post offices.

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Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
Every mother should tell her daughter this

A new way in woman's hygiene, today adopted by 5 million women

The scientifically correct way approved by Doctors and Nurses

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Graduate Nurse

If five million women adopt, practically overnight, a new way in personal hygiene, surely it is worth knowing about—at least worth giving a trial.

Today mothers everywhere are telling their daughters of this new way which has revolutionized woman's personal life. They give thanks their daughters need never know the old fashioned make-shifts—unhygienic, dangerous to health—that this new way supplanted.

This new way is Kotex, widely urged by doctors and nurses. And it is as a nurse that I urge you to try it. Kotex is used in practically all hospitals today. And by eight women in ten in the better walks of life.

The advantages of Kotex

Many discomforts common to women, doctors say, are directly traceable to make-shift sanitary methods. Every woman knows this to be true.

Kotex is a sanitary pad made of Cellucotton, the world's super-absorbent. It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture.

It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

Besides that, each Kotex pad is impregnated with a new secret deodorant which our scientists recently discovered. It is the result of years of laboratory experiment and research.

It can be discarded simply, without the least bother or embarrassment—just like a piece of tissue.

Sealed packages of twelve. In two sizes, the regular, and Kotex-Super, at all drug and department stores.

Easy to get—anywhere

Today, get Kotex, deodorized, at all druggists in sealed packages of twelve. In two sizes, the regular, and Kotex-Super. Or write me for a free sample and booklet, written by an eminent doctor on this important subject. Your letter will be treated confidentially, of course, and the sample will come in plain, unmarked wrapper. Just address me, Ellen J. Buckland, G. N., care of Cellucotton Laboratories, 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

Kotex-Super now 90c

KOTEX

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West Electric

Bobbed Hair Curler

Now, your hair can look professionally curled every day. But do it yourself with these new West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers—and so quickly you’ll be amazed.

No heat. No sticky lotions. Nothing to break or tear the hair. Just dampen your hair, roll it up in the curler, and lock the curler. When the hair is dry, slide out the curler without unwinding the hair.

Does not disturb the curl

Think of what it means to have a curler that can be removed without disturbing the curl. Not only does your hair stay curled much longer, but it gives you exactly the kind of a curl you want. The secret is in the third arm of this marvelous little curler. Moreover, it is the simplest of all curlers to use, and curls even the shortest hair.

Try these new West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers. They cost only 25c for a card of 5, or 10c for a card of 2. If you don’t have them, fill out and mail the coupon below. The West Electric Hair Curler Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

and delightful figure, in the train of her married sister as portrayed by Irene Shirley. But for the latter he had no praise, and sat watching her with the critical practical judgment of the outside public, whose verdict on the picture would ultimately make or break it. No personal considerations influenced him. He had never met Irene, never knew she was to appear in the picture. And since she was to appear, he felt it was incumbent on him to judge the film. He had seen her; she meant nothing to him, beyond the character she was playing on the screen, and his point of view was impossible to Jane, or to any of those associated with the production, a large unit.

Even the picture people in the audience were certain to be biased; professional rivalries, business affiliations, personal friendships, all pulled one way or another. But Ben liked the picture. He was as much an outsider as John Jones, from Brattleboro, or Tom Smith, from East St. Louis—if the picture pleased him, it would please them. That was the idea. His son that Jane had been anxious to have him at her side.

"How do you like it?" she presently asked.

"She’s terrible," he replied in a low whisper.

"I don’t just know how to express it—I’m not posing as any critic—but she reminds me—oh, oh, oh, of the amateur shows we used to put on, when I was in Bernhard. She’s good looking, she’s not awkward. She moves about like a human being, but there’s something lacking—something you keep feeling for and never get. I like fiddling into a cream puff and fiddle your conclusions. Look there! She’s supposed to be terribly frightened, isn’t she, meeting that crook who’s trying to blackmail her husband? Well—she’s no fright, I am honestly surprised. Pinky smile she had on in the scene she just played with you.

"You know, Jane, I sometimes think the screen shows more of a person’s insides, his guts, than we give it credit for. Take this Shirley woman. She isn’t sincere. Probably isn’t off the stage, and gives that impression. On, you don’t believe her, the way you do the public; I mean you. You feel that she’s just—acting. So far the picture leaves me cold. I don’t suffer, when she’s suffering; or laugh, when she’s laughing, because I don’t feel that her suffering, her laughter, are real. I don’t give a Damn’s dam whether she wins back her husband or not. Because I know she wouldn’t. I’m no critic, but I know what hits me here—he touched his breast—and I’d go out after this picture and yawn and say ‘not so good’ and blame it on the story, most likely, when all the while the fault was not the fault. This Shirley woman may have all kinds of technique, may be beautifully directed, surrounded by a million dollars worth of scenery and furniture, may mean a mean and a sound thing, if she can’t make me feel—give me some kind of a thrill. Get me? Otherwise the thing’s cold, far as I’m concerned. And I guess most people are the same way. They give up their twenty-five or fifty cents, or whatever it may be, to be amused, interested, thrilled. If they go away dis-satisfied, and tell their friends the picture’s rotten, all the explanation in the world won’t alter matters.

I’m only an outsider, but that’s my dope. I’ll make you a prediction this Shirley woman never does make a big, successful picture, because what she puts over doesn’t convince you of anything. She might just as well be a mechanical doll."

Jane, watching Irene in the scenes which followed, wondered if Hardy was right. Tony Hull had taught her every look, every gesture, every position. "Ben says she didn’t mean anything, didn’t convey anything, because there was nothing back of them to convey, save a small, shrewd, hard little nature, thinning every moment of the time, not of the part she was playing, but of herself—not of making her role a living, sentient thing, but of making herself a popular, high-salaried star. The way in which she projected Irene Shirley, instead of the woman in the play, was well-nigh uncanny—not for one instant did she forget herself, or allow the audience to forget her.

"Now take your part," Hardy went on, to the very evident annoyance of Mr. Evans, on his left, "it isn’t a big part, but you make it feel real. Use your arm in your arms and comfort her, that you mean it—that you are suffering with her. And for all she gives you in return you might as well be playing a ventriloquist. Say—I wish you’d been playing this part—the picture would have had a knockout."

"I don’t know why I said I was interested in it, or what was being said, but it was resenting it. "You only feel that way about me because you like me. Miss Shirley has lots of friends, all about her and saying what you are saying. Wait till after the show."

As the lights went on for the intermission, a tremendous buzz of conversation arose. People were talking about everything. Lew hurried to the smoking rooms, for cigars and cigarettes.

A group of eager sycophants surrounded Davidson and Irene; she listened to their flattering comments with a fatuous smile. If Lew had any doubts, he had none; it seemed to her, as she watched herself on the screen, that Sarah Bernhardt, in her palmiest days, had nothing "on" her.

"Now that you’ve given me my chance," she murmured, pressing Davidson’s hand tenderly. "I’m going all the way."

She really believed it, as one after another of Davidson’s friends came up and told her she was the coming woman of the screen.

Lew had been prevailed on to proclaim them throughout—Burke, Bankert, thence he wanted to discount these opinions. In spite of his infatuation for Irene he was a showman, to whom the only opinion of any value was that registered by the public at the box office. Those who told him he had discovered a star of the first magnitude had nothing to lose and everything to gain by their flattery. If the picture later failed to please the public, at least, not the picture was at fault. To have expressed a frank disapproval would have merely hurt and angered Lew to no purpose. They knew the truth, and didn’t want to hear a word of judgment; too often they had thought a play or a picture a dismal failure, on opening night. Only to see the public reverse their opinions completely, by keeping the S. R. O. sign out for months to come.

Those honest and sincere friends who felt in the hearts that Irene was hopeless, remained away, in the lobby, the smoking rooms, preferring to express no opinion at all, if they could not express a favorable one. As a result, Irene returned from a walk on the beach with a look of real annoyance on her face, which was as royal as that of any queen, picturing herself the mistress of Davidson’s house, his fortune, his business, fitting from Palm Beach to Deser ville, or Monte Carlo, acting when she pleased, but never allowing her “art” to interfere with the pursuit of pleasure, the enjoyment of life, which made up the sum of her small and selfish ambitions.

Just what Lew Davidson’s feelings were, as he drove Irene home, it would be difficult to say. The flattery of his friends had pleased him; he was flattered by the nearness which Suspect it to be insincere. The mere fact that others think us worth flattering is in itself a compliment; the commodity is not usually dear to the neighborhood. But in spite of Irene’s ravishing presence, Davidson was rather silent, as they rolled downtown to her hotel.

"It’s the matter, dear?" she chirped, like some gay little parakeet. "Hasn’t your baby girl pleased you tonight?" The birdlike kiss which accompanied her words went far to remove his’s."

"Sure you have," he whispered, clasping her in his arms, "but don’t think the picture is over because our friends like it. We got to wait for the critics."

"Both the critics! Isn’t Benny Evans giving them a champagne supper? Nobody pays any attention to what they say, anyhow. The picture’s all right. The public is going to love
It was half past ten when Irene turned lazily in her luxurious bed, yawned prettily, and telephoned the office to send up the morning papers. She was not at all worried about the reviews; it seemed to her sufficient that Benny Evans had arranged to give the critics a big champagne supper. So confident did she feel that she did not even take the trouble to open the papers until, assisted by her newly-acquired maid, she had completed an elaborate toilette.

Finally, clad in a new and very gorgeous negligee, she threw herself upon a chaîne longue and began to look over the reviews. Almost at once a sordid rage rose in her petty little soul, an anger which made her want to rend and tear, to do some personal violence to those who had dared to criticize her. The thinly veiled sneers with which the critics had received her performance brought flaming red spots to her cheeks. "Wooden, mechanical, utterly uninspired," one reviewer wrote. "A beautiful but brainless doll," wrote another. "She gives you nothing, because she has nothing to give," said a third. Phrase after phrase inflamed her rage to the boiling point. "An excellent if somewhat sordid picture, spoiled by the amateurish efforts of Miss Irene Shirley, a newcomer to the screen. As a star, she strikes us as being invisible without the aid of a telescope." And further down the page, "Mr. Lew Davidson, hitherto rather noted for the excellence of his casts, has made a mistake in placing his money on Miss Shirley. Her work was childish, compared with the superb acting, in a secondary rôle of Miss Jane Dare."

Not all the reviews were unfavorable, however. Perhaps some of the reviewers among those who had partaken of Mr. Evans' champagne felt a disposition to let Mr. Davidson down easily. Even critics are often human, with axes to grind. Certain papers referred to the showing as "a brilliant success," of the picture as being "well up to the company's usual high standard," but even these favorably inclined individuals were careful not to commit themselves to imperil their critical reputations by according any specific praise to Irene. Taken by and large, the verdict of the reviewers was damming, and for the first time in her life Irene Shirley began to suspect that there might be more to screen success, after all, than physical beauty and the backing of an intimated producer. The suspicion, however, was but momentary. By the time Mr. Davidson arrived for breakfast she was once more her old, confident, insolent self, ready to sweep the verdict of the newspapers aside with contempt because it did not agree with her own. After all, did not Lew control the company which distributed his pictures? The exhibitors who ran the Davidson programme would have to take the picture, whether they liked it or not. A whirlwind of advertising would get the people into the theaters; once there, she felt certain they would stay to applaud, go away enthusiastic. Let the critics go hang. She would make her appeal directly to the public.

She told Lew as much, when he came in, said lightly, after a cares more ardent then she had

CHAPTER XXIII

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Few of these writers had ever written a line for publication before they enrolled with the Palmer Institute of Authorship.

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come from? What's her history been—her past? You must have heard something. Look here, Miss Dare"—she leaned forward in her chair and placed her heavy hand on Jane's knee—"you find out the truth about this girl for me, and I promise you I make Lew give her your place. You deserve it anyway. You're a better actress than she is—a hundred times.

"Help me to get rid of her—to make my hus-and see her the way she really is—to prove to him that she's twisting him around her little finger, just to advance herself in the business. When he finds out what a fool he's been, he'll come back to me on his knees, ready to promise anything if I'll only forgive him. Well—if you help me, the price of my forgiveness is that he makes you a star. I give you my hand on it, just the same like it was a signed contract. That's a fair way to do it, she extended a pudgy hand, glittering with rings.

Jane stared at it, stupefied with amazement. The signed photograph at Tony's bungalow, the talk she had overheard about a divorce, the information given her by Alice Carroll, all danced frantically in her mind. In half a dozen words she could set fire to a mine which would blow Irene to obscurity, bring Lew Davidson back to sanity and his wife, and elevate herself to the pinnacle of her ambitions! The temptation fairly dazzled her, as she groped for a decision.

Then came the other side of the story—Tony, discredit, discharged. Davidson's revulsion of feeling against Irene would take itself out on him as well—the husband who, by remaining silent, had made the older man's undoing possible. And Irene's threats of the penitentiary? What of them? Jane shud- dered in the grip of a momentary chill. Could she win success by such devious methods? Even to satisfy ambition, to attain to stardom, was she ready to pay such a price? True, she would be but giving Irene her just due. But she was helping the cause of a heart-broken woman, but—it meant Tony's ruin! Was success worth it? Was she ready to play the game that way? Unable to speak, she gazed in help- less indecision at Mrs. Davidson's outstretched hand.

[END OF PART IV]

And He Liked Harold, Too!

A CASE of mistaken identity cost Harold Lloyd a fine for speeding when he motored down to Tia Juana for the opening of the races. Harold admits he was tempted by a long stretch of right hand pavement and wanted to see what his new car could do, so he told the chauffeur to step on it.

But what they failed to see on the long straightaway was a clump of trees, and by the time they were doing fifty they heard that fatal "pop! pop! pop!" which causes the hearts of all good motorists to rise in their throats.

"Pull over that thing!" came the all too familiar order, and the big car came to a halt.

"I've been risking my life for miles chasing you guys. What do you think this is, a speed- way?"

The speed cop was mad. He pulled out his book and asked for the name.

"Harold Lloyd," came quickly from the back seat.

The cop gave an incredulous look and then another.

"Put on your glasses," he ordered. But Harold leaves his glasses with his make-up box.

"You don't look like the Harold Lloyd I know," says the cop, "and he's given me many a laugh. In fact, I gave me a pair here, see if you can laugh this off!" And he made Harold a present of a nice little tag.

"If I thought you were Harold Lloyd, the comedian, I might let you off," was the cop's parting shot.

In future Harold will always carry his prop glasses with him.

Healthy folks keep fit with Beeman's—yous'll find its daily use is "a sensible habit"
Vampires I Have Known

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

friendly enemies, I should think. And perhaps it is from this that you get that impression of strength, like delicate steel wires.

She understands luxury so well. It is part of her. She has made elegance her slave. All the things of luxury and elegance that ensure the senses—not cheaply, nor as an obvious setting for the eyes. She is one of the women who know the world—she knows and uses. Jewels, and furs, and gowns, and silks and laces, and motor cars, and rooms filled with rugs and pictures and beautiful things.

She is a silvery per-on—that cool silk, that is so firm and soft beneath your fingers.

And yet Gloria's greatest charm is that she is seeking. There is a quest written upon her forehead. And unless I mistake it very greatly as a man is apt to do, it is the quest for the man whom she could really love. And so each man, in the egotism that is natural to men, looks into Gloria's direct eyes and sees the quest written upon her forehead, and says, "Perhaps I am that man."

And he forthwith plunges into the troubled waters of being in love with a cool, direct, splendid lady. For I think she would be very hard to convince. Because there is something about her that suggests that some time or other she has known the wrong kind of men—men who were cads, maybe. Not in this life, perhaps. Perhaps coigs, she knew them. But some time this lady brings than any lady that I have seen and it has made her very wary and very difficult to attain.

I have met, while I was being vamped by her, a thousand different Gloria's. She is not moody. She is not temperamental. She would scorn those uncontrolled devices as she scorned the drooping eye and the bee-stung lip. But she is so many different women. And you are never quite sure which Gloria it is going to be today—the naughty queen, or the naughtier queen, or the mischievous dancing in her eyes, full of a delicious humor, ready for any prank, or the soft and gentle Gloria who is full of questions and talk. For I have never known another woman with whom it was so easy and delightful to talk, so that for hours and hours you actually forget that time is drifting by. For her talk can be very gay—full of a gaiety that reaches out, that takes you by the hand, or she can be faintly surprised, or even intensely excited. A woman who has achieved, a woman who understands. A woman in talk, with all the graces that make conversation worth while.

And then there is the Gloria who is the mother of a child, and who treasures that as the crowning experience of womanhood. You never know. And that in itself makes life worth while, doesn't it? And a man could love such a woman in the big moments of life, and in the little moments, I shouldn't wonder.

Especially when she has a genius for striking the right note, doing the right thing, and is never satisfied, but always pressing ahead, always looking for new heights to climb, new worlds to conquer. And yet she can be quite pleased and happy and contented with some little gift, with flowers and music, with games, with tramps through the hills, like any other girl.

So you see it is not to be wondered at that a man should enjoy working with Gloria, is it? And she is so London and so New York and so Paris and so that a terrible pirate devil of a vampire. A very pirate of a vampire, indeed, flying into gorgeous rages, laughing with her head thrown back in irresistible abandon, sweeping great tears.

Pola stands upon the bridge of her vampire pirate ship, a rakish hat tilted upon her coal black hair, and yes, I think it should have a red feather in it, and she has one dirty, frail hand upon her cutlass, and she makes her victims walk the plank, without a quiver of her beautiful eyecatches.

And then, quite suddenly, she becomes bored with the whole game, and she wrinkles up her impatient nose and spreads out her lovely moths and golden-haired daughters praise Taroleum for this.

Protects—as well

Taroleum is also an antiseptic. Its mild ingredients offer a real protection against scalp troubles that destroy the hair. The regular use of Taroleum will insure hair-health.

Silky hair—heathy scalp

Even after your first Taroleum shampoo—you will be surprised to find your hair is wonderfully soft—easy to handle. Clean hair is silky—not brittle or sticky.

And though you won't see it, the life-giving crude oil will remain in your scalp to feed the hair roots.

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Scalp experts in the best-known hairshops use and recommend Taroleum. They like it, because it is easy to apply—because it will not stain clothing or linen or hair—and because it leaves no odor.

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Your druggist has Taroleum. If it isn't the finest hair-wash you have ever used, we will pay you back your money. The Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, New York.

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Until Taroleum came, no one was able to combine life-giving crude oil with a wonderful shampoo.

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The moment you wet your head, a thick, white lather springs up magic. Taroleum lather is more than just a coating—because it starts at the very scalp. It gathers with it all the dust and grimy dirt that even the best-scoured clothes can't keep.

Hair rinses fresh and clean into the washbowl goes the dirt, when you quickly rinse out the Taroleum lather. Somehow or other, your head feels new and young. Taroleum gives it a fresh start! And no matter how delicately fair is your hair—Taroleum absolutely cannot discolor it. White-haired

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My complexion—gain it
By Edna Wallace Hopper

For 40 years my complexion has been famous. It helped make my career. And now, at a grandmother's age, it is still like a debutante's. My soft, rosy skin makes me look 19.

No ordinary means have done that. I searched the world for the best helps in existence. I have spent fortunes to secure the utmost science has to offer.

Great chemists combined those helps for me—a dozen in one application. One of the results is a super-cream which does many things essential.

It contains products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that modern science knows to foster, feed and protect the skin. All combined in one cream.

Now I have placed it at every woman's call, exactly as made for me. It is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Cream. It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing—both with all the essential ingredients. All druggists and toilet counters supply it at 60c per jar, 35c per tube.

I am told that there was never a cream created which does so much, or does so well what every skin requires. Certainly no one could wish results finer than it brought to me.

I will gladly send you some Youth Cream to try if you will mail this coupon. Please do that if you wish to learn how much a cream can do. My Beauty Book and sample of my exqisite face powder will come with it. You will be amazed and delighted.

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Chapped Skin is lovely skin starved for "Precious Moisture"

Give back to your skin a "precious moisture" just like its very own, and it will stay smooth and lovely even in winter. When it's cold, the skin doesn't have so much natural moisture and what it has is easily washed away. Then the wind and powder steals still more until the skin dries, stiffens—chaps.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion will give to your skin this very "precious moisture." Gently rub on a little—especially after you wash—how quickly you smooth away the rough dried skin and have face and hands fresh and soft.

After dishwashing and other housework give your hands more "precious moisture" to keep them from getting red and dry.
The Voice of the Movies

and hit this thing with an ax. Then I discovered it was the biggest black snake you ever saw. Sure did look enough like the whip they called a blacksnake to fool me. We chopped him in half, and then chopped and chopped and chopped until the sun went down, because we knew if we didn't watch him close until after sundown he'd join himself together again. Then we buried him.

When I was about seven or eight, the first circus came to El Paso, and we rode out to see it. It was Buffalo Bill's, and my goodness, I don't reckon I'll ever get with a third of all I saw that day. I still wonder what happens to me. I was crazy about the wild west show, of course. They had a lot of the best bronco-busters and I knew them all by name and they sent me a picture, just like Babe Ruth and Walter Johnson are heroes to kids nowadays. But what got me most was a knife-throwing act they had there. I'd never seen anything just like it before and the way the man flipped those knives fascinated me. I could have watched him all night. He had a lady in red silk tights that stood up against the wall and he'd surround her with knives, not missing her more than an eighth of an inch anywhere.

Young Tom Decides to Be a Knife-Thrower

I decided right then and there I'd been mistaken in my calling. I didn't want to be a cowboy. I wanted to be a knife-thrower in a circus. One day my father came home and found my sister tied to the cellar door and me practicing knife throwing on her. I had a couple of jack knives, and one knife, that I'd swiped from the kitchen and I wasn't paying any attention at all to the yelling my sister was doing when I'd sling one of the -se knives and just miss her. Well, father was justly emphatic in exhibiting his disapproval of my conduct, so I had to abandon my career as a knife-thrower. That was one of the few times father ever hit me, but thinking back I can't see my way clear to blame him much.

When I was eight, we moved up to Pennsylvania. Dad had a good job offered him up there, caring for the stock in some lumber and construction work. We lived in a regular house and I went to school for the first time. But school didn't appeal much to me. I had about life. Besides, there was just as much work to do in Pennsylvania as there'd been in Texas. When I come home from school, I'd start throwing knives, mules, horses and tending them generally. I had some stable work to do, but I felt pretty much at home because it was around horses. They had some real thoroughbreds, too, that belonged to the man that owned the place and my heart was won by them without wasting any time at all. Every minute I had a chance I'd make trail to the thoroughbred barn, and it was a big day for me when I got to be a stable boy and had wages of fifty cents a week for doing it.

A lot of motion picture stars have started their careers at pretty low wages, but I really got the bobby with the fifty cents a week. But then I was only nine. But don't get the idea that that was pocket money. I worked as hard for it as a dollar.

It was around that time that I got into a real scrape. I was pretty proud of what I could do with a rope. Pennsylvania was quite a place, but the boys around there hadn't had my advantages in education, the way I looked at it, and I didn't have any. I was just a little city boy and I didn't have any education. But I discovered the fact that ropes weren't the common thing in Pennsylvania as they had been down Texas way. Rope was considered something to tie things up with, or box horses and stuff, and that was all. Everybody didn't have lariats, the way I'd accustomed to think they should. So...
I started out making me a collection of ropes, so I'd be safe. And the best rope I saw around there was the one on the flag on top of the half-purl. Seemed to me it was wanted up there by the tall, in the center of the grandstand and nearly broke my neck getting it down. There was quite a riot when the folks discovered it was gone and Dad's eagle eye lighted on me. I had hidden it in my shoe and came away in a stall under some hay. I had to give it back, all right, and beside that, Dad sure took a lot of elbow grease explaining to me how it went and it runners to the climbing roofs taking what didn't belong to you.

Tom Yearns for Texas

Pennsylvania was all right, I guess, but I always had a hankering for Texas, all the time I was there. The West was in my blood. It was the life I loved and was always to love best, the litty life, the life that is dedicated. So, as soon as I was old enough, I started back to Texas. I'd saved up some money from my fifty cent pieces and what other money I could earn and so when I was fifteen I was back on the range, working as a cowboy and getting along fine. I was pretty young but just the same I was a good hand and folks were more than willing to me.

The next months of my life were wonderful. I've never forgotten them. I was happy as only a happy cowboy could be. I had no responsibilities and all the things I loved best. And those were the days when the West was the real West. A cowboy was a right romantic figure in those days. He was much more than a man's equipment as his horses, and his lariat was as important to his wardrobe as his toothbrush is today.

The ranges were enormous places, big as a lot of these European principalities where they have kings and queens, and the herds were mighty herds and the round-ups were stupendous. They were often big events, both for the majesty, and a danger; and a thrill all their own. We had some of the finest horses down there that any man ever put a leg over. There was a gang of us boys that we were shot and learned to take care of myself, even if I was the youngest cowboy on the Texas ranges. I slept in my blankets by the camp fire, under the bright Texas stars. I rode miles every day, on one of the best ponies that ever wore a saddle. I got into a little disagreement with a couple of Mexicans and came out on top. I's the man to man against my fellows, and sometimes I won and sometimes I lost, and the code of the West and of the ranges was that you must be a good loser and a good winner, too. That and the horse doted stand out in my memory as being rare and fine.

But my folks got anxious to see me again, and I began anyway to think about seeing something of the world beside Texas, even if that was the best spot on the globe. When I was young I had the wanderlust some, I reckon. A man ought to travel around some, and get an idea of the world. That we have, and then there isn't much chance of getting any excited idea of his own important so. I thought I'd go and make my folks a little visit, though I didn't care too much to live with my folks after I went back to Texas that first time. I always took care of myself and earned my own bread from the time I left Pennsylvania.

I went to work in a foundry when I got back there, and that was hard work. I was what called a pineapple boy and I had to go round with my wheelbarrow, supplying the men with pinecones to put in the red hot molds when they needed them. And, believe me, they needed them fast and frequent. Those foundry workers were a rough crowd and ready customers, too. They were a fine set of men, but I couldn't exactlyrecommend them for delicacy of speech or anything like that. When they started to bellow for the pineapple boy it was like a lot of pirates yelling for the cabin boys. But it was good discipline. It made a man out of me, I guess. And it taught me a right good lesson that has stood me well many a time since. And that's how far a little joke and a smile and amiable ways will go with folks. I was a good-natured kid, husky and roofed up, too, and life was a lot of fun to me. So I nearly always could think up something to say that'd make 'em laugh and they liked me and my work was easier as I went along.

It was while I was there that I first played football. We had a team at the foundry, and I got to be regarded as a fairly good player. It's the game I like best—and it's a sort of a regret to me I can't play football by way of recreation afternoons, the way they play golf and tennis and such fielding games as that. Funny, Andy Smith, who is now the coach for the California Bears that hold the Western football championship and have held it for four years, was on that team with me. He was pretty good, too, having some intelligence about the matter and he was a lot as he does it to get him down the field. Now he's regarded by experts as one of the biggest authorities in the game and whenever he comes to Los Angeles I always come out of my range, I come out of my range and we ramble along talking about old times. I played end, then, because being still in my 'teens I was pretty light. Later, I was developed into a half, and when I was in the artillery in the army and played on the championship army team in 1901, I got to be a fullback. That's the position I liked best.

Off for the War

Now it was just about here that the Spanish-American War broke out, and that was the biggest thing that had ever happened in my life. I don't suppose I'd been praying for a war, but I was glad of it, and I'm glad now, too, and I've been estimating that a war would be a heap of fun and excitement.

I was working as a lumberjack when this came off, cutting lumber up in the Pennsylvania forests. And it's my private opinion that there isn't anyone in these here United States recalls the day of April 25th, 1898, any better than I do. I was up on top of a mountain, swinging my ax and plum desf and dumb to everything around me, calculating on what I'd do next in life and where I'd better go next. And just as I came around a little tram car that brings us our news and supplies. After it stops, I hear the men give a big yell and commence dancing around, and first I throw something over to me. "Hi, Tom, America's declared war on Spain and the President has issued a call for volunteers.

It must have dazzled me, being as I wasn't expecting anything like that, for I didn't exactly keep up with international questions in those days, and I just stood there like a plumb idiot. What was to be done? My little farm car turned around and went back. That woke me up. America was going to war with Spain. That meant we would send troops to Cuba. It frightened me right there in my thoughts. I took my ax and threw it as far as I could and I started running down that mountain like a pack of coyotes was after me.

The Navy Decides It Doesn't Want Tom

When I got to the little town that had been our lumber town I started figuring what I'd better do and pretty soon I come to the conclusion that the best thing for me to do was enlist in the navy. Goodness knows how many that hadn't ever seen the ocean, besides being fairly expert and familiar with horses and guns like I was, should have picked the navy. But it was something I'd never done and besides it seemed to me that the navy was pretty apt to be sent over and get in the excitement. I knew about the Maine, and that sounded to me like where the real excitement would be in the navy.

The big difficulty that confronted me then was that I didn't have any money. The only thing I had any legal ropes on was a bicycle.
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Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Why Men Fall in Love with Actresses [continued from page 33]

Oh, of course I know that immediately people will exclaim, "Why, a real actress has to be ALL heart. Yes, but her temperament in that line must be devoted to two things—the business of interpreting humanity for the stage, and the business of her personal life. There is no question of attraction for the man outside of these two spheres, she shows no heart at all. And that's why Tom, Dick and Henry all love her.

Men are naturally captivated by creatures imaginable. In the presence of a woman they are so sure that she ought to turn up her nose at them that they can talk to her only by forcing themselves to forget this fear. And if a woman shows any fondness for them they immediately begin to believe her more or less weak-minded. "No really fine woman," they say to themselves, "could endure such a poor fish as I am!"

With an actress, they know they are safe from such foolishness. They have seen her on an elevation; they are sure to them she always remains on an elevation. They never see their actress doing the human things other women are found doing. They never see her struggling with house work. She doesn't seem quite human—and that's why they love her. They don't want a heart. They want to be stepped on.

Secondly, men in droves "fall" for actresses more readily than for other women because the actress has the advantage—if you want to call it an advantage—if she is accumulating in weight for hundreds of years, that all actresses are naughty. They aren't, but that doesn't make any difference. The tradition is there. And Tom, Dick and Henry like naughty women. Or they think they do.

I HAVE watched men falling over each other in a flush rush to be the first acquainted with an ac-
tress, simply because her press agent had carefully painted a picture of her as a wicked woman—and have then seen these same men dropping her like a hot cake when they dis-
covered that she actually was no more wicked than a bowl of crackers and milk.

That's another reason why men fall in love with actresses. You can read about the actress. They don't read about the other woman. When you are constantly reading about the doings of some woman, you grow either to like or to dislike her. In either case, precisely what she seems to be on the stage and in the films, or else that she is exactly the opposite. I mean, if that happens to be playing the part of a sweet and lovely ingenue, they are convinced that she is sweet and lovely off stage and off "location." They won't believe she is "acting" at all—just being her natural self. But if she appears to be an accomplished woman, then they are sure that she is just a natural-born actress and that she is really an adorable creature off stage. And there you are! She gets the stocking or goes.

Mind you, I am not saying that men should not fall in love with actresses. Far from it! It's a good thing to fall in love, always—whether the person whom you fall in love treats you shamefully or makes your whole life gloriously happy. If you walk on your face, you have this consolation:

Insert title: "What is it that she had succeeded in wrecking my life—but her heartlessness only spurred me on to the endeavors which have now made me President of the Woomp Salvage Corporation!" Triumphant music!

Yes, it's a good thing to fall in love with actresses. Most men do. Because, after all, what woman is not an actress?

Now, with my Beauty Box in Your Own Home

You Can Have the Same Complete Treatments I Supply to Fifth Avenue's Most Exclusive Shops

I am going to tell the readers of Photoplay a secret. There are on New York's famous Fifth Avenue, seventeen leading beauty shops, where the women of New York's most select social circles go regularly. Here they receive those exquisite treatments that keep their skin so lovely and fresh, and banish those little blemishes that would mar their delicate beauty.

For years I have supplied these famous shops with the exquisite preparations they use in their treatments, because of my knowledge and care in the preparation of these so precious creams and lotions.

Now I Have Decided to Offer These Remarkable Preparations to You

You women who may live far from Fifth Avenue, you have the same opportunity as many of these famous preparations. I cannot, of course, on account of my contracts, sell to any woman who lives in New York, but to other women, I can fur-
nish this complete beauty treatment, packed in my famous Beauty Box, at a remarkably low price.

My Beauty Box contains three creams, my Vanishing Cream, my Cleansing Cream and my Tissue Cream, a remarkable preparation. Then my Skin Cleanser, a dainty refreshing liquid, and my Antirgent, which has a soothing tonic effect. Then a dash of my exquisite Face Powder. Everything complete, in a dainty box with full directions for use, I will send you for only $2.00.

Many shops charge three or four times as much for these identical articles. They must do so—their expenses of doing business are so high. But I can send you this famous treatment direct, at this low price, because I do not have to maintain an expensive establishent. Simply mail the cou-
upon below, with your check or money order for $2.00, and your Beauty Box, with complete treat-
ment listed above, will go to you by return mail. If you are not delighted with it, if you do not receive it, simply return it and I will refund your money.

LARI, 207 East 49th Street, New York City

Please send me your Beauty Box, containing complete treatment for ten days. I enclose (check)

SIGNED (name)...

TOWN and STATE...

Check shade of face powder desired: White, Blonde, Titian, Brunette, Olive.

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CASTS OF CURRENT PHOTOPLAYS

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"WAGES OF VIRTUE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Percival Wren. Adapted by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: Carmelita, Gloria Swanson; Marius, Ben Lyon (color; Technicolor Pictures); John Boles, Norman Trevor; Luigi, Ivan Linow; Giseppe, Armand Cortez; Madame La Continente, Adrienne d'Ambriecourt; Sergeant Le Gros, Paul Panzer; Le Bru-sowy, Joe Moore

"NORTH OF 36"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Emerson Hough. Adapted by James Hamilton. Directed by Archie Willard. The cast: David Martin, Jack Holt; Jim Nabours, Ernest Torrence; Taishie Lookhart, Lois Wilson; Sam Redbach, Noah Beery; Dill Williams, David Dubin; Cinque Fabijan, Stelio Savelli; Tom McGee, Guy Oliver; Sanches, William Carroll; Col. Griswold, Clarence Geldert; Patton, George Irving; Milly, Ella Miller.

"ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL?"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Major Geoffrey Mass. Directed by David Wark Griffith. The cast: Lucy, Carol Dempster; Hans, Neil Hamilton; Grandmother, Helen lowell; The Professor, Eville Alderson; Theodora, Frank Puglia; The Aunt, Marcia Harris; Raphiel, Lapiano Lane; Guy Henry, Paul Rhode; Count von Schacht, Robert Scholz.

"A SAVAGE PLEASURE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Rex Beach. Adapted by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Joseph Henaberry. The cast: Don Alonso Castro, Rudolph Valentino; Carlotta, Nita Naldi; Juliette, Helen D'Algy; Tony, Georgine Davenporte; Gerda, Greta Caviniuvo; Jean Del Val, Don Luis, Antonio D'Algy; El Tigre, George Seigman; Don Ballasar, Roger Lytton; Donna Encarnacion, Isabel Wood; Carmelita, Louise Lagrange; Cono, Ralph Bongini; Indian Sfp, Frank Montgomery; Priest, Willard Betts; Norah, Edvard Elks; Jefif Politeo, A. De Rosa; Donets, Ann Brandon; Grandadape, Evelyn Axz; Italy, Marie Diller.

"GREED"—METRO-GOLDYNN.—From the story by Frank Norris. Scenario by June Mathis. Directed by Leo Duroe; The cast: McTeague, Gibson Gowland; Trina, Za Lt Pitts; Marcus Scholder, Jean Hersolt; Mr. Steppe, Chester Conklin; Mrs. Steppe, Sylvia Ashton; Marie, Dale Fuller; Selina, John Standing.

"THE EARLY BIRD"—C. C. BURR.—From the story by Richard Fried. Scenario by Victor Grandin and Argyll Campbell. Directed by Charles Hines. The cast: Jimmy Burke, Johnny Hines; Jean Blair, Sigrid Holmquist; George Fairchild, Wyndham Standing; The Great Ta Loar, Edmund Breese; Jean's Aunt, Maud Turner Gordon; Fairchild's Apprentice, Bradley Barker; Miss Quincey, flora Flinch; The Fly, Jack De Lacey.

"LOCKED DOORS"—PARAMOUNT.—Written and adapted by Clara Barber. Directed by William de Mille. Photography by L. C. Linder. The cast: Mary Carter, Betty Compton; Mr. Reid, Theodore Roberts; Laura Carter, Kathryn Williams; John Talbot, Theodor von Eltz; Norman Carter; Robert Edison; Alice, Elmo Billings.

"ROMOLA"—METRO-GOLDYNN.—Based on the story by George Eliot. Adapted by Will M. Ritchie. Directed by Henry King. The cast: Romola, Lillian Gish; Tessa, Dorothy Gish; Carlo Buccellini, Ronald Colman; Tito Melema, William H. Powell; Baldassarre, Charles Lane; Savornola, Herbert Grimson; Bardo Bardi, Bonaventura Ibanes; Spini, Frank Puglia; Bringa, Amelia Summerville; Bratti, Angelo Scatigna; Elio, Edulio Muzzi; Donna Ghila, Tina Rivalli.

"SUNDOWN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Earl Hudson. Adapted by Kenneth B. Clarke and Frances Marion. Directed by Clarence Trimbale and Harry Hoyt. The cast: Ellen Crawley, Besse Little; Hugh Broen; Roy Stewart; John Breit, Hohart Bosworth; Mr. Crawford, Arthur Hoyt; Pat Meech, Charlie Hall; John Druce, Lee Austin; Joe Patton, Charles B. Crockett; Frank Hare, R. E. Radcliffe; Mrs. Brent, Margaret McWade.

"ARGENTINE LOVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Violette Blance Lander. Scenario by Gerald Duffy. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: Consuelo Garcia, Bebe Daniels; Juan Martin, Ricardo Cortez; Philip Mason, Rafael Martinez; Marleni, Don Amsden; Joe Amsden, Charles B. Crockett; Frank Hare, R. E. Radcliffe; Mrs. Brent, Margaret McWade.

"LOVE'S WILDERNESS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Evelyn Camp- bell. Adapted by Ralph Mayo and George Marion. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: Lido Lou Heath, Corinne Griffith; David Twount, Holmes S. Her bert; Paul L. Williams, William Brady; Dwan; Matthew Heath, Emily Fitzroy; Prudence Heath, Anne Schaefer; Colonel Musley, Bruce Covington; The Governor, David Torrence; Van Arsen, Frank Corey; Capt. Moreau, Atlaphill Mallar, Jiblo, Jim Blackwell.

"THE ROUGHNECK"—FOH.—From the story by Robert W. Service. Adapted by Charles Kenyon. Directed by John Conaway. The cast: Jerry Delany, John Moon, George O. Bolen, coy Arden, Billo Dave; Mad Marr, Harry T. Morey; Ann Delany, Cleo Marmion; Mat Medhep, Ruby Lafayette; Ben Zelle, Ann Connwell; Fight Manager, Harvey Clark; Marr's Girl, Maryon Aye; Zamins, Edna Elcknor; Jerry Delany (at three), Buddy Smith.

"IDLE TONGUES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Joseph C. Lincoln. Ad- doris Kenyon; Eugene Mayspin, Finn; Joe Hamil ton; Mohra, Wellington C. Talmage; Alfred Kenyon, John L. Sturgis; Joe Rich, H. Donald; Ben Zelle, Ann Connwell; Fight Manager, Harvey Clark; Marr's Girl, Maryon Aye; Zamins, Edna Elcknor; Jerry Delany (at three), Buddy Smith.

"LAUGHING AT DANGER"—F. B. O.— From the scenario by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by James W. Horne. The cast: Allan Rewington, Richard Talmadge; Cyrus Rewington, Joe Girard; Prof. Les Halder, Joe Har- mon; Joe Golden, Harmon Novak; Durand Kershow, Stanhope Wheatcroft.

"BORN RICH"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Hughes CONROY. Adapted by Will Nigh. The cast: Chadeyone Fairfax, Claire Windsor; Jimmy Fairfax, Bert Lytel; Jack LeMay, Cullen Landis; Frances Millard. Directed by Allan Rewington. The cast: Major Rowna Murphy, J. Barney Sherry; Aunt Fairfax, Maude Turner Gordon; Bussy Fairfax, Jackie Ott; Spinks, William Burton.

RILA LOV DAINNESS

Dilicultly sorted with English Lakemaster Flowcrs—A good idea of this delectable, fonderly with a picture— will be the one of our customers who has been being this particular..... Absolutely pure and harmless. One Oute the fom from your Druggist or direct from THE RILA LOV DAINNESS CORPORATION

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Little jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur may be had at any good drug store.

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How the screen became involved in the big international game of diplomacy with a picture of Irene Castle and a war idea—and Wilson’s letter.

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A story of an army career man who misplaces the war and went through two barricades in safety if not comfort.

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We now furnish free with every Wurlitzer instrument a Special Scholarship in a nationally famous school of music. This school has taught thousands to play by a special home study method. Many of its graduates are successful professional musicians. Whether you wish to play for pleasure or for profit, choose your favorite instrument and send for this New Offer now! Use the coupon below.

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When the selling started among the theaters it was discovered that the exhibitors did not think that the public wanted to see Irene Castle on the screen. All pictures were bought on star value in that period. A tremendous advertising and booking campaign seemingly could not convince the theater owner. MacManus walked the streets at night, wrestling with his problem. Here was a wreck if something were not done.

At three o’clock in the morning on Broadway his tide came in. There in front of him was the Palace theater, the capital of the Keith circuit of theaters in the United Booking Offices. If there was a market for Mrs. Castle it was a vaudeville market and here was the central stronghold of vaudeville. It was the last chance.

By noon the next day “Patria” had been booked to Keith theaters on a $5250.00 contract with E. F. Albee. With the powerful “U. O.” competition setting up the paradox of a daring innovation of policy the motion picture theaters changed their mind. A quarter of a million in a month-worth of “Patria” contracts were booked in the next three days and in five months the picture had done about three quarters of a million.

There were two nations displaced most particularly with “Patria,” Mexico and Japan. We were not on speaking terms with Mexico. Japan was suave and indirect. Mr. Hamilton of the Japanese embassy down in Washington continued to bow and smile as usual. But Japan had a treaty with Britain and some very direct diplomatic vibes. From roundabout ways pressure began to be put against “Patria.” In various places about the country the picture was banned.

Then one day the International’s home office received a tartful letter, reading:

Several times in attending Keith’s theater here I have seen portions of the film entitled “Patria,” which has been exhibited there and in a great many other theaters in the country. May I not say to you that the character of the story disturbed me very much. It is extremely unfair to the Japanese and I fear that it is calculated to stir up a great deal of hostility which will be far from beneficial to the country, indeed will, particularly in present sentiments, be extremely hurtful. I take the liberty, therefore, of asking whether the Company would not be willing to withdraw it if it is still being exhibited.

With much respect,

Sincerely yours.

Woodrow Wilson

“Patria” was called in for re-negotiations. The Japanese and Mexican flags were cut out of the picture and it managed to squeeze by the censorship and back into the market, considerably crippled at the box office.

With the same week of declaration of war the last word was said in the motion picture patent controversies which had begun just twenty years before. On April 9, 1917, the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision holding, in the case of the Motion Picture Patents Company vs. the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, that the Motion Picture Patents Company did not have the right to enforce the use of licensed film only on patented projection machines. To all practical intents the patent war had been won outside the law in the courts some years before. The decision came only as an echo of other days.

The reason that the motion picture was so engrossed in its own affairs was because it was serving and reflecting its public, which is the biggest public there is.

If the war had been the biggest personal interest to the members of that public it would have been the biggest interest of the screen industry. It was not.

When anything is everybody’s business it is nobody’s business. In such cases we have a meeting and appoint a committee.

The war was a good deal of a committee affair.

The government — our committee at Washington—and its chairman, Woodrow Wilson, had to have some money and quite a bit of help to take care of the war. They had to get it out of us.

But we were busy fighting a battle that was not usual,” living, working, playing and going to the pictures. Since we insisted on going to the picture show instead of going to war, the committee decided that we should break into the screen. It was easier to go where we were looking than it was to make us turn around.

Naturally the first step was to appoint a committee. The picture business was assumed to be neatly organized into the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, with William A. Brady its president.

In a letter from the White House. President Wilson appointed Brady chairman of a committee which was to get the motion picture industry to do something about the war.

One way or another the president of every motion picture corporation in the United States became the member of a committee which was to do something about the war. The result was a tremendous rush of publicity in the trade press about the wonderful recognition which had come to the industry. That was the only result.

War Pictures Tepidly Received

Several antique war pictures, among them the old Ince classic of “The Battle of Gettysburg,” came out of the storage vaults onto the trade’s right markets. Also every producer tried to surface some march-marching pictures and waved the flag vigorously. Also our allies sent a new shower of propaganda pictures, made variously on the fifteenth of the world’s calendar. The war was a disagreeable fact and it photographed that way. A war has to be about fifty years old before it gets glorious.

The war and the motion picture needed the attention of a master executive impresario and a daring hand. The only man in America competent to have done the thing was not very deeply sold on the war. In his discretion

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65
This superb 110-piece set, with initial in 2 places on every piece, decorated in blue and gold, with gold covered handles, consists of:

- 12 Dinner Plates, 10½ inches
- 12 Soup Plates, 7½ inches
- 12 Bread and Butter Plates, 6¼ inches
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- 6 Cups
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\[ \text{CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112] } \]

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

secret thought was concealed the conviction that now that the world powers were in a death struggle over empire, the United States might well be more concerned with extending its dominion across the borders north and south from the Arctic to Panama. A mind so utterly practical was also practical enough not to do anything about it. But another result was that he did not do much about the war in any other respect. Sometime in the next hundred years it will be possible to write that story.

While the nation was trying to work itself up to a war pitch, the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America, the national organization of the exhibitors, met in Chicago, full of confusions and trouble June 18, 1917. Lee Ochs, a New York State exhibitor president, was charged with steamrolling affairs. William A. Brady, president of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, the producer and distributor organization, made a peace-making speech. The most notable aspect of the speech was Brady's announcement that he had private advices from Washington that the war would be over in sixty days. It was an error.

Along with the Indiana delegation to that convention went one Charles C. Pettijohn of Indianapolis, attorney. Once while the convention storms were raging Pettijohn got up and made a few impassioned remarks, after which he sat down. The trade press mentioned it casually. It was the first time the motion picture business had heard of Pettijohn. That was the second of him you heard. But this was starting of a line of events which led up to the motion picture's biggest public gesture—the Hays office.

Pettijohn knew a great deal about politics. Now he was studying the motion picture. He was due to be heard from in his day.

Junction of Screen and Red Cross

The first real junction of the screen and war affairs came through the American Red Cross. The Red Cross had to grow tremendously and fast. It started with a bureau of pictures and sought to reach us with film pleas. The pictures were shown mostly at meetings. They were miscellaneous collections of historical and picture pictures pertaining to the war. They were not theatrical productions in any sense, which is another way of saying that they were amateur pictures without dramatic and artistic consequence. They reached a very small audience.

About April 14, 1917, George Creel was appointed chairman of the "Committee on Public Information." It was a difficult assignment to be at one and the same time something of a censor and very much a press agent for the war. His job was defined as "selling the war to America." After the war Creel wrote a book, "How We Advertised America," which is a story of that selling campaign. It is rather clear that the war had to be sold to us.

Meanwhile the motion pictures made by the Signal Corps of the army, which were the only American war films available, were going to the Red Cross. Their only important distribution was through the Red Cross bureau of pictures to the newsreels. The little one reel news releases had the burden of telling all that was being pictorially about America's part in the war. The films were hurriedly made, hurriedly distributed and presented in the same way.

Creel, tremendously busy, began presently to see the situation. Looking back seems it was a belated recognition. But the fact is that the Creel bureau had to get to work immediately and the long established institutional press of which he was most familiar was a thousandfold more available for propaganda. The basic patterns of operation

\[ \text{continued on page 112] } \]

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Government Forced into Picture Business

The government could hand a good story to the Associated Press and similar news associations and every newspaper reader would see it. If the government handed out a free motion picture nobody saw—free pictures not merchandise and could not go through a merchandising machine. The government through the Division of Pictures of the Committee on Public Information was thereby forced into the motion picture business, as a business.

The only avenue to the public was the theater screen. The only route to the theater was a selling route. A picture has to be sold to the distributor, sold to the exhibitor, sold to the public at the box office.

Theoretically the motion picture industry should have been permitted to send cameramen to the war, just as newspapers sent correspondents. But the motion picture enjoys no such status as the press. Military persons look on all cameras with suspicion. Few officers of the military establishment had ever heard of the motion picture. The idea of filming the war in the sense that it was covered for the newspapers was really beyond comprehension. A professional soldier is the oldest fashioned man in the world. In his view civilian populations exist to supply recruits and munitions, while all else is poppycock.

The Committee on Public Information went into the film business in New York. It also used the manner of suggestion and pressure to get cameramen put into the photographic service of the Signal Corps.

When Hart went about New York to put government pictures into the established channels, the big distributing concerns, he came abruptly against the fact that there was no unity in the business. The film world was still a war within itself, recognizing no common interest.

"Hand your pictures over to me—you can't trust the other fellows," was the uniform statement up Fifth Avenue and down Broadway.

It was sincere, too. That was the way the picture magnates felt about each other.

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Obviously the government could do no such thing. It was remotely possible the public service might have been good, but the principle was impossible.

The result was that the Division of Films fabricated and assembled its own war features, presented them for metropolitan first runs in the name of the United States of America and charged the distributors with an effective circulation through various distributors. The government had all the troubles which beset an independent producer.

Geographically the significant history of the government in the film business takes four lines:

Television
Television
Television
Television

Theater booking: Receipts the "Chaplin Crusades" 4, 6, 8. $811,741.69
"America's Answer" 4, 8, 12, 14, 16, 18
"Under Four Flags" 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

The Public was apparently about as warmly interested in the war as it was in the Chaplin records, the same loose draft helped to make the war personal and increase the box office attendance for the war pictures.

Charles J. Sullivan, who had handled the distribution of Chaplin's pictures under the famous $670,000 Mutual contract, was in charge of the Division of Films distribution in the States. The contract, which was edited by Charles Urban, the film pioneer often mentioned in these pages, and Ray L. Hall, notable as the first editor of news reels to handle film distribution, was written to have a ceiling.

Despite that the " War Review" was not a news reel. The censors saw to that. It merely gave the theater orchestras an excuse to play a medley of reels. The feature pictures mentioned were edited by everybody, but took most of their emotional splendor from the attentions of Samuel L. Rothafe, the dean of picture showmen.

U.S. War Films Disappear

The manner in which the war film was photographed made it impossible to assemble anything resembling a real production. The cameramen were under no editorial control. The whole concept of central ideas and point of view in the war. The result was a collection of tourist snapshots on motion picture file. The result resembled a story of the war about as much as a scrapbook resembles a historical novel. This was no fault of the Division of Films. It was an incidental fact of war.

The standard military attitude toward the motion picture idea was expressed with exaggeration but accuracy in the experience of a camera detachment assigned to one of the important sectors. The officer in command took the camera away and allowed none but a chosen few photographers to the service of the Military Police.

The outstanding observation for screen history is that the vast experience of the war contributed whatever to the art of the motion picture.

The Division of Films died before the same firing squad which executed the Committee on Public Information. The Cine organization was wiped out by congressional enactment on June 30, 1919, without benefit of clergy. Creel had inevitably made many enemies in vital quarters before the Cine organization was extinguished. The newspapers blamed him for all of the annoyances of the war. The motion picture industry resented him as an intruder. The anti-Wilson politicians hated him because he was an allegedly personal element of the Wilson institution.

The Committee on Public Information died.

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If you are thin and want to gain weight, weak and want to be strong, I will send you a sample of famous Alexander Vitamins absolutely Free. No money, just name and address for sample. Alexander Laboratories, 1061 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

George Creel Defends His War Propaganda Work

The anti-Wilson forces made their attack on Creel very personal and he, being a Quisic Celt, took it that way to a dramatic degree. He was so thoroughly martyred that he has been able to convert his troubles into current literature ever since. He is something of a professional under-dog fancier, always fighting for something or other. Even the title page of his "How We Advertised America" announces him as "author of Ireland's Fight for Freedom."

The feelings involved are epitomized in the inscription which Creel wrote on the fly-leaf of a copy of that book, presented:

To Charles S. Hart

Companion of my travail, solace of my misery, source of my accomplishment, and a gay, faithful and unifying comrade—

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Use the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives youurer afferent immediate relief. It has no obvious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushion head and draw together the broken parts. No needle or plaster, Chine, Shilp. Send for FREEBROOKS APPLIANCECO.,214-A State St., Marshall, Mich.

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Murine

END

D. W. Griffith went abroad during the war and renewed his pride of Welsh blood by shaking hands with David Lloyd George. Griffith, who had made so many excellent wars before the camera in California, made a big war picture in France with the war left out. It was "Hearts of the World," a tale of a village behind the lines.

Among the countless adventures of war cameramen the exploit of Larry Darmour, in the Signal Corps service, was remarkable. Darmour went up to Chateau Thierry on the eve of the famous battle of St. Mihiel. Standing about with an eye for camera locations that evening he lost track of the war. Darkness came on and since it seemed hopeless to hunt for the cameraman, he turned the camera in a shell hole. The most eventful moment of the war was announced by the exchange of barrages. Darmour awoke to find that he had slept for nearly seven hours. He was in the middle of No Man's Land, between the lines. The American barrage and the German counter barrage swept over him. Darmour stayed by his position and escaped unharmed. He returned from the war with a conviction that its perils had been slightly exaggerated.

One of the notable war records in film was made by Merle LaVoy, a free lance cameraman, employed by Howard and Spencer Logan of Chicago to make pictures to be presented in behalf of the Red Cross. LaVoy began his career as a lumberjack in Minnesota and took postgraduate work in Alaskan mining fields.

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He went to Europe and made his way around the country by train and transportation, bolstering his potentiates, kings, pirates, and soldiers, outwitting censors as he traveled. His real test came when he went to Downing Street in London to conduct his picture with close-ups of British officialdom.

This was unheard of and an outrage to British dignity. LaVoy positively insisted. He was such a post-iteration in Downing Street that he was arrested.

In the night in a British jail LaVoy indulged in songs of the lumber camp and vigorous monologues on national policy. They let him out to preserve the peace.

LaVoy went back to Downing Street and insisted some more. Premier Asquith surrendered and paid.

LaVoy's best known picture was "The Heroic France."

The war brought Sarah Bernhardt's last screen appearance in "Mothers of France," circulated in America in 1917. In this picture Bernhardt, crippled and efeebled, a sad relic of herself as the personification of Gallic emotion, sat through her scenes in a chair. Five years before this same Bernhardt in her "Queen Elizabeth," imported by Adolph Zukor, started the rise of the feature picture.

Screen Stars Sell War Loans

There was again a contact between the war of the motion pictures and the use of stars to sell the war loan. The Treasury Department used the drawing power of many of the major personalities of the screen, including more conspicuously Pickford, Fairbanks and Chaplin, to put the Liberty Loans before the public. Little trailer pictures were made for distribution to the theaters and the stars made personal appearances at the Liberty Loan rallies in the larger centers. This activity established a contact between William G. McAdoo, the secretary of the Treasury, and his assistant and publicist engineer, Oscar Price.

There was a confab one day around Price's big flattop desk in the U. S. Treasury building in Washington. It was a very chatty staff meeting.

"Say, why don't you fellows get together and distribute your own pictures—you are big enough to do that," Price remarked. It was a passing thought, a disturbing one. A new company and a great deal of complication were to come out of that.

Simultaneously with the war developments and running through the whole of the structure of the institution of the motion picture a new dynasty of magnates was rising into consciousness and power.

When the motion picture business began it consisted entirely of pictures. By the spring of 1917 the pictures themselves were no longer all of the business. The motion picture industry also of its tremendous investments in real estate, in theater buildings and equipment. Motion picture power began in the studios of the producers and quickly moved on to the distributors and then on to the theaters and the public.

The man with the most money in a business, the biggest shareholder, is going to run it.

Theater investments had risen to the point where they weighed heavily in the balance against the picture magnates of Broadway. This inaccessible economic evolution found concrete expression in some interesting specific events.

In the fall of 1917, J. D. Williams, an adventurous American showman, landed back in the United States after a spectacular film career in Australia.

About twenty-two years ago, J. D. Williams was the assistant treasurer of the Opera House in Parkersburg, West Virginia, which means he sold the tickets through the little window with the peak of the nose behind it and to the rear of the Opera House. He took to the road with a big tent and a one reel picture of McKinley's funeral in 1902.

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Los Angeles, Calif.
Williams followed the birds, showing in the North in the summer and in the South in the winter.

The autumn of 1908 found Williams at the northern limit of his migrations in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada's gateway port to the Far East and the mysteries of the Antipodes. Williams had a nickelodeon type theater show.

The great ships docked in Vancouver with their cargoes from the Orient and the South Seas. The romantic mood with romance at the far end, where it always is. Williams had been in one place quite a while. Also with the coming of the Patents Company he had arranged for a short time to have an English showman was shortly going to be considerably less free. Some seafaring patron of his show left an Australian newspaper to find him.

Williams was curious about this land of Australia, where the natives threw boomerangs, leaves grew upside down on the trees and everything seemed to be upside down. He filled his knowledge through the discarded newspaper. An advertisement of a picture show went down there caught his eye. He stiffened up at the discovery of this situation, a two story, and sixpence, or the equivalent of seventy-five cents in New York or six bits in Texas.

Williams had the usual nickelodeon accumulated old films and junk pictures on hand, a heritage of the days when every picture show taught its film outright. He went to Australia, and did well.

The remoteness of Australia from the rest of the civilized world made the canned entertainment of the motion picture popular for exactly the same reason that canned vegetables are popular in the United States. The Australians were a long way from home and the arts of their race. The art-canning process of the pictures served them wonderfully.

Australia Discovers Old Pictures

Williams made a young fortune in Australia with his old pictures, which were new there. The small towns produced both one screen shows and two shows. The libraries of the United States, like "The Great Train Robbery" and an Australian sensation in three reels entitled "The Kelly Gang," made a hit. Meanwhile, the Los AngelesTimes was at the forefront, reporting that these two were a long way from home and the arts of their race. The art-canning process of the pictures served them wonderfully.

The most simple and direct steps started, as usual in the strategy of the picture business, over the luncheon table. J. D. Williams, as the organizing partner, was invited to lunch with Lewis J. Selznick and Adolph Zukor, then partners in Select Pictures Corporation. They met at the Cafe Beaux Arts and while they were there, Williams was offered a large and handsome salary. It was pointed out to him that the First National idea would probably fail and leave him flat. He was prevailed upon to conditionally accept a sum in advance. He put it in his pocket, playing safe. After awhile he returned it.

The first significant move of First National was the purchase of Chaplin Pictures. Chaplin was making his last picture for the Lone Star Mutual release. Mutual was a desperately sick company. Its decline had been steady and continuous from the day it lost Griffith, Ince and Sennett.

John R. Freuler, president of Mutual and the author of the big Long Star deal with Chaplin, naturally offered a salary of $1,000,000 for another series of twelve comedies.

Chaplin was shopping about.

Chaplin Under First National's Banner

Syd Chaplin, representing his brother, met officials of the First National in Chicago at the Hotel Sherman. They offered to pay $1,075,000 for eight pictures with a number of provisions for latitude in production which Chaplin wanted. Freuler's bid was in fact the highest, since nothing might be expected of a company assuming no production cost. First National's offer more than liberty of expression. Chaplin had outgrown a job.

First National got Chaplin.

It was a splendid bit of irony that Thomas L. Tally, the Los Angeles member of the First National group, who did not think Chaplin funny, had to handle the details of the signing of the contract. He never had a Chaplin comedy in his theater.

Then First National flung down the gauntlet boldly; invading the Zukor stronghold, "Mary Pickford is the most successful star since the days of "A Good Little Devil," left Artcraft to sign a contract to make three pictures for First National at $500,000 each. She was still not going to be "seconded" by Chaplin.

Meanwhile Zukor had been adding mightily to his stellar array. He gathered in from the declining Triangle, Ince and Sennett and made a deal such that Ince and William S. Hart through Ince and all that Triangle had was worth having.

Over at Vitaphone, in Flatbush, J. Stuart Blackton, one of the founders, was growing unhappy as he grew obscure. Vitaphone, one of the first and once of the mightiest picture concerns in the world, was falling behind with the new inventions. Kalem, Lubin, and Biograph, glorious in their day, had shut down and quit. Blackton decided to try the American filmed Talkie. He called together the Vitaphone people and entered into a contract with Famous Players-Lasky. Albert E. Smith, the partner with whom he had travelled all the way from New York to their days together on the Lyceum stage in "chalk talk" and "spirit cabinet" performances, stayed on at the old stand. Famous Players set out to fortify itself against the coming exhibitors by buying theaters. The war of stars became also a war of real estate and box offices. It is the war which still occupies the industry today.

Yet another and an amazing shower of melodramatic events was just ahead. Ruthless war was leading the motion picture rapidly into a situation where it had to call all a dictation and the stars die or die. This is not to say events were not on the way of the stars and another. Last, and next, and last, chapter of our long, long history, is a story of murder and millions, and the new boss.

To be continued...
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**Jackie Coogan's Diary**

(continued from page 53)

in our history books seem so real and true.

The following day was another important day for me, because on this day I met Italy's greatest statesman, Signor Mussolini. Mussolini's office is in a great ancient palace. We went up a long staircase through many large halls until we reached a small antechamber. When we were ushered into Signor Mussolini's office he was sitting at his desk, but he got up and came across the room towards us in great strides. He's a big powerful man. He shook my hand and told his interpreter, Signor Orana, who is also the editor of Mussolini's newspaper, that he was glad to see me, and I told Signor Orana to tell the Premier that it was my pleasure to meet such a great man. Then Mussolini patted my cheek and took my hand and led me back to his desk and said in Italian, "I have something for you." He took a beautiful picture of himself and autographed it like this—"Al Piccolo Grande," which means, "The great little one." It was a fine compliment and when I returned to the hotel I sent Signor Mussolini one of my very best pictures. Some day Mussolini may be as great a man in his day as Caesar was in his. I hope so anyway, because he's a fine man, and Daddy says that he's one of the greatest statesmen in Europe today.

After our visit to Mussolini I went to see Horatius's bridge. I wanted to stand on it just like Horatius did, but what's left of the bridge is on a little island. Everybody who remembers their history knows about this bridge and how Horatius stood there and said:

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the Temples of his Gods?"

The story of how Horatius with Spurius Latius and brave Herminius held off the whole Tuscan army is one of the most exciting stories in all history, and it gave me a big thrill to see the famous bridge.

The next day was our last in Rome. In the morning Mother and Daddy and I visited St. Paul's outside the gate, then we went through St. John Lateran and looked through St. Peter's. In the afternoon I drove a donkey attached to a wine cart out along the Appian Way. It was lots of fun. Rome is still very old fashioned and they have very few taxis. I saw more horses and donkeys in Rome than I ever saw in all the big cities in America that I visited.

After dinner that night we left Rome for Brindisi to get the boat for Athens.

(Next month Jackie will tell Photoplay readers how he delivered his Million Dollar Merry-Go-Round to the orphans at the Zappia Institute in Athens, Greece, and of the reception accorded him at the Parthenon on the Acropolis.)

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H E R E'S a case where the old saw—it's a wise child who knows its own father—is reversed, for here's a cow who didn't know her own calf.

It happened during the filming of "North of 36," Emerson Hough's great romance of the west, which was directed by John Ford. A two-days-old calf was used for one of the camp scenes in the huge cattle drive and for photographic purposes the calf's white face was painted brown. When the calf was allowed to return to its mother at noon she was refused recognition. There were no brown faced calves in her family. And it was not until the brown grease paint was carefully removed that the mother could be convinced it was her own daughter.

Take that story or leave it.
The Man Who Found Himself

[Continued from page 42]

shadows and floating dreams and waited at the doors of casting directors for two months, laboring hourly, whenever possible, to keep the wolf from crawling under the bed, as it was already in the door. But no job came—the future star was not wanted as an extra. Discouraged, he began working on the lot as a day-laborer—digging of post-holes at fifteen cents an hour—a silver dollar and a half every ten hours.

It so happened that during one noon hour Monte saw his half-brother, a Monte mounted his soap-box among his fellow laborers with their picks and shovels and began to orate about the dignity of labor and the glory of honest sweat. That man must have been a good man and very careful sphere. Monte may not have been aware, so he orated vehemently about the wrongs of the poor and tried to sell spectacles to the blind. And as he talked, a man with a hooked nose and a slouchy Panama hat stood and listened. And here again Fate laughed out loud.

THE man who listened was to spoil something of a career as a director because he would insist on putting propaganda into the finest pictures then being made.

Indeed, the listening man would have been a great director had he been given the soul of the artist that knows no boundaries, that uses life as a vast canvas upon which it paints its picture, that has no eyes upon nothing with passion and nothing with half-closed eyes. But Fate gave the listening man a magnificent opportunity, and the background of a middle-class American actor as the name of David Wark Griffith.

There was consternation when the orator of the day saw the king of the lot looking at him, stray hat pulled over his eyes, a half-tired smile on his face. The orator stopped suddenly, and the man who spoiled pictures because he could not see life clearly and was prejudiced against such men as the pick-swinging Blue, was now to rise to heights upon which the sun of life shown with warmth and understanding. One only wishes that Griffith had shown the sympathy for all the lowly that he showed that day.

"Go on," he said to the agitating laborer. "I like to see the Blue walk out and spilled word after word on the battlefield where the haves and have-nots have ever warred.

When it was all over, Griffith said to Blue. "Do you think you can act?" And the future actor, with the inferiority complex of the laborer, unmindful of the fact that acting requires no more mentality than pondering the earth with a pick, replied. "No—I can't."

And Griffith, with a sounder sense of values, said, "Well, I think you can."

The laborer was given the chance of raving at a mob some days later while the cameras turned. After that Blue was given a ten dollar a week guarantee—a dollar more each week than the wages of any other pick-swingers and five dollars for any day which he might possibly spend before the camera.

Here the story takes a decided turn. Blue could have been cast as a Montague in his blood, it came easily. It spoiled a very good story to write here that Griffith forgot this discovery—and his mistake, but this is the true story of a man and is not written by a club-woman about a little Freckles of the films whose grandfather was Horatio Alger.

Monte Blue became a "stunt man" and nearly ruined his future career as an actor for the reason that he rode horses with the intellectual vanity of a Terrors man. He "don't do for some of the most "daring" actors on the

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NOTE: The above appeared in many papers a year ago. Since then SAN-GRINA has been investigated by American Physicians, Nurses, Beauty Specialists, etc., and is now endorsed and recommended to fat people by Dr. Rudolph, former Health Commissioner, as most wonderful and harmless way to reduce. Every day letters from grateful people come to me from all over the country. Men and women in all steps of life have reduced 10, 20, 30, or even as high as 80 pounds, saying also that they were able to greatly improve their health and looks. To accept a substitute. Insist on the Veritable Tablets.

Coming Into His Own

I remember telling him once about an artist who lives somewhere on the coast of Florida, and who is much sought as an illustrator by magazine editors. He does a set of illustrations and then he is not available. Until he has lived up that money. Then he will write in for another job.

Rocky looked at him, said: "Tired, dear?"

"Yes, for all that, in his dinner clothes, Rocky looks like what he is—a gentleman. The traces of Canadian speech—he was born and educated in Canada—still persists.

He was a well-known stage actor before pictures—and California—lured him. I have known him for years, and yet I'm not sure now where he has lived.

He has a way of looking at you, humorously, out of his twinkling eyes, that makes you feel, however, that the knows you very well indeed.

A good actor—a great wisecracker—an odd fish—Rocky Fellowes.
EVERYBODY grew excited when Ora Carew started divorce proceedings against John C. Howard, Massachusetts millionaire. The exciting thing about it was the speed with which Ora wanted her papers of separation. She rushed into a Los Angeles court and fairly stampedede, or tried to stampede, the judge into immediate action. It was just the same speed a Paris taxi driver shows when he’s in a real hurry. Ora’s explanation for her demand for a speedy divorce was that she planned a two-year vaudeville trip abroad and wanted the whole thing over before she finished packing her trunks.

We have recorded many sacrifices for art’s sake in these pages, but we think this wins the prize.

Jack Gilbert is going to have his hair cut a la von Stroheim to play the Prince Danilo in “The Merry Widow.” Von Stroheim insists, because he is going to make this operetta more Viennese than the man who wrote it. And the Prince wore that kind of a hair cut.

The worst of it is, as Jack says, that he can’t tell how he’s going to look until it is too late. And he has a lot of nice, thick, slightly curly dark hair that has played some small part in winning his success.

However, he will probably look very dashing and wicked, especially as he will have a chance to wear some more of those modern but entrancing costumes, of the type that added so much charm to “His Hour.”

MARION DAVIES, the beautiful Cosmopolitan star of “Janice Meredith,” “Little Old New York” and “When Knighthood Was In Flower,” who is making her next picture, “Zander the Great,” in the West, is quite captivated with Hollywood. She now hopes to make every other picture on the west coast, spending half of her time in Hollywood, and is planning to build a beautiful home in the hills near Beverly. Miss Davies hopes to finish “Zander” in time to return to New York for Christmas.

PEOPLE who have seen Charlie Chaplin’s new home in Beverly Hills are going into raptures over it. The exquisite taste, the personality, the atmosphere of real and stately elegance which pervade the comedian’s mansion far excel those in any other movie home in the west, according to those who have seen them.

As a matter of fact, Chaplin knows a great deal about that sort of thing, and he is a man who always and under all circumstances must express his own personality in his surroundings. He has some marvellous rugs and pictures, and he spent months in selecting the furniture for some of his rooms, which are really delightful.

The house suggests an old-world manor long in the possession of some family, in spite of the fact that it is in every way the last word in modern conveniences.

THE biggest kick we get out of first night performances is to hear the film fans who stand in front of the theater and comment on their favorites. This is made doubly interesting if we can go with one of the stars, because they try so hard not to be embarrassed when they hear themselves praised by strangers. We had the good fortune to attend the New York opening of “Romola” with May Allison, than whom, in our estimation, there is no fairer flower in all the garden of screen loveliness. May is not only beautiful but one of the most enjoyable conversationalists we know. She always gets more fun out of a party than anybody else, and we’ve come to the conclusion that the only reason she does is because she puts more into it than anybody else.

Despite the raw, cold weather there was a large crowd of fans outside the theater when we arrived and to get inside was like running a gauntlet of compliments. We have never heard so many showered upon one star as tumbled about May’s pretty head. One woman said to her companion: “There’s May Allison. Isn’t she beautiful? I think she is the loveliest woman on the screen. This is the second time I’ve seen her off the screen and I’d wait all night to see her.” We turned and looked at May and she was blushing like a schoolgirl, although she pretended that she hadn’t heard. Maybe she hadn’t. It was only a dozen, and if we’d get so many compliments at once our head would be in such a whirl that we wouldn’t be able to hear anything.

In order to get a good picture of the advancing Roman soldiers in “Ben Hur,” Director Fred Niblo (in white helmet) caused this platform to be erected.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Giving you the best

He pours dreams, energies, perfection into his product—determined to give you the best.

A food perhaps. He thinks, "Somewhere the finest grain is milled" or "the finest fruit is grown." "My product must have the best." He isn't satisfied until he has found it—for you.

He tells you proudly through his advertisements, "You can buy all the dreams, energies and perfection I have poured into this product—for 25c."

He doesn't say, "I like it." He forgets self. He holds out a promise and a fulfilment. He says, "You'll like it."

Read the advertisements that come your way. Not only to know what is printed there—but what is not printed there . . . the striving toward perfection.

When you buy advertised goods, you buy definite satisfaction
"They're bewitchingly beautiful"—says Betty Blythe

On every pair of Ipswich stockings you'll find our mark: a flying witch. For women who judge hosiery by the common-sense criterion of reasonable cost, there is real significance in this trade mark.

It stands for the bewitching beauty of their fine texture, the charm of their fitted shapeliness, and the modern magic of the improved knitting processes that make Ipswich De Luxe Hosiery beautiful, durable and inexpensive.

Most hosiery shops sell Ipswich Hosiery in pure silk, silk-and-rayon and smart woolen mixtures—in a wide range of colors. (The De Luxe pure silk stockings which were selected by Miss Blythe cost only a dollar.) If you have any difficulty in finding them we shall be glad to send you a sample pair.

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Boston New York Chicago St. Louis

IPSWICH MILLS, Ipswich, Mass.
Please send me a sample pair of your De Luxe Stockings

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Address.................................................................
Begin TODAY- to free your skin from complexion troubles

Each day your skin is changing — You can make the new skin what you will

A SMOOTH, fine skin, free from blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous pores—you can gain it by the right care!

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will.

Begin today the right Woodbury treatment for your skin, and see what an improvement will follow.

A SKIN YOu LOVE To TOUCH — Painted by Guy Hoff

Day by day your complexion will grow smoother, clearer, lovelier!

The famous Woodbury treatments for each type of skin and its needs are given in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch,” which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter! A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks. Or for convenience—buy Woodbury’s in 3-cake boxes.

To give your skin the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Use this treatment to free your skin from blackheads.

Each night before retiring, apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a slightly rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury’s Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Whenever possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry the skin carefully.

Each day your skin is changing.

Begin, tonight, to give your skin the special Woodbury treatments it needs, and see how quickly the whole tone of your complexion will improve.

Copyright, 1925, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
Women Men Love—13 New Stars of 1925 and fifty other entertaining features
As never before you can obtain stunning effects in costume, today, by judicious selection of hosiery. The new Holeproof Hosiery styles offer the correct new colors by use of which you can have pleasing contrast with any dress or suit—or, if you prefer, the equally chic matching effect.

SHEEREST CHIFFONS OR THE HEAVIER SILKS

Besides the choice of correct new colors, Holeproof Hosiery offers an equally delightful choice of full-fashioned and semi-fashioned styles—from veil-like chiffons to the heavier silks. In every pair you find flawless perfection of texture—richness, lustre—snug, smooth fit. So you cannot fail to choose Holeproof Hosiery. Prices are moderate. And it has the quality to retain fresh, new loveliness. Sold only in retail stores. If not available locally, write for illustrated price-list.

Holeproof Hosiery
Is soft food guilty?
—glance at the evidence

No longer can we doubt that our soft modern food is to blame for the troubles we have with our gums.

The professional papers and the published statements of the foremost practitioners agree that our diet of soft food is at the root of the trouble.

How soft food breaks down gums

Gums, to remain hard and firm, must have a good rousing circulation of the blood within their walls. As one authority writes:

"In the process of masticating coarse foods, a natural massage takes place, creating a pressure and release of the blood vessels in the gum tissue which stimulate the circulation."

Under the healthy stimulus of coarse, fibrous foods, troubles from the gums were unknown. But the soft foods that we eat today rob our gums of the work and massage they need to keep them sound and healthy.

Hasty eating to blame, too

And to make matters worse, our peculiarly American habit of eating too hastily still further reduces the amount of mechanical stimulation that eating should give to the gums. As another writer puts it:

"All are agreed that our habits of rapid eating, combined with soft or predigested foods, deprive the gums of the natural stimulation they are intended to receive."

The most palatable foods are the richest, the creamiest, the most highly refined. They are the ones that pamper our gums and ruin our teeth. An authority on pyorrhea declares:

"The epicurean taste, which craves highly concentrated food, therefore may rightly be called a pernicious habit. Foods subjected to elaborate chemical and mechanical manipulation are directly to blame for the alarming spread of pyorrhea."

How Ipana strengthens weakened gum tissue

In the face of such evidence, it is not strange that people are coming to realize the importance of daily care of their gums, as well as daily cleaning of their teeth. And, as another investigator tells us, the remedy is:

"Not that we should revert to primordial life, but that we should apply the correction as soon as, or before, gum recession shows."

Because Ipana Tooth Paste is a denitifier which stimulates the gums as well as cleans the teeth, Ipana will help you to keep your gums hard and firm and free from the troubles that follow in the train of the "pink toothbrush." In fact, it is to the professional recommendations of dentists whose patients suffered from weakened, soft and bleeding gums, that Ipana owes its start.

Many dentists recommend a gum massage with Ipana after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush, as a splendid home aid to the general restorative treatment. For Ipana contains Zipralol, a valuable antiseptic and hemostatic known and trusted by dentists throughout the country. Zipralol is used after extraction, to allay the bleeding of the wound and to restore to the gums their normal tonicity. Its presence gives Ipana the power to aid in the healing and toning of soft, undernourished gums.

Make this trial of Ipana for one month

Ipana is an aid to the dentist, not a substitute for him. Ask him about its properties, its fine cleansing power, its delicious taste. Then switch to it for one month. See for yourself how good, how effective, it really is.

In spite of the coupon on this page, the simplest and best thing to do is to get a large tube at your nearest drug store. The ten-day tube can only start the good work. A full-size tube, which will last for a hundred brushings, will show you the start of firmer, harder, healthier gums, and a clean, sweet and wholesome mouth.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

The reading of this page will teach you the care of your gums and may prevent your toothbrush from ever "showing pink." How the regular stimulation of your gums is necessary for the preservation of a sound, healthy set of teeth, is shown by these opinions of famous authorities on oral hygiene.

Modern food, soft and creamy, is too "easy" on our gums

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I 35
42 Rector St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name

Address

City

State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
WHO shall say what is the secret of Gloria Swanson's rise to the very pinnacle of screen fame?

The moment her features and figure appear in the picture millions of eyes are more intent than before, the spell is deepened, and box office records occur.

The pleasure lies for many in watching the star exercise her power as it might be in real life. Few will forget how in Bluebeard's Eighth Wife she keeps a wayward husband at her beck and call. In The Humming Bird the rags of a Paris gamin do but help to reveal an astonishing versatility, which is continued in Manhandled wherein Gloria clowns it through subway scenes and bargain basements and society studios most laughably.

The recent Paramount Pictures, Her Love Story and Wages of Virtue, contain still more evidence of quite different Glorias, while her latest picture is Madame Sans-Gene. This was made in and near Paris with the support of leading lights of the French Stage.

Paramount Pictures

What Paramount Can Mean to You

Paramount puts you in warm touch with the beating heart of men and women.

Simply take your seat where the sign says "It's a Paramount Picture," and become as one with the crowd enjoying the best show in town.

What magic is it that makes Paramount Pictures the sort you always like to see? The magic of Stars, Directors, Casts cast right, Great Plots, Long Experience, Ample Funds and Highest Entertainment Ideals!

If a producer is missing on any one of these points his pictures are missing too.

Today, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is out to change the bother and worry of life to brightness and gaiety for everyone.

Man lives not by work alone.

Not a tiny community anywhere need be left without entertainment of highest quality. Not a soul need leave a theatre anywhere feeling lonely.

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

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Vol. XXVII
March, 1925

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Make this your reference list.

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What a Husband Should Understand and
What a Wife Should Understand
When They Are Both Screen Stars

Harriette Underhill writes an amusing story of an evening's discussion with Richard Barthelmess and his wife, Mary Hay, in next month's issue.

Professional people have problems of their own much more difficult than those of the average couples, and Harriette Underhill tells them in her usual humorous fashion.

Is Marguerite Clark Coming Back?

She is still in doubt herself, but for the present she is very happy in a beautiful country estate near New Orleans.

A PHOTOPLAY representative visited her recently, and in next month's issue will tell what she is doing, and what her plans are.

APRIL

PHOTOPLAY
On all Newsstands
March 15th
$3 and it's YOURS

The Greatest Typewriter Bargain Ever Offered

Right now we are making you the greatest typewriter offer you ever dreamed of—an eye opener. This wonderful standard Shipman-Ward Rebuilt Underwood only $3.00 down. Ten days' free trial and the easiest monthly payments, shipped direct to you from our big factory.

Ten Days' Free Trial
Yes, only $3.00 puts down this genuine late model Shipman-Ward Rebuilt Underwood in your home. You can try it, test it, and then decide. See for yourself how new it is, how it writes. You must be satisfied. Your $3.00 unconditionally returned if at the end of ten days you are not satisfied. The entire transaction will not cost you one cent.

EASY Monthly Payments
Little more than rental. Balance of payments so small you will hardly notice them, while you enjoy the use of this wonderful machine. You don't have to scrimp and save to pay cash. All at a big saving to you.

Five Year Guarantee
With every typewriter we give a written guarantee. These machines are rebuilt like new by the famous SHIPMAN-WARD PROCESS. Equipped with late improvements.* You can't tell them from a new machine. The world's standard typewriter, the same models as sold by the Underwood Typewriter Company today, at a big saving to you. Act now! Get this splendid offer and save money.

From Factory to You
These machines are shipped direct from our factory—the largest typewriter rebuilding plant in the world. They are rebuilt by the famous SHIPMAN-WARD PROCESS. Developed through 30 years in the typewriter business. Through our money saving methods of rebuilding and elimination of a large expensive sales force we are able to make this wonderful money saving offer to you. ACT TODAY, take advantage of it and you will SAVE MONEY.

ACT NOW! Mail this coupon today.

Free Book of Facts
Write for this free book of facts explaining Shipman-Ward's wonderful system of rebuilding typewriters. We show you exactly how it's done. How you are able to buy them. Complete and valuable information about the typewriter industry, both instructive and educational.

FREE with Every Typewriter
A complete course in touch typewriting. You don't have to know how to operate a typewriter. You can learn to operate this machine in one day. We also give free a waterproof cover and all tools that come with a typewriter.

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2013 Shipman Bldg., Montrose and Ravenswood Aves., Chicago

All Shipments made direct to you from our modern factory—the largest typewriter rebuilding plant in the world.

FREE BOOK COUPON

SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO.
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CHICAGO

Send by return mail your wonderful offer of Shipman-Ward Standard Rebuilt Underwood, also your book of facts. (This is not an order and does not obligate me in any way.)

NAME...........................................

STREET or R.F.D. No...................................

POST OFFICE..............................STATE..........................
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

AIR HAWK, THE—F. B. O.—An air thriller with Al Wilson as the man of mystery doing some wonderful stunt flying. If you like aviation see the picture. (February.)

ALASKAN, THE—Paramount.—This story of human in Alaskan wastes isn't what it should be. We cannot expect Tommie Meighan to perform the impossible by making a great picture every time. (November.)

ALONG CAME RUTH—Metro.—A young woman arrives in the somnambulant town, Action, Moral, and suggestion make it live up to its name with a vengeance. (October.)

AMERICAN MANNERS—F. B. O.—Incoherent story, muddled and poorly directed with abundance of slap-stick comedy and slamy subtitles. (November.)

ANOTHER SCANDAL—Hodkinson.—A daring story of a grass widow who tries to steal away a husband. Sophisticated or cheap, it all depends upon the viewpoint. (January.)

ARAB, THE—Metro.—Not so good, but Drama, Action, and Romance much with his American players, and Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry are good. (September.)

ARGENTINE LOVE—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels brilliant in this South American romance. Story follows hackneyed formula, but excellent work of the cast makes up on deficiencies of plot. (February)

BABBITT—Warner.—Not quite as good the author had the book, but Babbit himself retains much of his original characteristics. Interesting. (September.)

RANDOLO, THE—Metro.—A cumbrous and druggy tale, over tilled, with superb atmosphere and a strong bull fight climax. (December.)

BARBARA FRIETCHIE—Ince.—Once again there is a lovely Southern gal in desperate love with a handsome Northern officer. The direction makes Florence Vidor's Barbara super-sweet. (December.)

BARRIERS BURNT AWAY—Associated Exhibitors.—Just another fairly entertaining film with the great Chicago fire of 1871 incidental to keep the hero and heroine united. (February.)

BATTLE ORIOLES, THE—Pathe.—Brisk' amusing in many places, but a bit tiresome. (Jan.)

BEAUTY PRIZE, THE—Metro.—Viola Dana is a winner of a bathing girl contest and finds herself involved in a lot of excitement. Just fair comedy. (December.)

BEHIND THE CURTAIN—Universal.—Starts as a summertime romance and ends in fake spiritualism. Hardly worth while. (September.)

BEHOLD THIS WOMAN—Vitagraph.—Here is a giant, woman-hating cattlemen who meets a motion picture actress in his mountain retreat and follows her to Hollywood. (October.)

BEING RESPECTABLE—Warner.—Domestic triangle handled with discretion and good taste. An old love buds up to disturb a married man (Monte Blue's) serenity. Well done. (September.)

BELIEVED BRUTAL, THE—Vitagraph.—A Western story concerning the widespread exploits of the hero whose strength so fascinates the girl he loves that she capitulates. (January.)

BETWEEN WORLDS—Weles Bros. Artclass.—An advertised film, which features a series of allegories. Well done, but lacks the popular appeal. (September.)

BIG TIMBER—Universal.—Built around a forest fire and lumberjack with story none too gripping. William Desmond is star. (October.)

BORN RICH—First National.—The younger set to the fore again. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor are the husband and wife in the inevitable triangle, which is happily broken up. (February.)

BRASS BOWL, THE—Fox.—A series of mysterious adventures interwoven with a fascinating romance. Edmund Lowe plays a dual role. (Jan.)

BREAD—Metro.—Norris' novel brought to the screen, with a happy ending. Moral is that a woman's place is the home. Dull. (September.)

BREATH OF SCANDAL, THE—B. P. Schulberg.—Teeming with action, this fast moving drama of modern marriage reaches a happy conclusion. (November.)

BROKEN BARRIERS—Metro.—Slightly better than passable film fare. Story is about young woman who cares for married man believed to be hopeless cripple. Wins him. (October.)

BUTTERFLY—Universal.—Story of two sisters, one vain and spoiled and other self-sacrificing. Fairly good. (November.)

A special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photographs of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photographs do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Vitagraph.—Of the old roistering days of seventeenth century and revolves around a series of sea fights. Splendid entertainment. (November.)

CAPTAIN JANUARY—Principal.—The sentimental tale of an old lighthouse keeper, and his protege, a girl washed ashore. Baby Peggy is the wail. Fair. (September.)

CHANGING HUSBANDS—Paramount.—When a husband can't tell his wife from another woman, there is bound to be trouble—or comedy. Some of the latter in this, though it falls down. (September.)

CHEAP KISSES—F. B. O.—This is C. Gardner Smith's first production. The story, although about the jazz age, is quite different from others. It is amusing and enjoyable. (January.)

CHRISTINE OF THE HUNGRY HEART—First National.—A dull and episodic treatment of the neglected wife theme. (January.)

CIRCE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Boring tale said to be an original film tale by Blasco Ibanez. Too many close ups of Mae Murray. (November.)

CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS, THE—Paramount.—A story of a poor district of Chicago and yet slightly better than the average photograph built upon a mother-lover story. First Virginia Lee Corbin's first grown-up role. (December.)

CLASSMATES—First National.—This story of Richard Barthelmess has for his leading lady Madge May. A fast moving and skilfully managed story. (November.)

CLEAN HEART, THE—Vitagraph.—From the story, "The Great Reveille," by W. A. Dwiggins. Perc. Marmont and Marguerite de la Motte are especially suited to their roles. It is an interesting and appealing character study. (December.)

COURAGEOUS COWARD, THE—Capital Prod.—Wealthy man's son goes to the wide open spaces to remove his yellow streak, and does. Children will take John Barry's performances to their hearts. (February.)

DANGEROUS FLIRT, THE—F. B. O.—Interru- gling little drama spiced with a dash of the risque. Evelyn Brent is good. (February.)

DANGEROUS MONEY—Paramount.—This is Bebe Daniels' first starring picture. Just another flabby film story with William Powell, the seconded who tries to get Bebe's money. (December.)

DANTÉ'S INFERNO—FOX.—This is a queer mixture of modern story with Dante's immortal effort interwoven. Brimstone, pitch and Bathing girl Shanghai, Dante's Inferno. (February.)

DARING LOVE—Trust.—An unfaithful wife drives husband to a questionable resort, where a dancer makes him see the light and happiness. Not much. (September.)

DARK STAIRWAYS—Universal.—If you will lay aside your judgment you'll like this one. A mystery story, impossible, but exciting. Good entertainment. (September.)


DAUGHTERS OF THE NIGHT—FOX.—Wild and improbable melodrama. Two brothers run away from home. There is a villain, a fire, a chase, parental forgiveness and happy ending. (February.)

DESERT OUTLAW, THE—FOX.—Not much of a story but western melodrama with action galore. (November.)

EARLY BIRD, THE—C. C. Burr.—Johnny Himes at his best. Xer first grown and more beautiful is this fast moving comedy, which centers around a miller and the daughter of the milk-truck magnate. (February.)

EMPTY HANDS.—Paramount.—Story of engine and railroad girl lost in wilderness. Experiences cure girl of distorted view of life. (November.)

ENEMY SEX, THE—Paramount.—Betty Compson in a sexy film of the girl who comes through fire and unscathed. Keep the family home. (September.)

FAST SET, THE.—Paramount.—A bit soggv. A novelist and his wife drift apart. The husband finds a girl of the streets in their midst. Unaltered ending. (February.)

FAST WORKER, THE.—Universal.—A capable cast makes this picture thoroughly entertaining. Reginald Denny does some thrilling automobile racing. (December.)

FEET OF CLAY—Paramount.—Cecil B. DeMille's newest find, Vera Reynolds, in her first big role. Hectic, and apt to disappoint. (December.)

FEMALE, THE.—Paramount.—Poorly handled story of girl who once ran into an African jungle and played with lion cub. (November.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]
News of First National Pictures

The Best in Entertainment


"Learning to Love"—In which Constance Talmadge dares you not to laugh and enjoy yourself from start to finish. Antonio Moreno has the leading masculine role.

"As Man Desires"—No one can fight a heaven fight like Milton Sills—nor is anyone exactly like the chic and vivacious Viola Dana. "As Man Desires" is a South Sea Island picture; one of the most appealing ever made.

"Frivolous Sam"—Eugene O’Brien, Mae Busch and Ben Alexander are the principals of a drama that moves against America’s most beautiful mountain scenery. J. K. McDonald—the man who made "Penrod and Sam" and "Boy of Mine"—produced it.

"So Big"—Critics have called Colleen Moore’s performance in this Edna Ferber story one of the finest things the screen has ever held.

Norma Talmadge in "The Lady"

You’ll like Norma Talmadge in "The Lady"—as Polly, the beauty of the English dance halls, the girl who dreamed about being a lady—prayed—hoped for the chance. It’s the story of a girl who was cheated in love, who fell from the heights to the depths—and never knew she really was a Lady until someone else looked into her heart.

Joseph M. Schenck presents "The Lady", which was a Broadway stage success by Martin Brown. It is a Frank Borzage production.

"Her Husband's Secret"

"Her Husband’s Secret" is May Edginton’s story, "Judgment," which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post recently, under its movie name. It is the latest screen achievement of Frank Lloyd, creator of the never-to-be-forgotten "The Sea Hawk" and the delightfully human "The Silent Watcher." The characters stand out, real and strong, in every picture he presents. On the screen the name "Lloyd" means entertainment insurance. Above is David Torrence with the baby who in the second reel grows up to become Patsy Ruth Miller. Antonio Moreno and Ruth Clifford complete the cast of principals.

A Scene from "Enticement"

The characters of Clive Arden’s "Enticement" have been brought to life on the screen with amazing force and realism by the Thos. H. Ince corporation. "Enticement" is a love drama—the drama of an enticing beauty who swayed hearts. Paris, London, and a hidden inn high in the Alps are the settings for the story. Mary Astor, Clive Brook, and Ian Keith are the featured players, and George Archainbaud directed.

Ask Your Theatre Manager to Show the First National Picture You Want to See

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and Mrs. R. E. Justin of Cleveland says "I look and feel better."
FREE! Both 10-Piece White Kitchen Set & 9-Piece Enamel Stamped set

Wonderful 32-Piece Aluminum Set consists of 2 Bread Pans; Doughnut Cutter; 2 Loose Bottom Jelly Cake Pans; Combination Teapot and Rice Boiler with Mill Saucepan Set with Lid; Dripper Colander; Measuring Cup; Percolator; 3-Piece Cake Set; 4 pieces Tea or Coffee Strainers; Fry Pan; also Cooker Set of 6 pieces, making 11 separate automatic combinations, including Combination Cooker, Casserole, Pudding Pan, Tubular Cake Pan; Colander; Corn Popper, Steamer Set; Double Boiler.

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The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—

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

A Plea for the Old Stars

Huntington, W. Va.

I am a booster for the old stars. Little do the new ones interest me.

I agree fully with the opinions expressed by Mrala. I, for one, would be willing to pay twice the usual admission at any theater only to experience the screen presence of the old-time players for one more moment with our dear old favorites. They have had toiled so faithfully for success and who, for some unexplained reason, have disappeared.

Glady's Brockwell, Marguerite Clark, William Scott, Theda Bara, George Cheesbro, George Larkin, Edith Story, Emily Stevens, Eunice Whelan, Francis X. Bushman—who, oh, where are they? I wonder if I shall ever see them again or whether I must go on hoping and praying for their return in vain.

Success to your fine magazine. I am a true blue movie fan and an ardent reader of PHOTOPLAY.

Helen Cooper.
New Rejuvenating Silk Mask
Worn While You Sleep—Brings New Beauty Overnight

Amazing! A simple, inexpensive treatment—yet you wake up with practically a new complexion. Just wear this sheer, specially-treated mask one night and see what happens. See how the tired lines and wrinkles begin to vanish, the blemishes clear away, the complexion becomes smooth, fresh, radiant.

No matter what methods you may have tried before, no matter how badly blemished, how hollow, how wrinkled your complexion may be—this astonishing new method will achieve a transformation overnight.

Here is a scientifically correct silken mask, so treated that it actually rejuvenates the complexion while you sleep—a mask that is at work every instant during the night, purifying the pores, reviving the starved skin cells, lifting and toning the sagging muscles, making the skin soft, clear, smooth. A simple, silken mask that you scarcely know you have on, yet in one night it acts to give you a new complexion for the old!

Nothing quite like this marvelous mask has ever been known before. It is based on an entirely new principle of beauty culture. Anatomically designed and perfected by Susanna Cocroft, famous health specialist—based upon her years of experience, and upon her unusual knowledge of anatomy of the structure of the skin and the face. Now you can quickly acquire a lovely, flawless complexion at last and with the greatest ease.

What It Is and How It Works
The Susanna Cocroft Rejuvenating Skintone Face Mask does for your complexion what gloves worn over cold-cream do for your hands overnight. You know how soft and white your hands are in the morning after you have creamed them and slept with the gloves on. The new mask works on the same principle, except that the stimulating tonic cleans the face pores, and the special nourishing cream tones the skin and tissues.

The skin of the mask is so sheer and porous that the tiny cells breathe through it. Combined with this remarkable mask is the Susanna Cocroft treatment for beauty and youth. The secret complete is yours. You just follow the simple directions, slip on the mask—and fall asleep. Let your mirror tell the story in the morning!

Here's what happens: The soft, sheer silken mask, which has unusual medicated properties, not only stimulates natural circulation, but acts to smooth away tired lines and to make the skin soft, glowing, elastic. The nourishing cream and tone with which the mask is treated stimulates the natural functioning of the skin, helping to throw off all waste, all poisons and impurities in a natural way.

All night, as you sleep, the tiny cells breathe through the porous mask, and are nurtured back to blooming health. Muscles are rejuvenated. The face is restored to youthful contour. The tiny eye muscles and with them the eyes are rested and thereby strengthened. Minute by minute through the night the skin is cleansed, purified, stimulated—and in the morning your skin is velvet-like in its smoothness, clear, fresh, radiant!

Send for Interesting Book and Special Offer

Susanna Cocroft
Famous Health Authority

For years Susanna Cocroft has been in the forefront of the great movement for the physical and mental betterment of women. She has been recognized by the U. S. Government as an authority on women's health problems. She has written two bulletins for the U. S. Bureau of Education, and her helpful writings have many times appeared in magazines. Through her books, courses and treatises she has personally helped over 100,000 women. Often asked by her health pupils for a standard method for beautiful appearance, she made a thorough study of this subject, and has brought out many successful scientific treatments for the skin. Her crowning achievement is this wonderful new home method—an effective as a $100 course of beauty treatments—which you give yourself at home at a cost of only a few cents a treatment.

Discover what you really can do with your complexion! Find out about this new method that gives youth and beauty to the skin quickly, inexpensively, overnight. Learn all about the extraordinary Susanna Cocroft Face Mask. Let us send you today, entirely without obligation to you, our interesting illustrated booklet that tells you everything about the mask—how it works with the special tonic and nourishing cream, how it acts to cleanse the pores, lift sagging muscles, smooth away tired lines, restore youthful contour to cheeks, chin, throat.

This information is yours for the asking. May we send it? Mail the coupon NOW, before you forget. Remember, there's no obligation of any sort. We'll be glad to send it.

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"Hello, Dick? The party's on me tonight. Just get a $100.00 check from the National monthly for my last drawing." 

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If you have a liking for drawing, which nearly always indicates talent, you should get into the field of illustrating.

Present opportunities for both men and women to illustrate magazines, newspapers, etc., have never been excelled. Thousands of publishers buy millions of dollars' worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is the highest type of art—pleasant work, yielding a large income.

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It is the only Home Study Course which has been built by over fifty nationally known artists—Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Norman Rockwell, Clare Briggs, Charles Livingston Bull and Fontaine Fox among them.

FREE—"A Road to Bigger Things"

Every young man and woman with a liking for drawing should read this fine book before deciding on their life's work. It is illustrated and tells all about illustrating as a profession, and about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course. Just fill out the coupon below, mail us $1.00 with stamps and we will send you a copy of the book free.

Brickbats and Bouquets

Alice, Here's Help

Chicago, Ill.

In an issue of Photoplay Magazine there appeared a query by Alice, Washington, D. C., in which I was interested. I believe I can help her out.

I am interested in writing playlets. My friends believe it is all imagination but I have faith in myself and just keep on trying and hope to succeed some day. It may, and it may not, be a case of fever, but I'll keep on trying.

One day I read something from the "Palmer Institute of Authorship" calling attention to "The New Road to Authorship." Something prompted me to write them. A few weeks later I received the book with a questionnaire attached. I filled it out to the best of my ability. It also directed one to make a brief story—in one day—and have it ready for publication, rather the title: "Red Carnations." When I had finished the story I showed it to my friends who thought it a good, original story. I hope in a few days to receive an answer from the company.

C. PLERMENT.

Advice to Ramon

Port Huron, Mich.

Please tell Ramon Novarro to give us another "Scaramouche." We think that he proved himself a great artist as Jean in "The Red Lily," but we don't like to see him in such sordid roles. Novarro's foremost credit is in his moral and other critic's regard. His loyal and ardent fans want to see the debonair and laughing Andre Lewis again, or the boyish and merry Jean De Maupin. Mr. Novarro, you are too much too young to portray maturity and disillusionment. So, please, please, don't attempt to be a Jean again. We appreciate the wonderful dramatic actor, but we love the humorous and beautiful actor.

ESTHER DIERICH.

Discovery of Aileen

Kansas City, Mo.

Speaking of new faces, I think that I must commend the most remarkable find in the last two years is, without exception, Aileen Pringle. So here's a snappy action and a lively climax. Mars, Aileen Pringle, is the newly discovered heroine who is the toast of every fan of the current screen. She's got to make us sit up and take notice. Besides being so stunning looking, and having the Swanson knack of wearing clothes, she is a good little actress. She has a great talent. She restrains the Glyhnish atmosphere and makes it all the more fascinating. Aileen's a thoroughbred, through and through. I'd like to see her in a ripping comedy with Ben Lyon. But I suppose she is slated for the distinct type she has introduced.

M. S. J.
Elinor Glyn Dares to Tell the Truth About Marriage

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written a wonderful book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a helpful solution of those problems of love and marriage that concern us all. We know so little and concerning which we should be so well informed. Read below how you can get this thrilling book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

Will you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

If you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a man's heart or holding a man's affection—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or please your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do You Know About Love?

Do you know how to win the one you love? Why do husbands often grow increasingly indifferent even though their wives strive tirelessly to please them? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves vexed against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell what a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid?" Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. Her book will thrill you as you have never been thrilled before. It may also upset some of your pet notions about love and marriage. But it will set you right about these precious things and you will be bound to admit that Madame Glyn, who has made a life study of love, has written the most amazingly truthful and the most downright helpful volume ever penned. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade, while she deals with strong emotions in her book, fearless manner, she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sincerely that the book can safely be read by any man or woman.

Certain shallow-minded persons may criticise "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an underhanded character generally is. But Madame Glyn's book is a masterpiece of love and every attempt to censure it is futile.

Send No Money

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon and return it to the author. The book will be sent in plain wrapper on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door, you may return it at once. If you are not thoroughly satisfied with it, you are under no obligation to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be enlarged, and you are not compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below at ONCE. We do not say this to know you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon below. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared for the greatest thrill of your life!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 261, Auburn, N. Y. Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's masterpiece, "The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only $3.98, plus a few pennies postage. If I don't decide to keep the book in print, the book will be returned without cost to me. If the book does not in every way come up to my expectations, I will return it to you at any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

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Important—if it is possible that you may not be at home when the book arrives, please enclose the D. S. A. payment made in 90 days or later. Send the money immediately and postpaid with coupon.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
SOME women have a better complexion at thirty or thirty-five than they ever had in their twenties.

The reason is simply that they have learned to take better care of their skin.

At twenty, contrary to popular tradition, a girl's complexion is often at its worst.

Too many sweets—late hours—and above all, neglect of a few simple rules of skin hygiene, result in a dull, sallow color, disfiguring blemishes, and ugly little blackheads.

By giving your skin the right care you can often gain a lovelier skin at thirty than you ever had before.

Remember that each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Whatever your complexion has been in the past—by beginning, now, to give this new skin the treatment it needs, you can gradually build up a fresh, clear, radiant complexion.

**Use this treatment to overcome blackheads**

Every night before retiring apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

**How you can free your skin from blemishes**

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes; then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

**A special treatment for an oily skin**

First, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

**How to give a sallow skin color and life**

Once or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

No matter what your type of skin happens to be—you will find the treatment that exactly meets its needs in the booklet of famous skin treatments, “A Skin You Love to Touch,” which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s today and begin your treatment tonight. You can get Woodbury’s Facial Soap at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. For convenience—get Woodbury’s in 3-cake boxes.

**FREE!** A guest-size set of three Woodbury skin preparations, with new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

---

**THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,**

503 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me free

The new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury’s Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet “A Skin You Love to Touch.”


Name

Street

City

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Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

Every advertisement in PHOTOFY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
BACK from Germany and busy making another real, honest-to-goodness American picture is the reason we are printing this latest photograph of Mae Marsh. By the time this is printed you probably will be seeing her in "The Garden of Charity" which she is making at present in Hollywood, unless it takes as long to make as it did the one which she made in Berlin.
SHIRLEY MASON is one of the busiest little screen stars we know. She has made three pictures in two months and is now looking for other worlds to conquer. She made "Curlytop," then "The Scarlet Honey-moon" and at present she is finishing "The Stardust Trail." The chances are she will set a new record in 1925.
RUTH ROLAND must have been thinking of the storm that struck New York in January when she named her latest picture "Out Where the Worst Begins." Father Gotham never saw a nastier, windier, snowier storm than that one. However, storms and pictures come and go. We expect to enjoy the picture
MARY ARTHUR is one of the prettiest screen stars we know. Although she has appeared in only one picture, "Gentle Julia," those who saw her will join the acclaiming chorus and predict that she will be one of the great stars of the future. Her acting keeps apace with her beauty. And that helps a lot.
LEILA HYMANS wasn’t born on the stage but she just missed it by six months, because that was her age when she made her first histrionic appearance. Now that she is eighteen and beautiful, Leila has decided that pictures are her medium. She appeared in “Sandra” and survived that screen atrocity, which augurs well
GERTRUDE OLMSTEAD is another screen idol to adopt a blonde wig. As you can see by the above picture, she loses none of her beauty by the transformation. She adopted the golden tresses when cast for Esther in "Ben Hur." But May McAvoy is playing the part while Gertrude is in "Cobra" with Valentino.
WHEN the editor ordered an unusual picture for the rotogravure section we offered the above of Alma Bennett. The fantastic headgear was worn in "The Silent Watcher." Alma is one of the younger actresses who will bear watching. She started in pictures when only fourteen which was just five years ago.
The scientific basis for the use of SOAP

The following set of principles has been endorsed by over a thousand physicians of highest standing and is offered as an authoritative guide to women in their use of soap for the skin:

1. The function of soap for the skin is to cleanse, not to cure or transform.
2. Soap performs a very useful function for normal skins by keeping the skin clean.
3. If there is any disease of the skin which soap irritates, a physician should be seen.
4. To be suitable for general daily use, a soap should be pure, mild and neutral.
5. If the medicinal content of a soap is sufficient to have an effect upon the skin, the soap should be used only upon the advice of a physician.
6. In all cases of real trouble, a physician's advice should be obtained before treatment is attempted.

Here are a few of the many comments from physicians upon the above principles:

"This program is unassailable from any point of view."
"I am in agreement with your platform. It cannot be improved upon."
"There is nothing more to say. There can be no honest difference of opinion."

Simple care triumphs over beauty's enemies

WHAT a relief to women who now lavish attention upon their complexions if they could talk for five minutes with a real authority on the subject! For they would find that practically all their methods and preparations are unnecessary—in some cases actually harmful.

Simple care. Simple cleansing. These are the essentials—all else is extra, needless.

In our 88 years of soap-making experience we have never discovered any means of making a soap that would cure a troubled skin, or directly give the skin a youthful transparency, or "feed" the skin with oils.

When oils are mixed with other ingredients to make soap, they cease to be oils and become soap. Soap's function is to cleanse, not to cure or transform or "nourish" the skin. And soap is invaluable for its purpose. We invite you to read the set of principles printed elsewhere on this page. These principles have been endorsed in writing, by over a thousand physicians. They contain the whole truth about soap.

Because it is pure, mild and gentle, Ivory Soap will do for your skin all that any soap can do, no matter what it costs or what promises it may make. Ivory contains no medicaments, no artificial coloring matter, no strong perfume—it is pure soap. It could not be finer if it cost you a dollar a cake.

Simple cleansing once or twice a day with Ivory and warm water, followed by a cool rinse and, if necessary, a little pure cold cream is all your skin needs to protect it from dust and other damming influences and to cleanse it thoroughly and safely. A beautiful skin is the result of two things: good health and perfect cleanliness. Take care of your health, and Ivory will take care of the rest.

Procter & Gamble

IVORY SOAP
99 44/100 % Pure—It Floats

Guest Ivory, the dainty new cake of Ivory made especially for face and hands, sells but 5 cents.
PHOTOPLAY
March, 1925

Speaking of Pictures
By James R. Quirk

The motion picture theater owners are lying awake nights worrying about the effect of radio on their box office receipts. They should be thinking instead of worrying. Thinking will bring them new business. Worrying will give them apoplexy.

I'll wager that the crossword puzzle epidemic which is sweeping the country is losing them more money than the radio. I saved the price of two theater tickets this week by trying to find the names of the Bow of Vishnu, and a rare disease among African elephants. But I made a First-of-February resolution that I would never look at one again, because they made me miss a reel of "Peter Pan," which I have only seen four times. I gather up children in the neighborhood, and take them to see "Peter Pan," using them as an alibi in the same way that I excuse myself for going to the circus every year.

If radio and crossword puzzles kept anyone away from "Peter Pan" anywhere where it has been shown, the theater managers haven't noticed it. It's one of those things that make you proud that you are in the motion picture business. We should all be grateful to Herbert Brenon and Jesse Lasky, not forgetting J. M. Barrie and Betty Bronson.

Peter Pans are not written or produced every week, but there is a deep instinct in all of us that is satisfied by the silence and romance of the motion picture, and many millions of us are jumping into automobiles or walking half a mile every night to escape the complexities and irritations of everyday life, and of the radio and crossword puzzle. Folks get tired of sitting at home nights and indulging in the household battles over the rival entertainments.

Watch some wide-awake young business man start a rage on "Peter Pan" hats.

This month's prescriptions:
To restore your youth, see "Peter Pan."
For that blue, depressed feeling—one ticket to "The Narrow Street" or "Forty Winks."
For that blase condition—see that horse race in "The Dixie Handicap."

Cecil B. De Mille has broken his twelve-year connection with Famous Players-Lasky, because he felt that his style was being crabbed. Well, best of luck, Cecil, but if your style was crabbed on "The Golden Bed," your first independent offering will be a wow. What you need is not a change of producers, but a change of thought.

A Chap, who has been studying speech defects of children in Vienna for five years, returns and denounces our little Jackie Coogan as a bold and dangerous creature, and a sinister influence. The little Austrian boys are mimicking Jackie Coogan, he says. They pull their hats down over one eye and saunter along the streets, hands deep in their pockets, just as he does.
Terrible! Jackie should be sentenced to solitary imprisonment for life.

This is the second anniversary of the death of Wally Reid, and the number of letters that come to me calling attention to it proves that his memory is cherished by countless thousands to whom his screen personality and his pictures brought happiness.
Wally was intensely human, and lovable in his own personality. He had human weaknesses. He was no saint. But I never heard of him intentionally hurting anyone, and all that Mrs. Reid says about him in her article on another page of this issue is true. His end was unfortunate, but up to the time he was stricken, he was one of the realest and most companionable human beings I ever knew.
I never have ceased to marvel how the camera caught that lovable quality in the man and reflected it on the screen. Handsome, accomplished, successful, there wasn't an ounce of personal conceit in him, and the amount of work he could and did perform would be inconceivable to most men.

He broke down under the strain. His case reminds me of a famous surgeon who worked twelve hours a day at his practice, and was so sought after for his charming companionship, and so willing to be agreeable to his friends, that he collapsed much as Wally did. He never thought of himself, never took the advice he gave his patients, to conserve their physical and mental resources. He would perform half a dozen important operations, spend endless wearing hours in his work of life or death, and at the end of the day I have known him to fall asleep at a bridge table rather than disappoint his friends.

Wally brought happiness into thousands of lives in every country where his pictures were shown. His screen personality was his own personality, and the public sensed it. I am thinking not only of the young women who looked on him as the incarnation of their dream hero, or the boys who, in fancy, lived the dashing, romantic and humorous episodes of his pictures, for I can never forget one lonely old lady who once said to me: "I am always happy when I see Wally's pictures. I never had children, but I keep thinking that he is my boy."
Thirteen "Baby Stars of 1925"

Ena Gregory, 18, Australia, blonde, hazel eyes, has been in Hal Roach’s comedies for two years. Was on Australian stage

Joan Meredith, Hot Springs, Ark., came to Hollywood via the beauty contest route. Height 6 feet, weight 110 pounds

Violet Avon, calling at Universal one day, was asked to stay. Born in St. Louis. Has light hair and blue eyes

Olive Borden, 16, Richmond, Va., for past year featured player at Hal Roach studios. Long black hair, dark brown eyes

Lola Todd, Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y., was discovered by Carl Laemmle, despite that odd-sounding home town. Brown hair

Betty Arlen, 16, a Kentucky blue-blood, deserted stage dancing for pictures. Beauty and personality are her great assets

Selection is made, not on what the girls have done in the past, but on their prospects for the future. They are all beginners whose latent talent and beauty have attracted the attention of the men who acquaint the outside world with the personalities of filmland’s capital. Selection as a Wampas Baby Star means much to a girl starting in pictures. Consequently the rivalry is keen for this honor.

The Wampas Baby Stars of past years have made phenomenal progress. In 1922, the first year of the Wampas Frolic, the following girls were chosen: Helen Ferguson, Louise Lorraine, Bessie Love, Colleen Moore, Mary Philbin, Kathryn McGuire, Pauline Starke, Lois Wilson, Lila Lee, Claire Windsor, Jacqueline Logan, Patsy Ruth Miller and Maryon Aye.

All of these girls have since made good on the screen and some of them are now established stars.
In 1923 the following girls were selected as Wampas Baby Stars: Eleanor Boardman, Dorothy Devere, Virginia Brown Faire, Betty Francisco, Pauline Garon, Kathleen Key, Laura LaPlante, Helen Lynch, Derelys Perdue, Jobyna Ralston, Ethel Shannon, Evelyn Brent and Margaret Leahy. The list for last year, when the entire motion picture industry went to San Francisco for the annual Wampas Frolic, included: Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill, Blanche McHaleffy, Carmelita Geraghty, Margaret Morris, Julanne Johnston, Hazel Keener, Lillian Rich, Lucille Ricksen, Alberta Vaughn, Gloria Grey, Ruth Hiatt and Elinor Fair.

So with the records of the achievements of those selected in the past, the Wampus Baby Stars of 1925 have excellent prospects of a bright future. They are on the threshold of stardom. The door will open to some of them.

June Marlowe, 17, brown hair. Graduated Minneapolis High School, making prophecy she would be star. Looks like she'll do it.

Anne Cornwall, educated at Catskill, N. Y., dark brown hair and eyes, is leading lady in Douglas MacLean's latest picture, "Introduce Me".

Duane Thompson, 20, Red Oak, Iowa, is steadily climbing to success. First, Christie Comedies and now leading lady for Walter Hiers.

Evelyn Pierce, 19, danced from Del Rio, Texas, to Los Angeles. Metro-Goldwyn tried her out—a long term contract followed.

Madeline Hurlock, Maryland beauty, joined a theatrical troupe, then vamped Ben Turpin in Mack Sennett comedies. Eyes brown, hair black.

Dorothy Revier, San Francisco, at 5 a professional dancer, has appeared in many films. Her personality alone rivals her beauty.
I Knew Them When

An intimate story about Stars when they began their film careers

By Charles J. McGuirk

TEN years ago this spring, I stepped from a prosaic world into a wonderland where pirates stalked about, their naked cutlasses on their hips; where gallant knights rescued captive damosels; where true love always eventually triumphed, and where shy little lads and lasses, whose names are now household words, waited patiently and, most of the time, unsuccessfully for a chance to play an extra part for the magnificent sum of three dollars a day.

It was in 1915 and the wonderland was the old Essanay "lot" at 1339 Argyle Street, Chicago. At least two great women stars and many other leads of both sexes, who are lending their lustre to the silver sheet, will remember the time and the place and the heartaches of that period with poignant feelings.

I went there as a member of the publicity department, which was presided over by Victor Eubank and ably managed by Clement Chandler, who is now with First National. The fact that I became a scenario writer soon after is neither here nor there; but it gave me opportunity to meet these celebrities about whom I am going to tell you.

And it did another thing. It gave me the chance to study a star in the making; to realize that success is largely a matter of luck, plus brains and plus, perhaps, a little beauty here and there.

The Essanay of 1915 was one of the cradles of moving picture stars. With Edison, Vitagraph, Biograph, Selig and Lubin, it hatched potential actors and.
actresses as fast as a well-regulated incubator on a chicken farm.

At that time New York was the capital of the film world. Hollywood as a film colony was still in its infancy, though it was coming along. The producers, while rapidly coming to realize the climatic advantages of California, were not yet thoroughly convinced. And Chicago was the film center of the Middle West.

So to the Selig and Essanay studios came the "movie struck" youth of the corn belt. Most of them came from the city itself, but other cities and country towns within a radius of three hundred miles sent in their quotas.

When I stepped on the Essanay lot as a member of the organization there was a million dollars' worth of star-dust wandering about waiting for the opportunity which afterward came.

Time itself is a giant moving picture. The changes it brings as it reels off the hours, the days and the years, are ten times as strange as the wildest scenario ever written.

In 1915 Francis X. Bushman, with Beverly Bayne as his leading woman, was considered Essanay's best asset. This despite the fact that Charles Spencer Chaplin, "a good comedian," had just come from Keystone to make one picture in the Chicago studio before he went toward the West and Fame.

Henry B. Walthall was filming "The Raven" under the direction of Charles Brabin.

Bryant Washburn, newly married to Mabel Forest, an extra girl, was known as a very capable leading man.

Richard C. Travers and E. H. Calvert divided honors in the "he man" roles of the north country, having as their leading lady Lillian Drew, who in real life was Mrs. Calvert.

Nell Craig, wife of Fred Wright the director, and Ruth Stonehouse were the other leading women.

Taylor Holmes was still on the stage. Harry Beaumont, who afterward directed "Skinner's Dress Suit" and "Main Street," was working for fifty dollars a week as an actor for the Edison company and had not yet arrived in the West.

Wallace Beery, one of the greatest character actors in pictures, and the first husband of Gloria Swanson, an impatient and fiery little extra girl, was directing two-reel comedies, using, among others, his brother Noah and Ben Turpin, an acrobat who had taken a flyer in the pictures to break a long wait between the circuses in which he worked.

In the scenario department they were still mourning the loss of Anthony Paul Kelly, afterwards author of the play "Three Faces East," and the man who did the continuity for Mr. Griffith's "Way Down East," "America" and other great pictures. They were trying to make good the loss by retaining William Antony McGuire, a playwright who had not yet "arrived." McGuire came to the lot accompanied by Johnny Hines, a very small but efficient portion of secretary, who sat up night after night while McGuire dictated his ideas of how a story was to be filmed.
Fate must have smiled at all of them. For afterwards she was to do weird things. While McGuire spent his days in the scenario department revising his scripts, June Walker, the little girl who was afterward to play the lead in his play, "Six Cylinder Love," was becoming convinced, as she stood around waiting, that there was no future for her in the films.

Johnny Hines, the long-suffering secretary, is now one of the most trusted lieutenants of Marcus Loew.

But down on the mourners' bench was scattered the star dust. Here or on the floor of the studio, avidly watching the shooting of a scene, you found Rodney La Rocque, Gloria the tempestuous, Agnes Ayres, who had just dropped in and who regarded the movies with a faint amusement; Virginia Valli, with disposition so even that she was assured she would never qualify as a moving picture actress; June Walker, and Helen Ferguson, a slip of a girl so young that nobody even noticed her.

Fritzie Ridgeway's fire and tact were bringing her out in two and three-reel dramas, and Ralph Graves was still poring over his books in Cleveland, doing his best to become fitted to realize his mother's dream that he go to college.

He had not yet put in an appearance.

Thus things were when I entered the moving pictures to make my livelihood. I was a spectator of the enfolding of the dramas of the lives of others. Since then I have watched the rise and fall of those I met at that time. And one of the most fascinating stories of them all is that of Francis X. Bushman and an Amethyst Ring. I capitalize the ring because it came very near to having the same disastrous consequences to Bushman as did the piece of string to the old man who was leading character in de Maupassant's story of that name.

Bushman, when I came to Essanay, was one of the most popular stars in the screen world. A series of good pictures, splendid publicity and the star's own looks and personality made him the adored of thousands.

He received an average of five hundred letters a day, which, in those times, was an enormous mail. It was so great that neither Bushman nor Essanay was able to cope with it and I was assigned to take charge of it. Working with two assistants, I managed to saw the mountain of unanswered letters in half. But it piled up just as high, a rain of letters building up the mounds we had reduced. This went on until I abandoned it to write for the screen.

Most of the letters were from women, ranging in age from twelve to eighty years. Most of them spoke of love, though a great many besought Mr. Bushman's aid in embarking on a moving picture career. All of them demanded an autographed picture. But in the mail one

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Here are Lillian Drew, Richard Travers and Betty Scott. The first two became famous while they were with Essanay. Miss Drew's husband, E. H. Calvert, also starred for the same company.

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Two directors told Virginia Valli that she never would be an actress. But she was a leading woman by 1917 in "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship."

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Bryant Washburn hoisted himself into "Big Time" by his own mental boot strap. Ruth Stonehouse was a star when she was an extra. The scene is from "Destiny."

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day came a small oblong box, sealed with red sealing wax and registered and insured.

Bushman, opening the box, discovered a giant amethyst ring.

When he slipped it on his little finger, the amethyst extended from the base of his finger to the middle knuckle. It was a beauty. Now, despite the common belief to the contrary, there was no one more prosaic than Francis X. Bushman. He was a good business man. He considered his looks and his person an asset both to himself and to Essanay in pictures. So no one ever worked so hard to keep himself in condition. He spent hours exercising with a professional wrestler, or boxing with a pugilist, or running through Lincoln Park, accompanied by his trainer.

He had little use for women. While he and I were at the Essanay studio, I never heard Frank Bushman make a comment on a woman or speak to one other than to greet her or to talk over the filming of one of his pictures in which she had a part.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]
OUR MOVIE PRIMER

A short course of Instruction for Little Girls who intend to become Movie Stars

By H. W. Haenigsen

OH! See the Pretty Lady!
Who is the Lady?
She is the Movie Vampire!
But what is a Vampire?
It is a very, very wicked Woman!
Does she not look more like an Eel?
Oh dear no! She is anything but a Fish!
Her job is to make a Poor Fish of the Hero!
Isn't the Lady Skinny?
Yes, she is Painful Skinny!
Are all Vampires so Skinny?
Yes, indeed, they have to be to get out of Tight Sit-u-a-tions!
She has very long Finger Nails.

IS this not an In-ter-est-ing Person?
She is the Movie Flapper.
She is very So-phis-ti-cated!
She is always looking for a Thrill because she is so Bor-ed. This makes her very Wild, which is really too Bad because she comes from one of our Best Fam-il-ies. (See Note 1.)
She lives on Jazz and Syn-thet-ic Gin and plays Strip Poker. (See Note 2.)
She's a Hound for All-Night Parties, her spec-ial-ty is Dancing on Highly Pol-i-sh-ed Table Tops! She's really as Pure and Sweet at heart as Filtered Nectar (she's misunderstood, that's the trouble).

Note 1—Best Fam-il-ies—i. e., Pa has plenty of dough.
Note 2—Strip Poker—Not so bad but hardly for the whole family.

SHE has ne-ver, ne-ver done any-
thing Naugh-ty, which is very Nice.
Why has she ne-ver done anything Naugh-ty?
Because she has ne-ver been Able to
Think of anything Naugh-ty to do.
She is what they call "Corn Fed."

WHO is this Nice Lady?
She is the Movie's Simple Inn-o-
cent Country Lass!
Is she very Sim-ple and Inn-o-cent?
Oh, yes! She is very Sim-ple and Inn-o-cent indeed!
Once a Mean Old Trav-el-ing Man said, "The Ac-cent comes on the Sim-ple."

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A complete story in seven facial

A Warning to Girls who
are Always Late

GIRLS, did you ever stand a fellow up on a date, rush in about an hour late, frantically make up a cock and bull story to cover your tardiness, and expect him to believe it?

Adolphe Menjou is a pretty friendly and obliging sort of a chap, and we have asked him to tell you, with the aid of photography, just how your beau feels when you try to get away with that.

If he's a mollycoddle, he'll stand on the corner by the hour and greet you with a box of candy and a smile. But if he's got any gumption at all, he'll listen to your story, take you on to the dance, buy your supper, take you home in a taxicab, and say Good Night very emphatically.

Read these pictures and captions from left to right, and you'll learn about men from Adolphe.

"Well, she said she would be here at eight o'clock and it is only ten after now. She ought to be along any minute. You can't expect a woman to be on time to the minute"

"Director held her up, hey? Thinks she can put that line of talk over on me. Wait till she stops using up the dictionary and I'll tell her what I think about it"

"Why, she's just a plain Dumbdora. Absolutely stupid. It's a wonder she wouldn't get a better line. I could do better when I was playing hookey in school"
expressions—By ADOLPHE MENJOU

"It is 8:30 now. I wonder if she is going out with Lew Cody? But if you ask me I bet she wouldn't look at Lew if she could see this new evening suit I have on"

"Gosh, here she comes. Looks like the Queen of Sheba in distress. Wonder what's troubling her? She's either upset about something or ready to give me the Ritz"

"She's getting worse every minute. Says her mother fell down stairs and broke her neck, eh! I suppose her grandmother will die next so she can get away for a ball game. S'awful!"

"Ho, hum. On your way, stupid, on your way. I liked you better when I didn't have to listen to you. Gosh, I wish Lew would come along and take her away"
"Meanwhile, I hope you won't decide to marry Mr. Hardy, and leave me in the lurch"
PART V. Chapter XXV

A S Jane Dare sat in silence minute after minute, gazing at Mrs. Davidson's outstretched hand, the older woman became impatient.

"It's not as though I was asking you to get yourself into trouble on my account," she exclaimed, regarding Jane with a somewhat suspicious stare. "All I want is you should tell me something against this Shirley woman so I can let my husband see what a fool he's making of himself over her. Just give me a lead—I'll have done to save the rest. Your name won't appear in it at all. And on the day Lew gives this lowlier the air, you get her job. Leading woman for Davidson's Prudential—understand. A chance to star. My God—don't that mean anything to you?"

"Yes," Jane replied listlessly. "It means everything to me. But I—there's nothing I can tell you about Miss Shirley that will help you—nothing at all."

"What? You don't know anything against her?"

"Why should you think I do?"

"There's always gossip around the studio. You're there to hear it. I'm home, looking after my husband's house. I got a girl a job down there—friend of my sister's—an extra woman. She says she's heard rumors this Shirley creature's married. Thought maybe Tony Hull might know something about it, but I can't ask him—he's too close to my husband. So I came to you. You and Tony are pretty good friends, I hear. Maybe you could worm something out of him."

Jane also got up. Much as she wanted success, the thought of gaining it by such methods revolted her. Any attack on Irene meant an attack on Tony; she knew in her heart that she cared for him far too deeply to be willing to injure him—to take advantage of knowledge she had gained while a guest beneath his roof. It lay in her power, at one stroke, to destroy a rival, realize her dearest ambition, and restore Lew Davidson to the arms of his wife, and yet, she could not do it. All the fine, decent, sportsmanlike instincts in her rose in opposition to the idea. For Tony's sake, and for her own, she would meet her future, whatever it might be, with a clear heart.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Davidson," she said, putting out her hand, "mighty sorry, but I'm afraid I can't help you."

"All right." Her caller moved heavily to the door, pulling the sable collar about her neck. "I'll have to try somebody else. But if you change your mind, let me know. My opinion is, you're missing the chance of a lifetime." She went softly out, leaving Jane standing rather dizzily in the doorway. Had opportunity knocked, and found her wanting, she wondered? Had she been over-sentimental, quixotic, in her decision? There was precious little sentiment in the picture business as she knew it—a mad scramble for success, with the devil take the hindmost.

Thoughts of Tony only partially reassured her. It would have been dastardly, to have advanced herself at his expense. But, some tiny devil whispered in her ear, did he not deserve it? Why had he not come out like a man and admitted that Irene was his wife? What if fear of punishment argued against it—he should have faced the facts, no matter what the cost. It was with rather a cold heart that she greeted him, when he appeared half an hour later to take her to dinner, but it warmed a bit when she saw the distress in his face.

Clearly, something had gone very wrong.

"What's the matter?" she asked, as they went down to the car. "You seem terribly upset."

"I am. But I can't talk about it now. Later." He relapsed into a moody silence, which Jane made no attempt to break. Her own thoughts were none too pleasant; they were both somewhat grim as they entered the Italian restaurant on Forty-fourth Street at which they had dined on one or two occasions before.

"Do you know," Tony said, when he had given their order, "that this is the first evening we have had together since your friend Mr. Hardy arrived in town?"

"Is it?" Jane's voice was decidedly flat. She had thought it barely possible that Tony had sought out her this evening to confess his relationship to Irene Shirley—had at last seen the
harm his silence was doing, and decided to make amends, no matter who was hurt. Had he done this—had he confessed that Irene was his wife, and thus refused to shield her any longer in her shameless vampir ing of Lew Davidson beneath the cloak of his silence—Jane could have wept for joy, not so much because of the advantage it would be to her, but because it would have restored her faith in Tony, in his honesty, his manliness. And all he had to offer, it seemed, was jealousy of Ben Hardy—a peevish annoyance because the latter, and not he, had been Jane's dinner companion during the past week!

"Well, Tony, as I have explained before, Mr. Hardy is an old friend," she said warily. "and I've done what I could to amuse him. Is that what's troubling you so?" There was a trace of irony in her voice as she thought of the weightier matters she had been considering.

"No. Not exactly. I've missed seeing you, of course. More I guess than you know," His voice trembled, but he quickly controlled it. "On that day—that night—you spent at my bungalow, I felt closer to you than I've ever felt since, and I—well—I know something must have happened to change things between us, although I can't imagine what it could be. But all this is about my affairs, which aren't important." Jane was at a loss to understand the bitterness with which he spoke. Surely his conscience must tell him what barriers stood between them; it was ungenerous, to say the least, to imply that the fault was in any way hers.

"I'm afraid I don't just understand," she told him.

"Don't you? Well, it doesn't matter. We all have our dreams, I guess. Maybe I'm too old, to have any more. This chap Hardy is ten years younger than I am, isn't he?"

Again Mr. Hardy. What was he driving at? Why refer to poor old Ben as an obstacle between them, when there was Irene?

"I don't see what Mr. Hardy's age, or yours, has to do with the matter," she said coldly. "We've been good friends, you and I, up to now, and I don't see any reason why we shouldn't go on being so. Nothing has happened to change things between us—nothing I know about, at least. Have you anything on your conscience?" She spoke lightly, but deliberately. If he had anything to confess, now was his opportunity.

Tony was staring moodily at the tablecloth.

"Friends," he muttered. "Yes—you're right—good friends, always. Well, that brings me to what I wanted to speak to you about. And I haven't seen you since the showing of 'Saints and Sinners' last night, tell me what you thought of it."

"I thought Miss Shirley was very bad. That's the truth, catty as it may sound. What did you think?"

"I didn't have to wait for the showing, Jane, to know how bad she was. Don't forget I'd been over every foot of the film dozens of times in the projection room, cutting, assembling, titling, trying to make the best of it. I knew beforehand it would be a failure. And in spite of the fact that I directed it, and am to that extent responsible for it, I hoped it would be, too. Do you know why?"

"I think so. You wanted the critics, the public, to tell Davidson what you had already tried to tell him yourself, and failed—that Miss Shirley can't act."

"Yes—that, and more. I wanted him to get rid of her, to make room for you. I thought this one picture would kill her. It should have, God knows. But it hasn't. She's convinced him she hasn't had the right vehicle, and persuaded him to put her into another picture at once. He telephoned me this afternoon, to meet him at eight-thirty tonight, at his office. And he asked me to bring that 'Launcedot and Elaine' scenario of mine along with me."

Tony spoke quietly enough, but to Jane his words were like a blow. He had promised her the lead in that production and now Davidson wanted it for Irene. No wonder he seemed troubled.
"Yes—I know that. But if you refuse—"

"I suppose I'll get the air. Not on that account though. I have a good contract. But under it I am obliged to direct whatever pictures he may select. If I decline, I step out. Ordinarily he would listen to me—take my advice about a story—but that was before this Shirley woman came along. She seems to be running the whole works, now. I won't direct her again, that's flat. If Lew wants to put the company on the rocks he's going about it the right way."

"It's too bad, Tony. I see why you're worried."

"You don't, Jane. You think it's because Lew and I have come to the parting of the ways, but it isn't. The thing that's chiefly troubling me is, if I leave, what's going to happen to you."

Jane felt his sincerity, and all the old warmth of feeling that had filled her before Irene Shirley came to chill it rose to the surface. She seized his hand, gave it a quick squeeze.

"Tony, you're a dear to be thinking of me. What about you?"

"Oh, I'll be all right. Good directors are always in demand. But I had hoped that with Davidson Productions you'd get your chance to star, and naturally I'm disappointed. Now you'll have to begin all over again, with another company. It's a long row. This Shirley woman has spoiled everything."

Jane gave a dismal little grin. Irene had indeed spoiled everything—her chances of starring, her love for Tony, her whole future. And not an hour ago, Jane remembered, she had declined to turn her hand—to speak the few words which would have eliminated her rival completely. Well, she was glad of that, now. If, during those tense moments with Mrs. Davidson, she had thought of Tony and his welfare, he, too, in his own crisis, had thought of her.

"Well," she laughed, to relieve the gravity of the moment, "I guess I'll have to marry Ben Hardy and help him spend his half million."

"If you care for him," said Tony, the sombre look in his eyes deepening, "it might be a very good thing for you to do."

Instantly Jane regretted her words, realizing that she had hurt him.

"He's just a dear, good friend. And I haven't the least intention of throwing up the sponge so far as my work is concerned. Please go ahead with your dinner. You're not eating a thing. Ben and I saw the new Belasco show the other night. It's a knockout. With a description of the plot she strove to divert his mind to other channels. When the dinner check had been paid, and they were on the sidewalk, she left him.

"I'm going to look in at the Capitol for a while," she said, "but I'll be home early. Run up, if you haven't anything better to do, and let me know how you come out. Good luck," She smiled as she turned away, but her heart was not smiling.

[Continued on page 134]
"SHE'S the niftiest little piece of henna that ever leaned against a lip-stick!"

This may express our views regarding Gloria Swanson, but these are not our words.

They emanated from the lips of Joe, our favorite office boy. It happened like this: having probed the depths of our heart and learned the heights of our folly last month in a story which we wrote called "Men I Love," an importunate editor said, "Now find out about 'Women Men Love.'"

"On the screen?" we asked to be sure just what sort of assignment this was.

"Yes, and off, though you'll find that the women who prove the most thrilling are usually known to the men whom they thrill only on the screen. What with the cinema and the radio, this is getting to be a world of vicarious love affairs."

"All right, I'll start with you," I said. "Which one of the screen stars gives you the greatest thrill?" Without an instant's hesitation the importunate editor replied, "Mabel Normand." Adding, "That is, she did five years ago. And there was Edna Purviance and Clara Kimball Young."

"Now or then?"

"Well, now and then. But Mabel came first; she certainly was a peach. I never missed any of her pictures those days. She had a helpless, pathetic quality that none of the others ever had."

"Little Mabel, little Mabel, with her face against the pane. I know the look. A please-be-good-to-me-because-I'm-just-a-poor-weak-little-girl, big-strong-man look."

"That's it, I wonder why none of them look that way any more?" This with a long-ago look in his eyes.

"They do; only they do not look that way to you," I told him. "It's your fault, not theirs."

This was insulting and we meant it to be for there is nothing a man hates like being told that he doesn't thrill any more. A man will defend his frailty with his dying breath."

"I merely said there were none like Mabel," he countered. "Of course, there are plenty of stars who thrill me right now."

"For instance?"

"Well, at the top of the list is Corinne Griffith—full of passion and submission—indefinably suspended animation."

"Are you speaking of the lady?"

"No, I'm speaking of her shadow."

"And there's Gloria Swanson—and of course Betty Compson," he continued, "the great potentials." "And Pola Negri?"

"The great enigma."

Women

Men Love

By Harriette Underhill

"And Marion Davies?"

"After 'Little Old New York'—oh, very much Marion Davies."

"Sweet but not too sweet, and Elsie Ferguson?" I asked. "Again the lure of the unattainable."

"Nita Naldi?"

"Deliberately provocative."

"And Barbara La Marr?"

"Also deliberately provocative."

"Now, if that's the list of ladies who thrill you on the screen, I must say that you're a Catholic man and, I hope, deserve all you get; for you get a lot out of the pictures, you do."

"WHOOO! Zowie—Wow!" and he sprang into the room, right into the center of the editor's Turkish rug. He had been announced and expected so it was not his entrance, but the manner of it which surprised the editor out of his usual calm. Unfortunately, in explaining the 'whoops' and "wows" he made some alarming disclosures and that is why he must remain "He." We'll just capitalize him and let it go at that, only saying that the man who sprang into the center of the room was young, handsome, a famous star. (You see we carefully refrain from capitalizing famous.) When he could speak he gasped out, "I've just been to see a picture with Norma Shearer in it. Of all the sweet, alluring, beautiful, devastating girls! Well, there isn't a one on the screen to compare with her. I've seen Miss Shearer in pictures before: so I said 'whoa,' to the taxi driver who was bringing me up here when I saw one of her pictures running on Broadway. That's why I am an hour late."

"God sent you to me. I'm preparing a treatise on 'Women Men Love!'"

"And why?"

"No, for no one knows that. But go on and talk. Your story interests me strangely."

"Won't say another word. I'm not going to lay bare my heart for daws to peck at."

"Oh, please. Be yourself again (a clue to his identity) and I swear for ever after to refer to you only as 'a seven-letter word meaning Dick.'"

"Well, you needn't laugh at me—or I don't care if you do. I tell you when I see Norma Shearer on the screen, I—well—"

Here he clenched his fists and hurled his arms about in space with youthful abandon. "Well," he finished decorously, "I'd like to have her for my leading woman, that's what I'd like to do. Just wait!"
When you have finished reading this you can make up your own mind

"Maybe when you meet her, the illusion will vanish. It has happened," we said, sadly reminiscent.
"Maybe, but I doubt it."
"Whom else do you like?"
"Clara Bow—sort of—"
He is a monogamous soul, you see.
"On or off?" we asked.
"On."
"And whom do you like off?"
"May Allison. I think she is the most beautiful girl I ever saw."
"Oh, I forgot to put Norma Talmadge in my list of screen irresistibles. Norma can have me any time, for the asking."
"You mean for the being asked."
"So, you're true to one name if not to one woman. And it reads from left to right, Norma, Clara, and Norma."
"Yes, and that's all."
"Not Pola?"
"Nope."
"Nor Nita?"
"Nope."
"Nor Barbara?"
"Nope. I said only three with Miss Shearer ten laps to the good."
"She ought to make it in another lap." And with this "wise crevice" we went out alone into the great world to become "an inquiring reporter."
The elevator man was vigorous, young and dark. He is the sort who would dance well and have all of his lady friends saying that he is the image of Valentino. In riding from the tenth floor to the ground, we disobeyed the sign reading, "Do not feed or annoy the elevator man," or whatever it says, and asked him who his favorite screen star was.
"That's easy," he answered glibly. "It's Agnes Ayres—some baby, and that don't mean maybe! Never miss a pitcher with Aggie in it. Say, did you see her in—" but while the elevator man was fascinating, we knew we were obstructing the traffic, so we said, "Yes, saw her in everything. What's your name?"
"Mannie Mann."
"From the great open spaces, you he man?" we said coyly, not dreaming that he would get it.
But Mannie's mind was not virgin soil, for he replied "Sure—\[continued on page 133\]\n
When we reached the Herald-Tribune we questioned our elevator boy. "Oh," he said nonchalantly, "I ain't got much use for none of them. Say, I seen Dante's Inferno three times. Pretty swell. I used to like Poil White but they don't come like her no more. She was some actress! Mary Pickford ain't bad though."

Joe, our favorite office boy, had considerable to say when we asked his favorite actress. He said without hesitation, "Gloria Swanson." And then he added the appraisal with which we have opened our treatise. His words fascinated us and we put them down intact.

Then all of the office boys gathered round and wanted to take part in the contest, just as though it had been a cross-word puzzle. Sol, who used to be head boy and who now has been advanced to night re-write man, chose Lilian Gish as being miles ahead of all the others in producing thrills. Three office-boys simultaneously shouted out "Barbara La Marr's mine!"

Jack said nothing; for Jack is the retiring one. We sought him out. "Which star gives you the greatest thrill, Jack?" we said.
"Let me see," he pondered, "you mean man or woman star?"
"Oh, I mean a woman star."
"Well, then, I don't know unless it's Barbara La Marr. Yes, it's Barbara."

Then we wandered over to the desk of Dwight Perrin, our favorite City Editor. He is our favorite because he has brains, a sense of humor and just plain horse sense.

"Which screen actress gives you the greatest thrill?" we asked and right off the bat he answered, "Priscilla Dean."
"Did you see her in 'The Siren of Seville?'" we asked significantly.
"I did—twice. Wasn't she great?"
"Yes," we agreed, "great—meaning large."

"Men certainly do have the strangest notions! In hunting about for information none of the men ever chose the actress we expected him to choose.

When we asked Quinn Martin, the screen critic, he hesitated. The only man we encountered who did. The others seemed to know right away which actress gave them the greatest thrill. Probably they had been thinking a lot about it.

"Gloria, Pola, Nita? Barbara, Dagmar, Jetta?"—but he shook his head and still pondered.

"Claire Windsor, Anna Q. Nilsson, Dorothy Mackaill?"
"No," finally announced Quinn Martin, "it's Elaine Hammer.

Vidor and Leatrice Joy."
"Well, at least, you're the quintessence of consistency—\[continued on page 133\]\n
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At Last—The Blonde Vampire

“Anna Q.” has upset the raven-locked monopoly on screen husband snatching

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

The cleverest intrigante—a woman capable of attaining her ends with all the brilliance and determination and ruthlessness of a Catherine de Medici—whom I have ever observed, looks like a well-conducted school teacher, with her smooth, light brown hair and frank, nice gray eyes.

And the only woman I have ever known who was thoroughly irresistible to men was a pure, golden blonde, with black eyebrows and eyelashes, and violet-hazed eyes. In real life, she was the only person I ever encountered who, beside having four distinguished husbands and innuerable romances of the story-book kind, actually had a man kill himself at her feet.

All of which brings me to Anna Q. Nilsson, and the new blonde vamp.

Anna Q. of the purring, fascinating voice, the quivering, exquisite mouth, the deep-deep blue eyes, and the ever-present sense of humor.

For Anna Q. at last has forced a blonde vampire character upon the screen and broken—I hope for all time—the stupid convention that exciting ladies must be brunettes.

It happened like this—and to tell you about it, I must give you just a glimpse into the way an author feels when his or her brain child is taken from the safe, covers of a nice magazine and dragged away into the hectic and wild world of the studios.

Once upon a time I wrote a short story called “The Worst Woman in Hollywood.” And when they came to make a picture of it they very kindly consulted me about who should play Inez Laronetta, who was a very, very vampish lady whom you might admire but scarcely trust alone with your husband.

They suggested a list of names—all brunette. Oh, extremely, in fact, utterly brunette. All but one. Way down at the bottom I found the name of Anna Q. Nilsson.

I admit that it gave me a little start, that name. I had been thinking of Inez in inky terms myself. And then I began to go over in my own mind the women I had known in real life, the women who were something like Inez as I had tried to draw her. To my amazement I found that nearly all of them were blonde—or semi-blonde. So I told Sam Rork, who was producing the picture, that as far as I was concerned, Anna Q.—being one of the finest actresses on the screen anyway—sufficed me down to the ground.

Well, there was considerable trepidation about the blonde vamp. Everyone was more or less anxious about it. It was a radical departure, and in motion pictures radical departures are not, as a rule, looked upon with any degree of favor.

[CONTINUED ON FROM 143]
"I Told You So!"

By Ivan St. Johns

Jack Gilbert was bound to get there

There are four words in the English language that no man can resist. He utters them with more fervor than the most impassioned poetry, with more emphasis than the noblest sentiments. Those words are, "I told you so."

Show me the man who can resist speaking those words when chance arises and I will show you a man who has come a long way upon the road to conquering human weaknesses.

Right now I am having a great time with them myself, and I must admit that so far I haven't passed up a single opportunity to use them.

Whenever anyone mentions the name of Jack Gilbert I bob forth exactly like a cuckoo clock and say, "I told you so."

Because I did.

For years, I did. To be exact, for seven years I told the world in general and certain producers and directors in particular that Jack Gilbert had every attribute of a great star and that sooner or later he was going to score a first class hit and make a lot of money for somebody.

I pointed out that Jack had charm, that he could act, that he had the fire and dash of the continental lover coupled with the wholesome strength and cleanliness of the best type of American, that he was young, but that his years of experience on the stage had given him poise and polish, that he photographed in a handsome and most distinguished manner.

Too often has Hollywood seen some asteroid, hailed as a rising star, quenched in the oblivion of failure, and Hollywood has grown skeptical. But Ivan St. Johns has held firmly to his faith in Jack Gilbert—a faith that seems to be justified.

Whereupon most of them yawned in my face, or said, "Yeh," or words to that effect.

I have backed a lot of losers in my time. Everyone has. That's why I cannot keep silent about this winner. Because I went right on backing him, even when he pretty nearly starved to death. When he used to go from studio to studio, week in and week out, begging for work, any kind of work, extra work, mob work, anything, and getting turned down just as regular, I used to scratch my head and say, "I don't care. The boy's got it and some day he'll get a chance."

When he finally was driven to abandon his ambitions to be an actor, when he became first an automobile tire salesman and later a sort of scenario writer, to ward off the pangs of hunger as it were, I still used to drive people nutty by saying, "Well, I may be crazy—but I think Jack Gilbert is the best bet that—"

Whereupon they usually agreed—that I was crazy.

When he became a Fox star, I wasn't very elated, because Mr. Fox runs a little movie world all his own and it didn't seem to me the place for Jack, but I felt a little better. And then he and the Fox people mutually decided that one of them had been wrong after "The Count of Monte Cristo" and in spite of "Cameo Kirby" and Jack was a free lance again.

Everyone was roaring about the need of a young leading man. Everyone was [continued on page 104]
NOT only one of the best pictures of the month but one of the best we have seen in a long time. The story is about the Vigilantes at Sacramento during the gold rush when gambling hall owners and their followers ruled the town. The plot revolves about a young editor, a fiery young reformer who falls in love with the daughter of the owner of the biggest gambling resort in the town. Although a member of the Vigilantes, the editor is trapped with the girl in her father’s house on the night the organization determines to run all undesirables out of town, and is caught with them.

Some wonderful comedy is given by Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton that later turns into several of the most tragic moments we have ever seen in a picture. Beery and Hatton run away with the film.

EAST OF SUZ—Paramount

POLA NEGRi wins new laurels in her latest picture, “East of Suez,” adapted from the Somerset Maugham play in which Florence Reed achieved such success on the stage. Though this drama fails to sustain the pace of La Negri’s last film, “Forbidden Paradise,” the intriguing story, splendid sets, good cast and excellent characterization of the star easily ranks it with the month’s six best productions, but not for Y. M. C. A. showings.

Daisy Forbes (Pola Negri) is advised of her beloved father’s death aboard ship en route to him in Shanghai.

Arrived there, Daisy learns to her horror that she is half Chinese. To avoid an unfortunate marriage, George Conway, her betrothed, is sent to distant lands. Daisy marries another. The husband is conveniently poisoned, and Daisy is reunited with George.

PETER PAN—Paramount

EVERYBODY in America should see this picture. It is more than a tonic, because it not only revives memories of youth, but makes you youthful. If you are young, you will live and triumph with Peter Pan in all the glorious episodes that your imagination ever dreamed. If you are old, you will find yourself young again.

There is so much good to this picture that one is left wondering how it was all done so flawlessly. Sir James Barrie wrote the story, Herbert Brenon directed the picture, and Betty Bronson lived Peter Pan. Mary Brian was the spiritual Wendy. Every other member of the cast is also entitled to praise, from Ernest Torrence down to the tiniest tot in the picture. The performance of each was flawless.

“Peter Pan” proves that all the fairies are not dead. In our childhood we believed in them, in fact, we knew there were fairies. If, in after years, we came at times to doubt their existence, we learned from “Peter Pan” that our doubts were wrong. “Peter Pan” could not have been produced without fairies to guide it through the beautiful scenes.

The more we think of Betty Bronson, the more we marvel at her perfect performance. Not only the expression in her face but the way she stood and walked, and the grace that she showed every instant caused us to feel that she was truly an ethereal child who never could grow up. And anybody who can do that is, in reality, Peter Pan.

There is another phase of the picture that caused us to marvel, and that was the photography. The beautiful bits done by Virginia Brown Faire as Tinker Bell lent an enchantment that was needed to make the picture perfect.

And that is what it was—a perfect picture of a perfect story, with a perfect cast.
The Six Best Performances of the Month

Betty Bronson in "Peter Pan"
Colleen Moore in "So Big"
Mary Brian in "Peter Pan"
Matt Moore in "The Narrow Street"
Raymond Hatton in "The Devil's Cargo"
John Gilbert in "Wife of the Centaur"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 130.

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

PETER PAN
SO BIG
THE DEVIL'S CARGO
EAST OF SUEZ
A THIEF IN PARADISE
THE NARROW STREET

SO BIG—First National

Colleen Moore has tossed aside her temperamental "Flaming Youth" roles and steps before the public as a real actress. As Selina Peake, Colleen outshines all previous screen efforts. In this demanding part, she gives us not only youth, but maturity and finally old age. Although the direction has been adroitly handled, still the sequences as depicted are decidedly jerky. An excellent cast supports Miss Moore. John Bowers, as the slow-thinking Dutch farmer, is all that one would expect. Wallace Beery, although in a minor role, gives a striking performance. No doubt it will be pleasing to most of the fans to find Ben Lyon, as the grown-up So Big.

"So Big" is laid in an old Dutch colony which thrived near Chicago about half a century ago. The dressing and hair-dressing are strictly adhered to.

After the death of her father, Selina Peake secures a position of school mistress at High Prairie. She becomes the wife of Parris De Jong, a poor farmer, shares his home and works by his side in the fields. A son is born, Dirk, whom she calls So Big. Parris stubbornly refuses to try new methods of farming. Toil and poverty wreck his health and he dies. Selina tries to market the produce herself, which leads to a chance meeting with old friends. They advance her money with which she improves her farm and prospers sufficiently to send So Big to college. So Big becomes a successful architect and Selina learns of an affair with Mrs. Storm. She plunges into a fight to save her boy from threatened disgrace, and takes him away with her to resume the life she had planned for him.

This is a thoroughly enjoyable picture, but wait, we have a confession to make—we haven't read the book.

A THIEF IN PARADISE—First National

A splendid picture with no dull moments. A cast of prominent players top it off—Ronald Colman, Doris Kenyon, Aileen Pringle, Claude Gillingwater and Alec B. Francis. The story, an adaptation by Frances Marion of Leonard Merrick's novel, "The Worldlings," was directed by George Fitzmaurice. Many novelties are introduced. A hand-to-hand fight is staged at the bottom of the sea. Boy, these under-the-water shots will get you! There's an unusual girls' polo game played by two teams of beauties clad in bathing suits; a spectacular underwater dance and a thrilling runaway horse episode. Could you ask for more? The action concerns a man who masquerades as another man, falls in love with one girl and is loved by another. Not a family picture.

THE NARROW STREET—Warner Brothers

One of the sweetest pictures we've ever seen. Maybe we are partial to films of this type, but if we are, there must be lots of others who like them, too. Matt Moore's performance as simple Simon Haldane, who rose from obscurity to general manager and husband of the magnate's daughter, was one of the finest bits of characterization that has ever come to our notice. Dorothy Devore as Doris proved a charming runaway who hid in Haldane's house and finally emerged as the rich man's daughter and Haldane's wife. There was a bald spot to mar the perfection of this splendid picture. That was the dress worn by Doris when she and Haldane had their night out. Where did she get it? It doesn't matter. She and Haldane had a good time and so did we. You'll get more entertainment and good, clean fun out of this film than any you've seen in a long time.
AGAINST the restless background of swishing seas, rum runners plot to frustrate U. S. Revenue officers by subduing the keeper and his aids of "The Lighthouse by the Sea." When the human players fail to boost the yarn along, enter Rin-Tin-Tin, who, after persistent endeavor, swoops an old fashioned melodrama to a smashing good finish.

THE Lighthouse By THE SEA—Warner Bros.

WIFE OF THE CENTAUR—Metro-Goldwyn

JACK GILBERT flames effectively through the rôle of modern centaur, the poet seized with passionate love crazes and rendered helpless while they last. Aileen Pringle lures her best and Eleanor Boardman drifts throughout like a cool breath of spring.

Under the adroit direction of King Vidor, this racy and spicy entertainment unfolds engrossingly. Not for children.

THE GOLDEN BED—Paramount

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S last and perhaps worst picture under his contract with this producing company. A lavishly stupid spectacle. A pearl onion in a platinum setting. An expensively mounted, trite story of a faithless, extravagant woman who kills two men and drives another to prison. She receives the wages of sin while her little sister loves on and on and saves the candy business for Rod La Rocque.

FRIVOLOUS SAL—First National

Do you enjoy a good fight? Well, then, trot yourself right down to the theater showing this picture, for there are two dandies in this one. And there's quite a cast, too—Mae Busch, Eugene O'Brien, Ben Alexander, Tom Santschi and Mitchell Lewis. The story is laid in a pioneer mining town of the West, in which a girl and a small boy help a man find himself. The scenery is wonderful.

FORTY WINKS—Paramount

DON'T miss this picture. There is more entertainment in it than the title implies. Raymond Griffith runs away with this adaptation of "Lord Chumley," in which he plays the part of the eccentric lord. With Theodore Roberts, Viola Dana, Cyril Chadwick and Anna May Wong in the cast, this is some feat. The story hinges about the recovery of coast defense plans. A garter is the only clue.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY—Fox

YOU know the famous Edward Everett Hale story, of the young army officer who cursed his country and was condemned never to hear the words "United States" again. Here it is again, adequately enough done but too long by far. Still it has its patriotic interest, and the acting is satisfactory. We liked Richard Tucker as Aaron Burr best, but Edward Hearn is a good enough Lieut. Nolan, at that.
SO THIS IS MARRIAGE—Metro-Goldwyn

ACURIOUS effort is this, with the scoundrel endeavoring to win the wife by means of a story, told de milleishly in colored flashbacks. Lew Cody is the villain endeavoring to lure Eleanor Boardman away from her bill-hating hubby. Unfortunately Lew tells too long a story and both wife and audience get restless. Cody’s bedtime story deals with Bath Sheba and has the conventional bacchanale.

TOMORROW’S LOVE—Paramount

HERE’S an amusing comedy-drama of youthful married life, strengthened by a smashing finish. Judith marries Bob Stanley, whose stubbornness and egotism drive her to the verge of warfare, but not until she finds him with another woman and interprets the situation in her own way does she secure an interlocutory decree against him. So she goes away, returning, however, at the crucial moment.

THE DANCERS—Fox

THE only new adornment in this dance-fuddled picture is George O’Brien’s unwaxed moustache. George enacts the stolid rôle of English nobleman running a cabaret in South America and remaining true to his childhood sweetheart (Madge Bellamy), despite the amorous jizzings of his dancer (Alma Rubens). But his fiancée is not so faithful, so he comes back to the dancer in South America.

THE SLEEPING CUTIE—F. B. O.

CHAPTER TEN of the silly but amusing “Telephone Girl” series. Half the time you find yourself laughing over nothing or perhaps it is Kit Guard. In this chapter George’s two side-kicks substitute in a basketball game. They know nothing about the game, and show it in their playing. At the last minute George shoots a basket from one end of the court to the other and wins the game.

THE DIXIE HANDICAP—Metro-Goldwyn

THE old racing thrills have been dusted, polished, called by different names, and molded into a melo-racer-thriller intended to stimulate the most blase. They do. A poverty-stricken Southern judge hides his poverty from an expensive daughter. Then the discovery. But the judge’s horse wins a $50,000 race and the trainer the million dollar daughter. Exit all, smiling.

CURLYTOP—Fox

SHIRLEY MASON frets through a goody-goody rôle in London’s wicked Limehouse district, balked on the one side by a vicious female who hates her for stealing her Bill away, and on the other by an evil white man turned Chinese who covets her loveliness. The vicious female mauls Curlytop into helplessness. Bill rescues her in the nick of time from a terrible fate. Such a tiresome film. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]
The Catch of Hollywood

George O'Brien rode into pictures on horseback

By Ivan St. Johns

Today he is a star, with almost as sensational a record in pictures as he made in the athletic annals of his native state. Since his first signal success in "The Iron Horse" a little over a year ago, O'Brien has risen from the extra ranks to that of featured player with an unusual following among the fans for one so new in pictures and is tremendously popular in the colony, with the men and women alike.

In appearance O'Brien is tall—just around six feet—and well knit, combining a manly vigor with an undeniable air of distinction. His hair is brown, as are his eyes, which are never free from a lurking twinkle; and with it all he is shy and quiet.

He is the son of Chief of Police Dan O'Brien of San Francisco and was born in that city in 1900.

As far back as George can remember, the Irish ancestry was always asserting itself—his forbears having come from County Kilkenny—and life was just one battle after another. As a school kid he had the reputation of having won and lost more fights than any three boys in the neighborhood.

It was during his high school days that the lad struck up a friendship which has stood him in good stead in his picture career. He and a cowboy, George Merchant, who had been hired to instruct the San Francisco police in horsemanship, became great pals. There was a police riding arena, plenty of horses and George's dad was chief, so the rest was easy. During odd hours and time which could be spared from athletics on Saturday, George O'Brien rode police horses. At the end of a year, the pupil was almost as proficient a horseman as his tutors, and could ride, rope, pick-up and break horses with the best of them.

And it was this horsemanship which finally won young O'Brien his very first part in a picture, but that comes later.

Like all Irishmen, O'Brien is intensely patriotic. In 1917 the United States entered the war. George learned the great news while at school. His first move was to dash to police headquarters and tell his father he wanted to enlist. Though this, the oldest son of Chief O'Brien was but seventeen, the father gave an instant consent and in three hours George was duly examined, weighed, measured and enrolled in the United States Navy.

Then followed more than two years in the navy. George had considerable practical experience [continued on page 4]
Edna Murphy doesn't intend to spend her life being jealous.

By May Stanley

She is of the race that often changes its mind.

She doesn't blame either the writers of mash notes or the one who gets 'em. Not at all. The adulation which comes an actor's way is as inevitable as sunrise. It isn't his fault that women are women. On the other hand, as Miss Murphy so pertinently asks, what is the sense in spending a perfectly good life in wondering if the tall brunette who danced with your husband so many times last night is going to prove as fatal as she looks, or why he sneaked the jasmine-scented note out of the pile when he thought his wife wasn't looking? So Edna has made up her youthful mind.

Her husband is going to be HERS. All hers!

It sounds logical. Still, you know, people have changed their minds and I, for one, am going to keep an eye on Edna Murphy to see how her plan works out. It seems to me that love when it arrives doesn't always stop to ask us who it is we've planned to fall in love with. Haven't you noticed the same thing, yourselves?

Another reason why her plan [continued on page 144]
CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

OME, Italy: The cheers evoked by my proposed program for the opening of a sidewalk cafe in Hollywood were so persuasive of my ability as an impresario that Ramon Novarro, the multi-millionaire backer, has agreed to loan me another week's salary with which to erect a theater intime (meaning clubby).

It will present programs similar to the Chauve-Souris, save that they will be in English, or as near thereto as the local talent can achieve.

We were hesitating between the names of Bernhardt and Duse for this temple of art when we received an impassioned letter from Anna May Wong wanting to know why we didn't give her a home town girl a chance. Responding to this patriotic appeal we have named the theater The Babbie La Marr, for the time being.

I had to yield to my backer on this point. His insistence will lead to the inevitable supposition that he is ambitious to become one of the future Messrs. La Marr. He claims, however, that the motive is simply an old friendship for Miss La Marr and Jack Dougherty, her latest release.

There will be many unique features. In the past stage performers have received high salaries while the audience, often more talented and deserving, has received nothing. We will remedy this injustice by paying the audience instead of the actors. The patron giving the best performance will be signed to a long term starring contract.

The audience will also be equipped with six-shooters so that any performer failing to please may be instantly deleted from the bill. I feel this will be a great incentive to players to do their very best.

Miss Grace Corson, courageous fashion critic for Photoplay, twice decorated for bravery, will stand at the door and loudly criticize the costumes of both patrons and performers. Miss Corson herself will be attired in armor. She will be assisted by Monsieur Wallace Beery wearing Miss Knuckle and Mlle. Texas Guinan wearing her famous corsage of gats.

I present herewith the schedule for the christening performance at which Miss La Marr will be asked to break a case of—(Mum's the word) over the impresario's box:

1. "Greedy," a snappy one-reeler. . . . Produced by Eric Von Stroheim in the record time of three years and eighteen months.
2. Overture Ensemble . . . . March of the Wampus Baby Stars led by Bull Montana all in white.
3. "Just Fooling" (Gag) . . . . By the author, Harry Reichenbach, publicity magician.
4. One Minute Oration (Dramatic): "To Quit or Not To Quit the Screen for Sculpture." . . . . Rex Ingram as Hamlet
6. Extra Added Attraction . . . . Miss Mabel Normand will give her version of the late shooting affair, the World War. Where the smoke is the thickest there you'll always find Mabel.
7. "How To Keep Fit" (Educational and Emotional) . . . . By Corinne Griffith Famous Western athletic star.
9. Death Scene from "Camille" (Classic) — Bull Montana as La Dame Aux Camélias and Nita Naldi as Armand.
10. Soft shoe dance by team.

W.H. From Simplicity to Success

International setting representing Poland, Mexico, Canada and Italy, with International Quartet comprising:

Appolonia Calapueza
Ramon Sananegoes
Gladsyn Smith
Rodolfo Guilliam

Dressmaking by Winnie Hudnut

Act I

Ten years later. The same characters as above, having gone through the Melting Pot, are now at home in the Ritz. All are Americanized save Winnie Hudnut, who suddenly went violently Russian. They appear as follows in their order:

Pola Negri
Ramon Novarro
Mary Pickford
Rodolph Valentino

Costumes conceived and designed by Natasha Rambova

Curtain

Orchestra Finale . . . . Hollywood Mothers' Jazz Orchestra led by "Major" Coogan on the saxophone.

WHILE dishing the snot I'm going to explode a highly overrated reputation. Wallace Beery makes as high as three thousand a week for being a dirty villain. Shadowed by detectives, this son of evil has been seen to spirit homeless mutts off the streets and take them home for nourishment. He has a psychopath on his grounds filled with these indigent canine gentlemen upon whom his leering glance has fallen.

DIOR Mio! Won't Alice Terry be surprised? News note: It is rumored that there is soon to be a tiny dancer in the Ingram home to follow her (so well known) famous mother's footsteps, for so the story goes, Irene Castle refused a picture offer on the ground she was not going to appear until after the interesting event.

"Ben Hur" has been in production two years and fresh players are still arriving. The Three Wise Men arrived from Hollywood recently. A studio official brutally refused to meet them at the train. He said he had met enough Wise Men from Hollywood.

UNFORTUNATELY the Wise Men arrived just as the Madonna quit. She had been brought from Paris two months previous to enlarge the role of the Virgin. In departing she said she didn't mind living her part for a couple of months but when it dragged into years... "Mon Dieu! Je suis une parisienne!"

[Continued on page 108]
You Can Get Some Smart Ideas

Picture hat of taffeta with brilliant-hued ostrich plumes and odd flowers. — Mme. Suzy

FRENCH HATS FOR SPRING 1925

Drawn by Grace Corson

Stiff taffeta plaid in rose, white, and black, is draped effectively in this model for the older woman. — Mme. Suzy

Green, grey, and pale yellow ostrich plumes make a graceful and smart line on this Suzy model

Dull green grosgrain with bow of heavy celluloid is charming for the youthful face. Hat from Le Monnier—worn by Lila Lee

Warm red brown is the color of this little hat of felt with straw medallions. — Le Monnier

These hats I have illustrated, while just off the boat from Paris, are not typical of the mode most prevalent there at the moment, but since that mode happens to be merely a continuance of the tiny black felt, still severely plain, there is reason for showing you, by way of variety, these exceptions to the general rule.

The very smartest hats worn are tiny black shapes of felt and straw combined, with either a little feather fancy, a bow, or, and this is the most popular, — a good looking pin. These pins are taking their place among the more important jewelry and more money is being spent on them.

All models imported by Jay-Thorpe, Inc.
Miss Nilsson calls this black and silver gown "Marquesa." It is of figured satin with loose blouse and tight skirt, slightly draped when tied in front. The panel of silver cloth is in one piece. Sleeves are long, very tight and end just above the elbow under the draped blouse.
Miss Nilsson's informal dinner-gown is of black satin and silver cloth, heavily embroidered in silver and gold, with uneven tunic.

Another of Miss Nilsson's gowns from Frances is this black satin evening gown heavily studded with brilliants, and draped to graduated buckles of brilliants and jet.

PARIS IS IN SHORT SKIRTS AGAIN

It seems incredible but he swears it's true, this buyer who has just returned from Paris. "Dresses are very, very short and straight—very plain."

His tone was so decided, that I was almost fearful to ask, being particularly fond of one circular-skirted evening gown I had just purchased. "Aren't there any flares any more, or aprons, or tunics?"

But he reassured me at once, "Oh, yes, but the majority of them are plain, and if fullness is used, it is at the sides, which are made longer."

We then launched into an animated give and take on the subject of what he had gained in information.

"Beside the very short skirt, what else is different?"

"Nothing much; the process of elimination is still going on." (The twinkle in his eye at this point made me wonder if he meant that with little tight dresses, little tight hats, bobbed hair and nude stockings we were reaching something of a limit?)

"And hats are still small and plain?"

"Yes, but there is a lovely little fad of wearing flower boutonnieres to match a flower on the hat, and these are in all colors and sizes, from tiny violets to enormous red chrysanthemums. Flowers are being worn in enormous corsages again, and worn high on the right side, in front, as before, instead of on the shoulder."

"Lovely, I like that," I commented. "Now, shoes?"

"Blonde slippers are everywhere."

"And beads?" I asked, holding up a wrist laden with my favorite black pearls. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]
JOBYNA RALSTON is a great one for minding her own affairs. Jo has a Ford touring car which is the delight of her heart, it having superseded in her affections the dilapidated Ford coupe of last year. Her mother or brother can have the big Buick, but Jo must have her Ford.

One day Jo finished work with Harold Lloyd early, so she Forded over to the Country Club for a round of golf—all by her lonesome.

Eventually, she came abreast two young men who invited her to join them. Nothing loth, Jo accepted. About the second hole, one of the men volunteered:

"You know, you look an awful lot like May McAvoy to me."

"Well, I think she looks more like Jobyna Ralston," contradicted the second.

Jo gazed at them both serenely and after stroking her ball, replied in honeyed tones: "Yes, I've often been told I resemble May McAvoy but really this is the first time I've reminded any one of Jobyna Ralston."

After which the subject was dropped, and to this day the two young men are in ignorance of their golf partner's identity.

AFTER twelve years with Paramount, Cecil B. DeMille has severed his connection with that company. Everyone with whom he has been associated has heard the news with regret. Mr. DeMille has built up a tremendous picture patron following and probably no film maker, not even D. W. Griffith, is more widely known than he.

Mr. DeMille and Jesse Lasky, president of Paramount, parted with only the kindest words and best wishes for each other. But the former feels, as he himself expresses it, that the program he has in mind can best be carried out independently.

CAROL DEMPSTER and I were dining at the Algonquin the other day and, apropos of nothing, Carol commenced:

"I heard the cutest joke the other day. I heard the cutest joke the other day."

Without further encouragement from me, she carried on: "An inebriated gentleman was strolling an uneven course through Central Park. He bumped into a tree. Carefully he backed away, only to bump into the same tree again. After the third bump, he leaned dole-

Bon voyage, Tony! With Mrs. Moreno, the great screen favorite sailed for Europe, where he will make "Mare Nostrum" and visit his mother in Sunny Spain. He has not seen her since he was fourteen years old.
fully against the trunk and muttered: ‘Losh—losh in an impenetrable forest.’"

She's a Wampas Baby Star, which means, of course, that she is beautiful and can act. So, when she visited New York during the holidays, she was feted and dined by all her old friends whom she had not seen for three years. Among them was a certain prominent actor. Four years ago they were great friends. In fact, there were rumors of a wedding, but she left for Hollywood and learned that absence does NOT make the heart grow fonder, or whatever the old song says. However, upon her return to New York the old flames flared forth and they decided to wed.

"We'll drive to the club, get a couple of witnesses and then go to the City Hall," said the bridegroom-to-be.

"Fine," said the bride-to-be, and she sat in the taxi while he went into one of New York's best known clubs in search of two friends.

And she sat. And sat. And sat.

Two hours later he emerged with his friends. They were holding him up because his legs seemed to have lost all sense of stability, while his head knew nothing about equilibrium.

Right then the bride-to-be asserted herself. "The wedding's off," she shouted, slamming the door in the face of the trio and ordering the chauffeur to drive to her hotel.

The next day she told a friend about it.

"Thank God, it happened before instead of after the ceremony," she said.

After finishing work with Conway Tearle in Victor Halperin's production, "School for Wives," Sigrid Holmquist decided to take a rest on a milk farm near New York City. "I thought all the cows had been shipped to the coast," I said. "Oh, no," Sigrid returned quickly, "there are many here in the East. At least enough for this particular milk farm."

Madge Kennedy found it much easier to make her latest picture "Bad Company" than to solve crossword puzzles. However, when Madge starts anything she usually finishes it.

"Chickie," First National's screen version of Elinore Meherin's popular serial, has gone into production at the Biograph studio in New York, direction of John Francis Dillon. Dorothy Mackaill covets in the highly emotional name part, while John Bowers plays opposite her. Others in this all-star cast include Viola Dana, Hobart Bosworth, Myrtle Stedman and Marguerite de la Motte.

Betty Blythe has gone abroad again to emote in a movie. Betty justtreks from New York to Hollywood, back again and across the Atlantic. While completing work in "The Folly of Vanity," a girly-girly fantasy from the Fox lot, Betty received an intriguing offer to play the name part in Leander de Cordova's screen version of Sir Rider Haggard's melodramatic story, "She." Did Betty say yes? She did. This picture will be made in Paris, Germany, Italy and Algiers.

Espied Clara Kimball Young in the lobby of the Algonquin the other day. Clara has changed a little since the old days of her slender youth, but she has the same glorious eyes. Clara sails for Germany soon to make a picture for a Teutonic film company.

Lila Lee is playing in "The Street Singer" these days, for Chadwick pictures, direction of Wilfred Noyes, while her husband, James Kirkwood, is working on the stage for David Belasco in "Ladies of the Evening." Lila simply won't let her hus-
Who wouldn't stand for a shave with clippers if Marion Davies bossed the job? Director George Hill seems to be paying more attention to her instructions than to Harry Myers' face. Tough on Harry but pretty soft for George.

May they always be as happy. Ruth Clifford snapped right after her marriage to James A. Cornelius, Beverly Hills banker. Ruth said he was not only her first husband but the only one she'll ever have. They honeymooned in Honolulu.

Pauline Fredericks was granted a divorce in January from Dr. Charles Rutherford, her third, and, she says, her last husband. Her first husband was Frank A. Andrews, a New York architect, and her second, Willard Mack, the actor. Doctor Rutherford was Pauline's second cousin, and their marriage was the result of a childhood romance.

It would seem that the new management at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is inaugurating a most rigid program of economy for the new year, judging from a couple of yarns we have heard from that lot.

One is about Paty Ruth Miller's kid brother, a very talented young actor. It seems that Elinor Glyn decided young Miller was ideal for a part in "Man and Maid," an English youth with Eton jacket and everything, so the lad was signed.

He had worked on the same lot a couple of years ago—in an Eton jacket part—and they dug up the old costume for him to wear. Horrors! It didn't fit, for the lad had grown considerably since the time he had first worn that jacket.

A conference was called and the high-powered economists at the studio decided they had better find some lad for the part the old costume would fit. Otherwise the costume would be a total loss.

So they called in young Miller's father and asked to be released from the contract, so the story goes, giving the fact that the costume didn't fit as the reason. Miller senior said it was fine—all he wanted was a letter setting forth that the contract was cancelled because the costume didn't fit and not because his son's ability to play the part was questioned. Gave him the signed letter and he would surrender the contract.

We are told there was another conference and they decided they'd rather waste the money for a new costume than give the letter, so young Miller is to play the part.

We further notice that in Monta Bell's latest picture, "Lady of the Night," Norma Shearer is playing two different parts, one with a wig. This looks more like economy, for in this way Miss Shearer saves them one full salary.

Pat O'Malley has signed a most unusual contract and will be paid his salary for just "being himself." He will play the part of Pat O'Malley in "Proud Flesh," which King Vidor will direct and when the picture reaches the screen the cast will show something like this—"Pat O'Malley—Pat O'Malley.

Several pictures have been made recently in which an O'Malley figured," says Pat. "However, just as Tony Moreno has played every type of part but that of a Spaniard so have I played every kind of a part but an O'Malley. And here's my chance—just think of being paid for just 'being yourself.'"

Is Jack Dempsey through with the prize ring? Estelle Taylor says he is and she ought to know, because they admit they are going to get married. Miss Taylor has been seen wearing the engagement ring, and Jack says he is happy. However, Jack and Jack Kearns, fight promoter, have been seen in conference, and both act as though they expect to pull off one or two ring battles this summer. Maybe that will postpone the wedding. The champion says it might.

The lives of Harold Lloyd and his family were endangered by the explosion of the hot water heater in the basement of the film comedian's Hollywood home. Lloyd's chauffeur, who dashed into the basement in an attempt to shut off the escaping gas, was overcome by the fumes. He staggered into the open air and collapsed in Lloyd's arms and a physician's help was necessary to revive him.

The heater, regulated by a time clock, was set to start heating at 5 o'clock. Through some defect in the mechanism, the heater filled with gas and exploded. Windows in the basement were shattered and the blast aroused neighbors on both sides. The Lloyd family was asleep in.
For a moment Pat O'Malley had Jack Dempsey almost frightened and Estelle Taylor wasn't feeling so cheerful either. Pat dared Jack to combat and then showed his muscle. It was only a wad of paper and the fight was off

N one of the newer restaurants on Hollywood Boulevard the walls are covered with placards, each of which calls attention to the merits of this or that dish named in honor of an actor or an actress. The restaurant is a favorite among motion picture folk, some of whom feel in duty bound to order those delicacies which bear their names or the names of their friends.

Among the patronize-home-industry gents is a certain chesty actor whose opinion of his own work has not always been corroborated by the opinion of less prejudiced critics. Not to be mean we'll call him Mr. Black.

"Ah," he remarked loudly as he seated himself the other evening at a table adjoining that occupied by a group of his "dearest enemies and severest critics," "Ah, I see you feature the Black sandwich. Now just what kind of a sandwich is the Black?"

"Ham," came the chorus from the adjoining table, before the waitress could reply.

TOM GALLERY, husband of ZaSu Pitts and himself a corking good actor, has become the squash champion of the Hollywood Athletic Club, to which many of the motion picture colony belong. Walter Long is among the members. Now Walter is a very good friend of Tom Gallery and not at all envious of his friend's ability on the squash court. But Walter is human, even if he was a captain in the late war, and when he saw Tom win game after game, he bet himself for some reason (still best known to himself) that he, too, might become a squash champion.

So Long announced that he was perfectly willing to receive challenges. The next time he stopped at the club desk to get his mail he found his box stuffed with letters. And in each envelope he found a challenge.

Just then alone came Gallery.

"Hey, Tom," called the no-harder-quite-so-amusing Walter Long, "here's a lot of mail for you I got by mistake."

RUTH CLIFFORD and her husband, James A. Cornelius, Beverly Hills banker, have returned from their honeymoon trip to Honolulu. They cut their Hawaiian visit short, owing to several picture engagements cabled Miss Clifford, who does not intend to let her marriage interfere with her career.

IRVIN WILLAT, who directed "North of 36," once owned a studio of his own at Culver City. The main building was an artistic structure, we might almost say futuristic, all gables and gables and gables. And all the gables were still there when Willat went to work directing for Paramount.

Along about this time Ward Lascelles, actor-director and producer, bought himself a lot in fashionable Beverly Hills. He had the lot but nothing to put on it. Contractors who build houses in Beverly usually charge about all the tariff will bear and Lascelles was disinclined to mortgage his future to make a contractors' holiday.

So he got an idea. He went to Willat and purchased his studio's main administration building. He moved it, gables and all, to his

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There has been no consolation for me in the months since Wally left me more helpful or more beautiful than the loyal affection and steadfast devotion of those who knew him only on the screen. This love, enduring through the years, still extend to me daily, and it is to them that I speak now of the real Wally, as a just and loving tribute to his memory. I feel that perhaps they would like to know him a little, as I was privileged to know him.

And I can speak of the real Wally now, because time lends a noble perspective to everything, placing all things in their true proportions, and in the hall of memory the real Wally stands my chief comforter.

Over Wally's desk upon a little card, hung these words, "I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

That was Wally's philosophy of life and as his wife for nine years I know how completely he fulfilled it. He loved humanity—love of his kind, of his fellow creatures, that was the very breath of his being. And that, I believe, was what called for so much love in return. In all my life I have never known another man or woman so generous, so kind, so gentle and considerate of those about him. He had in the fullest sense of the word charity for all—charity not only in his acts but in his thoughts. Charity to pardon and understand human frailty; charity to speak in defense of the Maligned, charity to console and aid, no matter what it cost him of time and effort. Nothing was too big or too little for Wally to do to help a friend—or for that matter an enemy.

He never held a grudge in all his life. These are some of the things that belonged to the real Wally and that I would like you to know, too—

The big heart that was never too troubled nor too tired to listen to someone else's problems and advise and help them.

The generous, sensitive nature that gave friendship for the asking, was often disillusioned, because his humility and sweetness never allowed him to judge others, to question worth. But the idealism that never made him to become embittered or discouraged into not giving friendship again and again. On the last Christmas he was with us, ill as he was, knowing as he did that it might be his last Christmas, he thought of those whom he feared might be lonely or might miss his gift or word of love.

The gaiety that was of the heart, that sweet and simple gaiety that fell upon everyone around him like sunshine, that shone in his eyes and in his smile, a real cheerfulness of the heart.

The "kid" in him that adored all surprises. Every time I went downtown I was expected to bring him a surprise, and the ones he liked best were the ones that made him laugh or that showed I had remembered some small wish of his. If I hunted about and discovered a new magic trick, or rummaged a second-hand book store for some out-of-print volume he wanted, and brought it home as a surprise, he was as delighted as any child could ever be.

It was a delight, a joy unspeakable, to do things for Wally because of that gratitude, so lovingly and warmly expressed. Christmas was a great time for him. The sense of burden which it brings to so many never touched Wally. When we were poor, or when success had lightened and removed the financial stress, it was all the same. He loved to give and he loved others to give to him. No one in the world ever appreciated small gifts as he did. He would say, "Why, Dotty, imagine him thinking of me. Imagine her remembering to do that for me." I remember once a little boy we knew who insisted upon giving Wally, for Christmas, a much-priced toy-turtle, which crawled by itself. Wally didn't belittle the gift or hurt the boy by refusing. He took the gift with full appreciation, played with it for half an hour with the youngster, and then deposited it in the place of honor. And he said afterwards, "That was the best thing he had to give and that's why it was the best thing I got for Christmas." And he meant it. He would spend hours trimming the tree, and the room, and every once in a while he would say, "Dorothy, can't you just see their

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LEST we forget! Photoplay wouldn’t and couldn’t, because Wally Reid’s faithful admirers wouldn’t let us. Few days pass without a request for a story about Wally, so, on the second anniversary, we asked Mrs. Reid to write one about the famous star in the retrospect. In her kindly, gracious way she complied
THE way Will Rogers jumps from pictures to the stage leaves one in doubt as to whether he's a picture star or just a plain roper from the open spaces. However, Will is an actor on screen and stage. If you don't believe it ask Flo Ziegfeld how much cash he has to take in before he can sign Will's weekly pay check
JOHN GILBERT keeps right on growing more popular with film fans with every picture he makes. His latest, "The Merry Widow," promises to be one of his most successful. His work as the professor in "The Snob" was one of the best character portraits we've seen in a long time. But he always makes good
NORMA SHEARER has advanced so rapidly in the three years that she has been in pictures, one wonders what the future has in store for her. She has the essential appeal, is beautiful and can act. Did you see her in "He Who Gets Slapped" or "The Snob"? She is a Canadian and broke in via the extra route
The End of the Crusade

The final installment of Jackie Coogan’s trip to Greece to deliver the Mercy Cargo of a million dollars’ worth of milk and food stuffs, subscribed by American children, in which he tells of his adventures in Athens, Budapest, Vienna, Berlin and Geneva.

On Thursday night, October 2, we left Rome for Athens. The steamship company that shipped the milk from New York in two boats cabled us in Rome, that the boats would be in Piraeus, that’s the port of Athens, into the harbor of Piraeus. The bay was filled with boats, and the captain of our ship kept the whistle blowing all the time.

The little boats were filled with people all shouting, “Zito, Jackie Coogan, Zito.” I asked the captain of our ship which was a Greek boat what “Zito” meant, and he told me it meant “welcome.” We finally docked but couldn’t get off the boat on account of the large crowds on the dock. Then a lot of gendarmes came up and took us through the crowd to an automobile. After a short drive we were in Athens.

There were thousands of people on the streets and banners everywhere reading “Zito, Jackie Coogan.” We stopped at the Hotel Grande Bretagne. After we had rested from our long trip on the boat, and you can bet that those Greek steamers are nothing at all like the ocean liners, especially the Leviathan, we drove out to the Zappion orphanage with some of the Near East officials.

When we reached the orphanage, we found the children all in a big court yard. We all sat down and then a little Greek boy about my own age got up and made a speech of welcome in English. I told Mrs. Newell, my tutor, that he was a regular Demosthenes, who was a great Greek orator.

After that ten little girls danced some Greek dances, and then ten more girls danced some American dances that had been taught to them by American teachers at the Zappion orphanage. But the most... (continued on page 145)
I SAW two real wars after we'd settled things with Spain, before I settled down to private gunplay in what was then in truth the wild and woolly west—the Great West of Yesterday.

The first of these, as I mentioned last month, was the Boxer uprising in China and it included some mighty snappy and promiscuous shooting, and some guerilla warfare after the Indian fashion which I have never seen bettered. Now a regular battle, to my way of thinking, is not exciting. Folks that haven't been personally present at one probably can't comprehend that statement, but what I'm getting at is that there is so much noise and confusion about a battle, and the action being *en masse*, sort of prevents you from appreciating the high lights of the occasion. But trying to build a railroad across open country in full sight of the enemy has more thrills to a mile than any serial ever made.

Now I reckon most folks remember the Boxer uprising, which enlivened the first couple of years of the present century. The Boxers were a lot of religious fanatics over in China who had an idea that anybody that thought different than they did hadn't ought to be allowed to live—leastways not in their country. So they got together and decided to run all other kinds of folks out of China. They were egged on some by the Dowager Empress, who held similar ideas, and pretty soon they made the mistake of selecting a few American missionaries and French priests and British officials for their victims.

The foreigners had to hide in the hills, and those that were close enough took refuge in the British Legation in Pekin and then the foreign powers began shipping in armies to rescue their people and to subdue these crazy Chinamen.

I was shipped over there pronto, with the 9th Infantry, in charge of a Gardiner gun and took some little part in the long and famous siege of Pekin, which was pretty dull most of the time, though the day our victorious armies marched into the fallen city was about as fine a sight as I ever saw. It was a beautiful old city, and different from anything I'd ever seen, and as a good deal of my sight-seeing had been done during wars I'd learned to keep my eyes open.

But the real excitement was when we were laying the new railroad between Pekin and Tien Tsing. It was mostly flat, open country, with only some bushes and an occasional tree, and those Boxers knew every inch of it and were roaming about trying their best to keep us from making that little strip of road. I was with a gun guarding the men at work, and every hour or so they'd begin popping at us from behind some bushes. They were just the color of the ground anyway, and they could crawl along on their stomachs like snakes. We had some tough skirmishes and lost a lot of men, but eventually we got our work done.

It was outside the walls of Tien Tsing, while we were besieging that city under Colonel Listeen, who was killed there, that I was wounded seriously again. The gun I was with was pounding away at one of the gates, when all of a sudden a shell busted right in front of us. It blew up the gun carriage and one of the wheel spokes was split right in two. It shot through the air like a knife and came right over and scalped me just as neat as an Indian chief could have done it. It peeled the top off my head and skinned my forehead right down to the skull bone and left my eyebrows hanging over my eyes.

I tumbled over into a ditch with a lot of other fellows who'd been wounded by the shell, and after a while they carted me off to a hospital and shipped me home on a hospital transport. I spent the next few months in a hospital in Washington, while the top of my head grew back on. I've still got the scars to show for that.

Right here I'd like to tell you a funny little incident about that ditch. Just a short time ago I was introduced to a dis-
At the Los Angeles opening of "Merton of the Movies" a group of titled English visitors were watching the screen celebrities arrive, with a good deal of interest.

It was a typical movie opening, with a great many stars present, and after she had seen forty or fifty of them parade to their seats, one of the English ladies said breathlessly, "There doesn't seem to be anything but motion picture stars. Isn't it amazing?"

Just then a man came down the aisle. The lady regarded him with interest. He was tall, and very dark, his black hair showing just a few distinguished threads of silver. He carried himself with an air, and his evening clothes were cut in most elegant fashion, but just sufficiently different from those about him to make him stand out from the crowd.

"Now there," said the lady, "is someone who isn't a movie star. That's the first person I've seen that made me think we might be at home in London, or at the opera in Paris. He looks rather like—" and she mentioned a certain grand duke, "I wonder who he is? Probably a diplomat or one of their Californian millionaires—they used to be dons, didn't they?"

She continued to wonder who the distinguished looking gentleman could possibly be, until finally I took pity on her and told her.

It was Tom Mix.

tinglished French army officer. The minute I looked at him I started pirooting around in my memory to find out where I'd seen him before, and he had that same feeling about me. We got to visiting and gassing like men will, and pretty soon we discovered where we'd met before. We had both been mixed up in that same ditch outside the walls of Tien Tsing, and had tried to help each other with our wounds.

When I finally got well I decided that for a while I'd hook up with more peaceful pursuits, because I didn't like hospitals a little bit. So I got my disability discharge from the Army and wandered up to Denver, which was still pretty rough and ready in those days. A man I knew up there had a big business breaking horses and selling them to the British government—the Boer war was on by that time—and he gave me a good job breaking broncos for him.

In the interests of truth, I got to state that we weren't any too fussy about the way we broke those horses. Seeing they were going over to England and get into a war right away, and we'd probably never see them again, we mixed in a few outlaws in every load, too, just to sort of clear the country of them. We'd take them out to the corrals and spend a couple of days quieting them down sufficient to pass the inspector, and off they'd go to the war.

Pretty soon I got to thinking I'd never been to South Africa, where this little argument with the Boers was in progress, and maybe I'd better go and see what it was all about, for the sake of my education. So I shipped over with a boat load of our horses, getting a place as a hostler.

We landed in Africa just about the time the trouble was starting around Ladysmith and I took my string down there.

Those horses, as I've admitted, hadn't been broke so that a lady could ride them by any means, and being on shipboard so

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PRODUCER and his staff were sitting around a council table in a studio. Thirty names were being considered for the lead in "Those Who Dance," the propaganda picture, an expose of bootleggers and their noxious wares about to be sent out as a companion to Mrs. Wallace Reid's lesson in drugs.


"Send for him. He is just the man!"

And the very first time that this picture, strong melodrama and strong lesson, flashed before a receptive American public, a magic carpet opened at the feet of Warner Baxter. He was wafted to fame and fortune over night. A contract resulted with the Ince Studio for three years. And club women, welfare workers, the type who had never written a fan letter in their lives, flooded him with thanks. As the head of one federation put it: "You have helped drive out of its lair the deadly enemy that this generation of young American manhood must meet!"

Yet this new winner on the screen, who still looks like a well-groomed business man, was only a few years ago a sales manager for a manufacturing company in Columbus, Ohio. But his personal magnetism told even then. Though the stage was tearing at his heart strings and songs were running through his head as he wrote reports, he was so successful that a scholarship in an insurance school in Hartford, Connecticut, was offered him.

It looked as if he were going to write risks all of his life. But fate intervened. A vaudeville trio that he knew found themselves one man less through illness. Warner could dance and sing a little. He must help out. The second he found himself before the footlights, not fright but peace and poise descended upon him. An inner voice whispered that in such a glare he would work out his destiny.

But on the recovery of the actor he had to return now to the thoroughly distasteful desk.

Restless, he gathered up his savings, which amounted to about two thousand dollars, abandoned his position and started a new business venture, only in a few months to awake one morning and plainly hear the wolf howling at his door! This time when he started out to get a job, he resolutely searched for a stage door.

For two years, at thirty-five dollars a week, he overacted in barn-storming companies, where the heroine is placed on the railroad track by the villain and rescued by the hero, as the hot breath of the engine is fanning her face.

It is indeed astonishing that this period of absurd theatricalism has left no mark on his art, which is the acme of restraint.

"What a naturalist you are!" Cecil De Mille said to him, when he was summoned before this monarch, which in Hollywood is equal to being sent for by the king in England. "I want you for my next picture, 'The Golden Bed.'"

Yet, at first, this headliner could not find any opening on the screen, when tired of his ranting days.

The studios frowned down on him, an impassable Chinese wall.

But when the sunlight fades out of his life, he lights his way by his own optimism. His nature is too wholesome to admit final defeat.

No doubt he sang when, beaten back, he had to turn down once more into an alley back of a theater. And his pay envelope still continued light with thirty-five dollars. But this, a Los Angeles stock company, encouraged more natural methods. And the artist in him rejoiced.

THEN the same thing happened as when Thomas H. Ince wandered in to see a picture and sat up to watch the work of the man he afterwards sent for.

One night Oliver Morosco dropped into the theater, and his keen eye appraised Warner Baxter as different mettle from the mediocrity around him. Sauntering back of the stage between the acts, he offered the man whose name he had just learned a place in his company.

Soon the pay envelope carried one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.

The new man had shot up to leading man.

With the prestige of this success back of him, when he again appeared before the impassive Chinese wall, it dropped. And he walked straight into significant roles.

The other day some one asked James Cruze when he was to start his next picture.

"It depends upon Warner Baxter. If he's working, I wait till he's through. I'm going to have the best leading man in Hollywood for it, and there's only one."
Just a Little Nest in the Golden West

Meet the happy bridal couple, Mr. Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost, on the steps of their home.

At the left is the beautiful Hollywood home where the honeymooners dwell when they are not busy making pictures at the studio.

Off for the studio with Sinner, the police dog, and Rover, who seems sighted about something.

Some fiddle, Ken has. It looks like a cross between a banjo and cello. Both love barber shop harmony.
The Romantic History

From Edison to Hays, 1887—1925

FOUR years ago PHOToplay MAGAZINE commissioned Terry Ramsaye to undertake the writing of the history of the motion picture. After a year's survey of the sources and authorities in both the United States and Europe the writing and publication of "The Romantic History" began while researches continued. Those researches have run on through the years of this monumental work. An interview with Will Hays pertaining to this last chapter was the last of a list of five hundred persons whose first hand facts have gone into this story. The first man interviewed, four years ago, was Thomas Edison. In between have come the testimonies and the memories of every living person who has exerted a formative influence on the art and industry of the screen. Nothing previously published was accepted as fact without investigation. No statement, regardless of seeming authority, was accepted without a quest for verification. Literally thousands of lost documents and forgotten letters have been brought to light for examination. The records of hundreds of lawsuits, some of them in far countries, have been carefully searched. The documentary backing of this history is a library in itself. And—it has fulfilled that promise made three years ago, to tell the whole story from "Room Five" of the Edison Laboratory in 1887 to the Broadway of tonight. JAMES R. QUIRK.

By Terry Ramsaye

Chapter XXXVI

THE history of the motion picture is a history of war. Everyone who has had any important part in the making of the institution of the screen has tried to be its master. The war continues today and there is no peace in sight. It is fortunate that it is so. All the progress of the screen has been born of conflict. The fame of every name we know has its roots in that conflict. Griffith, Pickford, Chaplin, Fairbanks, Meighan, Valentino, Swanson and all their like are decorations on the banners of battle. Dynasty has followed dynasty down through the three decades of the motion picture which we have covered in this tale. We have come at last to today where a handful of men for the moment control the screen. They are struggling together against rising forces of new competition and struggling against each other in the old competitions. The fight is for the handful of silver that you put down at the ticket window for a little segment of a printed tape that admits you to the theater—which amounts to about a million and a half dollars a day.

This chapter must deal with the many crowded events of the last half dozen years. That we may have a perspective in this view of today's titan tumult of this billionare industry, we must review some milestones in rapid succession.

1895-6-7—The period of the screen's birth was dominated for their little hour by the inventors, Edison, Armat, Lumiere, Latham, Paul and the K. M. C. D. with its American Biography. These were men who wanted to make machines. The motion picture in their era was a novelty, and its business was a trivial chaos.

1908-9-10-11—Mastery of the screen passed to men who wanted to make money. They used machine patents as their major weapons. Pictures themselves were still of little importance. It was the era of the Motion Picture Patents Company. Business brought organization. J. J. Kennedy, an engineer and corporation expert, became the boss of bosses. Exploitation and distribution was king. The monopoly fattened—and went to sleep.

William Hays, the man who spends a half million a year to make the screen an institution instead of a battlefield

Rudolph Valentino as Julio Desnoyers tangos to fame as a star in the screen's biggest success—"The Four Horsemen"

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1912-13-14-15—Gold-hungry outsiders alert to opportunity lured away the better picture makers of the monopoly, taking Florence Lawrence, Arthur Johnson, Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith, Edwin S. Porter, Mack Sennett and many others. The invading independents made bigger and better pictures—because they had to to break in. Theybettered the art to better their own business.

1916-17—Competition grew apace with frenzied bidding for stars, directors and stories in the war of product. The new bosses were fighting for supremacy. They began as makers of pictures but swiftly evolved into engineers of organization. Exploitation and distribution were king again. The names of the period are: Adolph Zukor, Carl Laemmle, John R. Freuler, H. E. Aitken, W. W. Hodkinson, L. J. Selznick, Richard Rowland, William Fox—all exploiters, primarily makers of money, secondarily makers of pictures. In the fight for supremacy they concentrated the picture-making genius of the studios under their various banners. Zukor's camp became the strongest. Pictures improved to improve the power of the box office.

1918—Exhibitors, the theater men, with ever and ever bigger houses and bigger investments were becoming increasingly conscious of pressure. All the production, exploitation and distribution was aimed at them. The pressure tended to develop resistance and a consciousness of power. The exhibitors stood last on the line from studio to screen. They found pictures costing more and more. Admission prices went up to the limit and then public resistance, expressed in refusal to pay more at the box office, forced the theater men to turn and fight the other way. Some large theater institutions had come into being. Here are a few names: Balaban & Katz, Stanley Mastrobaum, Mitchell Mark, Turner & Dahkken, Jensen & Von Herberg, Stephen A. Lynch, Marcus Loew, Rubin & Finkelstein. There were millions in theaters and in a dollar war millions are power. Some of these millions pooled their power and First National Exhibitors' Circuit was born to buy box office value at the source. Contracts were made with Chaplin, Pickford, Griffith and others. First National made stars into producers. It also blazed a path for theater booking combines. A new power was born to consciousness.

1919—Now came the stars' turn. Adventures in production under the sheltering assurance and patronage of the box office combined made them into producers and whetted ambition—ambition for a bigger share of that handful of silver at the box office window. For the time our story now moves back from the generalities of the great institution to the little particulars of personal exploits and romance again. The scene and the setting is the rose-bowered verandah of a California bungalow. William G. McAdoo, son-in-law of President Wilson, also former Secretary of the Treasury of the United States and now Director General of the railroads, is taking his ease and recuperating from the trials of government service under the stress of war. McAdoo had, on December 12, 1918, resigned, effective January 17, 1919.

About January 7, when the Director General's private car arrived in the yards of Los Angeles, there was a band serenade under the auspices of Douglas Fairbanks, and a conclave of picture personages of high degree.

Remember that incident of Liberty Loan days when the stars in the drive were around the desk down in the treasury building in Washington? "Why don't you folks get together and distribute your own pictures?" Oscar Price had casually suggested. Price was the press agent of McAdoo's administration in the treasury, and now his assistant in administration of the government's railroad affairs. The idea behind that chance remark was now about to bear fruit. It was a notion that had been stirring into life in many minds.

Up at Santa Barbara at McAdoo's bungalow the old friends of the Liberty Loan campaign talked it over. It was quite a gathering, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin and D. W. Griffith. There were several such conferences.

The picture stars now indefinitely proposed that McAdoo should head an organization which would market their pictures. Both McAdoo's record and his fame, begilded with association with high office and Washington, made him a desirable association. It was an especially desired association amongst persons who were beginning to discover that popularity did not necessarily mean prestige.

McAdoo declined.

"But if you will get Price I will help you organize and be your counsel," McAdoo suggested.

And so it was arranged at a [continued on page 117]
NOTE:—This title is not intended to be a puzzle. It would hardly be polite to say "Beauty and the Beast," so it was decided to call the article beauty and the reverse.

Lon Chaney was so repulsive in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" that he frightened even Patsy Ruth Miller, his leading woman in that picture.

Nature made Walter Long look like this. He isn't really angry with a girl so charming as pretty little May McAvoy.

And here we have our old friend, Bull Montana, with Marguerite de la Motte comparing a gardenia or something with Bull's cauliflower.

Ben Turpin's face is certainly his fortune, and he seems even more wealthy when he stands in close proximity to Phyllis Haver.
A BEAUTIFUL face used to be considered the chief requisite for screen success. A pretty girl—a handsome young man—that usually meant movie stardom. Now it's a question. Which is worth more on the screen today—beauty or ugliness? Is it better to be so ugly you frighten the audience, or so beautiful you delight them?

Lon Chaney, Bull Montana, Ben Turpin, Wallace Beery, Ernest Torrence, Walter Long and Dick Sutherland rival the most beautiful girls on the screen—in the matters of earning capacity, drawing power and popularity. The box office shows that.

Dick Sutherland, who is undoubtedly one of the prize-winning entries, is deaf to Esther Ralston's gentle plea to "look pleasant, if you please."

Ernest Torrence says that every time Jesse Lasky looks at him, he remarks: "Gosh, but you're homely." Even Lois Wilson turns her back.

Perhaps Wallace Beery's face can frighten Priscilla Dean, but his commanding gesture and lordly air don't seem to affect her much.

And here we have one of Nature's masterpieces, the late Joe Martin, who here played a rather mean trick on a juvenile beauty.
ELSIE FERGUSON was to return to the screen to make "The Swan" for Paramount. But for some reason either she or the company had a change of mind and her return is delayed. One of the most beautiful, best-dressed and artistic women on stage or screen, her admirers will await her return with anticipation.
As wonderful for a quick brilliant polish as Cutex is for smooth cuticle

For years you have known Cutex. You have blessed it a thousand times when you have been in such a hurry and you have just had to get those neglected nails shapely and gleaming.

Now, after years of fastidious experiment, Cutex has perfected a wonderful new Liquid Polish, as splendid for a brilliant, lasting polish as Cutex is for giving soft, even cuticle.

In every particular Cutex Liquid Polish is ideal. It spreads smooth and thin. It dries almost instantly giving the nails a natural gleaming surface that never looks thick or varnished. It would never think of cracking or peeling off. Even water will not mar it.

For a whole week the lovely smooth lustre lasts, keeping the nails just the rose petal shade of this season's smartest Parisian manicure.

To enjoy this touch of Parisian elegance to the full use Cutex Liquid Polish with the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover for the soft even cuticle that is the basis of a correct manicure.

Needs No Separate Remover

Another advantage of Cutex Liquid Polish is that you do not have to bother with a separate polish remover. Before a fresh manicure just put on fresh polish and wipe it off before it dries.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish and any of the other Cutex preparations for 35c at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England. It also comes in three of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.50, and $3.00.

What we send you in this 6c package

Mail Coupon today

This 6c Cutex Introductory Package contains more than enough of both the wonderful Cutex Liquid Polish and the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover for six manucures; a soft brush for the polish, an emery board, orange stick and cotton and the helpful booklet, "How to Have Lovely Nails." Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York—or if you live in Canada, Dept. Q-3, 300 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

Send 6c for this wonderful Liquid Polish and the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover
John Bowers and Marguerite De La Motte have been screen sweethearts since their early days in one-reelers. They are still doing their love scenes and went to New York in December to make "Daughters Who Pay." Because of their screen affinity—or should it be "affinities"?—one newspaper reported them married upon their arrival, but John denied it. You never can tell
In Mrs. Condé Nast’s Park Avenue apartment that morning trunks bulked excitingly, the spirit of Paris bursting their lids.

To see Mrs. Nast herself was to see the Rue de la Paix in its latest expression of the mode. From the cut of her shoes to her black bengaline frock she was the simplicity, the chic of Paris itself. And her line-free, exquisitely cared for skin bespoke youthfulness as eloquently as did her clothes.

“Paris was never so fascinating,” Mrs. Nast was saying. “The clothes? Marvelous! So chic and simple of line. But they call for youth in the face—as well as in the figure. So the smart woman must keep her skin youthful, firm and radiant.”

“What did you do for your own skin while you were abroad?” I asked her. “It looks perfect.”

“I positively depended upon a good cold cream for cleansing,” replied Mrs. Nast. “Pond’s is, to my mind, the ideal cream for the traveler, so light it just melts on the face and carries away all the dust travel gathers.”

Then we talked of both the famous creams Society women are using to keep that youthfulness of skin Mrs. Nast finds essential for harmony with the mode. And this is how to use them:

Once a day, at least, and especially after exposure to the weather, smooth Pond’s Cold Cream liberally over your face and neck. Let its pure oils bring to the surface of the skin dust, powder and excess oil. Repeating this process, finish by closing the pores with a dash of cold water. Let a little cream stay on all night if your skin is very dry.

For the delicate finish and protection you want by day, smooth into your skin a light film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It is instantly absorbed, giving your skin such a soft, lustrous finish that now your powder goes on more smoothly than ever before and clings longer. And you are perfectly protected against winter cold and wind and city soot when, before going out, you use Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

When you begin using these two creams you will prove for yourself what Mrs. Nast has said—“They keep the complexion in exquisite condition.” The Pond’s Extract Company.

Mrs. REGINALD C. VAN BERPILT
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR.
MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
THE LADY DIANA MANNERS

are among the other women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed approval of Pond’s Two Creams and of the Pond’s Method of caring for the skin.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two creams and a little folder telling you how to use them.

The Pond’s Extract Company, Dept. C
147 Hudson Street, New York City
Please send me your free tubes of Pond’s Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name
Street
City
State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
This Little Girl is Iridescent Pearl White

Colorful screen star glistens on Paris stage

Pearl White's latest stunt is to be the hit of a Montmartre music hall show called "Tu perds la Boule," which means "You're Going Crazy." Pearl isn't, because she gets more francs than anybody else in the show.

ONE never knows what Pearl White will do next. The last we heard of her was tanning herself with henna and applied too much, making her look somewhat like a red Indian—a blonde red Indian.

That intrigued us for a while, then our imagination started working and we wondered what she would do next. We made forty guesses and they were all wrong. Just to end the suspense we will tell you right now she is appearing in an elaborate revue at the Cigale, a Montmartre music hall.

And Pearl, of course, is the hit of the show, which is one of the most popular in Paris. It is called "Tu perds la Boule," which, freely translated, means "You're Going Crazy." Isn't that just like Pearl? She couldn't help but make a hit in a show with a name like that.

And she deserves all of her success, say those who have seen the revue. She works with all the enthusiasm of a girl who has been given her first part. She is on the stage in nearly every number and does every imaginable stunt. She makes her entrance by swinging in on a rope and landing on top of the comedian. She keeps the show full of action from then on and right up to the last act, when she leads the chorus girls out on the runway and tosses balloons to the enthusiastic patrons.

But the most remarkable part of it all, to those Americans who have seen her, is that she looks as youthful and pretty as any eighteen-year-old girl in the show.

This is her first stage experience in three years. Her previous efforts were at the Casino de Paris, which burned down. When asked if she was going to do another motion picture she replied, "Sure, if this place burns down."

If reports are true, Pearl hasn't lost any of her longing for the gaming tables. And, sad to relate, she hasn't been as fortunate as in other flings at roulette. Just what her losses amounted to only Pearl knows, but reports are to the effect that they ran into thousands. Little things like that don't worry Pearl, however. She had her fun playing, and a few thousand lost won't keep her from getting her beauty sleep.

Yes, Pearl is on the Paris stage and speaks French, but she still retains her old American pep.
Do You Envy the Health of Others?

Read these remarkable statements of what one simple food can do

These remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink) before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.


Only those who have seen me perform in 'Kid Boots' have any idea of the tax on my energy. After six months on Broadway, I felt my 'pep' waning, and I began to fear for my health. I was tired out; couldn't sleep well; every part of me just ached. A friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. My doctor said 'Try it.' I did. Three cakes daily.... Soon, I was feeling, and I didn't begin to lose that dray feeling. Improvement was steady. Best of all, sleep was restored. Fleischmann's Yeast is part of my daily diet now—like milk.

(Eddie Cantor, New York City)

Above is my advertisement for Fleischmann's Yeast.

As owner and manager of a Beauty Salon, I came in daily contact with all manner of skin disorders. I unhesitatingly recommend Fleischmann's Yeast. About five years ago I was generally run down and unable to work. I was suffering from chronic constipation, indigestion, loss of vitality, and skin eruptions. I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day. At the end of two months all skin eruptions had disappeared, and as if by magic I found all other troubles disappearing also. At the end of three months I was well and back at work.

(Miss Katherine Fitzgibbon, Denver, Colo.)

I am an ex-British naval man and have lived in Canada eighteen years. Soon after my arrival I commenced to suffer from indigestion and as I travelled for a fur company attributed my complaint to the inferior food at the small hotels on the branch lines in the West. For days I drank water only or soup and became so irritable was a source of annoyance to all whom I came in contact with. Having tried almost every drug advertised for indigestion commenced taking your now famous yeast cakes three daily. Result: No indigestion—three square meals a day, splendid appetite, and feeling as fit as a fiddle strung to concert pitch.

(Reginald J. Seymour, Edmonton, Alberta)

There are many delicious ways of eating yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on crackers, or eaten plain.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
This picture ought to please the kiddies. Larry Semon, as the Scarecrow, and Oliver Hardy, as the Wooden Tin Man, do a dance with Dorothy Dwan in "The Wizard of Oz."

lot in Beverly Hills, and now he lives in a house which none ever passes for the first time without asking: "Who lives there?"

So, you see, there are really many, many ways of advertising.

MARY ALDEN, to me one of our greatest character actresses, whose mulatto girl in "The Birth of a Nation" will never be forgotten by film fans, will again be seen on the screen shortly. Mary is playing an important character role in "Siege," Virginia Valli's latest starring vehicle which Swend Gade is directing.

CHARLES RAY, whose contract with Thomas H. Ince was terminated by the death of the famous producer, has decided to re-enter independent production, rather than go to work for some one else. But this time he will let business men handle the business end of his business. His costly experiment, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," fully convinced him that there are only twenty-four hours in each day and that often is not enough for an actor who essays to run his own commercial affairs. And by the way, the good ship "Mayflower," said to have cost nearly $30,000, still stands on the old Ray lot near Hollywood Boulevard as a monument to "Miles Standish."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO sure is one hard working little star. Why, he and his wife even help dress the sets, now that he is a producing star, and every time I've been on the set, where they're making "Cobra," I see them strolling about, arms around each other, searching for a place to put this chair or that picture. Just like they were on their honeymoon and were furnishing their first home.

Of course, I've had visitors with me each time, and Joe Jackson is a great little publicity promoter. The next time I visit Rudy's set I'm going to sneak in unannounced—if I can get by the watchman who guards the door—and see if the embracing stuff is a continuous performance or only put on for visitors' day. Oh, yes, I know something else about Rudy which may interest you. It did me. I might even say it was a blow to me. He has engaged a man to "stand" for him, if you know what I mean. You see, it's like this—when they make a "camera set up," as they call it, the lights have to be arranged just so and the camera set at just the right distance, and if Rudy's the one to be photographed they have to aim the camera and get the lights just so with him as the "target."

So Rudy has hired a young Latin chap, Don Alvarado by name, who is just the star's height and about his build, and Alvarado stands for him. Do you see?

They train the lights and the camera on Don Alvarado and when everything is ready for the picture, the lad slides out and Rudy walks nonchalantly "on" and the picture is taken. Rudy says it saves him a great deal of valuable time which he can spend to much better advantage at business and things. Anyway it's a cinch it saves Rudy's legs and his strength considerable.

A COUPLE of actors were standing on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue, the Broadway and Forty-second Street of Hollywood, when George Billings went by. Billings, as of course everyone knows by this time, is the lean and lanky citizen whom the Rockett Brothers discovered running a street gang and whose impersonation of Abraham Lincoln in the film of that name has come pretty close to making him famous. "Say," said one actor to the other, "Billings has sure got the Lincoln bug bad. He's read everything there is to read about Lincoln, he wears a shawl like Lincoln wore, he walks like Lincoln, he talks like Lincoln, he—"

"Yeah," yawned the other, "I don't suppose Billings will be satisfied 'till he's assassinated."

SPEAKING of rumors and gossip—the boulevard is fairly reeking with them so far as Charlie Chaplin is concerned. Let me whisper some of the latest—

That there is a Mexican invasion of "Chaplin Hall," the comedian's beautiful Beverly Hills estate. That it is fairly overrun with the relatives and ancestors of his pretty sixteen-year-old Spanish bride and that Chaplin has been routed by the invaders.

Henry Bergman, lovingly known in Hollywood as "Chaplin's cast" because he usually plays from one to four parts in the comedian's pictures, is suffering grievously from this invasion. The nice old leather arm chair which just fitted Henry and which reposed in a most comfortable corner of the Chaplin mansion, that warm and cheery chair where Henry was wont to while away many an evening hour, has been usurped, and now the same old chair gives comfort to Lita's maternal grandpa, who sits contentedly smoking his pipe where Henry used to sit.

And here's another one for you. Charlie has signed pretty Georgia Hale, who distinguished herself with George Arthur in "The Salvation Hunters," the picture you read recently about in Photoplay, which cost $5,000 and caused no mild sensation in Hollywood. It is understood that she is to be Chaplin's leading woman in his present untitled comedy and that his bride will disappear from the screen, at least temporarily.

If this is true it will mean that all of the film in which Lita Grey appears will have to be thrown away and that part of the picture re-taken with Georgia Hale in the role.

But then, this may not all be true, for Charlie hasn't told us so.

THE opening of "Romola," featuring the personal appearance of Lillian and Dorothy Gish, who came back to Hollywood after an absence of five years for that special occasion—was a tremendous success and personal.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 51]
Soap from Trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color

NOTHING is hidden, for there is nothing to hide. No ordinary soap oils tolerated, no "super-fattening," no "superAnything." Palmolive's only secret is in its blending.

And that secret blend is judged one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The beautiful, natural complexions one out of every two women has today prove it.

Wash, launder, cleanse with any soap you choose—but when beauty is at stake, use a soap made to protect it.

60 years study to insure women keeping "That Schoolgirl Complexion" makes Palmolive safe to use.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.
Gray Hair Banished in 15 minutes

INECTO RAPID Notox

The thousands of women of the most exacting discrimination who to-day are insisting upon this one coloring for the hair are doing so for this one reason: INECTO RAPID Notox is the one tint which so perfectly reproduces Nature's coloring as to be indistinguishable from it, even under the closest scrutiny. It is, too, as permanent as Nature's coloring; and it is applied in 15 minutes. Beware of imitations—look for Notox on the package. This is your protection.

INECTO RAPID Notox contains no paraphenylene diamine

You can obtain INECTO RAPID Notox at your beauty shop or hairdresser's; or at the best drug and department stores.

Or, if you prefer, directly from the laboratories of the makers, who maintain a Beauty Analysis Department solely for the giving of expert advice upon which of the 18 shades is just the right one to harmonize with complexion and eyes and facial contour.

Merely dropping a card to Inecto, Inc., asking for Beauty Analysis Chart A 27, will bring it to you by return mail so that you may select unerringly the shade precisely attuned to your individuality.

INECTO, Inc.
Laboratories and Salons
33-35 West 46th Street
New York

HAROLD F. RITCHIE CO., Inc.
30 Madison Avenue, New York
Sales Representatives
triumph for that rare and distinguished artist, Lillian Gish, which I have never seen equalled.

All Hollywood’s most celebrated folk turned out to do her honor, and it seemed impossible for them to express sufficient enthusiasm for this girl, who left us a few years ago and has ever since been adding to her own laurels and the high art of the silver sheet.

When she came on at the end of the picture, clad in a quaint frock of pale pink silk that swept the floor with a full, old-fashioned skirt and left her slim, white shoulders bare above the tight little bodice, the audience nearly tore the roof off with cheers. She made an unforgettable picture, a something wonderful and not quite of this world, or time, and somehow took her place instantly as the greatest feminine artist the screen has ever produced, her place in the sun which no one else has ever quite equaled.

As pale and golden and graceful as a lily she came down to the footlights and said a few simple words of gratitude, and I have rarely seen anything so moving. I do not know why. But as I looked at the faces of the audience going out afterwards, I realized that she had moved everyone just as she had moved me, by something delicate and different and ethereal, something fine and high. She has a quality for all its gossamer touch, that is more powerful and poignant, more effective, than any I have ever seen.

Dorothy Gish, in pale blue silk, accompanied her sister and contented herself with a sweeping courtesy and some of her merriest smiles.

Of course the audience was brilliant and the setting unusually attractive—the premier was at Grauman’s Hollywood Egyptian Theater—and I don’t think I ever saw the women of Hollywood look so lovely. I doubt if that audience could have been equalled for feminine beauty anywhere in the world.

Mary Pickford was there—she and Lillian have been friends since babyhood, you know—with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, and Mrs. Pickford. Alice Terry wore her favorite

Grace Gail joins won a lot of medals for being able to wear smart clothes. No she’s got a job with Mack Bennett because she knows how not to wear any. She was formerly a New York mannequin.

Belle Bennett, former Triangle star, recently decided to return to the screen.
She did. Then she decided she would marry. She did, and here she is with her husband, Fred Windemere, well known director.

Grace Gail looks prettier than I have ever seen her. She whispered to me in the lobby that the hairdresser had failed her and she’d had to curl her own hair and that her slippers hurt, but if that was the case I should recommend her always to do her own hair and always to buy the wrong size in slippers. Florence Vidor wore a new white frock, very simple and straight, with a folded band of starry gauze in her hair. Blanche Sweet looked extremely distinguished in black satin, with her hair combed straight after the new Parisian fashion. Colleen Moore wore white satin, with a tight bodice and a rippling skirt, the whole edged with rhinestones and a rhinestone band in her hair. Corinne Griffith was in pale apricot chiffon, with some sort of an entrancing fluff of tulle about her shoulders, and Viola Dana wore chiffon, with scarlet flowers splashed on the skirt and on one shoulder, and a tight little turban with a big scarf flower over one ear. Leatrice Joy was in black velvet, with an underdress of white satin, all trimmed with rhinestones in a very severe pattern, and Mrs. Harold Lloyd wore a lovely white creation, with silver Orchids climbing from the hem to her shoulders. Mrs. Tom Mix was in gold, a deep Chinese gold, and Lois Wilson wore pale blue, with twisted folds of pastel orchid, pink, mauve and apricot. Dorothy Mackall looked ravishing in palest apple-green taffeta, the rippling skirt padded in real lace, and the tight bodice edged about the shoulders with tiny pale pink silk roses. Mabel Normand wore soft yellow satin, draped softly over a tightfitted underdress of the same color, and a tight little gold turban. Lillian Rich chose black velvet, a straight line frock, the skirt ending in slashed points, each surrounded by pearls and rhinestones, with rhinestone straps, and a twisted rope of pearls in her hair. Mrs. Wallace Reid wore a simple gown of pale gray satin, with iridescent beads of orchid and gray. Claire Windsor was in orchid satin, heavily beaded and very straight. Marion Davies was beautiful enough to stop traffic, to use a slang expression, and she actually did when she arrived at the theater—in real black lace over flesh colored chiffon, with a cluster of exquisite pale pink satin roses at her waist. Hedda Hopper wore flesh-colored satin, beaded to the knees with pearls, with a circular, plain bouquet around the bottom. Aileen Pringle had on black velvet, and a gorgeous evening wrap of gold and rose changeable metal cloth, with a high rolled collar of ermine.

Following weeks of investigation and conferences, William Randolph Hearst has definitely decided to retire from motion pictures, according to the best information available. The only interest he has left, according to this information, will be in three pictures a year in which Marion Davies will be starred. These pictures, however, will be made by other companies. The Cosmopolitan Productions’ plant in New York has been closed and will be rented to other companies. The big staff which Mr. Hearst assembled to produce pictures has dissolved, and the individuals have gone to other companies. From a reliable source it was stated that had Thomas Ince lived Mr. Hearst would have made an affiliation with him and carried on in the picture field. But after the death of the great producer, Mr. Hearst seemed to have lost interest and came to the conclusion that his real forte was publishing and decided that he would confine his activities to the production of newspapers and magazines in the future.

Reports that the “Ben Hur” company were forced to leave Italy because of being entangled in the political conditions there were denied by a representative of the company in New York. The company sailed January 17th because it had completed all the work possible abroad, he said. The representative added that the picture was practically completed and that it would be finished in Hollywood where it would also be assembled and titled. He said the weather conditions in Italy were not favorable to finishing the work there, and for that reason the company was sent home. The scenes to be taken in Hollywood were described as “intimate,” meaning interiors and close-ups. It is expected they will be completed by the first of March.

Like Santa Claus, Raymond Hatton swooped down from the frozen north on Christmas eve and spent Christmas day at home, making the Hollywood dash from the high Sierras, where he is playing in a Zane Grey picture. Not only did Hatton emulate the great St. Nick by dropping in unexpectedly on his wife on Christmas eve but he also sported a [continued on page 81]
ONE of America’s most beautiful and beloved actresses and her daughter, Billie Burke and Patricia Burke Ziegfeld, posed recently for PHOTOPLAY readers. The delightful Billie has won fame on both the stage and screen and Patricia looks so much like her that one can hope for a continuation of the mother’s personality should she ever decide to retire from public life. Apparently the chief difference is that they part their bobs on opposite sides.
Radio's Superlative Thrill

is embodied in this amazing new instrument—the Brunswick Radiola

What it is. Some of the remarkable things it does. How by scientifically combining the reproductive mastery of the Brunswick Phonograph with the receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America, all previous conceptions of musical mastery of the air are changed.

Here is an instrument that is literally changing the lives of people—a musical achievement admittedly without parallel. Starting with the outstanding wonders of radio, it multiplies them.

Educationally, in homes where there are children, it offers a wonderful new world of musical appreciation. Mechanically, it is so far past the experimental stage that one may acquire it with positive assurance of lasting satisfaction through the years to come.

The superlative in radio, the supreme in a phonograph in one

At a simple turn of a lever, it is the most remarkable of radios. At another turn, it is the supreme in a phonograph—the instrument for which virtually all great artists of the New Hall of Fame record exclusively. Nothing in music—music in the making, music of the air, the favorite records your heart calls to hear now and again—are thus beyond your reach. You change no parts to operate it.

Not a makeshift but a scientific UNIT

It is in nowise a makeshift—simply a radio receiving device in a phonograph cabinet—but the ultimate result of exhaustive laboratory work by acoustical and musical experts of the Radio Corporation of America and of Brunswick. The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is subsidized to do for radio what it does for phonographic music.

Thus the Brunswick Radiola marks the best that men know in radio; the best that’s known in musical reproduction.

The loud speaker unit, the loop antennae, batteries and all the integral parts are built into the instrument itself.

Due to the synchronizing of the Radiola loud speaker with the Brunswick all-wood tone amplifier and dual-purpose horn, it attains a beauty of tone, a rich musical quality—clarity that is almost unbelievable.

Prices as low as $190

Some styles embody the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, others the Radiola Regenotlex, others the Radiola No. 3 and No. 3A. All are obtainable on surprisingly liberal terms of payment. For a demonstration, call on any Brunswick dealer.

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Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments: the Brunswick Phonograph and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph and a radio in one. Embodied in cabinets expressing the ultimate in fine craftsmanship.

The Brunswick Radiola Super-Heterodyne

—some remarkable features:

1. Requires no outside antenna—no ground wires. You can move it from room to room—plays wherever you place it.

2. Amazing selectivity, permitting you to “cut out” what you don’t want to hear and pick out instantly what you do. Consider what this means in big centers.

3. Combines the superlative in radio with the superlative in phonographic reproduction—a phonograph and a radio in one.
beard that would put Santa to shame. Under his arm he carried what was left of his reindeers. It was a large venison steak. Incidentally all Mrs. Hatton got for Christmas was a kiss and steak. Then her Santa Claus took the next train back to his mountain location.

JACKIE COOGAN has a new baby brother. And since all reports are that this new baby brother is the exact and living image of Jackie and was from the instant he was born, perhaps the world has in store for it another "kid"—now that Jackie is so hopelessly and irrevocably growing up.

Robert Anthony Coogan—better known already as Bobby—was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coogan, Sr., just before Christmas time, and Jackie was the most thoroughly delighted boy in town. The baby weighed six and a half pounds and he and his mother are now at home at the Coogan mansion and Jackie has constituted himself second assistant nurserymaid, but he is most interested in seeing how fast the baby can grow.

No contract has yet been announced for young Bobby Coogan, although rumor has it that the Coogans have been offered several already.

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THE CORRECT STYLES FOR WOMEN AND YOUNG WOMEN

Smart shoes, famous for faultless fit—EXCEPTIONAL VALUES, affording lasting satisfaction in style and service—at POPULAR PRICES, reflecting the many Dorothy Dodd advantages in manufacture and distribution. At leading stores you will see the correct Dorothy Dodd shoes for every requirement, identified by the name on every pair.

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Nothing so enhances feminine attractiveness as a properly chosen fur. And no fur so charmingly frames a lovely face as silver fox. A fur of shimmering blackness, sprinkled with banded hairs of purest silver! A fur of silky warmth, lustrous richness and inimitable distinction! A fur that for centuries has ranked among the rarest and most desired of all Milady's treasures! It is such a fur you see when you behold a really fine silver fox—and only such furs will come to you bearing the Pontiac Strain Seal—the first nationally known fur trade-mark in all history.

The fascinating story of silver fox and the facts that will help you determine the fineness of pelts shown you are given in the free booklet, "The Fur Incomparable," a copy of which we will be pleased to mail on request.

DETROIT SILVER FOX FARMS
The Pontiac Strain Organization
General Motors Bldg., Detroit, U.S.A.
Fifteen Ranches and Producing Units

EXQUISITE ANITA STEWART, 포즈된 Pontiac Strain silver fox neck piece.
Photo by Seby, Los Angeles
from our amazement a beautiful young woman, dressed in the style of '61-'65, stepped from the carriage assisted by a gentleman in a Civil War uniform of a Union officer. As they walked gracefully into the theater the crowd, including our myself, shouted approval, for we recognized in the hand-some couple Florence Vidor and Edmund Lowe, who played the leading roles in the picture.

AFTER a long absence from the screen Ethel Clayton will return in "The Mansion of Aching Hearts," a Preferred picture, now nearing completion.

IT is reported that Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne have separated. The couple were married in 1918 and have a five year old son who is living with his mother in Hollywood. Bushman is in Rome playing the part of Messala in the "Ben Hur" production.

VIOLA DANA got a terrible shock the other day when Mildred Davis Lloyd confided to her that the biggest thrill of her life had been when Viola sent her an autographed photograph.

"I was still in school, then," said Mildred. Viola opened her big eyes very wide. "You were still in school," she said, "and now you're a married woman with a baby—and I sent you a picture. That makes me sound like Methuselah's grandmother."

As a matter of fact it turned out that Viola was playing "The Poor Little Rich Girl," or something like that—was still a child actress, so it was all right.

"But that's the trouble," said Vi, with a sigh, "people get skeptical about this. I went on the stage when I was ten stuff after a while, and just remember that they've been seeing you in pictures for a long time. I'd rather tell the truth about my age than anything."

PAULINE GARON just returned to Hollywood from Paris, where she made some new pictures and bought some new clothes. Of course all anyone in Hollywood needs in order to give a party is an excuse, and Pauline's homecoming provided a perfectly good one. Mrs. Harold Lloyd was hostess for her at one of the nicest cat parties of the year. The ice cream was in the form of Santa Claus, and each one held a little tree with real lighted candles, so you can see how wild it was.

Among those present besides Mrs. Lloyd herself, who wore a frock of pale orchid chiffon, the skirt made in dozens of rippling little petals, and Pauline Garon, were Colleen Moore, Claire Windsor, Dorothy Mackaill, Patsy Ruth Miller, Eileen Percy, Viola Dana, Carmelita Geraghty, and Jolyna Ralston.

A COUPLE of girls who have teamed up lately and are making things rather lively for the general male population are Patsy Ruth Miller and Carmelita Geraghty. They went to New York together not long ago, and also up to San Francisco for the football game, and they succeeded in causing a riot at the universities.

Patsy Ruth is looking very sweet—she's lost some of the excess weight—and Carmelita is very Spanish and dashing. Their engagement to various youths is always being rumored and denied, so it looks as though they weren't quite ready to settle down yet.

COLLEEN MOORE saw "So Bie" for the first time the other morning—that is, for the first time as a complete picture. It was cut and titled in New York and sent out for her to see. And she was so nervous that her hands were like ice, and she trembled all over for half an hour before they began to run it. I know, because I had breakfast with her, and she spurned the best little sausages and fried apples I have ever eaten.

"A vote of thanks for Vauv. It is marvellous for shiny nose. One application lasts, just as you say, for hours. I should say that Vauv is even more essential in the vanity case than lipstick and rouge."

Jane Rich

No more shiny nose!

So much more effective than anything else you have ever used—Vauv, this wonderful new cream for shiny nose! Smooth a touch of it over the nose, and instantly the most persistent shine is gone. Add a light dusting of powder and you have a finish that will last for hours, a whole day or evening!

Vauv does not just cover up shine, but prevents it by absorbing excess oil. Does not clog the pores, but actually cleanses them by taking up the impurities of the skin in this absorbing process. In every way, Vauv is absolutely harmless.

Get a tube today and see for yourself what a new effectiveness Vauv has. Price 90c for a generous tube at your dealer's. Or send us your name and address with 52c (regular price plus postage) for a full-size tube; 10c for a sample tube.

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In that deep, dark closet — use your flashlight!

Don't grope in dark closets. Use your flashlight! To rummage in dark or dim-lighted places, use your flashlight! You can plunge a lighted Eveready into the most inflammable materials with perfect safety. Bright light, right where you want it. Safe light, wherever you need it. Keep an Eveready where you can get your hands on it instantly for those countless uses after dark. Improved models meet every need for light — indoors and out. There is a type for every purpose and purse. New designs. New reasons for owning this safe, handy light.

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A CORSELETTE
For Large Figures

IN the new Wrap-Around Corselette, designed for large figures, there is smartness and comfort in the free waistline, the irreproachably flat back, and (exclusive with Warner designs) the diagonal thigh band which prevents any slipping upon the figure. Boned in the modern manner.

WRAP-AROUND CORSELETTE

(style 3245)

$10
In brocade, with Silk Jersey Top.

Taking each other's picture is a pastime on any movie lot, but to do it simultaneously was the new punch put into it by Aileen Pringle and John Gilbert when they were making "The Wife of the Centaur".

This is Colleen's own favorite picture—the part she longed to play and finally persuaded Richard Rowland, production head of First National, to let her attempt. It is a triumph of fine, consistent, heart-moving action, and the finest thing Colleen has ever done. It is second in sheer dramatic genius and fine, sob touches, only to some things that Lillian Gish has done.

But, as Colleen says, when you have persuaded them to make a picture like that, after your own work is done, there are so many other people who step in, and it was a great ordeal for her to see it as the public will see it for the first time. But she was entirely happy and satisfied with the results.

It looks as though the Jack Gilbert-Leatrice Joy separation were permanent this time, and everyone in Hollywood who knows them is sorry. There aren't two people in Hollywood who are more popular, or better loved, than Jack and Leatrice, and though no one is taking any sides in the matter, everyone wishes it could somehow be patched up. It seems such a shame that these two brilliant and charming young people should split up just as young Leatrice Joy Gilbert has arrived on the scene to make life worth while.

There have been so many difficulties in the family in the past that no one took this very seriously until it landed in the divorce court, but now there is a final note in the way they both talk about it that seems to write the last word on the subject.

Leatrice, however, is not going to abandon the screen after all, but is to return to Lasky's studio right after the holidays and make a lot more pictures, which is very good news indeed.

In the meantime Jack is sailing a triumphant way to real success. His work in "The Snob," "The Wife of the Centaur" and "His Hour" are the talk of Hollywood, at least, and everyone seems to think he's the biggest bet of the year.

THIS is the story of Tony Moreno and his new dog. And if you hear of any trouble in the Moreno family, you will have to blame it on the dog.

One day Tony was coming across the street in front of the United Studios, to Madame Helene's well-known cafe, for luncheon. In the middle of the street a dog walked up, looked into Tony's face with a real grin, and proceeded to adopt him.

As a dog, he wasn't so much. There was a dash of English sheep dog apparent in the white curly coat, and possibly a suggestion of bull around the jaw, and the occasional black spots suggested Irish terrier somewhere. He was just a dog.

However, I might say, he was one of those irresistible creatures you sometimes meet, whether in the human or dog world, whose pedigrees don't matter. He had an Irish grin, and he adored Tony at sight. And Tony fell in love with him.

The dog calmly followed him in, sat down by his chair, followed him out, frisking with evident joy at finding him master.

Sheepishly, Tony put him in his big sport roadster. He was going to a football game with John McCormick and Colleen Moore. But he had to take the dog home first.

"I don't know," said Tony, "what my wife'll say. We've got plenty of dogs already."

The Moreno mansion, the most beautiful home in Los Angeles, boasts a prize-winning shepherd dog and several other pedigreed and high-priced canine inhabitants.

Later, Tony arrived at the football game, a little crestfallen, but triumphant. Daisy—Mrs. Moreno—had obeyed his new dog, but the aristocrats of the household had not been so cordial.

However, Tony had finally succeeded in bringing about an armistice.

So now Tony has as his constant companion a small and fuzzy white dog, who adores him with more sincere devotion, and who, Tony declares, "has it all over those other swell dogs when it comes to brains."

BEBE DANIELS has been at home for the holidays, spending them with her grandmother at the family home on West Adams Street in Los Angeles. Bebe has never spent Christmas away from her grandmother since she was born, and she made the trip from New York, leaving again the day after Christmas, so that she might be with her this year.

Everyone in Hollywood was so glad to see her that she was swamped with invitations all the time she was there. While she's been in New York, Bebe has developed into a real bridge player, and she had some exciting games in Hollywood.

On Christmas Day, she kept open house, and it was a full house every minute of the day and most of the night, with friends trying to get in and wish Bebe a Merry Christmas.

As a traveling companion, Bebe brought with her Diane Kane—who is really Lois Wilson's young sister. Diane is as dark as Bebe and looks much more like Bebe than she does like Lois. She has been playing in several of Bebe's pictures lately, and Bebe claims she is going to be one of the coming screen personalities.

Lois had a bridge tea for Bebe while she was here, and gathered all the old Lasky gang of girls together. It was a rousing occasion, and sounded more or less like a sorority initiation.
At Last!
Here’s a Vanitie for Loose Powder
That Cannot Spill

Now you can safely carry your favorite loose powder wherever you go

So clever—so simple—so convenient—so practical—and so economical! You’ve longed for a vanitie like this. You’ve put up with gritty, crumbling cake powder because you simply had no choice in the matter.

But now comes genuine relief—the Norida Vanitie—a new patented non-spilling powder case—as dainty and beautiful as it is practical. In it you carry your favorite loose powder wherever you go. You can safely carry it in your purse, shopping bag or pocket—you can even turn it upside down—yet the loose powder cannot spill. A patented feature keeps the powder securely sealed.

And just think of this feature: When your Norida is empty, you refill it yourself with your favorite loose powder taken right from the original package.

You must see and use a Norida Vanitie in order to appreciate it fully. Drug stores, department stores, beauty shops and all toilet goods counters are being supplied as fast as our distributors can make deliveries. The price is $1.50 filled with Fleur Sauvage (wildflower) Poudre, a fragrant imported French Powder in your favorite shade.

The Norida Vanitie is a handsome, dainty thin case—of just the right size. Comes in gilt and silver finishes.

AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

If your dealer cannot supply you with a Norida Vanitie, we will send you one, postpaid, upon receipt of $1.50. State the shade of powder you desire.

MISS ANITA STEWART—now appearing in her latest Cosmopolitan Production—"NE’ER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET," uses a

Norida Vanitie
for LOOSE POWDER

"Filled with Loose Powder But Cannot Spill"

"Refill It Yourself"

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Unchap your hands by restoring their "Precious Moisture"

Your hands are kept smooth and soft by the "precious moisture" which Nature supplies. But in cold weather this moisture is whipped away by the wind—your skin becomes dry and rough and you say your hands are chapped.

In Frostilla Fragrant Lotion there are certain rare properties which furnish your skin with a "precious moisture" just like Nature's. Apply it after every washing and exposure to weather. It sinks right into the skin, dissolves the harsh roughness and makes the skin pliant and smooth again. It's delightful to use—so fragrant and not sticky or greasy.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion

I DO so wonder about Betty Bronson. What really becomes of a little girl to whom fairy tales suddenly come true? Is she, in this prosaic and hard-working age, able to bear it?

Betty Bronson is the little girl, you know, who was suddenly raised from the ranks of the extras to play "Peter Pan," at the command of Sir James Barrie.

She is an adorable looking creature, with delicate features, an impertinent nose, a mouth that is wistful in the middle and gay at the corners, and big, eager, child-like eyes, full of bravado and question and appeal.

But it has been hard to have the world's spotlight turned full upon her—she is only seventeen—and she is in fearful danger right now, anyone can see, of losing her natural childishness and becoming that most dreadful of all things, an artificial child, filled with affectations of youth and gaiety. She is playing Peter Pan all the time.

But undoubtedly she has appeal. If she is able to stand the elevation and the gaze of the world, and all that, she has a great future. If not, in a few years she will become most objectionable and fade from view.

It depends, I think, entirely upon her mother—whom I've never met, and Jesse L. Lasky, who has sole charge.

She gave a delightful Christmas luncheon in Hollywood the other day and looked what you always envision sixteen as looking. And she tried to be the perfect, modest, sweet child—and almost succeeded. If she had that quality of absolute sincerity and vision which Mr. Lasky himself has, there would be no doubt about her future. For Mr. Lasky, after luncheon, got up and told of the dreams that surrounded the making of "Peter Pan," of the great risk of making a fantasy of that kind of the trouble to find a director who was willing to make it, and of all the thousand obstacles in his way, which were surmounted only after years of effort and patient diplomacy.

And he made me, for one, believe that the production of "Peter Pan" was a great artistic dream and vision of his own—made me believe in his disinterestedness.

But let us all unite in praying that dear, sweet little Betty Bronson may bear her honors gently, and truly, and come through unspoiled and real to the great things that await her.

I believe in fairies. Don't you?

The question as to what is going to happen to the Thomas H. Ince studios and productions is agitating all of the motion picture industry, and as yet no definite answer has been forthcoming.

Mrs. Ince has had several offers to sell, and has been advised by her friends to do so. But I have a hunch—nothing more—that Mrs. Ince would like to keep an interest in the Ince Company sufficiently large so that in time she might put her oldest son, Bill Ince, into that work.

Mrs. Ince believes that Bill has inherited much of his father's undeniable genius. Tom Ince himself thought so, and spoke of it tome not very long before his sudden death. Bill has been brought up on motion pictures. He has talked with his father, has lived around a studio in vacation time, has watched rushes and pictures with his father, and spent hours in the cutting room with him, and as a cutter Tom Ince had no equal and never has had in the industry.

I think Mrs. Ince would like a place for Bill to step into, where the Ince name may be carried on by one of that name, and probably she is right. I have talked stories with Bill Ince, who is just sixteen, by the way, and I think he has a remarkable insight and dramatic sense for a boy of his years.

That Mrs. Ince herself will not attempt to carry on the gigantic tasks of the organization is definitely settled.

The will left by Mr. Ince was one of the most masterly documents ever written, and should stand as a model for any father with a family and sons. It showed better than any eulogy could ever do, the great brain that made Thomas H. Ince the only independent producer who ever survived and succeeded. He left a fortune valued at over four million dollars, all collected in the last seven years. And he left it all to Mrs. Ince, with the exception of a few personal bequests to old friends and employees.

He arranged it so that at stated intervals the three boys would come into certain sums of money, provided that they had at that time been employed successfully in business or professional work. It was, altogether, an amazing piece of work.

Reggie Denney has been leading a perfectly terrible life lately. At least he says it's terrible.

After working all day at Universal in some big new feature, he has been going down every night to the Grauman Theater where his starring picture "The Fast Worker" was playing, and singing between shows.

"The worst of it is," says Reggie, disconsolately (Continued on page 96)
Virginia Valli Selects Goodyear Welt Oxfords

The light, dainty and graceful Goodyear Welt lace oxfords are Miss Valli's choice of footwear for all round wear. They are faultless in fit, comfortable and undeniably fashionable, with a smart simplicity of design that is very appropriate for wear with the popular tailored mode.

All of Miss Valli's lace oxfords are identified as shoes of quality and distinction by the fashionable, decorative and convenient visible eyelets which are so necessary for the correct and finished appearance of any lace shoe.

Always insist on Goodyear Welt shoes with Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets.

ONLY THE GENUINE HAVE THE DIAMOND TRADE MARK

Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets have genuine celluloid tops that never lose their color. They promote easy lacing, retain their original finish indefinitely and actually outwear the shoe.

United Fast Color Eyelet Co., Boston
Manufacturers of DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS

Miss Virginia Valli, Star of Universal's recent release, "K—The Unknown."

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How I danced with the Prince  
By Jacqueline Harwood

When I first got to Paris, some months ago, I was the most excited girl you ever saw. How eagerly I anticipated the many delights of this capital of youth and gaiety—the hundreds of interesting places to visit; the inspiring monuments and marvelous cathedrals; the fascinating shops, lovely mannequins, the races, the wonderful art galleries—to say nothing of the myriad receptions, balls and other court affairs to which I had entrance through my friends among the inner circle of the American colony! During the next few weeks my life was one beautiful dream, but there was one great disappointment in store for me. Frankly, I didn’t seem to meet with my usual success at these social affairs.

Naturally I was mortified when I realized this, and I set about to find the reason. Finally in desperation I begged my trusted friend, May Norton, to tell me what was wrong.

At first she hesitated. Then when she realized I was in earnest she tried to help me.

“What feature do you think is most important to a girl’s beauty, Jacqueline?” she began tactfully.

“I’m not sure if I know,” I replied. “Well, if you’ll notice you’ll see that all the real popular girls have very thick hair and keep it beautifully marcelled. The men of France are very critical about a woman’s hair, and she didn’t need to finish her sentence. That was where the trouble lay—my tousled, scraggly hair! How unattractive it looked that moment, as I turned a troubled glance into the mirror!

May tells her secret

“But what can I do,” I asked anxiously. “I have had marcelled for years. My hair looks fine for a while, but soon it’s straight and scrappy again.” “That’s just the trouble,” May replied, “you’ve been having it marcelled too much. It has taken all the life out of your hair. You know, every operator does it differently and puts the waves in a different place. That’s what makes your hair so unruly.” May bent over a moment and then walked over to her dresser. Opening the lower drawer, she pulled out a queer little elastic contraption and a bottle of liquid. “I used to have the same trouble you’re having,” she continued, “until I learned about this curling cap. I got it just before I left home—and since then I’ve never had any more trouble with my hair.”

It took but a moment for her to explain how this simple curling device worked; how it put the waves without applying heat and, by always getting them in exactly the same place, preserved the hair perfectly. In a second May had a towel about her shoulders and was giving me an actual demonstration of her new discovery. I could hardly wait the fifteen minutes it took for the curling fluid to dry. Finally when May removed the cap and told me to look in the mirror, what a delightful surprise it was! Instead of the unruly, scraggly locks I was accustomed to seeing, there was the loveliest marcel I had ever had!

On the dance!

And so I was all ready to sail to the Grand Ball Masque, which was rumored Prince Dimitri was to attend incognito. Before dressing that evening, May let me try her curling cap again. This time my marcel was even more beautiful, so I went to the ball with pulse beating fast and hope rising high.

About midway of the evening I noticed a pair of burning eyes focused on me. They belonged to a tall, graceful young man whose handsome face was only partly hidden by a filmy mask. His regal bearing told me he was the Prince. The rest seems like a dream to me.

I remember being held in the strongest arms I’ve ever felt. I remember floating through the most beautiful waltzes I’ve ever heard. I remember a stroll through the conservatory, where a melodious voice murmured “sweet nothings” in my ear. I remember many other dances with the fascinating Prince—and hundreds of curious eyes that followed every step. I shall never forget that evening as long as I live. It was my night. Yes—thanks to May Norton and an ingenious American inventor—that was my night!

* * *

You may be sure I was never a “wallflower” after that. Immediately I ordered a curling outfit for myself, and as I continued to use the remarkable Curling Liquid and Curling Cap my hair constantly became thicker, glossier and more wavy. I felt it would be no more than fair for me to write the inventor about my wonderful experience and thank him for what he had done for me. I felt that I would be doing a fine thing, too, for thousands of other girls who have the same trouble with their hair that I had. To them I cannot recommend this Curling Cap and Liquid too heartily.

Try it at our risk

Thousands of girls and women will have Miss Harwood to thank for this opportunity, for at her suggestion, we are going to give them a chance to convince themselves of the remarkable results they can get with McGowan’s Curling Cap and Curling Fluid, without risking a cent. Ninety-eight women out of a hundred who try this Curling Cap are most enthusiastic about it and can’t say enough in its favor. They are the best advertisements we could have, so naturally we are anxious to get the McGowan Curling Outfit into their hands as quickly as possible.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don’t have to risk one cent to try the McGowan Curling Outfit in your own home. Simply sign and mail the coupon. When the postman brings your outfit, just pay him $2.87, plus a few cents for postage, and your marcel worries are at an end. After you have tried this magic Curling Cap and Curling Fluid for 5 days, if you are not perfectly delighted with results—if it doesn’t give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit and your money will be refunded without a single question. If you are tired of wasting your time and money on expensive beauty parlors marcel; if you have trouble keeping your hair marcelled and looking its best; if your beauty that rich, glossy, curly hair will bring, take Miss Harwood’s advice and don’t put it off another minute. Sign the coupon now and mail it right away. Remember, you do not risk a single penny.

COUPON

The McGowan Laboratories, 710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 28, Chicago

Dear Mr. McGowan: Please send me your hair curling outfit, which includes your newly invented Curling Cap and a bottle of Curling Liquid. I agree to deposit $2.87 (plus postage) with the postman upon its delivery. If I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return outfit to you within five days and have your money refunded.

Name

Address

City

The coupon must be filled out in full. Address, City and Name must be given.

Mail coupon to The McGowan Laboratories, 710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 28, Chicago.
Two Little Girls From School, Chicago, Ill.—Do I think Ben Lyon is the best-looking man on the screen? You may say so if you like. The other half-dozen leading men won't hassle you for it. They might me. Ben Lyon's age is twenty-four; his height, six feet. Glenn Hunter is 'sweet twenty-seven. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor are engaged. They may be married or you read this. Thanks for your love, little one.

E. A. D., St. Louis, Mo.—Patsy Ruth Miller is twenty-one, Constance Talmadge twenty-one and a half, Florence Miller twenty-two, Colleen Moore twenty-two, the Richards, Dix and Barthes, respectively, about twenty-nine and twenty-seven. Katherine McLeod is the only one born in the house. She married in May, 1924. She has announced her intention to come back soon in a new picture.

J. N., San Francisco, Calif.—Nay, my anxious child, George O'Hara is not married. Breathing freely once more? His height is five feet, eight and a half inches and he weighs one hundred and thirty-two pounds. Still with F. B. O. Alberta Vaughn is also with the F. B. O. Her age is eighteen. Her weight is one hundred six pounds.

Sophie, Glenbrook Conn.—The actress whom you call "In Our Mutual Girl" is Norma Phillips, Not a bit, Sophie.

Texas Billie, Dallas, Tex.—Never mind about that, you old "Billie" dear. I am glad to tell you that Huntley Gordon is not married. Nor has he been married. That is the answer you wanted? Glad! You want to tell me the truth. Nothing is going to weigh one hundred and thirty-two pounds. Still with F. B. O. Alberta Vaughn is also with the F. B. O. Her age is eighteen. Her weight is one hundred six pounds.

Eleanor, Philadelphia, Pa.—No, Eleanor, your favorite actress, Alberta Vaughn, is not married. She was born June 27, 1906. How old is Alberta? She is still marching under the F. B. O. flag.

Blanca, Buenos Ayres, Argentina.—It gives me a peculiar thrill to the queries of a dark-eyed maiden of the republic of great wealth and great distances. Will Rogers told me that he used to gambol on the pampas and then to fly. Florence Miller scared him to death. But Will always exaggerated, especially when he said he had to pay the return fare of the Arizona delegate who nominated him for president. If he did, I am very sorry. I am here to answer your questions. I do not live in Los Angeles, bonita amiga, but I have paid that interesting vicinity more than one visit. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is under contract for a series of pictures with the Famous Players-Lasky Corp. He will do most of his work at the Paramount Studio, as does Gloria Swanson. Master Fairbanks appeared in a previous picture, "Stephen Steps Out."

Harriet, Crossville, Tenn.—You were interested in the photograph of the Talmadge sisters published by this magazine and are not puzzled by the question, "Which is the better looking?" Both, you say, are "hard to beat" and both "are beautiful in their own way." You are wise, discerning and tactful. Your favorite actress, Bebe Daniels, was born in Dallas, Texas, Jan. 14, 1901. Her height is five feet, three and a half inches. Her weight is one hundred and twelve pounds. She has black hair and brown eyes. A true brunette. Not married, though that is her own fault. Her next picture will be "Miss Bluebeard."

Lucille Ricksen was born Aug. 22, 1907. Virginia Lee Corbie is a birthday Dec. 5, 1906. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has enjoyed life since his first taste of it, Dec. 9, 1910.

Art and Wendell, Two Richard Tal- madge Admirers, Lynn, Mass.—No, Art and Wendy. Richard Talmadge is not of the family of Norma and Constance. No doubt he wishes he were, as Joseph Schenck did before he married Norma. His height is five feet, nine inches. His weight is one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

E. G. and H., Sound Beach, Conn.—Another letter from a pair. After seeing Richard Barthes in "Chasmatics," you were "thoroughly knocked out" by the handsome, cutest, most adorable actor on the screen and naturally want to know a little about him. Here is the little asked for by the inquiring brace. His height is five feet, seven inches; weight, one hundred and forty pounds. Born May 9, 1887. His eyes are brown and his hair might be called light black. Well, then, let us try to go a little further. Edward S. Talmadge was graduated from Trinity College at Hartford, Conn. He has lived in the summer at Mamaroneck. In winter he lives in New York. His daughter, whom some of the fans call Dikette, was born Jan. 21, 1923.

Pensee, Kansas City, Mo.—After seeing Edward Burns in "Broadway After Dark" you "fostered a desire to know more of him" and ask me to "render a little information." With alacrity, Pensee. He was born Sept. 27, 1892. Exercising your faculty for mental arithmetic, my friend. His eyes are gray and his hair black. He is the height that is guaranteed to make most of us squat. He was in Europe for four months making pictures. Since his return his most recent picture is "The Redeeming Sin." I, of the many volunteered names, thank you for "Pal of the Answers."


Beaude, Mount Vernon, N. Y.—Uh! "Bless." Indeed. For that I slap your wrists. You are sorry? Forgiven. You went to see "The Sea Hawk" four times and each time sat through two performances. You "liked the picture but if you see a picture eight times there is a particular reason." Lloyd Hughes is the reason. Eh? What? The enchanting male was born Oct. 21, 1897, in Bisse, Ariz. Lloyd Hughes is his own as well as his screen name. Dark gray eyes and dark brown hair. Height, six feet; weight, one hundred and fifty pounds. Married to the former screen actress, Gloria Hope. He is attending the Polytechnic Institute in Los Angeles. He is engaged at the United Studios.

Jance, Oberlin, Ohio.—Bebe Daniels' first name is pronounced as though spelled "Bee-Bee." Cullen Landis is busy at pictures. Three recent ones were "Cheap Kisses," "A Broadway Butterfly" and "Pampered Youth." Mr. Landis was born in Nashville, Tenn., July 9, 1898. His eyes are blue, his hair brown. His tallness is measured by five feet, ten inches.

Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.—Read Mrs. Talmadge's book about her three daughters. It contains advice from Norma Talmadge about going on the screen. More informative and guiding words have never been written. Virginia is "Pampered Youth." "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," Douglas Fairbanks' "The Thief of Bagdad." Ralph Graves played opposite Marion Davies in "Yolanda." Listen. Hear me purring my gratitude for the friendly salutation, "Good Old Answer Man?"

Ruth, Greensendale, Ind.—Mary Pickett's latest picture was "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Douglas Fairbanks' "The Thief of Bagdad." Ralph Graves played opposite Marion Davies in "Yolanda." I inquire about his "domestic relations." His status is that of a widower, genuine not grass. His height is six feet, one inch; weight, one hundred and seventy pounds; eyes blue, hair brown. William Haines' latest picture is "A Square Peg." He is another of the six footers. Of the considerable height of one hundred and seventy-two pounds. Eyes brown. Hair black. Ramon Novarro is not married. He was born Feb. 6, 1899.

E. G., San Francisco, Calif.—Settle a bet? There's nothing I do better. Ramon Novarro played the lead in "Saramouche." I have no doubt Paramount Studio would send you a photograph of Thomas Meighan.

Bee, West Palm Beach, Fla.—You think me the best part of Photoplay. I shall show your letter to the "Mr. Bee" and say, "very, very nice." He will laugh at that. You want to see my picture in Photoplay. Haven't you seen it every month? Ramon Novarro was in an accident in Rome but his injuries were not serious. Ronald Colman is not married. The event of his birth occurred Feb. 9, 1901. Antonio Moreno was born in Spain, Sept. 26, 1888.
The Catch of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

with electricity and was assigned to the radio department of the signal corps. Then he was sent away on the sub-chaser "207".

He soon became a skilled and competent radio operator by a compulsory training which spread O'Brien's fame into every nook and corner of Uncle Sam's ships for he battled his way to the light-heavyweight boxing crown of the Pacific Fleet and became the idol of the navy.

With his discharge in September of 1919, George was almost twenty years old and it seemed time to declare for some definite career. His schooling had been broken into by the World War and many friends urged that a professional pugilistic career beckoned. George was dubious but finally, one night, broke the news to his family—he planned to become a professional boxer. Chief O'Brien was silent. He understood the urge, but Mrs. O'Brien, part Irish and part French, objected—her son was born for better things—and thus died any championship hopes which might have been fanned to a glow in the breast of young George. His mother's wish to O'Brien was law.

Finally it was decided that George should again take up his schooling, so he entered Santa Clara college, a short distance from San Francisco. He had decided to become a surgeon.

BACK at school George again plunged wholeheartedly into his athletics, was quarter-back of the football team and a star in baseball, basketball and handball as well. But as his star soared higher and higher in athletics, it dipped lower and lower in scholarship.

Finally George was face to face with the fact that as a scholar he was a great athlete. And he was forced to agree with the professors.

It was just at this time that Tom Mix loped onto the horizon of young O'Brien's vision. Tom was in San Francisco for a rodeo and was also doing something for a picture there. O'Brien and Mix met and the lad finally decided to come to Hollywood and try his fortune.

Through Mix he secured a job as a second cameraman, that feeling his ability lay in this line rather than acting. After almost a year as second cameraman, a part of which time was with the Mix company, O'Brien got a chance as first cameraman with an independent company, but it blew up because of financial difficulties.

Somewhat discouraged, O'Brien returned to his father's home in San Francisco. Hobart Bosworth was making a picture in the Bay City at the time and engaged O'Brien to play a small part. This was his first appearance before the camera and he liked it so well he decided to return to Hollywood.

His knowledge of homemaking won him a situation with a large store in the flower and produce department, and next year this man was through with the States. He planned an around-the-world trip in his own ship and at one time was among the advocates as a possible "Ben Hur" by those who felt the part should be played by some capable unknown with the necessary build and appearance, rather than by an established actor who would simply be "Mr. So and So" as "Ben Hur." Nothing came of this, however, though O'Brien was certainly endowed by nature for the part.

Then came that great Fox picture, "The Iron Horse," the romantic history of the building of the Union Pacific railroad. A virile leading man with a box office name—a fellow who could not only play the part but would fill it, was sought. O'Brien's tests were made but they just couldn't seem to find the right man. In desperation Jack Ford asked for a test of George O'Brien and it was made. All of the tests were submitted to William Fox and O'Brien was the choice of that wise old showman.

That his selection was good was more than proven. Next O'Brien was given the lead in "The Man Who Came Back" with Emmett Flynn and the younger's contribution to the picture proved a fine, intelligent and highly competent performance.

Since these two pictures, O'Brien has played in "The Painted Lady" and "The Roughneck" and has just completed "The Dancers" with Alma Rubens and Madge Bellamy, also under Flynn's direction. This is said to be O'Brien's most ambitious effort.

![LARI, 207 East 49th Street, New York City](https://placehold.it/150x150)

LARI, 207 East 49th Street, New York City

Please send me your Beauty Box, containing complete home treatment, I will pay the postman $3.00 on receipt of box, plus a few cents extra for postage.

SIGNED (name) __________________________

TOWN AND STATE _______________________

Check shade of face powder desired: White, Blonde, Titian, Brunette, Olive.

**Paris Is in Short Skirts Again**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

"No," he answered, hesitatingly, thereby sending my heart down a couple of hundred feet, "not so much, though not entirely out. Collar's been replaced with one by 'the others.' The smartest women one sees at the fashionable restaurants and clubs are wearing loads of white pearls, and they are coming out in enormous sizes. And that brings us to Miss Nilsson's collection, which is remarkably in keeping with the newest ideas.

Her clothes are chosen well, for although conservative she manages to be a striking figure. It was very interesting to meet her, for, of course, I had enjoyed seeing her on the screen for years. She speaks quickly, a manner that is one of intense energy. It made rather an amusing contrast to the other studio workers, for though she had been working just as hard as they all she seemed as fresh as the proverbial daisy.

It was our second meeting, and when I asked if she could explain why her own things were so much better than those of other's, she answered, "It's because most good clothes are plain, and there is fear that they won't screen well. If I come to the studio dressed like the lady I am playing, it's really real life, there is a mad scramble at once for a lot of trimming, and beads, etc., to dol me up!" Then she laughed and I think she may have been remembering the weird confections she had to wear in "Vanity's Price."

Of course, it is simply a matter of more intelligent designing—for I won't admit that good taste need necessarily be uninteresting. In "One Way Street," which was the picture I had watched Miss Nilsson working that afternoon, her costumes, if they may be judged by the one she was wearing then, are proof of this. At any rate, it seems silly to talk about them in detail, I think, for whom the makers produce these "everything-but-the-kitchen-stove" costumes, is too stupid to appreciate the real thing.

Ending the day's work at the studio, and I'd like to digress here long enough to say that as we came out she was almost smothered by a swarm of kids who had been waiting with their cameras in hand, ever eager for a glance at the handsome, adorably attired lady. I think she might call me up some time! What would you do if Anna Querentia asked you that? Well, so did I.
She pitied the man

Yet she couldn't love him nor could she bring herself to be frank and tell him honestly why she didn't welcome his attentions.

On the other hand, he was quite an attractive fellow who intrigued her in many ways. Still, as you well know, there are some things that you simply can't discuss.

* * *

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

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually — and fortunately — halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only — never in bulk. There are three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce, and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.

— Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available. While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations — 25 cents.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
solately, "the way everybody rags me about it. All I hear on all sides is loud guffaws about my singing. As though it were something effeminate."

As a matter of fact, Reggie has a magnificent baritone, and was once a big hit in London as a leading man in various popular musical comedies.

However, he still has time to fly airplanes about in the sky, and he told me the other night a strange story of a "hunch" or premonition that is one of the most unusual I have ever heard.

He went up on a Sunday, and said that from the moment he left the ground he had a peculiarly unsafe feeling. He was troubled. The air was a little bumpy, but not enough to make a first class pilot like Reggie feel nervous. Nevertheless, the feeling of insecurity continued. Finally, he went down, and had his mechanics look over the bus he was flying, which was not his own—his own being laid up for repairs. Everything seemed all right, and he went up again. But he said he simply could not get rid of this nagging coldness in the pit of his stomach, so he descended again, and in spite of protests from "the gang," went home.

As he came to the door of his house, the telephone was ringing. It was one of his mechanics. He said, "Did you hear, Reg?" Reggie said he'd just come home, whereupon the mechanic told him that another pilot had taken up the same plane, just as Reggie left the field, and taken a girl friend with him. Something had gone wrong with the plane and it had crashed to earth. Both the pilot and the girl were killed instantly.

"Of course it sounds ridiculous," said Reggie, in telling it, "but I swear I had a feeling such as I've never had before—almost a voice warning me to come down. You bet I'll always pay attention to any hunches like that in the future."

Pola Negri has moved into the big "house" in Beverly Hills which she recently bought from Priscilla Dean, and at present is engaged in planting a full sized forest of pine trees in front of it.

The house, which is a beautiful white colonnial mansion, stands back from the street, and had in front only a smooth rolling lawn, with a few ornamental shrubs. Pola decided she must have trees. So she ordered a nursery to plant a forest on the front lawn, and now you can hardly see the house for the lovely tangle of evergreens growing there.

Pola is spending all her time between pictures in buying antique furniture for the house, and transforming it gradually into a real Polish-French home. She has paid enormous prices for some of the fine pieces on the coast, and is sending abroad to well known dealers and artists, many of whom are her friends, for other gems.

So it looks as though Pola had come to Hollywood to stay.

I WISH that everyone might know of some of the beautiful, tact, and effective charity conducted at Christmas by the motion picture stars. They don't want it told, and they shan't be named here, because human nature being what it is, people suspect anyone who tells of their charity of doing it merely for publicity.

But I doubt if any other class of people in the world gave so generously in proportion to their wealth, or if any women anywhere put so much time and love and thought into their giving.

I know the wife of one star, for instance, who, not content with dispensing thousands of dollars for the poor children, spent months before Christmas in dressing hundreds of beautiful dolls for a children's hospital. I saw one star's dressing bungalow absolutely filled with toys, so many that it took three trucks to carry them, and they went to a certain school district which the star had offered to take care of entirely herself. She had checked the list of families and provided each family with the gifts asked for and the needed dinner. I know one great star who cared for the entire Christmas of a big orphanage.

These are only a few examples, not to mention the people on smaller salaries who gave of time, money and talent for benefits that raised funds.

Sometimes it may be possible to tell the world of all the charity done by movie stars at all times, but in the meantime it is nice for the public who loves them to know that in this respect they never fall of the highest standards.

WHEN Constance Talmadge got off the train at Los Angeles, after a trip to New York, the first person she saw was Buster Collier—because Buster was half way up the steps as the train pulled in. Constance seemed mightily glad to see him, and gave him a hug and kiss that almost justify all the rumors of their engagement that are going around.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99
Gray Hair—Don’t Have It!

Let me tell you the quick, easy way to get back original color

"WHY let gray hair spoil your chances?" is a question I so often want to ask. It is such an unnecessary handicap, when restoration is so simple and easy. And it costs nothing to learn how.

I invite everyone with gray hair to send for my free trial outfit, which contains a trial bottle of my famous hair color restorer. Test as directed on one lock of hair—learn for yourself that you needn't have gray hair at any age!

A scientific laboratory preparation

Mary T. Goldman’s Hair Color Restorer is a scientific, reliable preparation which always does the work. It brings back the natural, youthful color of your hair so perfectly that no one will suspect you once were gray.

There is no streaking, artificial dyed look. Just the even, natural, exact shade of early youth.

Apply it with a comb

My restorer is very easily applied—you do it yourself, without help. You simply comb it through the hair and watch the gray disappear.

No interference with shampooing—nothing to wash or rub off. My restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean and dainty as water. It leaves the hair soft and fluffy—lovely when waved and dressed.

Absolutely free trial—mail coupon

Remember the trial offer is absolutely free—we even prepay postage. Just mail the coupon—you will receive by return mail my special patented free trial outfit with full directions.

Then when you know what Mary T. Goldman’s Hair Color Restorer is and just what it will do, get a full sized bottle from your druggist. If you prefer it, you may order direct from me.

Fill out coupon carefully, stating exactly natural color of hair. If possible, enclose a lock with your letter. When the trial outfit comes, make the famous "single-lock" test. You will be overjoyed by results.

Mary T. Goldman’s Hair Color Restorer

Over 10,000,000 bottles sold
Important Warning!
There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on every pattern. "Congoleum" is a registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of Congoleum-Nairn Inc. If you want "Congoleum" be sure to look for the Gold Seal.

"Mother, was that Magic Carpet as pretty as our Congoleum Rug?"

So artistic, so sanitary, so durable, so easy to clean! Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs are truly the magical solution of the housewife's floor-covering problems.

They mean such a saving in housework that there's time for the things you really enjoy doing—for outdoor recreation, the worth-while book, play with the children.

Seamless—Waterproof
These all-round serviceable rugs are made with a firm, smooth, seamless surface which cannot be penetrated by dirt or spilled things. They are waterproof and mothproof. And cleaning them is the work of but a few moments with a damp mop—in a twinkling your rugs are as spotless as new.

Elaborate Oriental motifs, delicate chintz-like effects, neat mosaic, wood-block or tile reproductions—so varied are the charming patterns that you can have these labor-saving rugs in every room in the house.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs lie perfectly flat on the floor without tacks, cement or any other kind of fastening. They never curl up or kick up at the edges or corners to trip unwary feet or interfere with swinging doors. And with all these advantages the prices are very low!

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

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Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Congoleum-Nairn Inc.
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans
Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal
She came home to spend Christmas with Mrs. Talmadge and Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge Keaton and the two Keaton boys. It'll be rather confusing if they get two Busters in the Talmadge family, won't it?

It's a good thing George Fitzmaurice, that most charming gentleman and excellent director, is going to build a nice big house out in Beverly Hills with a big drawing room. Because Fitz, who is fast acquiring the reputation of the most perfect host in Hollywood, has a houseful of delightful people all the time, and sees that he's added a lot of new dogs to his collection, things in the Fitzmaurice bungalow are getting a little crowded.

He had a dinner party for Henry King, who directed "Romola" and was in Hollywood for the opening. Among the guests were Florence Vidor, Alice Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Neilan, Blanche Sweet, Bebe Daniels, just home from New York and looking very lovely; Colonel Young, the famous polo player; Bob Kane, and Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud.

Of course lots of men could ruin a day's work if they couldn't find their trousers, because lots of men have only one pair—but you'd think a well-known leading man like Ronald Colman wouldn't be in such a fix.

However, Ronald's missing pants cost the George Fitzmaurice company a whole day's work the other day, and everyone is still wondering just what happened.

Ronald had just registered a pair of very effective trousers in a certain scene. The next morning, when the time came to continue the scene, Ronald was there and ready to go to work—but the pants were mysteriously missing. That is, Ronald was in his dressing room, sending frantic messages to Fitz.

Fitz went and—so we heard later—found Ronald, the perfection of London fashion for smart afternoon functions—minus only that portion of a gentleman's apparel that has always been considered necessary in polite society.

He could not find his pants.

That is all I know of the story. There was a lot of scurrying about—the troop waited. And late that afternoon, Ronald appeared, fully clothed and apparently in his right mind—though of course we cannot give first hand testimony as to that, not being an alienist. Anyway, we can testify to the trousers. The explanation was that the trousers hadn't been exactly right and had been returned to the tailor for alterations, and Ronald had forgotten about it—or something like that.

The funny part of it is that there is already some slight feeling in Hollywood that Ronald looks better with than without trousers—if you know what I mean. He appeared in "Romola" in tights, and I thought I noticed a terribly worried expression upon the face of that part of feminine Hollywood who worships at his shrine.

In fact, one of his most adoring and ardent admirers came to me confidentially afterwards and wanted to know if, really—I didn't think Ronald's legs were a little—well—you know. Not that her idol could be less than perfect, but didn't I really think it was a mercy that Ronald was born in this century instead of in the days when a gentleman's legs were always on view, and could be politely discussed as among his points.

I said heartily that I did.

I fear me that "Romola," while it will add to the laurels of many, is going to cast a tiny cloud upon the hitherto breathless and entire adoration of Ronald Colman. In the future, let us hope he will be cast for parts in which he wears trousers—and that he will always be able to remember where his trousers are.

One of Bill Hart's Christmas gifts to his son, William S, Hart, Jr., aged two years and three months, was the most unusual and striking of anything which came to my attention.

One day shortly before Christmas Bill dropped into the office with a handsome hand-carved leather case under his arm.

"Want to see something?" asked Bill, and as I assured him I did, he opened the case.

There rested the two hand-somest guns I have ever seen. A bad man of the good old West would have slain a score of men willingly to possess them. They were Colt's forty-fives, single action, frontier model, and they were literally covered with the most beautiful silver inlay work I have ever seen.

Bill had bought the guns and had them decorated according to his own design by a silversmith, and they were inlaid with silver from muzzle to butt.

"They're for my boy," explained Bill proudly. "When he grows up he'll have something to remember his dad by."

Here's what you would see of the interior of a railway coach, if you were on the set. The coach is run onto the stage, one side having previously been torn off to permit lighting and to take the picture. "Excuse me" in the making, with Conrad Nagel and Norma Shearer.

This girl, pretty as she is, is not a movie actress. She's an expert candy dipper in a Los Angeles factory and is teaching Bob La Ruque how to play his role of "Candy" Holt in Cecil B. DeMille's picture "The Golden Bed."
Don't torture your complexion with harsh treatment

Does your face feel drawn and sore after bathing? Does it smart, burn and look mottled? Probably you are using the wrong soap or your method of cleansing is too harsh.

Resinol Soap will stand every test of purity. Its wholesome fragrance as well as its rich color is your guarantee for the healthful Resinol properties it contains. Buy a cake from your druggist and bathe your face with it tonight. Note how readily it lathers, how gently but thoroughly it cleanses the pores, how easily it rinses, how soft, velvety and refreshed it leaves your skin.

But don't let your treatment be too harsh! Many a woman ruins her beauty at the start by scrubbing her face with a rough cloth and hot water when she should use lukewarm water and a soft cloth—or better still—her fingertips. Rinse thoroughly and dry well by patting the skin lightly with a soft towel.

Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafings, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes. Keep a jar on hand.

Resinol Soap

Dept. F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

Name

Street

City State

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

The Real Wally

faces when they come in that door?" He loved so to make others happy.

And I believe that he harmed fewer people upon his journey through life than almost anyone I have ever known.

He was easily bored by pretense, by ostentation, or show. I never knew him to make a class distinction that he did not except against those who were in high places whom he felt had no business there. He was the most democratic man, honestly and basically, who ever lived. He loved to keep it like, and if it came pictures, too, he times abused that great-hearted hospitality, still he would not shut anyone out.

There were few days in our married life when Wally came home from the studio without some little remembrance for me. Never did he let a birthday or a holiday go unremembered; and he kept every sort of an anniversary that he could never have dreamed of. He did not give those gifts and patience to teach him to shoot it and to shoot it well. He had infinite patience with anyone less quick or able than he, a respect and an understanding which took his own gifts as something not quite his own. He taught Bill to swim and dive when he was four and began to instruct him in mathematics and mechanics as early as possible.

But that pride in his own son didn't keep him from letting the girl I brought home, whom he had never seen. He took her to his heart at once and one of the few times I ever saw him really angry was when he thought she was "adopted child." His eyes flashed and he said, "Please never say that again. She is ours, our very own." And though she knew him only a short time, she worshipped her big daddy with all her heart and soul and never forgets him in her prayers.

I cannot leave out of the picture the highly celebrated spirit which Wolf, as Wally called the piano, half hidden, if understood by himself, it was always there. I remember one night when he was hearing Bill's prayers, I overheard him explaining to the child that he need never be afraid of the "Bill," he said, "it's just like a mother hen covering her children, the way God's wings are over us at night. I suppose it's dark under the mother hen's soft protective feathers but the baby chicks are safe and happy there. And so though it's dark at night, we can always know that we are safe and happy because we are in the shadow of God's wings." He had no fear of death. God, to him, was a great, understanding heart of love, who would help and understand and forgive and teach His children. He knew this, and when he knew it must come, with a blessed spiritual courage which was beautiful to see.

He had no ego—absolutely none, ever, at any stage of his life, even when he had reached the highest point in his career. When he died, as I said, he left all and the thousands of letters and telegrams poured in, expressing such love and sympathy, such heartfelt prayers for his recovery, it overwhelmed them so much that his eyes would fill, and he would say to me in utter amazement, "I didn't know so many felt like that about me. How kind of them, dear; how kind they all are to me." In the years of his success I never heard him express an egotistical thought or do any act that suggested that he thought himself above or different in any way from others. He hated above all things to think that his mere physical looks helped him to his success and popularity. He didn't have pictures of himself all over the house. He never gave his pictures unless someone begged for them. I never remember seeing him show pictures of himself but once, and then it was the horse racing pictures where he didn't wear good clothes and could get his face dirty, and "Always Audacious," where he wore a beard.

He had a very high order of intelligence and a well-ordered mentality. In nine years of married life he never failed to answer a question intelligently on any subject, never failed to show real and interesting about any subject that came up. His knowledge on many subjects was amazing and profound for so young a man and came from his continual, voracious reading. Reading he loved better than anything else in the world. He literally devoured all books. He loved history, and would sit for hours chuckling over some ponderous volume. And Rabelais and the classics were his constant companion, but he loved his Kipling and O. Henry best of all. I still have very close to me the volumes of which traveled about with him everywhere, from house to studio, on location. His library was a fine one, containing many volumes, every book was an old one, his personal choice and every one of which he read.

The diversity of his gifts always amazed those who came close to him, for only those who were closest knew that he might have been one of the great violinists. We used to practice a great deal during the early years of our married life, when he started to compose and invent. I used to hear him play with power and warmth and dramatic expression that promised great things. His technique was extraordinary for anyone who had done so little studying. He could play any instrument, and he loved every kind of music in the world, from the deepest symphony and opera to the wildest jazz, from the deadly loved violin to the saxophone and drums.

I have, too, hidden away, some beautiful verse that he wrote at different times and for different people. He had one career he wrote a number of excellent screen stories. He numbered among his very best stories, some of the big writers of the day, and it is a disgrace that he never had the chance to have he would have made. He drew exceptionally well, and had done as presents for his friends some light but charming designs for book plates, some sketches of things he had seen and loved.

All these things came to him with the greatest ease, were natural expressions of that sweet, beauty-loving, manliness that was imbued with the creative instinct at all times. But he could and did work hard. He was a natural worker. I do not think many people know or realize how dreadfully hard Wally worked. His mind was so keenly alive that it had to be occupied every minute.

He was sensitive and easily wounded, but he would never personalize any hurt, never. And he could be absolutely kind.

If he had lived many, many years, Wally would never have lost that glorious youth of his—youth that was of the heart and mind and spirit.

Losing him, the real Wally, the world lost a bright and brilliant spirit, a gentle and loving soul, a rare and gifted nature, which might have given to the world something incomparably great, but which at least did give much of happiness, joy, beauty to many who loved him and whom he loved.
This Picture is the Tre-Jur Trademark. It has become the American Symbol for feminine charm. Before it is stamped on a Tre-Jur product, that product must represent the utmost in the world of toilettries.

Tre-Jur Compacts are as ingenious as they are beautiful. Each is a little inspirational idea, designed to fill a particular need. Each contains the finest quality of cosmetic and a value never before achieved. . . At most toilet goods counters you will find Tre-Jur in your own shade of powder or rouge—or by mail from us.

THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, 19 W. 18th St., New York

THE "TRIPLE"
Combines powder, rouge, and lipstick in a delightful case with the famous sliding drawer—fl.25.

NEW—TRE-JUR FACE POWDER
 Loose powder of exquisite quality, delicately scented and sifter net, in a wondrously lovely box—50c.

"THINEST"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
WEST COAST

BERWILL STUDIO.
Bell Henderson Prod. Bell Henderson directing "Battle Brewester" with Franklyn Farnum and Helen Holmes.

BUSTER KEATON STUDIO, 1025 Lillian Way. Inactive.

COXMOV STUDIO.
Sugro MacDonald directing "Moonlight Nights" with Joe Moore and Gloria Joy.

CENTURY FILM COMPANY, 6100 Sunset Blvd.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1416 La Brea Ave. Inactive.

CHRISTIE STUDIO, 6101 Sunset Blvd.
Arvid Gillstrom directing "His High Horse" with Lee Marlowe. Neil Burns and Jimmie Adams between pictures. Hattie Sturgis directing Bobby Vernon in an unedited comedy. Walter Hiers has just completed "Good Spirits."

F. O. STUDIO.
Melrose & Groswe Sta.

Wesley Lewis directing "The Face-Makers" with Albertva Vaugham and George O'Hara. Associated Arts Corp. F. Harmon Wright completing a series with a Million Dollar" with Mary Carr and Kenneth Harlan.

Harry Carvон Prod. Harry Carvon directing with Lefty Flynn and Dorothy Duan.

Gothic Prod. Sonya Benet and Robert Ellis appearing in "Lawless Blood."

B. P. SCHUTZBEH PROD. James P. Hogan directing "Ulysses" with Clara Bow and George Hackathorne. Louis F. Borden directing "The Boomerang" with Bert Lytton, Anita Stewart and Philo McCutcheon.

James P. Hogan directing "The Mansion of Javan Ore" with Clara Bow and Ethel Clayton.


FINE ARTS STUDIO, 4500 Sunset Blvd.

Arvid Gillstrom directing an unedited comedy with St John.

FIRST NATIONAL at United Studios.
Frank S. F. Cost Prod. Production will soon commence on "The Public and the Law".

Edwin Carewe Prod. Edwin Carewe has completed "My Son" with Nazimova and Ed Pickard.

Samuel Goldwyn Prod. George Fitzmaurice directing "His Supreme Moment" with Ronald Colman and Blanche Sweet.

Corlaine Griffith Prod. Robert Vignola directing "Lantern" with Corlaine Griffith and Floyd Hughes.

M. C. LEVY PROD. M. C. Levy directing "Living in Sin" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone.

Frank Lloyd Prod. Frank Lloyd will produce "Winds of Chance." Cast not named.


FOX STUDIO, 1001 N. Western Ave.

Lyn Reynolds directing "The Rainbow Trail" with Tom Tully and Alan Carstoff. Edward Mortimer directing "Wild Riders" with Bruce Bennett and Esmond Knight.

LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine Street.
Paul Bern directing "The Dressmaker from Paris" with Leatrice Joy, Allan Forrest and Ernest Torrence.

Alan Crosland directing "Reve's Secret" with Betty Compson.


METRO, GOWYNN, MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Tod Golomb directing "The Unholy Three" with Lon Chaney, Moe Busch and Matt Moore.

C. W. PATTON STUDIOS.
C. W. Patton directing the serial "Idaho" with Milton Hamilton and Vivian Rich.

PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIO, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd. Mary Pickford is about to commence an unedited production under the General Title of Marshall Nolin. Douglas Fairbanks has started "Don Q" with Mary Astor.

PRINCIPAL PRODUCTIONS.
2,750 mona Monies Blvd. Sam Wood will soon commence production on another Harold Bell Wright Story.

HAL ROACH STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

SEIG STUDIO, 3890 Mission Road.
Al Rone directing "Our Country's Front" with Reed Howes and Carmelita Gerachi.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.


VITASERUO STUDIO, 1708 Talmadge St.
David Smith has completed "Pampered Youth" with Alice Calhoun, Cihan Lands and Ben Alexander.


WARNER BROS., 5424 Sunset Blvd.
Ernst Lubitsch directing an unedited production with Bert Lytton. Harry Beaumont completed "Reconcile" with Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and John Roche. Mal St Clair completed "Trapped in the Snow Country." with June Marlowe and David Butler.

EAST COAST

FIRST NATIONAL at Bisograph Studios, 607 East 167th St., N. Y., C. Under supervision of Earl Hudson.

BISOGHRPH PRODUCTIONS, 607 East 175th St., N.Y.C.

PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pere Act. & Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Fort Lee, N. J.
Phil Rosen directing "Hail and Farewell" with Barbara Lu Marr and Conway Tearle.

IN EUROPE

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., in France. Alice Olman directing "The Soul of Folly" with Gloria Swanson and Rod La Rocque.

METRO-GOLDYWN CORP.
In Rome—Frida Schieo directing "Ben Hur," with Umberto Noris, Mary Mayney, Emanuele Nardin, Carmel Myers, Kathleen Keats, Nino Maglia, Heuler, Claire McDowall, Frank Currier and Andras Randolph.

In France—Production will soon commence on "Seven Nations." Rex Ingram directing with Alice Terry and Annonio Montoro.

CHANGES IN TITLES

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.
"The Ultimate Good" will be released as "Bad Company."

"Sky High" will be released as "Introduce Me."

"The Great Air Mail Robbery" will be released as "The Sky Raider."

FIRST NATIONAL PRODUCTIONS.
"The Interpreter's House" will be released as "I Want Your Man."

"Judgment" will be released as "Her Husbands's Secret."

"Woman Without End" will be released as "His Supreme Moment."

METRO-GOLDYWN PRODUCTIONS.
"The Square Peg" will be released as "The Wooden Horse."

"Kings in Exile" will be released as "Confessions of a Gentleman."

"The Simulac" will be released as "The Way of a Girl."

"Woman's World" will be released as "Lady of the Night."

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
"Lord Chamley" will be released as "Forty Ninth Street."

PATHE EXCHANGE, Inc.
"The Desert Fiddler" will be released as "Percy."

"The Girl Vagrant" will be released as "Idaho."

PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORP.
"Viennese Madness" will be released as "The Crimson Hound."

WARNER BROS.
"On Thin Ice" will be released as "The Dear Pretender."

BUSINESS NEWS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 46th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City.

New York College of Refrigeration Pictures, 75 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Distributed Pictures Corporation, 366 Madison Ave., New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 452 Fifth Ave., New York.

Film Booking Offices of America, Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Fox Film Corporation, 108 Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palm photographs Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Cali.

Pathé Exchange, 35 West 46th St., New York City.

Pathé Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothschild Film Corp., Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

Sabin Productions, 1650 Broadway, New York City.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Wright Film Mfg. Company, Rockefeller Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Vitascope Corporation of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.
The Court of Last Appeal

YOU are the judge and the jury. Your verdict is final. There can be no appeal—for this is the High Court of Public Opinion.

The wares of the world must appear before you—the product of every factory—the merchandise of every store. Those things that fail to measure up to your requirements are quickly condemned to oblivion.

The manufacturer who advertises deliberately places his merchandise on trial. He openly courts your critical inspection. He invites comparison. He directs your attention to his goods, and then forces those goods to stand on their own merits.

If he were not sure of his wares he would not dare to advertise. For advertising would put him to a test he could not meet, and thus hasten the end of his business career. It would be business suicide.

You can depend on the man who advertises. He knows his product is good.

That's one reason why it pays to read the advertisements you find in this magazine. It is through advertising that you are able to keep in touch with the good things that progressive business men are spending their money to introduce and to keep before you.

Base your judgment on the advertisements
When you care for your hair with an Ajax comb you get to a superlative degree the combined benefits of quality, utility—and safety. &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &nbsp; &n
Where Pyorrhea Starts

Is frequently in that dangerous film on teeth—(run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it)

The simple new tooth care that foremost dental authorities now urge as scientific hygiene—what to do and how.

Are you living in dread of pyorrhea, think maybe you are susceptible to it? The hygienic rule most widely urged is very simple. Follow it, say men of science, and you will have better protection.

Combating film at least three times daily: that, in a few words, is what all are urged to do.

This offers you a 10-day test free of the new way to fight it. Simply use the coupon.

Look for film—then do this
Most tooth troubles today are traced to a film that forms on teeth. A viscous film that you can feel by running your tongue across your teeth.

That film is the chief enemy of good teeth. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth. If your present dentifrice doesn't combat it successfully, it's inadequate.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it.

And they, with tartar, based on film, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Now new methods fight it
For years men of science have given their best in seeking an effective combatant of that film.

Ordinary tooth pastes do not cope with it adequately. Harsh, gritty substances were discarded as dangerous to enamel. Soap and chalk were judged inadequate. Numerous methods have been tested and found wanting.

Now modern dental science has found two new combatants and embodied them in the modern tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Its action is to curdle the film. Then, harmlessly, to remove it. A scientific method different in formula, action and effect from any other dentifrice.

Throughout the civilized world, leading dentists urge this new method.

To millions it has proved the folly of dull and dingy teeth. To millions it offers daily a better protection against pyorrhea, tooth troubles and decay.

It meets better the exactments of modern tooth hygiene.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. It neutralizes mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to better digest starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Note, too, that it results in glinting teeth quickly. Under that film is the tooth clearness you envy in others.

What you find will surprise you. You are urged to make the test. It will cost you nothing.

FREE Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube to 
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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"How can I make the man I love love me?"

Of course you want to look as well as you can. That is a long step on the road of happiness in married life. You are right, too, in desiring to save as much as you can to pay for the home. A reasonable husband is grateful for his wife's economies when they lead to such an end as a home. But also he likes to see her look her best. It is natural and masculine for a man to want to be proud of his wife's appearance.

Judging by your description, which is a modest one, I should say that you have the foundation for much attractiveness. I like what you tell me of your coloring. I would fluff my hair more at the top. Buy a small flat comb, fasten the top hair with it, pushing the hair toward the front. Discard your side part. This will make your face look longer. Wear your dresses reasonably low at the neck to take away from the fatty appearance of your cheeks and chin. A stringent applied twice a day with cotton will gradually reduce that heaviness. I would mix two powders in equal parts to gain the desired tints. You will have to choose a foundation that will permit the efforts to banish the shininess of your nose. Have you tried a vanishing cream? I advise a deep shade of rouge and lip-stick for your type. Face-paints and other trinkets of the brilliant reds and orange verdicts that are the mode, with brown or black dresses, would emphasize your coloring and be exceedingly becoming. I wish you success in looking well on a small income. Some of the most effective dresses I know are women with small incomes who supplement their dollars with thought and taste.

Discouraged, Buffalo, N. Y.

To go college, if you can. The discipline of college life is a character builder in most instances. And you will learn much that will illuminate life for you. Don't fear being overstocked with information. Sir Isaac Newton, who discovered the law of gravitation, complained near the end of his life that he knew so little.

Dorothy, Madison, N. J.

Sand, tan, beige, or any of the shades of gray harmonize with your natural color scheme. Occasional wearing of a dark shade of blue or brown or green will furnish variety for your wardrobe and bring into prominence other tints of your eyes and hair. I would not tamper with my weight if I were you. It seems to be normal.

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

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

—The Editor
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—Advertising Section

JOAN, DULUTH, MINS.

I think that with your special fitness for it you would find keeping an art shop a pleasant and profitable occupation. Of course beginnings are always difficult. But I judge you do not fear work. If smoking makes you nervous you would better stop it. A permanent cure for blackheads is to keep the face free from dust and use one of the excellent astringents recommended to tighten the pores. If I were you I would not interfere with my present weight. I would let time fill out the hollows and change the angles to curves. With your coloring, granted a fair complexion that is not too pale, you are not restricted as to colors in dress.

ALICE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

You are not too short. If you do not allow yourself to add more flesh you will remain a petite type, which is modest and much admired. I recommend medium rouge and lip-stick for one of your coloring. Henna shades are your very own. How lucky you are this season. I hope that in all things you will always be as fortunate.

GLADYS, BEVERLY, MASS.

Persevere in the use of the remedies for superfluous hair. Repeated applications weaken them and discourage future growth.

MRS. R. H., CHICAGO, ILL.

Lonely widowhood is a sad state, Mrs. H. There is no remedy for it save to be as agreeable as you can to the persons who you think would be good successors for your husband. Agreeable but not too anxious.

DISCOURAGED, MAREEN, CHICAGO, ILL.

If you are as plain as you think you are, avoid severe mannish clothes. Wear soft white, or light, fluffy things about your neck. Your dresses should be full and draped or flounced. I would experiment with samples of brown that tone in well with your hair and blue samples that blend with your eyes. They need not be of the same shades but should harmonize with the hair and eyes. You should look very well in a brown gown with sash and facings of blue.

ROSALIND, KENT’S HILL, ME.

Time will aid you in filling those hollows, my dear. But if you want to aid nature there are oils and creams and exercises that will serve the purpose of plumping up your neck and shoulders. Deep breathing, raising the arms above the head and slowly lowering them, raising and lowering the head and moving it from side to side, so that you can feel the stretching of the muscles, are helpful exercises. Nourishing creams or oils patted gently and plentifully into the thin neck and shoulders will enrich their curves.

BABA, WASHINGTON, D. C.

You do not weigh too much but do not gain another pound or you will. You have not told me whether your complexion is fair, dark or medium, so I shall have to guess as to suitable colors for you. Black or brown with trimmings of blue would be charming if you were older. For the present I recommend the blue shades, the garment of them. Pink is not a good color for the pallid sisters. It emphasizes their pallor. I think you liked the curled bob with a fringe of curling bang for your type. I have known very encouraging results from the use of the brush about which you inquire. Plenty of outdoor exercise, deep breathing, avoidance of rich food, with plenty of water drinking, should clear your complexion in a few weeks. Blackheads are dust dried in the pores. Press them gently out. Pat cold cream into the pores to heal the irritation and use one of the astringents that are in the market for such cases as yours. Try each soap to determine which is adapted to your skin. The cream about which you inquire is an excellent one for complexions.

Facial packs are much used. I have seen marvelous results from them in freshening the skin.

How many times a day do you powder?

DOES the powder you use stay on? Or must you renew it frequently to keep the shine from your nose—to keep your complexion fresh and lovely? For one day, make note of the number of times you must do this.

The next day, use Encharma Cold Cream Complexion Powder. Through force of habit, you will probably find yourself reaching often for your powder puff. But wait—is it necessary? This is a different powder. Not only is it softer, smoother, more velvety of texture, as you found when you first put it on—but it clings until removed. It keeps your complexion at its best! That’s why women everywhere are calling it "The Perfect Powder."

Secure Encharma today—make this comparison! Sold everywhere—in fascinating oval box, with downy puff enclosed. Flesh, White or Rachel. Or, mail coupon below for a generous miniature box—FREE.

Send for Encharma
Test Sample Today!

LUXOR LIMITED
Chicago Address:
1355 W. 31st St.

I wish to test Encharma in the powder “that clings until removed.” Send me test size miniature—FREE.

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T O I L E T  R E Q U I S I T E S  O F  E N D U R I N G  C H A R M

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
IT is estimated "Ben Hur" will cost three million, I can believe it. Recently it was found that the Joppa Gate, a set towering to the height of a three story building, cannot be photographed on one side until the 4th of July on account of the sun. The Italian sun evidently is not as snappy as the Californian. When you realize that it has cost just to photograph the sunny sides of the actors you will realize the total outlay in salaries alone.

May McAvoy will collect around fifty thousand, and Ramon Novarro in the region of a hundred and fifty thousand.

But spare your souls for the poor company. Sid Grauman, the California exhibitor, has contracted to show the picture for a solid year in his Hollywood Egyptian theater, at a minimum profit to the company of $300,000. This is but one theater in the land. The Knickerbocker in New York has been leased for two years' showing.

The players may be kept off the screen for a time but it looks as though that once back they will never more vacation.

WERE I a producer planning a historical picture I would go to Ernst Lubitsch with my derby and a half million dollars in the other and, after a humble obeisance, say:

"Sir, I come to ask a great boon in return for a negligibly half million shekels. Instead of spending them on additional sets and bolting extras I've decided to lavish them on Lubitsch. Go do as thou likest with the picture and awaken me when thou hast finished."

Ernst Lubitsch is the one director who can be relied upon to quicken dead history. The rest, with slight exception, merely unshroud it and show us the bones.

RAQUEL MELLER, the Spanish singer appearing in Paris, was considered a part in "Mare Nostrum," being produced there by Ingram. She expressed great interest but could not name a salary except that it would be about three thousand a week more than Mary Pickford gets. Miss Meller continued to sing.

URING the production of "Monsieur Beaufacque" there were rumors that Natacha Rambova held sceptered sway over costumes, sets and even direction. The poor director, according to dispatches, could only sit at one side in high amusement and await the inevitable failure.

The inevitable failure turned out to be a triumphant success. The director, the players, the camera man and the designers were all atomized with adjectives and permitted their bows. Carna Natacha was left in the shade; no spotlight found her.

But I, for one, have not forgotten those early subway reports. So I am sending a nosegay of forget-me-nots to Regina Rambova. "I give her and Rex the biggest slice of the pie for the success of M. Beaufacque. To the fighters belong the spoils."

AN unknown actor who had an ambition for starring in Ingram pictures asked Rex and Alice Terry to view a two-reeler which he had produced. Before unrolling it he explained impressively that he played all the characters in the film and appeared as six when a rat ran out from under a bed in a scene. "My Heavens!" shrieked Alice, "he is playing the rat, too!"

THE bootlicking banquets of the film realm recall those feudal affairs where courtiers made fawning toasts to their chief while whetting knives under the table or maneuvering poison into his lordship's goblet.

They are feasts of farcical humor until they bore by repetition. Producers, directors and actors are billed with attar of roses by their "Yes" men.

A noted producer who has endured many of these fetes in his honor once groaned aloud to me behind closed doors.

"Pride, pride, pride," he wailed. "Most of these directors and players have more pride in the little finger than President Coolidge has in his whole body.

"It's a terrible business, this movie business, the worst I think the world has known. It turns men into something like jackals. I don't want men crouching into my office to 'yes' me. Why do they do it?"

The reason is simple. Most of the people in the picture business are so ridiculously overpaid in proportion to the service they render the world that even they know it in their quaking hearts. And so they try to hang on by propagating the gods with flattery and desperate indifference.

Poor little Oui-Oui men, how much happier they would be if they gave up the bluff and went back to their ploughs, their barber chairs, or confident chauffeurs' seats, where once again they could bellow that forgotten word "No!"

RAMON NOVARRO has as little vanity about dress as John Barrymore. Some one took him to task, declaring that to impress people he should dress as becomes a famous star. Ramon accordingly dug himself up in the histrionic fashion, spats, stick, dove grey hat, and called on his Italian tailor.

"I impressed him all right," he muttered lugubriously. "It's charging me a thousand lire more for my suits."

SINCE coming to Rome to play in "Ben Hur" Kathleen Key has been trailed by battalions of ardent courtiers. At a Christmas party attended by a hundred and fifty members of the "Ben Hur" company, Kath-"I saw nothing but Rome," she said while her mother, averse to make an emotional speech. It commenced tearfully with "I'm all alone here in Rome—Whereupon the company, who work with remarkable dispatch, by six gallants disputing outside as to which had the date for escorting her home.

MAY McAVOY came over to play opposite Novarro, expecting to spend five weeks but she has been here three months without a glance at the camera. "It looks as though I'll sign for life," sighs May. But she's a heroine. She's bravely planning to stage a come-back.

BOBBED hairless actresses of Hollywood have been donating their cast off tresses to crippled children as wigs for dolls. This brought to light the pathetic case of a husband of one who appeared in court with his old moth-eaten toupee to ask an injunction restraining his wife, declaring charity commenced at home. The warm hearts of the girls were instantly touched, and a number of surprise benefits. I have inside dope to the effect that Cecil De Mille may presently appear as a toky blond with a permanent wave.

No Reason Now for Gray Hair

Remarkable Clean, Colorless Liquid Quickly Restores Original Shade

A few years ago gray hair had to be endured, or mussy, insufficient dyes were used, which gave the hair a "colored" or streaked, uneven appearance. Now you can simply apply the clean, colorless liquid, known as Kolor-Bak, to your hair and quickly restore its former shade and natural appearance. Results often appear in a week. Hundreds of thousands of people have used it.

It is simply amazing to see how quickly Kolor-Bak restores the original shade, no matter what it was—brown, black, auburn, blonde—and the hair takes on new "life" and beauty.

Kolor-Bak also banishes dandruff and itching scalp, stops falling hair and gives it renewed vitality. It is not sticky, greasy or mussy. It is as easy to use as water.

Ask Your Dealer

So popular is Kolor-Bak because of its merit that it is sold everywhere. Ask any druggist or toilet supply dealer. No need to furnish a sample of your hair as the one clean, colorless liquid is for any gray hair regardless of former shade. If Kolor-Bak does not bring the desired results, your money will be instantly refunded.

Kolor-Bak
Banishes Gray Hair

Dealers Everywhere Sell Kolor-Bak with Money-Back Guarantee

"My Hair Was Quite Gray."

"Only a short time ago I was gray. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared. Kolor-Bak stopped the itching, dandruff and falling. Must wonder-ful of all, however, is that my hair is my original shade. I look 10 years younger." (A typical letter)

Read what Richard Barthelmess and his wife, Mary Hay, have to say about marriage problems in next month's Photoplay.
Tom Mix's Own Story
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65
long they'd plumb forgot what little they had been taught. Moreover, those horses had been broke by cowboys without any artillery hung on them and entirely devoid of sabres.

I want to tell you that when those Tommy Atkins, with sabres a-rattling and all sorts of other instruments and buttons jingling, mounted my broncs, it sounded in two minutes like somebody had thrown a dozen kitches down the side of a mountain. Those horses had no sabres in their curriculums whatever, and they objected to them with what you might call ostentatious vim and vigor. The British army was busier with those caususes for a few days than they were with the Boers. But pretty soon we got them all rounded up again, and I started in breaking them right and proper.

The Tommyes were crazy about American riding, and I used to give exhibitions on the parade ground in the afternoon, combining my work with their pleasure, because some outlaws in that outfit sure needed right smart attention before they could be brought to see life in the right way.

Just the same, my sympathies were with the Boers and I decided, they being the underdog as it were, that as soon as I got my work cleaned up I'd go off and join the Boer army. Being on the sidelines was getting a little tiresome.

Tom Is Taken Prisoner
Well, I want to tell you right now that the most flabbergasted I ever was in my whole life was when I first saw part of the Boer army. I never saw so many whiskers in my whole life. All I could see in every direction was whiskers. They weren't just little beards, they were full-length muffs, those were. I got an idea at first maybe they gave out the best jobs to the biggest whiskers because General Cronje and Oom Paul Kruger, president of the Dutch Transvaal Republic, had the two finest sets I ever saw. They were short, round, little men and didn't look much like our American troops, but they were grand fighting men, with the courage of lions.

I didn't turn out to be much help to the Boers, though, because in my very first battle, the battle of Spion Kop, we were overpowered and forced to surrender and I was taken prisoner. The British government didn't know exactly what to do with us at first, because while we were prisoners of war—there were quite a lot of Americans who had been captured with the Boers—we were still American citizens. So they decided that the best thing to do was to ship us back to the United States, which they did.

There were about a hundred of us, and I don't mind telling you that it was a pretty wild bunch of young adventurers and soldiers of fortune.

When we landed at the Philadelphia navy yard and I showed my honorable discharge papers—some of the boys had left the United States Army without stopping to say goodbye to Uncle Sam—I started back west, and joined up with the ten Ranch outfit, owned by the Miller Brothers.

From then on until I went into motion pictures in 1910, I lived my life on the plains and in the mountains of the Great West. And the Great West it was—a land of adventure, of danger, of rich reward. It was a new country and law and order were by no means fairly established. The West of Yesterday has made unbelievable progress in the last quarter of a century, and its great ranches, its vast herds of cattle, its romantic and picturesque cowboys, its miners and its raw, wild little towns are gone forever. They had to go, to make way for the advance of civilization, but their passing makes many of us a little sad.

With them, has gone the cowboy of the old days, the most picturesque figure this nation ever produced—the cowboy sitting so loosely and gracefully in his saddle, with his bronzed

Protect your gums and save your teeth
Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink, serious dangers result.

The teeth are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves become tender and bleed easily. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They often disfigure the mouth as they recede.

If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent or check Pyorrhea's progress. Forhan's is safe, efficient and pleasant-tasting. It preserves gum health and corrects tender gum spots, hardens gum tissues so they will offer proper support to the teeth, and keeps your mouth fresh and healthy.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT
BRUSH YOUR TEETH AGAIN
TO REGAIN THE TURNTIDE OF DENTAL PROGRESS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

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In the Hollow of Her Hand

What a firm hold lovely hands seem to get on a young man’s heart!
There’s something irresistible about them when soft, slender fingers are bewitched with lovely gleaming nails—something that appeals to every man. And how easy it is now for every girl to have the well-kept hands that Fashion and good breeding demand!

Just a touch with the handy Glazo brush, a moment’s drying—and your nails are glowing like beautiful pearls, with a lustre that soap and water cannot dim and which will last a week.

Be Sure to Use the Remover

Glazo is the original Liquid Polish. It comes complete with separate remover, which not only insures better results but prevents the waste that occurs when the Polish itself is used as a remover.

Stop at your favorite toilet goods counter today and get the Glazo package. It will mean lovely nails always, with the minimum of exertion and expense. 50¢ at all counters.

GLAZO!

Nails Stay Polished Longer— No Buffering Necessary

Try GLAZO Cuticle Massage Cream

It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy.

For trial size complete GLAZO Manicuring Outfit, write name and address in margin, tear off and mail with 10¢ to

The Glazo Co., 28 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.

face and keen eyes, his bright handkerchief and big chaps. I hope the people of this country won’t soon forget him, and I reckon they won’t, for no one has been more splendidly sung in song and story and poetry.

I haven’t room here to tell you much of the life we led. We worked hard, long hours. We slept under the stars. If I had a good horse and enough to eat, I was happy. And I learned there the simple philosophy that has never failed me and that will never fail any man—to keep my mind and my body clean; not to eat too much; to sleep plenty in the open air; to keep myself physically fit always; to respect all women, shoot straight, play fair, care for the weak and overcome the evil.

I roamed all over Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Montana, Wyoming and the two Dakotas. I worked on the ranches, drifted back to the try Ranch outfit that went out with their Wild West show, I did exhibition riding and shooting and won a few contests, and I was an officer of the law in this great new country in a lot of different places.

Tom Meets “T. R.”

It was during those years that I met Teddy Roosevelt again—in San Antonio. I was sitting among singing some cowboy songs, or I guess it’d be better to say I was trying to sing among them, when a stranger who had been through and said, “I am Teddy Roosevelt. I enjoyed those songs a lot.” And I said, “Pleased to meet you, Colonel. I am Tom Mix.” Well, if he didn’t remember me, and when he came to Oklahoma to do some hunting, he asked me to be his guide. That was the biggest honor I ever had, and I’ll never forget that man—that man—those days. He typified all that was best of the Great West that he loved. When he was inaugurated, I went up to Washington to see it. I was so proud I reckon I acted like I’d been made president. And he hadn’t forgotten us and entertained me and my gang that I’d brought along.

It was early in those days, too, that I got married for the first time. She was the daughter of a rancher in Oklahoma. Young folks make some queer mistakes like that. We did. And later my wife got a divorce and the second time I was the luckiest man that ever lived, but I’ll come to that later on.

Most of my really thrilling adventures came while I was acting as officer of the law, and because of that and before I tell you about a few of them, there’s one point I’d like to make.

Those were the days of the war against the cattle thieves, the rustlers, and I suppose to folks nowadays I handled it all somewhat in a pretty summary fashion. Well, I’ll admit we didn’t mince matters any with those birds, and we handed them out justice in severe and large doses. But it was necessary, and much as some of us hated it, it had to be done.

I expect our courts were kind of crude, but we never forgot our point and we had to settle things quick or we’d have got ourselves into a mess. We were fighting for our very existence in those settler days, and fighting against great odds, because cattle stealing was profitable and because of the vast stretch of land, not populated country it was easy and so the rustlers formed great organizations, and what was almost civil war prevailed. Cattle thieving had to be put down or the west couldn’t survive. Distances were tremendous. Population was mighty small. The rights of property had to be guarded above everything, if we were to advance.

After the first great years, cattle raising was a hard toilsome business and a man was ruined if he lost many of his animals. Often, too, a man’s life, his home, and his future could end the same. He had on his belt a black powder pistol and a belt buckle that caught the light, and showed him up to me like he’d be a target. I shot low, and got him through the leg. It brought his horse down and his gun flew out of his hand. I collected their guns then and took them into the dugout.

Well, I couldn’t make them, because of the way they were shot up, so I had to stay in their dugout with them for four days. I’d told the boys which way I was going, and I figured when I didn’t show up they’d come looking for me. So I didn’t. I hid them and the nearest we could get to the dugout. It was the best thing we could do, and I didn’t dare to go to sleep. I knew they were desperate—capture meant death—and would take any chance they could, and their men might come before mine did. So I couldn’t go to sleep, and being shut up in a dugout for four days with men who want to
When hair is beautiful - BEWARE - say Nature's 3 warning signals

Even the most beautiful hair may be doomed to destruction.

Beneath the beauty of today—the scalp warns you of baldness tomorrow. Hair experts say that a perfectly healthy scalp is hard to find. No head is safe—but most scalp troubles can be avoided—if you start soon enough.

Fortunately, Nature has provided 3 warning signals to tell you that your scalp needs care.

1. If your scalp is too oily—beware!
2. If your scalp is very dry—beware!
3. If you find dandruff—beware!

Once you discover which of these conditions threatens your hair—you can adopt one of the three treatments, shown here, to keep the scalp healthy and the hair beautiful.

Wildroot Hair Tonic plays a large part in such methods. Used alone, its chief purpose is to clean and condition the scalp—to make the hair lustrous—and to remove dandruff. Put a bottle on the bathroom shelf, where you can use it frequently.

Two special combinations of Wildroot products are suited to combat the dangerous conditions of excessive oil—and over-dryness.

Read the three simple rules. All druggists carry Wildroot preparations.

Is your scalp dry?

Once every other week, give yourself this treatment: Remove dandruff from scalp by applying Wildroot Hair Tonic. Then gently massage a tablespoonful of Wildroot Taroleum into the scalp. Cover your head with a hot towel for five minutes. With more Taroleum and warm water, shampoo the hair. Rinse well, and follow with cold water.

Is your scalp oily?

Shampoo the hair once each week, using the following treatment: Rub a tablespoonful of Wildroot Taroleum into the scalp with your finger tips. Apply warm water, and let the snowy, antiseptic lather absorb the oily dirt. Rinse thoroughly, and follow with cold water. When dry, massage the scalp with Wildroot Quinine Hair Dress.

Have you found dandruff?

Two or three times a week (in severe cases, every day), apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the scalp. This should be done in the most thorough manner, parting the hair so as to reach every spot on the scalp—and massaging gently with the fingers. Finish by dressing the hair with the tonic, one strand at a time.

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Your hair can look professionally curled every day...

with the new
West Electric
BOBBED HAIR CURLER

That lovely coiffure with the soft becoming curls! It can be yours every day, and so quickly you'll be amazed—if you use these new West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers.

No heat. No sticky lotions. No keeping the hair up all night. Nothing to break or tear the hair. Just dampen your hair, roll it up in the curler and lock the curler. When the hair is dry, slide out the curler without unwinding the hair.

Does not disturb the curl

This is the only curler that can be removed from the hair without disturbing the curl. It means that your hair is curled (not frizzed) — and stays curled twice as long. Moreover, it is the simplest of all curlers to use, and curls even the shortest hair.

Try these new West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers. They cost only 25 cents for a card of 5, or 10 cents for a card of 2. If your dealer hasn't them, fill out and mail the coupon below. The West Electric Hair Curler Co., Philadelphia, Pa.—The West Electric Hair Curler Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.

There wasn't anybody around—it was just about closing time. In a minute the bar-keeper says to me, "Tom, there was a shot fired in that back room." I says, "Well, if there was they must have used a cap pistol, because I didn't hear it.

Just then the door swung open and Driscoll came back. He looked kind of white and had his hand held close to him and I saw a little blood on it, but he didn't say anything and I thought he'd just got mixed up in the hand and wasn't hurt bad. I said, "Say, what's going on in there?" He says, "Three Mexicans insulted my wife and I found them there, but—they got away." Well, I didn't stop to listen. I started into that back room and out through the window, looking for any greaser that had insulted a white woman.

One of them I caught up the road away, and I dropped him with a bullet in his ankle so he couldn't run. But it was an awful dark night, and there was nothing anywhere about the Mexican riding on the road.

I took this one Mexican back into the saloon, and there I found Driscoll had been shot through the stomach and was dying. I got the lights pulled down quick and stuck the Mexican under there so Driscoll could see him, and he identified him all right, and told me who the others were. I says to him, "Driscoll, I lay down that you didn't come and tell me about this, instead of taking the law in your own hands." But he just looked at me, and I understood. It was his wife. He didn't know what to do.

As I came out of the saloon, a fellow came up and said he'd seen a Mexican hiding in a big mortar mixer down the street. We looked, but he was gone. I says I saw a Mexican riding out of town and he had mortar on his shoes, so I brought him back.

Well, I was busy with the trials and hangings for a couple of weeks, I had to testify about everything, and couldn't get started out after the third murderer. When I did, strangely enough, it led me right into the biggest gang of cattle thieves that I had ever mixed up with. At first I had found out that this Mexican was pretty smart and was a sort of lieutenant for a man named Blair.

Among Cattle Thieves

Now Blair owned the Lone Tree Ranch, and I'd had my eye on him and it for some time. It was a bum ranch that had been practically abandoned behind it, just moved up from its location. But it was near the borders of two other states. This man Blair was suspected of being the head of a lot of rustlers, and a sort of cattle thieves. I was sure all the stock he had was stolen, but he was an old timer and none too easy to trap with the goods. He was a dangerous man to handle, and he had cached wire fences well organized as I soon found out.

I was pretty sure he was driving four or five steer off at a time, from across the state line, butchering the horses and the trees and selling the meat at outrageous prices to the big railroad grader camp down the road, and finally one day when I was trailing this Mexican that had stayed a while, and got evidence that satisfied me and that I reckoned would satisfy any Colorado jury that ever sat.

I rode back into town that night looking for some of my diplomas to start out, because I wanted to move fast. But it just happened that there wasn't a soul I could lay my hands on. They were off on other jobs. I know this Mexican supposed I got my lies about myself and to Blair in time, they'd either get away or they'd barricade themselves in the ranch so they would mean a lot of people would get hurt. If I didn't get there when the riled, the best thing to do was to ride over quick and quiet and try to take Blair myself, and take a chance on rounding up the others afterwards. I started off, and Old Blue on my mind, he was the most wonderful horse that ever lived and I loved him like a brother—crossed the creek north of Two Buttes, and started east. It was cold, bright February morning, and it was awful rough country. There wasn't much use trying to make time on those trails, but Old Blue knew I was in a hurry and he did his best. Along about noon I met at the big old pine standing up all by itself against the blue sky—that's where the ranch got its name.

I slowed up and looked around cautiously, but the place seemed deserted. I rode up as casual as I knew how and knocked on the door of the ranch.

Nobody answered and I got suspicious and pretty sore, for fear they'd be saving to me and got away. I knew Blair was one of the worst—his biggest inducements for evil in the country and I wanted to take him.

As I came around the corner of the house to the side that faced the barns and corrals, some-one hit me like an express train, and knocked me off my horse. As a matter of fact, there were fourteen slugs of buck shot in me, and they all hit me right then.

Well, it sure must have been a mighty smart job, not only because it hurt like blazes, but to think I'd ridden into it, like some tenderfoot, and let those low-lived cattle thieves plug me that way. Any way, that shot was driving me loco and I was convinced that one of those men was the Mexican I wanted.

I kicked the door in shooting all the time, and when I got it, I had no time to look for the one that had fired for all I was worth right at them. I shot so fast and so hard I made a kind of screen for myself I guess. I was plumb crazy by that time any way. That last shot was driving me loco and I was convinced that one of those men was the Mexican I wanted.

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“Everyone is looking at you, dear”

“They can’t help admiring you—you are so beautiful!” he whispered, looking down at her pink and white beauty. Her heart was lighter than her golden slippers, for she knew the secret that made everyone admire her—and made him more devoted than ever.

She had learned from Madame Jeanette Low to apply her Pompeian Bloom (for youthful color).

Do you know that a touch of Bloom in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty? Do you also know that Pompeian Bloom enjoys the widest use the world over, by all women who need youthful color.

Mme. Jeanette's Beauty Treatment

First, a bit of Pompeian Day Cream to make your powder cling and prevent "shine." Next, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder to all exposed portions of face, neck, and shoulders.

Lastly, just a touch of Pompeian Bloom. Perfect! The face is beautified in an instant. Shade Chart for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Bloom.

Medium Skin: The average American woman has the medium skin, and should use the Medium shade of Pompeian Bloom or the Orange Tint.

Olive Skin: Women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the Dark Shade of Pompeian Bloom.

Pink Skin: This youthful-looking skin is not "florid," but has real pink tones. Medium or Light tone of Pompeian Bloom should be used. Sometimes the Orange Tint is exquisite on such a skin.

White Skin: Few women have a decidedly white skin—they may use the Light or the Medium Bloom.

At all toilet counters, 60c. (Slightly higher in Canada.)
GLORIA walked out calmly enough, and went through the rehearsal with commendable poise. But when the camera started to crank, she gave a prophecy of the emotional actress she has since become. The fervor and the art of the work sent the camera into a panic, and at the conclusion of the scene he almost embraced her. She was overwrought when she left the set and she broke down crying in her dressing room.

In the projection room it was found that her scene was a "knockout." But while everybody was rejoicing at the finding of a new actress, orders were given to rewrite the picture, eliminating the scene and to retake that part of the picture.

Gloria's splendid burst of acting, though running but a hundred and fifty feet, had so bewildered the work of the star who led the picture that, in a fit of rage, she ordered Gloria removed altogether. Gloria's effort, launched by demand, the actress at what she thought was the propitious moment, prevented her from ever getting another good chance on the Essanay lot. She had to go West and become one of the Keystone girls and then through long apprenticeship to stardom. Gloria Swanson's career has been no easy one.

And there was Agnes Ayres. I believe that her recent pictures was a case of pure chance. Her health was not good and the doctor had ordered her to loaf a while. Loafing did not appeal to the frail girl and she droned away to "watch them taking moving pictures."

When I first knew her, pictures amused her. She liked them immensely, but they seemed so useless. She had hoped to be another Loring Taft, the sculptor, who modeled her classic head and face and shoulders into clay. And she had the viewpoint of the studio on moving pictures. But it was not kept before she succumbed to the fascination of the Kleigs and Cooper Hewitts and became as eager as any other girl to get a chance to act. And she got many chances. Unhappily, she did not get the big chance. She had to leave Essanay and serve her apprenticeship further West. Well, moving picture acting, like that of the theatre, is a
There is no denying Virginia’s pulchritude. One day the studio door opened and she came in. Soon the news was abroad that “a peach” was down on the mourners’ bench. Picture a number of young men stepping casually down to ask Miss Erin Hogan, the telephone operator, a totally unnecessary question. Miss Hogan’s board was across from Virginia’s.

Virginia was frankly interested in a moving picture studio. She was as frankly oblivious of the various young men. Also she was calm with the calm of the perfectly healthy young female. Babilee, the casting director, coming upon her, hired her at once for a mob scene.

Her beauty pushed her right out of the mob into bit and there the directors first found the reverse of that thoroughly poised young woman’s makeup. Virginia had a sense of humor. When she was told to weep or to rant, she just smiled. I remember that very Windom, directing her in a “Small Town Guy,” threw up his hands and told her that, as she had about as much sentiment as an iceberg, she might as well quit the pictures. But I see by the “illums” that Virginia is getting along fine.

And there’s Helen Ferguson who has just had her nose fixed and is being cast for all sorts of big leading women’s parts.

Why, I knew Helen when—

Helen first came on the lot accompanied by her mother. She had just dropped her dress to ankle length and was very conscious of the fact that she was growing up. Helen’s mother was always with her.

There around the lot for a long time before her chance came and during the interim Helen worked in mob scenes and watched unceasingly. Her pluck and ambition was so obvious that a scenario writer sat down with a girl of her type in mind and wrote a two-reeled called “Sundaying in Fairview.” The story dealt with a hard-boiled youth, a policeman, and a small-town lawyer. The thing was brought back to a respect of womanhood by a very young and very innocent maiden.

The scenario writer then went to the superintendent of the studio and Helen’s cause. He demanded that she play the lead.

“Why, that girl is only a child. This isn’t an orphan asylum,” the superintendent objected.

“I know,” said the scenario writer. “But the girl in the story is an orphan and time will cure her youth for her. Give her a chance.”

So Helen got her first chance and she appeared quite frequently in the smaller pictures. Of course she wasn’t made immediately, but the training she received at Essanay was as good training as she is in constant demand at the studios today.

Wallace Beery was always an actor. True, he started on a circus lot and handled elephants. Yet the lure of the performer was on him. That and a desire to create. Wally, when he was directing his brother and Ben Turpin, always showed by example the point he wanted to get over. When he wanted Ben Turpin to get on top of the roof of the Hotel Sherman and hang by one hand. When Ben (there were no substitutes then) did not quite get the idea, Wally climbed up and showed him. Another time, he wanted an actor to ski in an automobile and turn clear around while going full speed. So to show exactly what he meant, he got out his Stutz (remember they were built like buckboards) and skidded as per his own directions in a puddle of water. The result interested him so that he made a regular

To the woman who is not afraid to be frank

Frankness of speech is one thing. Frankness of thought is quite another. And a wholesome thing it is. Nothing more surely given a woman pulse and confidence than the habit of frank, straight thinking about her own physical well-being.

To know the facts about feminine hygiene—that is not delicacy. It is enlightenment. To know the dangers that come from the use of poisonous compounds—that too is enlightenment.

Throw out the “skull and crossbones.”

Women have always been victims of the failure of science to provide a non-poisonous antiseptic which had enough germicidal power to be of practical use. Compounds containing carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury held sway simply because there was nothing to take their place. And both of these are dangerous poisons.

Now all this is changed. Science at last has solved the problem. And the result is the great antiseptic, Zonite, which has proved its value in hundreds of thousands of homes. Mothers need no longer worry that deadly poisons may fall into the hands of their children. In this way, Zonite has proved itself a blessing many times multiplied.

Zonite combines remarkable germ-killing power with complete safety in use. It is actually more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can safely be applied to the human body, and it is more than forty times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen.

Zonite endorsed by hospitals and specialists.

Many members of the medical profession, though endorsing the practice of feminine hygiene as a health measure, have long deplored the use of poisonous, caustic fluids for the purpose. So wender, then, that Zonite has been hailed with satisfaction.

For Zonite, notwithstanding its great germicidal power, is, in its many uses, absolutely harmless to delicate membranes and tissues. In fact, its action is beneficial and mildly stimulating. Dental authorities recommend it highly as a mouth-wash and for oral hygiene generally.

This free booklet offered by the Women’s Division

The Women’s Division has prepared a dainty booklet especially for the use and convenience of women.

Thoroughly and frankly it discusses feminine hygiene and other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc., and its scientific, impersonal treatment of these matters enhances its value in the eyes of the intelligent reader.

Every woman with a sense of responsibility to herself will want to have a copy or to pass a copy along to her friends. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter. A copy will be mailed in dainty “social correspondence” envelope. Use the coupon below.

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*Women’s Division*

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If you prefer Zonite cannot supply you, send for direct to the Zonite Products Co.

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In bottles 50c and $1

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Relieve
sore
throat!

Your throat feels a little sore tonight. You hope it will be better in the morning—but hope may fail where prevention wins.

Gargle with Absorbine, Jr. before retiring! Give the muscles of your throat a rub with it—then wake up after sound sleep with the danger past.

A daily gargle with dilute Absorbine, Jr. strengthens the voice. It keeps the mouth clean. It’s health insurance against winter ills.

Absorbine, Jr. is a complete liniment and masterful antiseptic—stainless and agreeable. It is a tonic to tired, lazy muscles, a healing force for cuts, bruises, sprains.

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Haven't you often wished that you could draw cartoons, illustrate some idea, sketch some pretty face, etc.? You can do all of these things. One of America's most famous Cartoonists has developed a great, simple system for success in all branches of Commercial Art. This system has revolutionized the entire theory of drawing, it means that drawing can be as easy for you as writing—much simpler than learning shorthand, bookkeeping or typewriting. We are now placing this original system for learning Drawing, Art and Cartooning—now teaches you to draw cartoons, illustrations, within reach of every one. If you will devote a few hours each week to the COURSE WE ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE that you will learn to draw and draw well before you have half finished the Course. If we fail to make this claim good, we will refund every cent paid us. By eliminating a large office force for answering correspondence, expensive catalog, etc., we are enabled to make a price of $3.98, the cheapest price ever known for a high-grade, home-study course.

Many have seen us lectures similar to that of Rob'1 P. Davey of Detroit, who wrote: "I can’t see how you ask so little when others with inferior Courses get from 850 to 960. If you want to keep the price down keep the quality up. I think it is a very good thing for the students. It is more than I expected to learn to draw. It is a big asset, no matter what field you are in.

FREE: If you order, we will include a drawing pencil, 400 bits on paper, a key, a thumb tacks, etc., enabling you to go to work without any further expense.

LEBEN'S SCHOOL OF DRAWING, Dept. 878-H, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Cash must accompany orders from outside N.C., S. A.

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WHETHER you wish to adopt a more active career or not, there is nothing in the world that will so quickly develop both beauty, health, grace, poise, charm—as stage dancing. And no method ever devised for this purpose can equal that offered by NED WAYBURN—the man who staged the best editions of "The Follies" (including the "Follies of 1917" now on tour), and 500 other Revues, Musical Comedies and Vaudeville Acts. The Ned Wayburn Courses in Stage Dancing include work of special value to those who are over eight or underweight, or in a nervous, rundown condition. For full information write for our booklet—it tells all about our Courses and our work.

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Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.
1841 Broadway, Studio UC, New York City
Open Daily 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. (except Sat. Eve and Mon.) SPECIAL CLASSES FOR CHILDREN

Send No Money
Just order the course and send your postpaid only $3.98 payable in full for the Enrollee Course and Free Dance Guide. Write today, remittances acceptable. MAIL ORDER DEPT.

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BATHASWEET
The Favorite Luxury of Gentlewomen

To sit into a bath that smells like a flower garden—into water so soft and lapping it seems to caress the body! Bathasweet brings this luxury to you. A sprinkle of it fills the room with fragrance, makes the water soft and soothing, and leaves about you that indefinable, "scentless" perfume that is the very height of distinction. 25c, 50c and $1.00 at Drug and Dept. Stores. Send for free sample can.

THE C. S. WELCH CO. Dept. P.D. NEW YORK CITY
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture
[continued from page 60]

meeting held at Fairbanks' home in Beverly Hills on January 19. About the eighteenth of March, Price arrived in New York to begin operations. The United Artists Corporation of Delaware was incorporated in April, with Oscar Price as president, and William G. McAdoo as general counsel.

United Artists a Sensation

The announcement of United Artists was something of a sensation to the sensation weary film world. The supreme classic remark of the occasion came from Richard Rowland, the head of Metro Pictures Corporation. He received the interesting tidings from Arthur James, press and intelligence agent of Metro. Rowland meditated on the significance of the new move for almost a full second.

"Well," he remarked, "the lunatics have taken charge of the asylum.

It should be added, lest there be an assumption that the comment sprang from snobbery, that Rowland has been philosopher enough to classify himself as ‘one of the accidentally rich.'"

The name of Hiram Abrams came early into the affairs of United Artists and presumably he had been something more of a factor in the formation of the organization than the outward moves indicated. Abrams' long association with Paramount and the Zukor enterprises gave him, in the eyes of the uniting artists, something of the atmospheric value that accompanied the comfortable assurances of the old Famous Players-Artcraft payroll with which they had parted not so long before. McAdoo and Price were a handsome new front, but they seemed to want some of the old back to lean against.

Meanwhile Abrams and Adolph Zukor had fallen apart with considerable depth of feeling. Therefore Abrams might well be expected to make the competition of United Artists with Famous Players-Lasky decidedly snappier.

Differences arose a little quicker than immediately between Price and the United Artists over issues which centered on Abrams' program and plans as general manager of the concern. There was a most animated debate in Douglas Fairbanks' bedroom in a New York hotel, and Price resigned, effective April 15, 1919. Shortly McAdoo also disconnected and sold his shares in the Metropolitan.

Incident to the McAdoo-Price withdrawal a vastly pretentious theater project intended to assure the stars of United Artists a sure avenue to the market went by the boards. This scheme which Price had been engineering included the millions of the Dupont interests, James and Nicholas Brady, E. E. Smathers, a wealthy oil operator, Joseph Godsell, and a consolidation with the then still active Goldwyn concern.

Hazardous Situation of United

The loss of the theater project left the United Artists and the product to the open market, with only box office value of big names to compete against all the intricate machinery of control built up by the big complex corporations. The consequences are beginning to become apparent as this chapter is written, with the trade openly discussing movements by which the famous stars of the United Artists group will be led back into the fold of one of the major organizations.

Meanwhile D. W. Griffith has definitely accepted a re-association with the Zukor enterprises. And this is but one of the big motion picture game. It has very little to do with actual pictures and film, but it has a great deal to do with the interplays of screen war and diplomacy.

800,000 Men have made this test

Written Guarantee to Grow New Hair in 90 Days—or Money Refunded

Science has recently made some unusual discoveries regarding treatment of the hair. One authority states that over 90% of falling hair comes from one cause. A cause that now can be remedied.

**Hair Guaranteed This New Way**

This is to offer you, under money-back guarantee, the new Van Ess treatment for the scalp. Under actual test, it grew hair on 91 heads in 100.

Our proposition is simple. Your own dealer gives the warrant. You take no chance of loss. Either this treatment starts a new growth of hair for you or we refund your money.

**Hair Roots Seldom Die**

Records show 4 men in 7 either bald or partially bald at 40. Yet science proves only 9 men in 100 need ever be bald.

That is because hair roots seldom die from natural causes. Dermatologists used to think baldness denoted dead hair roots—that the roots could not be revived and new hair grown.

**Note This New Way**

You can see from the lettering of this ad that Van Esso is a tonic. It contains a massage and lotion. Do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massager (you). The nippers are hollow, premeditated in a little bottle. Just invert bottle, push your head, and nippers automatically feed lotion down to follicles of the scalp. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.

We proved otherwise. Highest authorities agree. Great dermatologists are now using a similar basic treatment. Hair on 91 heads in 100 is the record.

**Kills The Infected Sebum**

We have traced about 91% of falling hair and baldness to a simple infection of the scalp oil (Sebum).

Sebum is an oil. It forms at the hair follicles. Its healthy function is to supply the hair with oil. But frequently it becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp. It plugs the follicles—forms a breeding place for bacteria. Then germs by the millions start to feed on the hair. Baldness soon follows.

You can see this Sebum on your scalp, either in the form of an oily excretion, or, when dried, as dandruff.

**Where to Obtain It**

Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage is sold at all druggists or toilet counters. Or—by mail. $1.50 per bottle or $4.50 for a 3-bottle 90-day treatment, with which we will send you a written money-back guarantee. Send no money; we will supply by parcel post, collect. Orders from outside U. S. A. must be accompanied by postal money order.

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139 E. Kinzie St. Chicago, U. S. A.
The Most Precious Perfume in the World

Rieger’s Flower Drops are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made with a school of perfumery, is the favorite of some of the greatest in society and on the stage.

The regular price is $15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will at once find and that so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will mail you, free, a sample bottle of Rieger’s Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made. Twenty cents for the world’s most precious perfume! Send Now.

Rieger’s Perfumes—at all Drug and Dept. Stores.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to address below.

Paul Rieger’s Flower Drops

Send Coupon Now

Paul Rieger & Co. (Since 1872)

179 First St., San Francisco, Calif.
Rieger’s for which send to the following:

Rieger’s Flower Drops (odor)

Mon Amour $0.80
Hosannas Bequest 1.00
La Paloma, (The Dove) 1.80
Rieger 2.00
Golden Madonna 2.50

Each delightfully perfumed.

Double Compacts, (powder and paste) $1.50
Compact rouge, (medium—dark—orange) .50

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All the world loves laughing lips and laughing EYES. Popularity comes easily to those with clear, bright, vivacious EYES. They ever challenge attention — ever excite admiration.

EYES of alluring brightness are not fickle Fortune’s gift. Rather, the result from proper care. Daily cleansing with Murine will keep your EYES free from irritating particles and promote a clear, bright, healthy condition. Contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated book on "Eye Care" or "EYE Beauty" are FREE with each request.

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Any girl or woman 15 or over, can easily learn GOWN DESIGNING and SEWING at home by mail. Send for FREE Gown Designing and Sewing Price List.

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MADE FROM THE WORLD’S BEST NOVELS AND STAGE PLAYS

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By Ernst Lubitsch and Max Kraely.

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From David Belasco's Stage Production of Sacha Guitry's "Debracu."

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"The Dark Swan"
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THE SCREEN ARE MADE

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Moisten your hair very slightly—then apply just a touch of Stacomb before you brush it. Your hair will be instantly smooth and lustrous—and it will stay that way all day.

Stacomb also helps prevent dandruff. It keeps your scalp clean, your hair looking better and healthier than ever before. Not sticky or gummy. In jars and tubes or in liquid form, at all drug and department stores.

For stubborn, unruly hair—try this

Shampoo

In 10 Minutes!

A quicker and safer way to wash your hair—Shampooing to be a long-time task—not always safe—and often leaving the hair unmanageable.

In fact, now with Cleero you can thoroughly wash your hair in 10 minutes! Dry it in 15 minutes! And your hair is clean and sweet—not flat and silky. It gleams with new life and sparkle.

And Cleero actually benefits your hair. Because you don’t have to rinse with it. No fear of catching cold. That’s why so many hospitals have adopted Cleero as the standard for their patients.

Best of all, find out for yourself how wonderful it is. Used for 20 years by fashion-hairdressers, Cleero is well worth trying. Make the test. Send 50c in stamps for trial bottle. Then note the difference.

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Send me trial bottle of Cleero. I enclose 50c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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Send me, free, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

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$1800 for a Story!

Recently a writer was paid $1800 for a single short story. Many of our students are earning thousands of dollars annually with their pen. Others, putting them through college, affording them a college education, buying them automobiles, providing them with substantial salaries. You too can learn to write stories that will sell. Courses conducted by many eminent writers, including the late Jack London. Get free list of 300 stories or send in coupon. No obligation. Write for free book, "Basic Writing," and details of our special offer.

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Wrist Watch

Simply send $2.00
White Gold or Platinum
Wrapped in gold, with gold band.

Wrist Watch, 240 francs, comes to you all changes paid. Minimum trade in only. 10 days' trial, money refunded. Price only $42.50.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

If not satisfied with this watch for $2.00, your dollars will be refunded.

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Illustrates and describes thousands of special values to discriminating watch and jewelry—save for trial only once.

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO., Dept. 1268

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Bunions

Here SHAPELY FEET Unburred by Bunions

Penodix® "Solvent" New Way. Palm im-

SITUATION -

Well, glad to hear it. Send us a box of "Solvent" Entry for your own bunion. Thousands are sending. Simply write, "I want to try PENODIX".

KAY LABORATORIES, 166, La Salle St. Dept. F-356 Chicago

Wanted—Railway Mail Clerks

$1400 to $2600 Year, Men $1200. Apply only to American Mail Clerks. Must have experience. Second edition. Penodix® unstable. Write IMMEDIATELY for free list of Government positions now open to American Mail Clerks. Penodix® will not be sent. Contact American Mail Clerks, Dept. 315, 100 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE DEPT 323 ROCHESTER N.Y.

Ladies! Before offering our new creation of imported perfume to the public, we solicit your criticism.

Free Samples Sent. No Obligation.

FRENCH CO., 613 St. Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Today's special advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Nestle Home Outfit for Permanent Waving
("LANOIL" Process Patented)

Films A Target for All
Fifteen years of the motion picture theater and a considerable sprinkling of million-dollar employment contracts had by 1920 sufficed to make the people of the screen the most public figures in the world. A series of events pertaining to what would otherwise have been their private affairs, among important personalities of the screen, now conspired to considerably shock the conventions and mores of the American public.

Most of these affairs, by the distortion of viewpoint, highlighted the quality of sensations, although they were in themselves commonplace enough, among the people of the screen and among the people of the classes so violently affected. So it is not because the events have been in themselves important but because their consequences have so largely affected the screen world, some few of them must be reviewed here.

It seems unfortunate indeed that the first of the recent series of public agitation to be named must be the Pickford divorce, which is none the less a vital element of the history of this phase.

For some years it had been known and the subject of widespread but unprinted comment that Mary Pickford's marriage with Owen Moore, a romantic episode of the old Imp picture days, had resulted unhappily. So largely the public, especially Mary Pickford's public, had rather forgotten or never knew that she was married. Mary was just Mary—America's Sweetheart. And America of all lands would never countenance a married sweetheart.

In an interview with Benjamin de Casseres some years ago she said:

Mary Pickford's One Role
"I play only one role, Mary Pickford. I believe that is the secret of my art—all of art.

In that Miss Mary was correct, superlatively correct.

Not a day before Saint Valentine's day in 1920, Miss Pickford departed from Hollywood in quiet mystery.

A remote ranchhouse on the outskirts of the obscure town of Nevada became the scene in one Gladys Mary Smith Moore. Genoa is a spot for somber chapters of daily romance. It was settled by the Mormons, wanderers of the desert, in 1845, and has since been a lonely town with scarce an inhabitant among its weathered crumbling wooden shacks.

Nearby was the court town of Minden, not far distant, where the lawyer already secured in behalf of Gladys Mary Smith Moore for divorce from Owen Moore on grounds of desertion.

They were like a figure in a melodrama, driven, melodrama like, by a miracle of coincidence, came Owen Moore and a camera man to Virginia City, arriving in the swirling height of a Nevada storm. It was given out that Moore had come to make some snow scenes for a coming picture. It seemed that he was unable

Under the influence of moisture, perspiration, shampoo, fog and bathing, straight hair becomes straighter, but LANOIL waved hair, like naturally curly hair, becomes even prettier and curlier!

Have your straight hair made permanently curly and wavy in your own room, by your sister, mother, husband or friend. LANOIL makes it possible.

A single afternoon, spent pleasantly with the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit will give you charming and lasting waves and curls. Send for free, illustrated booklet.

Each Nestle LANOIL Outfit Contains Free Trial Materials
These you may use to try the Nestle LANOIL Wave in your hair. No charge whatever is made for them, and no deduction taken either for postage or for using the Outfit, should you decide within thirty days that you do not care to keep it.

A Free, Interesting Booklet
If you desire further information before ordering the Outfit, send for our free booklet. If, on the other hand, you desire to give the Home Outfit a free trial immediately, either send us your check, money order, or bank draft for $15, or let us forward it to you C.O.D., and pay the postman when it arrives. The $15 purchase price is considered a merely a deposit, subject to immediate refund, if you so decide.

Nestle's are established in New York and London since 1905. They have been sending forth their famous Home Outfit on this basis since 1922, with satisfaction and pleasure to its purchasers, so do not delay. Send the coupon below, or a letter or postal today for YOUR Home Outfit.

Easy To Do At Home Thirty Days' Free Trial
All we ask is that you make the personal acquaintance of the Nestle Outfit for Permanent Waving. To do this costs you little effort—and NO MONEY.

Send for the Outfit, try it, and if you are not absolutely satisfied with its results, return it within thirty days, and your deposit will be immediately refunded. The directions with the Outfit are clear and simple. The use of it is interesting. The results wonderful. Think of it! Straight, lanky hair all your lifetime—yet from the very day you apply the Outfit—natural lasting waves, curls and ringlets!

The celebrated scientist, Metchnikoff of Paris, said of the Nestle Permanent Wave, "It is the greatest discovery ever made for woman's comfort, and the benefit and health of the hair."

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You can now quickly learn to make comics, cartoon strips, animated and serious cartoons, etc. Cartooning is lots of fun—and fun that pays big money! Learn cartooning at home in spare time this amazingly easy way.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK
Mail postcard or letter today for Free Book on Cartooning. It tells all about this easy method perfected by one of America's most successful cartoonists—a system filled with interesting facts about cartooning. Mail card TODAY! Give Age if under 16 years.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING, Room 563G, 1113-11th St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

Mary Pickford Marries Fairbanks

The next day, Sunday, March 28, Douglas and Mary were married by the Rev. Mr. Brougher. So far so good.

Sunday and Monday passed without events. Tuesday the story broke and went chattering over the telephone wires. It was no sensation, but it tended to confirm certain rumors that Miss Pickford and Fairbanks were fond of each other.

Something went wrong in Nevada, however. On April 2, the Reno Daily Gazette, attorney-general of Nevada, filed a suit to set aside the decree of divorce, charging wholesale collusion, conspiracy, fraud and untruthful testimony, in the action at Minden.

Now it began to be a national story. It was also something of a local disaster for Nevada's divorce industry. A number of visitors from the east found themselves legally bound in the little Metropolis of Minden, Nevada, which ultimately, at the end of May, 1927, two years later, sustained the validity of the divorce.

Meanwhile, the Pickford divorce was frequently and amply reported in the public press, in news and editorial columns and much on the public tongue. It was most unfortunate and most unfair to Miss Pickford. Her divorce action was probably no more open to question than some thousands of others which passed unchallenged. But motion picture fame provides a shining mark.

Pretty Hands kept soft, smooth and free from chaps with Mentholatum

Apply freely at night

Write for free sample

Get rid of that DOUBLE CHIN
EASILY—QUICKLY—SAFELY
Your double chin makes you look older. STOP IT BEFORE IT GETS WORSE. It is an unsightly feature that you can quickly overcome by Prof. F. P. Groves' new European simple and safe method. No chin strips, pumps and other foolish devices, but a real trick and very successful natural method. For limited time to introduce this new method, everything sent complete in plain sealed package for $1. Send in your order before this special offer is withdrawn.
You can't imagine how wonderful this face powder is... try it...

The Aburuck Affair

It appears that a number of motion picture magnates of national prominence had attended a dinner at Fatty Arbuckle given at the Copley Plaza Hotel on March 6, 1917. The dinner was such a success that it adjourned for con- tinuance at Brownie Kennedy's road house at Misawum Manor, Woburn, Mass. Supper was served and a pleasant time was had by all, from midnight until four o'clock in the morn- ing. A deposition relating the details, includ- ing one item of twelve girls, stated that the supper bill was $1,500. Presumably the $50 was for hat checks. But the first cost was nothing compared to the upkeep.

Less than a month later the host of the evening got word from a friend in Boston that things were not so good. Somebody had squealed with great vigor. There was a con- ference with the magnates and they decided to go to New London, Conn. A fund of $50,000 was raised to deal with the situation and meet claims. The money was apparently applied where it could do the most good in the least time. The whole course of that $100,000 was never offi- cially traced, so far as public records are con- cerned. Details will be found in the news- papers of July 12 and 13, 1921.

The affair and its revelations had some in- ternal bearing on personal politics and grudges within the motion picture industry in which the writer is delightfully neutral.

This event added to the velocity of gossip and ill-will against the motion picture im- men-sely. Once again it was not the event itself, nor even the expenditure of money that drew it up which put so much vigor into the wagging tongues. The whole story was a monotonous, commonplace repetition of the sort of things which happen all the time all over the land. It was because the persons concerned were wealthy and as conspicuous as they had been able to make themselves by dint of billboards, press agents and spread-eagle announcements on the main titles of their pic- tures. They had asked for public attention and they got it.

Scandal Becomes History

There have been many bankers' parties, coal- men's parties, steel men's parties, and, to be sure, other motion picture parties of consider- ably greater ornamental merit than the widely heralded cloak room jamboree at the social center of Woburn, Mass. But this one got the pub- licity promotion required to make it a shining event of screen history.

It was a considerable misfortune that this Woburn money and reputation should have been a sequel to a dinner to Fatty Arbuckle. Be- cause that young man was in his ill-starred way, which brought upon the motion picture and himself a crushing stone of disaster, within a few weeks of the July disclosures.

On Monday, September 5, 1921, there was a party at a San Francisco hotel attended by a number of persons variously connected with the motion picture industry, including Fatty Arbuckle. Virginia Rappe, a screen actress of minor roles, died following the affair. Details began to percolate, and on September 11, Arbuckle delivered himself to the authorities in San Francisco.

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In “The PINK & WHITE” BOXES

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The first time you use Armand Cold Cream Powder, rubbing it carefully into your skin, you'll realize that it actually makes your complexion lovelier. Because it has a magic touch of cold cream in it—it is wonderfully soft and fine and dinging. It brings out the beauty of your skin, emphasizing its fresh coloring and delicate texture! And the direct effect is that your eyes sparkle more, your teeth seem whiter, your smiles are brighter and you yourl self are a more charming person, because you know you are looking your best.
Remove Cold Cream—this new way

ACTRESSES, screen stars—whose complexions are always under close inspection, whose faces are exposed to glaring lights, to heavy make-up constantly—have learned a new secret of keeping a pretty skin.

They know the value of a complexion that all admire; it is their chief charm. So they use Kleenex, the sanitary

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

KLEENEX
The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

The smoldering gossip of corruption in the motion picture industry broke into flame. New York film offices were stricken with a wave of terror.

There were endless conferences, lawyers scurried about, press agents tore at their hair and typewriters. Statements flew and the San Francisco telegraph lines were overloaded.

Here was a discouraging set of facts. It was proving difficult indeed to win the3 ingenious makers of the motion picture thrillers to fit the admitted facts into any semblance of an acceptable tale.

But there was a definite idea that somehow by grace of the law yesterday and persistence it would be possible to pull a miracle scene with Fatty Arbuckle as a hero.

Elaborate plans of defense were laid. Everything imaginable to improve the atmosphere, at least superficially, and some things unimaginable, were done.

Minta Durfee Arbuckle, wife of the sad comedian, who had been separated from him for a considerable time, went speeding to San Francisco. Recently she sued for a divorce in Paris. The slogan of the hour, in September 21, was "Stand by Roscoe." Millions in films and good will were at stake.

Two trials were held, resulting in disagreements of the juries. A third was more successful, resulting in an acquittal of Arbuckle on a charge of manslaughter.

Public Opinion Indicts Arbuckle

The affair had many of the aspects of accident. But while Arbuckle was acquitted of the somewhat technical charge against him, he and the whole motion picture business shared in a public opinion under a broader indictment.

By the time the Arbuckle affair was getting well worked into public ferment the motion picture exhibitions began to admit that things were in an exceedingly bad way.

It was the autumn of 1919, and in their days of trial there seemed to be no end of the pestilence and scourges. Wee was deeper in the kingdom of the screen and the signs in the sky gave no promise.

But like the period of greatest suspense in a Griffith thriller, the lone horseman and champion of the right was even then galloping to the rescue. He had been on the way since the spring of 1919 at least. His coming had been forecast, but not in letters to the sky, but in very discreet whispers at discreet moments in directors’ meetings, at luncheons all the way from the Ritz to the Astor, and all those places where movie men congregate.

The first public inkling, and it was a remote inkling, indeed, appeared on May 6, 1919, even before the motion picture sky had grown apprehensive. Already, in the Daily Variety, Film Daily, a motion picture trade journal. Page one of that issue presented an article, as follows:

MYSTERY LUNCH
WHO WAS THE LITTLE MAN AT THE IMPORTANT PARTY?

Scene, the Claridge, Parker B.

Time, yesterday, about 12:30 p.m.

In the cast: Adolph Zukor, Arthur Friend, Famous Players; Pat Powers, Universal; Charles C. Pettitjohn, and War J. Clark of Exhibitors Mutual, and several others of the industry, AND a little slender man who was probably of importance.

As the party arrived they quietly reached Parker B. and for once or twice, no one would say what it was all about.

Investigation disclosed that Parker B., who had been secured for a luncheon by Charles C. Pettitjohn, late yesterday, when Pettitjohn was found he said: "Oh, my birthday falls on May 5 and I had a little party." But he smiled in a peculiar manner.

None of those attending the luncheon would discuss what took place. Interest is chiefly aroused in who the little man in the gathering was. He has not been a familiar figure in picture circles, at all events.

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This story was accurate as far as it went. The luncheon party in Parlor B, however, included Fox, William H. Cochrane, of Universal; Gabriel Hess and Samuel Goldfish of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation; Saul Rogers, attorney for the Fox Film Corporation; Perry Waters and Harry Bernard.

Since this is not a nominating speech it is not necessary to longer hold out on the mystery of the mysterious little man "who was probably of importance." He was Will Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, of whom you have doubtless heard before.

Now this was not at all the inception of the movement which today connects Hays with the industry, as might be hastily surmised. Hays was looking the motion picture over as a campaign manager. The motion picture industry did not know yet that it was looking for a deliverer and it little suspected Pettijohn of being a prophet. That is one of the important things about Pettijohn.

Indiana in Film Politics

Now we must indulge in a film cutback to Indiana, a state famous for its output of fiction and practical politics.

Will Hays is from Indiana.

Charles C. Pettijohn is from Indiana.

When Will Hays was the chairman of the Indiana Republican organization, Charles C. Pettijohn was secretary of the Indiana Democratic organization.

Indianapolis centers on a circle and men meet.

Hays and Pettijohn were friends as well as politicians.

Pettijohn is counted by those who know him well enough as a first class friend and a first class politician. No one will ever erect a cigar store behind him on the assumption that he is a wooden Indian. Pettijohn was then incidentally an attorney of con-siderable skill and popularity owing to the facility with which he had defended a number of impetuous gentle men charged with promoting the local death rate.

Among other things, Pettijohn, in political and other affairs, operated in a close and con-fidential capacity for Thomas Taggart, the Democratic boss of Indiana, proprietor of Plutonic and French Lick, where one can also play golf.

Pettijohn was and is, therefore, a person of experience. Like all real politicians he can hear the distant footsteps of the elephant as far as he can see the long ears of a donkey.

Which manifestly has nothing at all to do with the situation.

However, we may recall for the moment that hardly a block down Broadway from where Parlor B of the Claridge stood is Marcus Loew's theater, which was once Hammerstein's Music Hall, and that in the days of 1896 and the full-dinner-pail campaign the Republican National Committee held seven boxes at that palace of amusement. There, for or against it, the battle of the nation was fought. The inventent American Biograph presented the miracle of living pictures of Major William McKinley. By coincidence Abner McKinley, a brother, just before the campaign had become a stockholder in the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company. The Republican ad ministration for the screen began at the beginning.

Now, by 1910, the engineers of the Republi can campaign had not forgotten the accidental disaster of the Ince anti-war picture, "Civilization," which had played so large a share in the second Wilson victory. It was desirable, among other things, that no such accident be repeated. And May 5, 1910, was none to early to be thinking about November and election time in 1920. Hays wanted the screen for Harding.

About October 14 Pettijohn left the Exhibitors Mutual, which was the remnant of the old Mutual Film Corporation, and became at tached to the Selznick organization in capacities close and important to Lewis J. Selznick.
Presently the World Film Corporation, from which Selznick had been ejected years before, went into a decline and was acquired by Selznick Pictures Corporation. Selznick proudly admitted that it had been one of his illusions to buy the World and junk it just by way of squaring things. Now it chanced that the World was the distributing agent for Kinograms, a news reel. It also chanced that Kinograms had a "rich uncle" and an opportunity to expand. The Associated Screen News, Inc., was born of that expansion and it manufactured, to the order of Selznick Pictures Corporation a reel known as Selznick News.

The situation got full of news reels and complexities.

A considerable quantity of motion pictures aimed at the education of the yeomanry and freeholders of the republic went into circulation in the campaign of 1928. Very little of it had a strong Democratic bias.

Also advice from Hays made a very fair screen actor of Harding. He posed freely and often. Meanwhile the little mystery man of Parlor B was getting better acquainted in and about the motion picture industry. Lewis J. Selznick had heard a great deal of him from Pettijohn and Selznick was proud of Hays' acquaintance as a genuine insider and man of affairs.

Hays Recognized as a Film Friend

It became well impressed on the motion picture industry in several ways that Hays could be a friend worth having and the motion picture had never had any pals who knew telephone numbers in Washington. It was properly impressed. Quite a few little favors were done, done in that graceful open handed way that is bread-upon-the-waters. Just for example, Nicholas and Joseph Schenck had a Russian friend who was confronted with Ellis Island difficulties which prevented entry into the United States. A way around Ellis Island, perfectly lawful but dexterously managed, was found. Now the Schenck's had Patty Arbuckle comedies released through Zukor's Famous Players, and Talmadge dramas released through First National Exhibitors Circuit, and besides held an intimate relationship with the Marcus Loew enterprises. It was a big tie-up of friendships. There were others.

The campaign, as need not be detailed, went through with such success as to crown Hays with the largest wreaths of laurel ever issued to a campaign manager. Warren G. Harding and a Republican Congress went in with a roar like a Mississippi levee letting go under the June rise.

Then Hays took an office of his own and proceeded to neatly wind up the far flung affairs of the campaign.

While Hays was so engaged some of his motion picture friends came to call. He was now a considerably bigger man than he had been at that luncheon in Parlor B.

Films Make Hays an Offer

William Fox suggested that he would like to have Hays join his organization at say about $75,000 a year. Some of the other motion picture concerns also thought they might be able to use a maker of landscapes like the election of '28.

Hays was cordial and polite, but busy. He must have known perfectly well that all nice efficient Republican campaign managers become postmaster general. It is the traditional party method, time tried and proven. The post-office is the place for the organizer. It is sometimes good for the mails and it is always good for the party. This is something the Democrats have overlooked.

And never had the Democrats so overlooked the opportunity as when they installed Postmaster General Burleson. He had contrived to make the post-office, the one place where everybody gets a government contact, the most unpopular institution between Rainy Lake and the Rio Grande.
New Writer Wins Two Prizes
in Photoplay Contest

W. F. Hicks, of Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, has been announced as the winner of both the first and second prizes in a photoplay contest conducted by the Universal Pictures Corporation.

Mr. Hicks' winning stories, "The Living Proof" and "The Two Roads," are about to be produced and he will receive a bonus in addition to the two prizes.

Mr. Hicks is just one of scores of new writers who have learned to write short stories, plays, photoplays and novels through the home-study courses in the technique of writing offered by the Palmer Institute of Authorship.

The Palmer Institute will not reach you by the usual means of advertising, but through its contacts with editors and producers can be of very great help in enabling you to sell your stories. The Palmer Institute has headquarters in Hollywood, with representatives in New York and Chicago, the leading literary centers of the country.

Well-known writers help you

The success of Palmer students is due simply and solely to the fact that you study under the personal guidance of men and women who are themselves well-known authors, dramatists and motion picture writers. Fifty Free Scholarships and two $500 prizes are awarded annually to deserving students.

Write for this Book and Free Creative Test

The Palmer Institute is unique among educational institutions because it seeks for training only those with natural creative ability who can profit by its instruction. Therefore, anyone who is invited to enroll for its home-study courses until he or she has passed the Palmer Creative Test. This test is the most novel means ever devised for enabling you to obtain an accurate analysis of your writing ability. The filling out of your Creative Test and our analysis and subsequent analysis of your scores of Palmer student stories and photoplays. Our Board of Examiners grades your reply without cost or obligation. Just mail the coupon and we will send the Creative Test to you free—along with our book, "The New Road to Authorship."

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Hays was able to sit up slightly and listen. There were several indications that he was going to recover.

He was properly surprised. It is, however, a safe guess that he was not entirely unprepared, and that some excellent information was coming from a reliable source in New York. Pettijohn had by this time cast loose from the Selznick concern and was offering for himself in Fifth Avenue.

Rogers and Selznick returned to New York and reported.

December 17 there was a gathering at Delmonico's where Hays met Mr. Rogers. He was going home to Indiana for Christmas. He said he would think it over some more.

Will Hays Joins the Pictures

Christmas morning the postmaster general was at his breakfast when a bubble of small boy conversation arose around the beaded tree in the third staircase. Billy Hays, Jr., and his cousins, Charles Edward and John T. Hays, aged 5, 6, and 8, were extolling over their gifts, more especially a set of cowboy suits. They began to put them on, planning a parade before their elders.

"I'll be Bill Hart."

"You won't, I'll be Hart."

"Won't either, I'll be him."

"Then I'll be Doug—so there."

Will Hays was listening. The politically acute are said to have their ears at the grass roots. Hays was this morning listening to the voice of the people expressing themselves with guileless sincerity at the foot of the Christmas tree. He decided the films were important.

The president's general decision about the scope and possibilities of that movie job appears to have been made that morning of December 25, 1921.

On January 14, next, the formal acceptance came and President Harding issued a statement from the White House, expressing appreciations of Hays and regrets at his approaching departure for the Cabinet.

In March, Hays opened the offices of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., at 522 Fifth Avenue, and received the customary floral tributes. A number of Democratic orators in Washington "viewed with alarm" and then the excitement subsided. Hays went to work.

And there was work aplenty to do.

In the next 18 months, Hays was approaching his new and conspicuous post the motion picture scandal sensation wave had received a powerful new impetus.

William Deen Tanner, also known later as Taylor, an English soldier of fortune and of motion picture fame as a director, was murdered in his apartment in Hollywood some time in the dark hours between February 1 and 2.

Taylor was a person of more than commonplace studio calibre and the mystery of his taking off was sufficient to make him a national figure. He made for the already high-colored background of the screen world.

Newspaper correspondents moved into Hollywood in armies and wrote freely. The nation's motion picture picture excitement reached its crest.

Evidences of a plan and directional skill began to be apparent in the industry's dealings with correspondents. The motion picture picture began to scream with outraged innocence. It was a rather new role.

Writers, better known for their fictional contributions to the scenario departments than

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

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Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific formation which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obvious support or pad. Automatic Air Cushions bind and glue together the broken parts. No soles or plasters. Durable. Comfortable in bed. Order a trial to prove its worth. Keep your appliances in imitation. Look for trademark bearing portrait and signature of G. E. Brooks which appears on every appliance. None genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelopes.

for their abilities as reporters, were brought in as a defensive army. They reached Hollywood in the morning, and by night completed profound articles stating they had been unable to verify reports of wickedness. They had the same importance as interviews with America with European celebrities whom they had just had their first look at the Woolworth building. But big names helped.

The truth about Hollywood was really a light pink compromise between the paintings of the sensational press and the deep coat of homemade whitewash.

The motion picture industry offered some rewards for the apprehension of Taylor's slayer—and trembled with apprehension lest the solution might prove worse than the mystery.

Gradually the sensation subsided and died, still a mystery.

Meanwhile, in New York the Hays office was organizing and teaching the motion picture industry not to be so self-conscious, so obvious and so clumsy.

The Hays office was presently to be found most unlike any other office in the motion picture business. It was effectively furnished in taste and it operated with an attitude of courtesy.

Under that is a machinery of organization and experience that it would take two books to explain.

In the organization a personnel of a new stripe appeared. A tendency to Americanize this end of the business became evident. The right and left howers of Hays in the project developed to be Courtland Smith, formerly head of the American Press Association, incennially known as the lawyer of Arthur Brisbane—and C. C. Pettijohn, of Indiana and Fifth Avenue.

Since the coming of Hays, motion picture sensations have not been so sensational. A slight and normal sprinkling of divorces and the like still occur in the Latin quarter of the films, but they are not now symbols of the industry. Picking on the films is no longer the national sport. Some legislative triumphs for the pictures have been recorded, and, most important of all, people with a pain about the films can now tell it to Hays instead of shouting to the newspapers.

The Hays office costs the motion picture industry, and therefore the public, about a half a million dollars a year.

It is the biggest bargain since Thomas Edison spent $24,000 inventing the Kinetoscope in 1889.

[THE END]

The Extra Girl's Lament

I wonder when he'll cease to say, "Yes, we have no work today!"
Over, and over, and then again
He buzzed this platitudinous refrain;
And smilingly added: "And the more, the more."
Enquires just what you're looking for. However quick the framed reply
He'll answer back with twinkling eye,
"Sorry, my friend, nothing doing today."
The same old story in the same old way.

You get a tip from one of your pals,
The Chaplin Lot wants boys and gals.
You walk because you haven't a car With sixteen and a half dollars to start.
But there he stands—The man at the gate, And his greeting is, "Sorry, too late."

It has to break sometime, that's certain Before the fall of the final curtain;
But if it don't and I must wait
And meet the chap at the Pearly Gate, I won't be surprised to hear him say,
"Sorry, too late, nothing doing today."

See What FOOD Can Do!

Isn't this a wonderful example of how Nature rewards the woman who obeys Nature's laws? Faulty nutrition had made Matilde Hoffman an "old woman."
In looks and feelings. Proper dieting—not dieting—restored her to this most marvelous manner. And it will do similar things for any woman. For it is a perfectly natural change.

It took Mrs. Hoffman exactly five months to accomplish the amazing improvement in health which the above photographs show. But Biofood begins to evidence its gentle correction within two or three weeks!

What Biofood Did for a Run-Down Woman

And Christine Hollingworth, virtually an invalid, she traveled the world to find a climate or waters that would give her vitality. This Chicago lady returned still suffering from anemia, indigestion, serious nervous disorders. She started taking Biofood and in sixty weeks was on the high road to normal, active state of health. See her pictures above.

What is Biofood? It is a food—a scientific, concentrated nourishment—the Kühne Brothers developed it through long study of biochemistry. It doesn't in any sense substitute for your three full meals (which you soon eat with a new relish) but supplies the vital elements our pumpernickel palates rarely get in modern "soft" dishes prepared only to please our taste.

Another young matron found a chronically weak, sluggish condition completely conquered after several weeks of Biofood. Her report tells of a new and perfect functioning of organs which commonly lag in the strenuous life of women today even as they enter their thirties. And yet, Biofood, with all its amazing tonicity, is easily taken each day; it is practically without taste. Just three elements in simple tablet and liquid form. Biofood is bound to become a universal manna. Science has already given it a high place in the annals of health. The U. S. research bureaus have gone deeply into biochemistry for the common good.

Biofood has a corrective influence in all parts of the body—wherever the bloodstream carries its nurture—even the extremities. People take Biofood for its marvelous aid to digestion—and find it slowly but surely alleviating trouble with soft, unsound teeth! Or they start with Biofood because of kidney trouble—and eye-strain disappears, headaches are no more, simply because Biofood has nourished and strengthened tissues surrounding the optic nerves!

The Same Little Girl!

There is no Biofood "age." It gives blood and bone nourishment that everyone needs. See what it did for little Mildred Boyer of Washington, D. C. Her parents had thought their child normal in mental and physical development. But the father tried Biofood for Mildred—and again the camera will give you an idea of the result. They report a most gratifying progress in her studies and in her bodily vigor.

The secret of biochemistry's quick impulse to the human system is assimilation and elimination. They are both rendered practically perfect soon after biofeeding begins. Constipation is unknown to biofed men and women!

A Special Offer

Do you wish to try Biofood? Without cost or obligation you may have The ABC of Health. This is a very interesting and mighty valuable book that will give you a new understanding of yourself and a new power for robust, vital health. Then you may have your own supply of Biofood for actual demonstration with results guaranteed in writing! Clip coupon now.

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CASTS OF CURRENT PHOTOPLAYS

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"PETER PAN"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by J. M. Barrie. Scenario by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: Peter Pan, Betty Bronson; Captain Hook, Ernest Torrence; Mr. Darling, Cyril Chadwick; Tinker Bell, Virginia Brown Faire; Tiger Lily, Anna May Wong; Mrs. Darling, Esther Ralston; Nana (the dog), George Ali; Wendy, Mary Brian; Michael, Philippe de Lacey; John, Jack Murphy.

"SO BIG"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Novel by Edna Ferber. Adapted by Ed Hudson. Directed by Charles Brabin. Scenario by Adelaide Heilbron. The cast: Selma De Jong, Colleen Moore; Dirk De Jong, Ben Lyon; Purrie De Jong, John Boles; Annie Foss, Wallace Berry; Jacko Hoogondhuij, Ford Sterling; Widow Paarlenborg, Dot Farley; Augustus Peake, Jean Hersolt; Simon Peake, Sam De Grasse; Marchie Polo, Gladys Brookwell; Pauline Storn, Rosemary Theby; Dallas O'Meara, Phyllis Haver; Julie Hemple, Charlotte Merriam; William Storn, Henry Herbert; Dirk De Jong, Jacko Broek; Dirk De Jong (later), Frankie Darro.

"THE DEVIL'S CARGO"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Charles W. Miller. Scenario by A. P. Younger. Directed by Viktor Fleming. The cast: Ben, Wallace Beery; Faro Sampson, Pauline Starke; Male, Raymond Hatton; Martha Joyce, Claire Adams; John Joyce, J. W. Collier, Jr.; Jerry Duigan, George Cooper; Millie, Dale Fullor; Farrell, John Webb Dilion; "Square Deal" Sampson, Emmett C. Kings, Florence Finkle; Mrs. Farrell, Martha Mattos; Briggs, Louis H. King.


"A THIEF IN PARADISE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Novel by Leonard Merrick, "The Worthings." Adapted by Frank Marion. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Helen Saville, Doris Kenyon; Maurice Blake, Ronald Colman; Ross Carmine, Aileen Pringle; Noel Jardine, Claude Gillingwater; Bishop Saville, Alc Francis; Noel Whalen, John Patrick; Philip Jardine, Charles Yource; Rosa's Maid, Ettie La; Jardine's Secretary, Lou Pouf.

"WIFE OF THE CENTAUR"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Novel by Cyril Hume. Adapted by Douglas S. Doty. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: Joan Converse, Eleanor Boardman; Jeffrey Dwyer, John Gilbert; I nes Martin, Aileen Pringle; Mrs. Converse, Kate Lester; Edward Converse, William Hains; Mattie, Kate Price; Hope Lorrinire, Jacqueline Gadsen; Mr. Lorimurrine, Bruce Covington; Harry Todd, Philip McCullough; Chuck, Lincoln Stedman; Uncle Roger, William Orama.

"FRIVOLOUS SAL"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by J. K. McDonald. Scenario by J. K. McDonald. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: Roland Kent, Eugene O'Brien; Sal, Mac Busch; Bennett Knox, Ben Alexander; Mrs. O'Brien, Alice Moore. "Red" Omer, Mitchell Lewis; Chita, Mildred Harris.

"TOMORROW'S LOVE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Charles Brackett. Scenario by Howard Higgin. Directed by Paul Bern. The cast: Judith Stanley, Agnes Ayres; Robert Stanley, Pat O'Malley; Brown, Raymond Hatton; Bess Carlyle, Jane Winton; Grandmother, Ruby Lafayette; Maid, Dale Fuller.

"THE LIGHTHOUSE BY THE SEA"—WARNER.—Short play by Owen Davis. Adapted by Daryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Mal St. Clair. The cast: Rin-Tin-Tin, Rin-Tin-Tin; Flora Gale, Louise Hassenda; Rusty, Nora Newhall; Chief, Jr.; Joe Doggett, Mathew Betz; Edward Cannan, Douglas Gerrard; Caleb Gale, Charles Hall.


"SO THIS IS MARRIAGE"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Story by Carey Wilson. Scenario by John Lynch and Alice D. C. Miller. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: Pola Negri, Frank Marth; Robert Nor Boardman; Daniel Rankin, Lew Cody; Mrs. Brown, Clyde Cook; Nathan, Edward Connolly; Uriah, John Boles; King David, Bob O'Hara; Bath-Sheba, Mabel Julianne Scott; Vera Kellogg, Miss Dupont; Augustus Sharp, John Patrick; Mrs. Stuyvessant Lane, Clare de Lorenz; Mollie O'Brien, Shannon Day; Bobbie, Jack Edwards; Maid, Estelle Clark; Theressa, Thelma Morgan; Smith, Francis McDonald; Dorothy Pringle, Eugenie Gilbert; Hawkins, Sidney Bracey; Riley, Thomas O'Brien; Donald O'Brien, Philip Sleeman; Daisy de Belle, Gloria Heller.

"THE DANCERS"—FOX.—Story by Donald Du Maurier and Vincent L. Olive. Scenario by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: Tony, George O'Brien; Maxine, Albania Rubens; Uno, Madge Bellamy; Father, Templar Sazzy; Pringle, Joan Standling; Mrs. Mayne, Alice Hollister; Evan Cartwright, Freeman Wood; The Argentine, Walter McGrew; Ponfio, Noble Johnson; Captain Basill, Tippy Grey.

"THE NARROW STREET"—WARNER.—Novel by Edwin Bateman Morris. Adapted by Julian Josephson. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Doris. Dorothy Devore; Simon Haldane, Matt Moore; Ray Wylath, David Butler; Garoy, Russell Simpson; Nell (the stenographer), Gertrude Short; Aunt Alida, Kate Toncey; Aunt Agnes, Tempe Piscott; Edgar Deems, George Pearse; Easter, Madame Sultewan; The Office Boy, Joe Butterworth.


"THE DIXIE HANDICAP"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Story by Gerald Beaumont. Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by

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Reginald Barker. The cast: Virginia, Claire Windsor; Judge Roberts, Frank Keenan; Johnny Sheridan, Lloyd Hughes; Dexter, John Sasinpolis; Noah, Otto Harlan; Bubbles, Joseph Morrison; Major Warrington, Otto Hoffman; Mr. Bosworth, Edward Martindel; Mrs. Bosworth, Ruth King; Losing Jones, Loyal Underwood; A Tout, William Quirk; A Trout, James Quinn; Freight Conductor, Bert Lindley; Sheriff, William Orlamond; Constable, Milton Ross; Milkman, J. P. Lockney.

“CURLY TOP” — William Fox. Story by Thomas Burke. Scenario by Frederick & Fanny Hatton. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: Curlytop, Shirley Mason; Bill Branigan, Wallace MacDonald; Shanghai Dan, Warner Oland; Bessie Miller; Wang Toy, George Kuwa; Sprogs, Ernest Adams; Hilda, Nora Hayden; Annie, LaVerne Lindsay.

“YOUTH AND ADVENTURE” — F. B. O. — Story by Howard Clark. Scenario by Howard Clark. Directed by James W. Horne. The cast: Reggie Dillingham, Richard Talmadge; Joe Polls, Pete Gordon; Clint Taggart, Joseph Girard; Mary Ryan, Margaret Landis; Red Mullin, Fred Kelsey; Phyllis of the Folies, Katherine Lewis.


“THE SIGN OF THE CACTUS” — Universal. — Story by Norma Wilde. Adapted by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Cliff Smith. The cast: Jack Hulbert, Jack Hulbert; Bell Henderson, Helen Holmes; John Henderson, J. Gordon Russell; Panhandle George, Francis Ford; Old Man Hayes, Josef Swickard; Earl of Chich, Frank Newberg; Sheriff, Jack Pratt; Jack Hayes (age 15), Bobby Gordon; Bell Henderson (age 13), Murial Frances Dana.

“THE LOST CHORD” — W. B. Arrow. — From song by Adele Proctor and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Directed by Wilfred Noy. The cast: Arnold Grahame, David Powell; Countess Zara, Alice Lake; Pauline, Dagmar Godowsky; Count Zara, Henry Sedley; Joan, Faure Binney; Jack, Charles Mack; Arthur Ames, Sam Hines; Levina, Signor Salerno.


“RIDIN’ PRETTY” — Universal. — From story by Raymond L. Schrock and G. Hively. Adapted by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: Sky Parker, William Demond; Matz, Ann Forrest; Miller, Stanhope Wheatcroft; Stringbean, Billy Sullivan; Big Bill, Slim Cole; Shorty, Tex Young; Glenn, Billy Gillis; Barb Wire, Frank Rice.

“The NO-GUN MAN” — F. B. O. — Story by Dorothy Arner and Paul Gangelin. Directed by Harry Garson. The cast: Robert Guinness, Vincent, Lefty Flynn; Bill Kilgore; William J. Quinn; Carmen Harloway, Gloria Grey; Obediah Abraham Lincoln Brown, Raymond Turner; Tom Weit, James Gordon Russell; Oklahoma George, Bob Reeves; Sneeper, Harry McCabe.

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COMIN' THRO' THE RYE'—Hepworth.—Story by Helen Mathers. Directed by Cecil M. Hepworth. The cast: Helen Adair, Alma Taylor; Colonel Adair, James Carew; Paul Vaser, Shaye Gardner; Mrs. Adair, Gwynne Herbert; Sylvia Fleming, Ellen T. Hughes; Mr. Timpson, Isaac L. Pick. Directed by Dick Fellows, Francis Lister; George Timpson, Ralph Forbes; Simpkins, John MacAndrews; Alice Adair, Margot Armstrong; Mrs. Timpson, Nancy Price; Jane Peach, Christine Kayner.


THE GOLDEN BED.—Paramount.—From the book by Wallace Irwin. Scenario by Jeanie Macpherson. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. Photography by Peverell Marley. The cast: Flora Lee Peake, Lillian Rich; Margaret Peake, Vera Reynolds; Colonel Peake, Henry Walthall; Adah Holts, Rod La Rocque; The Margulis de San Piliero, Theodore Kosloff; Bunny, Warner Baxter; The Duc of Savarac, Robert Cain; Mrs. Amos Thompson, Julia Faye; Amos Thompson, Robert Ederson, Flora Lee Peck, Jacqueline Wells, Illa Peake, Mary Jane Irving, Adah Holts, Don Marion, as children; James Gordon, Charles Clary.

FORTY WINS.—Paramount.—From the play "Lord Chumley" by David Belasco and Henry C. de Mille. Scenario by Bertram Millhauser. Directed by Robert E. Wilson, Paul Tribe. Photography by Peverell Marley. The cast: Eleanor Buttersworth, Viola Dana; Lord Chumley, Raymond Griffith; Adam But- tersworth, Theobald Roberts; Gaspar Le Sage, Cyril Chadwick; Annabelle Wu; Anna May, Wong; Lieutenant Gerald Hugh Butterworth, William Boyd.

When Alice Quaked

LEAVE it to Alice Terry to have the funniest story in the world about reducing. Whether it is Alice's superstitious frankness or her real Irish wit, I don't know, but the combina-

tion she can always be relied upon to bring forth the most uproarious experiences.

A group of Hollywood beauties were discussing weight reduction one day and Alice told the following:

It seems that several years ago she had taken on a few superfluous pounds and decided that she ought to get rid of them. She heard of a famous reduction treatment which gave exercise by electrical massage and she immediately started a course of treatments.

The first day she was rather nervous when they installed her in a chair, connected batteries in various places, and then covered her with a few hundred pounds of sandbags. Then they turned on the electric current. There was a terrible rumble, Alice saw the walls of the building sway and felt the floor heave. She gave one scream, scattered the girls, started flying out of the door clad only in nature's garments, and was half-way down the stairs before the operator could explain to her that there had been an earthquake.

"Of course it was my luck that the worst earthquake Los Angeles had had in years should happen just at the moment I was connected on an electrical current and, while I was covered with a lot of hefty sandbags and had absolutely nothing on."

H. HOW many will your car hold?" "All the neighbors—and once in a while my wife and myself."—Life.
Women Men Love
[Continued from Page 41]

all the same. I thought that the minds of all men were polygamous.

Charles B. Stoddard, our best pal and most eminent critic, chose Hope Hampton.
"Yes, Miss Hampton is the one who gives me the greatest thrill. And another one I like is..."

Hope Hampton and Jutta Goudal! Diametrically opposed in looks, type, temperament and everything. You don't observe any traffic rules, do you?"

"No, never did. I'm a jay-walker. Like it!"

Right in the office we encountered Frank P. Porter and he declared for Corinne Griffith and Aileen Pringle, adding, "But Miss Pringle's appeal is to the intellect, entirely."

"Better not let her hear you say that," we warned.

I was interested to find out which women the screen actors liked best and they never jump the way you think they will. Meeting George Walsh on Broadway, we permitted himself to be inveigled in for tea and then combined business with pleasure.

"Which screen star gives you the greatest thrill?"

Now, if he had said Estelle Taylor he would have been coldly received; but when he said Norma Talmadge we complimented him on his good taste. George has a singleness of purpose. Norma is his only choice.

Harry Morey's choice is Alice Terry, Alice Joyce and Betty Blythe. And two other men when cross questioned, admitted a fondness for Betty too. They are our night city editor who rolled his eyes and gasped whenever he recalled "The Queen of Sheba" and a cub reporter who is so young that he is frightfully blase and through with things.

"For me, the Queen of Sheba, eh?" we replied to his assertion that he didn't like pictures and couldn't fall for any of them.

"Well, now you've said it. The Queen of Sheba's eyes..."

That was the last time I saw a picture; and believe me I haven't forgotten the Queen. Doesn't she make pictures like that any more?"

"That was Betty Blythe. Yes, she still makes pictures."

"But not like that! I think she has the most beautiful—most beautiful expression I ever saw. She looks so regal and sweet and warm and... Yes sir! I forgot about 'The Queen of Sheba' when I said I didn't care for any of the screen stars."

"If you like Gloria Swanson?"

"Never saw her," replied the cub reporter, subsiding once more into boredom. And we couldn't bother any longer with a man who needed a picture of Gloria Swanson.

Once we asked Ramon Novarro which screen actress gave him the greatest thrill. "Lillian Gish," he replied. "I cannot resist any one whose eyes are set far apart like hers." And, of course, it is just little things like that which fascinate—things which no one but the recipient of the thrill can understand. Why, Herbert Howe used to declare that Louise Glaum was the most beautiful woman and the greatest actress on the screen. Later, we believe, she had to abdicate in favor of Betty Blythe and then came Alice Terry. Followed Pola Negri, but at the last writing from Italy it was someone else again. Not perhaps that he loves Pola less but Rome more.

I wonder who's thrilling him now.

From Carmel Myers in Europe comes word that despite many published reports to the contrary, the bob is still the rage in Paris. "I haven't seen my hair yet," she writes, "but that isn't because short hair isn't still the height of fashion but because of a personal preference for long hair. Every time I have a marcel the hairdresser begins to pull at my hair in his eyes for permission to shear off my tresses."
It Can't Be Done

TONY HULL went to his interview with Davidson like a man going over the top against certain death. He was confident what the outcome would be, and his only desire was to have matters settled as quickly and as amicably as possible. He found Lew with his feet on the desk, smoking a long, thin cigar.

"Hello, Tony," he said blandly. "Have a seat and a smoke. And first off, tell me what you wanted of the showing last night. You should have come around. I was looking for you earlier."

"What was the use, Lew? I didn't want to tell you any fairy stories. Guess you heard enough, as it was. The picture was just what I told you it would be, when I begged you not to put Miss Shirley in it. Rotten. Why kid yourself?"

"Look here, Tony!" Davidson assumed a disinterested attitude. His feet clashed to the floor. "That ain't no way for a member of my company to talk."

"I'm not speaking for publication, Lew, and you know it. I'm telling you. You ought to be glad there's somebody in the bunch who has guts enough to tell you the truth."

"Well—what was the matter with the picture? You helped pick it out."

"I knew I did. There's nothing the matter with the picture, except Miss Shirley."

With an effort Davidson smoothed his annoyance.

"I guess you don't like her personally, Tony. But I know you wouldn't let that interfere with your work, directing. Maybe the part didn't just suit her. Now here's the dope. I been figuring out what what she needs is a costume play, understand, like 'When Knighted Was in Flower.' One of them romantic things, with knights and castles and tournaments. Something she can wear stunning clothes and revives herself off against a proper background." Unconsciously he repeated Irene's words. "When I told her about that Elaine thing of yours she fell for it hard. So I'm willing to put it over—give it a million dollar production. Great chance for you, Tony. Did you bring the scenario along? She's anxious to read it."

"Look, Lew." Tony shook his head. "I didn't bring it along. That scenario's mine."

"What do you mean—yours?"

"I mean that I wrote it in my spare time, and I'd like it to belong to me, not to the company.

Mr. Davidson gave this aspect of the matter a few moments' consideration.

"Sure—sure," he said at length, smoothing out a frown on his face. "I know that. We'll settle the question of the copyright."

"I didn't answer you as a director, not an author. But we can easy fix that up. I'll buy the story, just like I'd buy any other story, see, and pay you a fair price for it. So get the scenario in to me first thing in the morning, and—"

"Look here, Lew," Tony interrupted coldly.

"You and I might just as well understand each other. The only way I'll sell that picture to Davidson Productions is on the understanding that Jane Dare plays the lead in it. Miss Shirley isn't equal to the part. You'd better find her something else."

The anger which had been boiling up in Davidson's breast turned his face a sudden purple.

"I don't want it for Miss Dare," he snarled. "I want it for Miss Shirley." A pretty figure he would cut, going back to Irene empty handed. "And I want you to direct in it."

"Let me have a look at it, then," said Tony thoughtfully.

"I won't sell you the picture for Miss Shirley. And I won't direct her—in any big production, till she's learned how to act—if she ever does. I think too much of my reputation. Of course I know that lets me out so here's my reservation." He tossed a folded sheet of paper on the desk. "I guessed what was coming, so I made it out in advance. No hard feelings, Lew. Just a difference of opinion."
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Children's Musterole—Mild

We might as well part good friends." He put out his hand. "You can easily get some one else to take my place." "You ain't treating me right," Davidson shouted, ignoring Tony's outstretched hand. "You're not treating yourself right, Lew. Some day you'll wake up and it'll be too late. Sometime. Too long." He closed the door of the office behind him, feeling lighter of heart than he had felt for many weeks.

CHAPTER XXVII

TRENCE, who had spent the evening at the opening of a new play, met Davidson by appointment at the Ritz a little after eleven. Their intention had been to have supper, and then go back to her suite at the hotel and read the new scenario together. She had sent out, during the afternoon, for a copy of Tennyson's Idylls of the King, and read his famous "Elaine" through several times with the keenest interest. Here was a part just made for her, she decided. Mounted as Lew had promised to mount it, the production would make her famous. She hurried to their appointment, filled with the most pleasurable anticipations.

The gloomy air which with her met told her at once that something was wrong. When she heard of Tony Hull's refusal—Mr. Davids-

son softened the story in its telling as much as he could, to save her pride—he was furious.

"You mean to say he won't let me have the part because I can't play it? Don't you know what is the purpose of it? That Dare girl to do it?"

This was the reason Davidson had assigned for Tony's attitude—he did not mention the latter's opinion of Irene's ability as an actress.

"And you let him get away with a thing like that?"

"I didn't let him get away with nothing. I discharged him."

"Good. There's plenty of better directors than he is, looking for a job. And that Dare woman has got to go too. Irene had dropped some of her girly-goody pose, now that she felt sure of her hold on Davidson, and was beginning to show her claws.

"What do you mean, baby?" he asked uncerely.

"I mean that I want you to let her out. Tomorrow. They've both been working against me from the start. I shouldn't think you'd want to see me surrounded by a lot of enemies."

"I don't—you know I don't. But she's got a contract."

"Contract or no contract, she's out. I won't have her. I've told her she's got plenty of ways to get rid of her. I'll never act in a picture with her again."

"All right—all right. Irene was beginning to show signs of tears. "I guess I can fix it. And I'll have our scenario department dig you up another costume piece—"

"I don't want another one. I want this one. It's just made for me. She was showing all the temperament to be expected of a full-fledged star. "I don't see how you can let a cheap director stand in your way. I read the thing over this afternoon and it fits me like a glove."

"Read the thing over. Read what over?"

"Why—Elaine, of course. You mean I'm going to be published?"

"Of course it's published."

A look of joy spread over Davidson's sallow face.

"Then what's the matter with getting hold of the author and buying the film rights? Who wrote it, anyway?"

"Tennyson. And he's been dead for thirty years."

"What! Dead for thirty years! And you making all this fuss? Why, baby doll, if you want that part, it's yours. The copyright's run out. All you got to do is hire an author to put the thing in shape—he can finish it in a couple weeks—and we're all set. Tony Hull ain't got no more rights to the idea than we have. I can afford to pay him good money for it! What do you think of that?"

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Irene grasped the situation almost as quickly as Davidson did. She realized, moreover, the extreme need for secrecy.

"This fellow you hire to write the scenario," she said, "has got to be told to keep his mouth shut. And everybody else. The thing's got to be kept dark—at least until the production is well under way. I don't suppose Tony Hull is in a position to do anything, but there's no use taking chances. We don't want any competition."

"Sure we don't. I'll see about the scenario writer first thing in the morning. Sammy Goltzmann ought to be good, on a job like that. And I'll sign up Joe Haliet to direct it. He was in to see me Saturday—did all those big westerners, knows about horses—there's a lot of horses in this piece, ain't there? He's just finished with 'Superbait.' High priced, but artistic. You'll like him.

"If I'll he's a good director. This picture isn't any three-angled circus, you know, if it has got horses in it." She was all business now; the schoolgirl pose had gone completely, dropped like a worn-out cloak. "And don't you forget to get rid of that Dare girl. Now that we have decided to stick pictures there's a double reason for not having her about. If she got wind of it, she'd tell Tony Hull at once."

"If you're sure," Davidson agreed, "but I don't see just how I'm going to work it.

"Leave it to your lawyer. He drew the contract, didn't he? If he can't break it he's not worth what you're paying him."

"Sure—sure," Lew hastened to placate her. But he was not at all sure. As matters turned out, however, his faith in his own, made everything quite easy for him.

CHAPTER XXVIII

TONY HULL, after leaving Davidson's office, went to his club and sat for a long time in a dark corner of the reading room, thinking. When day comes, it will be put on his hat and drove to Jane's apartment. She had just come in, when he arrived, and the expression on his face brought an answering smile to her. He was not the expression of a man who has failed.

"You look as though you had good news," she said, offering him a cigarette.

"Perhaps," he said, "I've left the company. And I want you to leave it, too. Tomorrow. I've got a great idea."

"What is it?" Jane asked, responding to his almost boyish excitement.

"My own producing company, with you starring in the part of Elaine."

"But!" Jane gasped, the announcement almost taking her breath away. "And where are you going to get the money?"

"Leave that to me. With my reputation as a director, you as our star, and the picture all ready to go in, there won't be any trouble. Certain wealthy friends of mine, Joe McGrath, Arthur Venable, old man Purdy, have all told me whenever I was ready to launch my own company to come and see them. We'll need a lot of capital, of course. This is a big picture and has got to be put on in a big way, but I figure three hundred and fifty thousand dollars—are you in the trick—out at the outside. And that isn't big money, to men like Venable, or Purdy.

Jane considered the matter for several moments in silence.

"Tony," she said at length, "it's a big chance, and I appreciate it, but are you sure you want me for this part? There are a lot of other women whose names would mean more to you, in a financial way. You've got to consider that."

"Not any who can act it better—or as well. It's a business proposition with me. I'll put Cyril Lane opposite you and there'll be a lot of weight. Get out of that contract with Davidson as soon as possible. We can't afford to lose any time. It won't take long to close up the financial end. Men like Purdy or..."
Venonale don’t haggle—it’s yes or no with them, right off the bat. And from what they’ve said to me in the past, I don’t doubt it will be yes.

“you see, Jane, I’m not going to play this game the way some producers have, taking all the things I love to do. I’m going to let my assistants to hold the bag. I’m willing to give them control of the stock, keep expenses down to rock bottom, take my pay out of profits, give a chance to make some money, too. A lot of capital has been lost in the picture business because the producers were rotten business men, and some of them, milking their backers with extravagant overhead, absurd salaries, production costs two or three times what they ought to be. Throw- ing money into the picture business, there’s no denying that. I’m going to give my crowd a fair deal, not a circus.”

Won over by his enthusiasm, Jane listened eagerly while Harry detailed the financial phases of the picture. The big Sun-Art studios near Tarpry were available at a reasonable rental. The Westerner country would provide nice, well-stocked exteriors they needed. He had his head cameramon, his assistants in all the various branches already picked out—had spoken to them—held them in line, for weeks, anticipating. They discussed the matter until two in the morning, and when he left, Jane was unable to sleep.

Certain features of the thing puzzled her. There was no thing about it, hurt the business. She was thinking about Shirley, since he had broken with Davidson on account of her. She might be his wife, but if so, he certainly did not care for her. On the other hand, perhaps she wasn’t, and had been merely business, so he said. She pre-ferred this to be the case, and of course, and yet—delighted as she was to feel his confidence in her, to know that he desired her, she con-sidered her the one woman to play the part, she still was conscious of a certain disappointment that he had made everything so cold, so businesslike.

He did not care for her, of course. She was sure of that. And yet, even while he was telling her about camera men, and production costs, she could not suppress a mad desire to have him take her in his arms, smother her with kisses. He was so warm, so brown, so altogether desirable. Then she grew calmer. All this had been fought out, disposed of, weeks ago. It was humiliating, to allow herself to think about him, in that way, at all. When she finally fell asleep she was thinking resolutely of Ben Hardy.

CHAPTER XXIX

For over a week Jane heard nothing from Tony concerning his new venture, but con-soled herself with the thought that such matters always took longer than was expected. Meanwhile, she played about quite happily with Ben Hardy.

The matter of her release by the company had proven unexpectedly simple. Davidson had been believe another thing or two. He was in a hurry, and all the things she had spoken to him about, to the world, to the press, and to the company, had been brought to her. This picture business wasn’t any bed of roses. Why not try being my wife for a change?—I’m sure you’d like it—would have a perfectly gorgeous time travelling about the world, and money, money, money.

“Look here, Jane,” he said. “I want to marry you. Don’t act as though you were surprised. I’ve wanted to all along—more than anything in the world. This picture business isn’t any bed of roses. Why not try being my wife for a change? I’m sure you’d like it—we’d have a perfectly gorgeous time travelling about the world, and money, money, money.

“Look here, Jane,” he said. “I want to marry you. Don’t act as though you were surprised. I’ve wanted to all along—more than anything in the world. This picture business isn’t any bed of roses. Why not try being my wife for a change? I’m sure you’d like it—we’d have a perfectly gorgeous time travelling about the world, and money, money, money.

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CHAPTER XXX

It was while dressing for dinner that Jane heard from Tony for the first time since they had talked about the new production.

"I've been trying to get you all the afternoon," he told her over the telephone, "when can I see you? It's important." She sensed a note of tragedy in his voice.

"Why," she glanced at the clock on her dressing table, "I've a dinner engagement at seven. But it's only a little after six, now. Where are you?"

In a booth, at Forty-second Street. I'll come right up, if you are dressed.

"I will be, by the time you get here. In fifteen minutes, say. I hope nothing has gone wrong, Tony. You sound so sort of—well—depressed."

"I'll tell you when I see you. About fifteen minutes. Good-bye!" He ended the conversation abruptly, and Jane, wondering what had happened, hurried through her dressing.

He came in at half-past six, wearing a very troubled expression indeed. Thoughts of Irene flashed through Jane's mind, but his first words dispelled them.

"Jane," he said, tossing his hat on the couch, "I've come to release you from our agreement."

"Release me," she stared at him blankly. "You mean—from the production?"

"Yes," he nodded gloomily.

"But—why?" It flashed through Jane's mind that her name might have proved to be an asset, in his attempts to secure capital, than he had supposed. Well—she had offered to withdraw in the beginning, but now—to be thrown overboard as it were.

"Because I've failed. I can't get the money. I've seen Purdy, Venable, McGrath, and a lot of others, too. They all tell me the same story. Money's tight. The market's down twenty to thirty points. The pictures, as an investment, don't look good to them just now. They wouldn't touch my proposition with a ten-foot pole."

"When I reminded them of what they'd told me a couple of years ago they laughed and said I wasn't in touch with the money market. I'm not, either. That's why I made my mistake. Purdy showed me figures. He's lost a quarter of a million, in oils alone, since March. Not fly-by-night concerns, but big, substantial companies, like Cosden. Venable gave me a list of banking and brokerage houses that have failed since the first of the year. To attempt to float a picture producing concern under present conditions, he said, would be like trying to sell electric fans to the Eskimos. In six or eight months, he thought, things might be different, but right now, nothing doing."

"McGrath, who is closer to the picture business than any of them, told me one of the biggest producers in the country are having trouble right now, and one or two of them are seriously considering closing down their plants."

"Get we'll have to forget about it, for the present, and wait until another year. And since you can't very well wait on promises, I felt the only fair thing to do was to explain the present circumstances to you, frankly, and leave you free to look for something else. I'm sorry, you don't know how much I've hoped and planned and worried, on your account. Next year, perhaps—I've a wry smile, reached for his hat. "Well—I mustn't keep you. It's almost seven."
"Never mind about that, Tony. It's only Ben, and I can see him at any time. Please don't feel discouraged. And don't worry on my account. I can wait, and so can you. It hurts me, to see you so...It'll find an engagement without any trouble. And of course, you'll have no difficulty at all. Any of the big companies would be only too glad to sign you up. You've got the good, a year from now, as it is today, and in the meanwhile you'll have plenty of time to get together the necessary money. So don't worry, dear boy. If you'll promise to let me play the part when the time comes, that's all I ask."

Tony took her hands, a new light growing in his somewhat tired face. The past ten days had been full of bitter战斗.

"Jane, dear," he whispered, "you're fine—splendid. I can't tell you how much better you've made me feel. It hurts, to have to dash to you, of all people in the world, and confess failure. The part is yours, whenever you want it. Meanwhile," he regarded her with a queer, whimsical smile, "I hope you won't decide to marry Mr. Hardy, and leave me in the lurch." The doorbell rang as he finished speaking.

"There he is now," Jane laughed. "I want you to meet him."

She opened the door, and Mr. Hardy came in, looking very prosperous in his in-cut dinner clothes. He smiled warmly as he gripped Tony's hand.

"So you're the chap that's going to make Jane a star," he said. "More power to you. She told me this afternoon about the new company you're forming for her. Any stock left for an old friend? If so, I'll take a couple of shares myself." He laughed, offering Tony a cigarette.

"I'm afraid it's all off," the latter said, winces at Hardy's words. "I can't raise the money."

"Why not?" Jane could not tell, from Ben's voice, whether he was disappointed or glad.

"Oh—the condition of the money market, you know. I'm better than I do, I guess. We'll have to put it off until next year."

"Next year?" He glanced sharply at Jane. "Then—what are you going to do in the meantime?"

"Get another engagement, of course." She smiled gladly enough, but beneath her gaiety Hardy saw the bitter disappointment. He motioned to a chair.

"Let's sit down and talk this thing over," he said. "Just how much money do you want?"

She thought a moment. "Oh—Tony, I know you can do it carelessly."

"Three hundred and fifty thousand."

"Three hundred and fifty thousand! I'll say this is a most incredible thing." "Is it?" Tony asked, looking over his costume, production, like 'Robin Hood', or 'Little Old New York'."

"It's one of the loveliest things I've ever seen," Jane said enthusiastically. "Mr. Hull said it to me one night, and I know. The story of Launcelot and Elaine, from Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.'" He says he's already adapted it, couldn't possibly fail."

"H—m."

"Frey pulled reflectively at his cigarette. "You think there's money in it, then?"

"Money!" In his eagerness Tony almost jumped from his chair. "A million!"

"For whom?"

"For the company producing it, of course. The stockholders. I'm to be one of them. And Miss Dare. For our services, and the use of the scenario, we proposed to take forty-nine per cent of the stock. That's a little over fifty per cent and control. We're willing to take nominal salaries, and gamble on the picture being a success. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"Yes. I'd say it was," Hardy drew a pencil from his pocket and began to figure on the back of an envelope.

"If you happen to know any people with money to invest in a picture proposition," Tony went on, "I'd be glad to read the scenario to them and explain my plans in detail. Most

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From a grassy bank where the sparse trees left the surface of the river flooded with sunlight, Hardy caught his first glimpse of the scene. A long, shallow barge—once the hull, of a decrepit motor-boat—was floating slowly down the stream. Its high prow was carved and painted in the semblance of a huge swan. Its black sides lay low in the water. Over its high, gilded stern hung a sombre canopy, beneath which sat a grotesque dwarf, guiding the craft with a stern look. The curve of the deck a bier had been erected, and on it lay Elaine, in the semblance of death, beneath a gold and purple covering. Her face was like marble. Her hands and feet held a roll of rubbish. A rare beautiful picture, Hardy thought, as he gazed at it.

Along the banks three cameras were clicking sharply, while Tony and Tapsie shot directed paragraphs through megaphones. Behind him stood a group of actors, among them Cyril Lane, in full armor, but with his helmet off, the consequence of the battle. The scene being shot was one of the last in the picture, but was being made among the first, while waiting for the larger sets to be completed. The carrying of the body on a path to the bank, the pouring of it on board the barge, had already been shot when Hardy arrived; with these scenes would be connected up, later, the interiors showing Elaine's death. So that all three would be shot in the castle passageways, to the gate opening on the path outside, already shot. Further down the stream a set of landing steps had been built, leading to the bank, the body, recognized by Sir Launcelot, would be carried ashore; by a trick of the camera the battles of his castle would appear beyond the landing.

TO Hardy's layman's eyes it all seemed very confusing, but he had the utmost confidence in Tony's ability, and did not bother the latter with many questions.

The small launch which regulated the movements of the funeral barge by means of an invisible, under-water cable, now halted, while the cinematographer began to move his instruments into position further down the bank for another shot. Ben went up to Tony, who stood in his shirt-sleeves, wiping the perspiration from a very red forehead.

"How's everything going, Tony?" he asked, as they sat down in the shade of some bushes. During their short acquaintance a very real liking for each other had developed between the two men, in spite of the rivalry which consumed them. Perhaps each recognized in the other a fair and worthy antagonist.

"Fine, Jane," he replied, "nothing too hard for her. Look at her out there in the brolly-sun, under that horse-blanket." He laughed.

Most women would want to get up and smoke a cigarette or something, but not Jane. She knows as well as I do that once that pose, that arrangement of the bier covering, is lost, we'll never get it back again, and she wants to have this picture perfect, down to the smallest detail. When I see some of the egotistical, brainless little false alarms that are being touted to the public as stars nowadays, it makes my blood boil. Well, not much these days in trying to make a silk purse out of sow's ear. It can't be done. What's the news in town?"

"Not a thing. I brought those contracts with the Herald company on account for you to look over before I sign them. And by the way, here's a letter for you from this morning. He took a large envelope from his pocket, and handed it to Tony's hands.

The letter glanced at it carelessly, then started as he recognized the handwriting.

"It's from Alice Carroll—used to be with us until David canned her to work for Irene Shirley. Good little actress, too. Wonder what she wants. He tore open the letter, glanced at it. Then his face went white."

"Good God!" he whispered, staring out across the water to where the barge was gilded barge. "Good God!"

"What's the matter?" Hardy asked, looking at him in astonishment.
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Says She’ll Never Marry Actor

[Continued from page 40]

interests me because she’s one of the very few born New Yorkers. People don’t, as a rule, expect that dreams of an old-fashioned marriage may be found in the head of a girl born on One Hundred and Sixth Street. It happens, though. Incidentally, Edna Murphy and May Ackley were four blocks away from one another. Edna later moved to Brooklyn and it was not until they were both working in pictures that they chanced to meet and committed themselves to the up-town social of their birth. I don’t know that this proves anything except that nice, normal girls are the same everywhere.

You wouldn’t have to know her name to be certain that she is Irish. Her hair is fair and her eyes the gray-blue of Irish lakes at sunrise. Also her ancestry is evident in quick flashes of humor and the buoyant spirit and charm the little green isle gives to its favored sons and daughters.

So many young actresses come to work by plunging in head first that it is almost a startling and gentler method. Before she graduated from the Manual Training High School of Brooklyn Edna Murphy was posing for commercial photographers in the pretty girl who works in a picture office in gowns and hats. This work, in turn, led to her engagement as a model for Lajner Hill. From the Hiller studio she came to begin her screen career, playing lead with Alice Joyce in “To the Highest Bidder.”

LATER she was the baby vamp in “Over the Hill,” a featured player in “Fantom’s,” and co-star with Johnnie Walker in “Live Wires.” After that came the ingenue lead in “What Love Will Do.”

Paramount claimed her for “The Ordeal,” and her latest picture is “A Man Must Live,” in which she played lead with Richard Dix.

There is a possibility that she may go on the dramatic stage for a long time. She was the way the experience and Broadway may claim her for a little while, but her chief interest is the silent drama.

When I talked with her it was just after a party she had given for her high school sorority sisters. They are the youngsters who have come on since she left school—Edna is twenty and she looks with interest on the young men of seventeen. According to her summung-up they are both better poised than the girls who preceded them by a year or two, prettier and more self-confident. They know where they are going and they have a purpose.

But my prediction is that none of them will catch up with Edna. She is the kind of girl for whom wonderful things happen. Perhaps she was born unusual in the right month, but, on the other hand, it may be her charm and winsomeness and willingness to work that have given her such a good start.

The great ambition of her life is to be in Paris in the springtime, when lilacs are blooming in the Bois. It will undoubtedly happen for her. But how she is going to do any work,—what with love and liberty and being in Paris—is more than I can tell you.

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Jackie Coogan's European Diary

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

exiting and interesting part of the program was the boxing contests between the little boys. They were both strong and knew how to box very well. Mr. Jaquith who is in charge of all the refugee children in the Near East told me that these boys and girls had all studied for this program for many months, and I was happy that I had come nearly ten thousand miles to see these boys and girls who are so grateful to America for helping them, and who have no father or mother or anyone to love them.

In the afternoon we went to the Parthenon on the Acropolis, and there I was presented with the silver Cross of the Order of George. Thousands of people were in the Parthenon, and it was a beautiful sight. My daddy told me that there are seventy thousand children under the care of the Near East Relief, so all of the children in America who helped gather my cargo should feel very proud that they worked so that seventy thousand of their little brothers and sisters across the sea could live and be happy. I know that I was very proud when I delivered the cargo to the Near East Relief, and on my way I visited the Parthenon, and the Cross of the Order of George that I got for all the boys and girls in America. They couldn't very well give every boy or girl anything, but they did give it to me for all of us. When we returned to the hotel, Mother and Daddy told me how proud and happy they were that their little boy was chosen out of all the boys and girls at home, and that the greatest thing in the world was helping others who were unfortunate and that I should always remember and help those in need wherever I could.

The next morning we visited some of the orphanages outside the city. In one place there was a little girl about eleven years old who was adopted by the Kaiser and played very well with the rest of the children. So Daddy had a measurement made and wired to Paris for an artificial limb, and when we returned to Paris on our way home the little girl wrote us a letter, thanking us and telling me that she could now play with the other boys and girls.

It was a very sweet note.

After that we visited the Temple of Zeus, where the orphanage boys from the Zappion have their games and do their exercises. I joined the gymnasia class and it was lots of fun.

JUST before I left Athens I received the Golden Cross of the Order of Jerusalem, and it was from the Church, and it was given to me for bringing the milk and other food that American boys and girls had gathered, to Athens.

When we left Athens on the fourth day a chorus was down and they sang "The Star Spangled Banner." They sing our national anthem all the time, and I believe I heard it more over there than I ever did at home. On our way to the boat we were caught in a terrible rainstorm and missed our connections and had to spend the night in Belgrade where the mosquitoes almost devoured us all. But we were lucky to raise big mosquitoes in that part of the world. We arrived in Budapest on Sunday morning and went to Coronation Church. In the afternoon we went to the S. Geyer Thermal Wurm which was anchored in the Danube River. This yacht used to belong to Emperor Franz Joseph before the great war. Then we went on to Prague. We were not near the front, nothing we left for Vienna. We might as well have gone direct to Berlin, because we couldn't get out much on account of the crowds in front of the hotel. They stayed out all day in front of "Jackie," and I had to peruse at the window about every hour and speak to them. Every time we did get out for a few minutes the crowds milled our automobile and the police couldn't do a thing with them. We left the next day for Berlin.

We arrived in Berlin on October 17th. We stopped at the Hotel Adlon which faces the Unter den Linden which is the Fifth avenue of Berlin. Berlin is a very beautiful city, the streets are very clean and the buildings down here are all the same size. I noticed that they don't have skyscrapers any place in Europe. The crowds were very big in Berlin, but they were very orderly and we came and went with a big detail of police. We visited the gardens where the Kaiser used to have a private hunting ground, but which are now a public park. Herr Adam who owns one of the biggest department stores in Berlin insisted that we visit his store and when we got there he wanted to give me almost everything in the place. Everybody wanted to give me presents, but of course I couldn't take them. I visited the famous toy factories in Nurnburg. Before the great war Germany used to make most of the toys for the world, and when I was there they were getting ready for the Christmas rush.

OUR four days in Berlin were full of interesting sights. We saw the Crown Prince's house, and the Kaiser's big palace. Someone told me that the Crown Prince was selling bicycles now—I guess he's finding it harder to be a businessman than it was to be a Prince. We also went on the German National Railway as guests of the company. The next day we arrived in Lucerne, and the next day in Geneva, where the League of Nations meet. We were arrived in Geneva on October 24th, my tenth birthday, and we had a dandy party at the hotel. After that we visited the Woodrow Wilson Memorial. I saw the big St. Bernard dog that gets six francs a day from the League of Nations for food. The gentlemen in the league have adopted him. He's a very big dog and gentle and kind to children.

We returned and sailed on the Leviathan on November 10th, and arrived in New York six days later. The good old U.S. A. looked good to me and Daddy and Mother and the rest of the people in our party. After a few days in New York I went to Syracuse to visit my grandmother, and we ran into a snow storm and I had the first snow ball fight of the year with the boys in the neighborhood. Then we returned to Los Angeles. We were gone about four months. It was a very wonderful trip, and now I'm going over it all with my tutor.

The greatest thing of the year happened when Santa Claus sent my baby brother Bobby. It's so very, very, very exciting, because home is where one's heart is. And then the next time I go to Europe I'm going to take him along, because I can find my way around now. Maybe next year I'll get a baby sister and then we'll have a complete family. Before I had this paper to write for Photoplay I want to thank all those boys and girls who helped me in the Children's Crusade and to remind them never to forget their little brothers and sisters across the sea, and to help them when they are called upon.

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(New York World—Oct. 28, 1924)

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Choose your perfume as carefully as you do your loveliest frock. Be sure that it harmonizes with your type, so that it seems to belong to you alone.

COLGATE'S Perfumes
This tooth brush reaches every tooth every time you brush

Keep all your teeth clean and you will keep all your teeth

eve SCIENCE has created a brush that cleans all the teeth. It is not just any brush made small enough to get into the mouth.

It has a curved surface that fits the shape of your jaw. It has saw-tooth bristle-tufts that reach in between teeth. It has a large end tuft that helps clean the backs of front teeth and the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. This brush is the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you know what makes your teeth decay? It is germs.

Germs are always in your mouth. They collect upon your teeth. They create lactic acid. This destroys the enamel. The important thing is to keep germs off your teeth—to remove the clinging mucin, which holds the germs fast against them. That requires a brush scientifically designed with a saw-tooth arrangement of bristles. It requires a brush with a large end tuft that can reach the backs of back teeth. There is such a brush—the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you brush your gums when you brush your teeth? You should. See how the center row of bristles on every Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush is sunk below the level of the two outer rows. That is to give your gums the correct and mild massage they need. Brush your gums. They will soon take on a hard and firm appearance, with a light, coral pink color which shows that they are healthy. Healthy gums mean healthier teeth. Science designed the Pro-phy-lac-tic to keep gums healthy.

Do you know it is easy to get teeth clean and beautiful? The curved handle, the saw-tooth bristle tufts, the large end tuft and the tapered and beveled head, combine to make brushing amazingly easy.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50¢; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40¢; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25¢. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

FREE tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for this advertisement. The present headline is: “This tooth brush reaches every tooth every time you brush.” After reading the text can you supply a new headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same price will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone’s. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires March 15th 1915.

You can see that the mouths of this man and woman are not as wide as their jaws. The tooth brush has to curve around the jaw or it won’t reach their back teeth. Notice the diagram. See how the curved handle and the curved bristle-tip help.
MAY ALLISON

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Gold Seal

CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS
The word "guests" never makes her fearful

No doubt you know her, the woman famed for her entertaining. Though she is not wealthy, her dinners and luncheons and teas are invariably correct. Though she has but one servant, the serving of her meals is gracious and unruffled. Course after course they never fail to delight. You have sought in vain her secret as a hostess. The food is good, yes; but not unusual enough to make the difference. She, herself, is exceedingly pleasant, but not a flashing wit. What is it, then?

The very thing you overlooked, no doubt, holds the secret of her success—the charm and ampleness of her table appointments. Now you stop to think of it, doesn't the twinkling beauty of her silverware pervade the atmosphere of the meal? Doesn't the fact that she has knives and forks and spoons enough to serve each course of her meals properly make eating at her house, somehow, an occasion?

This successful hostess learned long since how easy and inexpensive it is in 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate to provide all the silverware she needs—every day and for entertaining. She found in this enduring silverplate every kind of piece you admire so much on her table—salad forks, bouillon spoons, coffee spoons, serving pieces. She can always add to her silver service conveniently, because leading dealers have in stock the newer 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns.

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Many a director would have been satisfied to rest on such laurels for a long time.

But the applause which still echoes wherever "The Covered Wagon" is being shown is somewhat unfair to Mr. Cruze's other work.


Mr. Cruze has just finished "The Goose Hangs High," and is now at work on a big special production of the novelty comedy-drama, "Beggar on Horseback," which will be shown as a Paramount super-feature next fall.

Paramount Pictures

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People used to refer to the movie game. A game it was, fifteen years ago, and a gamble too, for producer, exhibitor and fan.

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Vol. XXVII No. 5

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Stars

Herbert Howe
will tell in the May issue why Norma Shearer has won her place in the film world.

A School for Actors

Just how Famous Players-Lasky Corporation intends to establish a school to train men and women in screen acting will be told in the next issue of Photoplay. Inasmuch as it will be the first legitimate school to teach film acting, a story about it will be of unusual interest to film fans and screen aspirants.

Harriette Underhill’s

story about Richard Barthelmess and his wife, Mary Hay, promised for this issue, will be published in May. Save this issue of Photoplay, because next month’s crossword puzzles will be based on it and may help you win a big cash prize.

MAY
PHOTOPLAY
On all Newsstands
April 15th
Here Comes "Sally"!

"SALLY" is here—making an appropriate entrance into the country's theatres in the first days of Spring. Merry, gay and romantic, it fits perfectly into that urge for a fresher and gayer world that you feel in your heart. Colleen Moore plays the title role—the little waif who starts dancing to the strains of an East Side hurdy gurdy and never stops until the spotlight of Broadway's smartest musical show floods her elfin and lissome figure.

For two years everyone who ever visited New York knew "Sally." Produced by Flo Ziegfeld, it was the play of two seasons. It's a lilting, zestful story that belongs to youth—and to those who ever were young. That's what made it a great play. And that's why there's a freshness and a sweetness about it on the screen that will make it one of the most popular of all Colleen Moore's pictures.

Lloyd Hughes plays opposite Miss Moore, and Leon Errol repeats in his original stage role.

"One Year to Live"

What would you do if you knew you had one year to live?

Would you take the gay way to happiness or would you still persist in the routine of life? There's an interesting question asked and answered in M. C. Levee's "One Year to Live," which Irving Cummings has directed. Aileen Pringle and Antonio Moreno have two of the leading roles and other principals are Rosemary Theby and Joseph Kilgour.

Questions on First National pictures and players will be answered by John Lincoln, First National Pictures, Inc., 343 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.
AIR HAWK, THE—F. B. O.—An air thriller with Al Wilson as the man of mystery doing some wonderful stunt flying. (February.)

ALASKAN, THE—Paramount.—This story of humanism in Alaskan wastes isn't what it should be. We cannot expect Tommie Meighan to perform the impossible by making a great picture every time. (November.)

ALONG CAME RUTH—Metro.—A young woman arrives in the smallest town, Action, Maine, and proceeds to give it up to its name with a vengeance. (October.)

AMERICAN MANNERS—F. B. O.—Incoherent story of an army officer directed with abundance of slap-stick comedy and slangy subtitles. (Nov.)

ANOTHER SCANDAL—Hokinson.—A daring story of a grass widow who tries to steal away a husband. Sophisticated and cheap, it all depends upon the viewpoint. (January.)

ARGENTINE LOVE—Paramount—Bebe Daniels boils modern South American romance. Story follows hackneyed formula, but excellent work of the cast makes it up on deficiencies of plot. (February.)

BAD COMPANY—Associated Exhibitors. A poor story saved from a complete wreck by Madge Kennedy and Conway Tearle. Not for children. (March.)

BANDOLORE, THE—Metro.—A cumberbund and draggy tale, over titled, with superb atmosphere and a strong bull fight climax. (December.)

BARBRA FRIETCHIE—Ince.—Once again there is a lovely Southern gal in desperate love with a handsome Northern officer. The direction makes Florence Vidor's Barbara super-sweet. (December.)

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY—Associated Exhibitors.—Just a fairly entertaining film with the great Chicago fire of 1871 incidental to keep the hero and heroine united. (February.)

BATTLING ORIOLES, THE—Pathe.—Brick, amusing in many places, but a bit tiresome. (Jan.)

BEAUTY PRIZE, THE—Metro.—Viola Dana is a winner of a bathing girl contest and finds herself involved in a lot of excitement. Just fair comedy. (December.)

BEHOLD THIS WOMAN—Vitagraph.—Here is a giant, woman-loving cowboy who meets a motion picture actress in his mountain retreat and follows her to Hollywood. (November.)

BELoved BRUTE, THE—Vitagraph.—A Western story concerning the widespread exploits of the hero whose strength so fascinates the girl he loves that she capitulates. (January.)

BIG TIMBER—Universal.—Built around a forest fire and lumberjack with story none too gripping. William Desmond is still at his best. (October.)

BORN RICH—First National.—The younger son to the fore again. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor are the husband and wife in this plausible triangle, which is happily broken up. (February.)

BRASS BOWL, THE—Fox.—A series of mysterious adventures interwoven with a fascinating romance. Edmund Lowe plays a dual role. (Jan.)

BREATH OF SCANDAL, THE—B. P. Schulberg.—Feeling with action, this fast moving drama brings new zest into the marriage reaches a happy conclusion. (November.)

BROKEN BARRIERS—Metro.—Slightly better than average of the usual type. Sidney is not your usual leading woman who cares for married man believed to be hopeless cripple. Wins him. (October.)

BUTTERFLY—Pathe.—A story of two sisters, one vain and spoiled and other self-sacrificing. Fairly good. (November.)

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Vitagraph.—Of the old roisterers, this is the best. The hero tries to retain two women to the end. (November.)

CHEAP KISSES—F. B. O.—This is C. Gardner Sullivan's first production. The story, although about the jazz age, is quite different from others. It is amusing and enjoyable. (February.)

CHRISTINE OF THE HUNGRY HEART—First National.—A dull and episodic treatment of the neglected wife theme. (January.)

CIRCILE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Boring tale said to be an original film tale by Blasco Ibanez. Too many closeups of Mae Murray. (November.)

CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS, THE—Paramount.—Not Director James Cruze at his best and yet slightly better than the average photoplay built upon a mother-love story. This is Virginia Lee Corbin's first grown-up role. (December.)

CLASSMATES—First National.—This time Richard Barthelmess has for his leading lady Mady Evans, in her first grown-up role. The average screen follower will adore Richard as a West Point cadet. (January.)

DANGEROUS FLIRT, THE—F. B. O.—Introducing little drama spiced with a dash of the risque. Evelyn Brent is good. (February.)

DANGEROUS MONEY—Paramount.—This is Bebe Daniels' first starring picture. Just another flabby film story with William Powell, the screamul who tries to get Bebe's money. (December.)

DANTE'S INFERNO—Fox.—This is a queer mixture of a modern story with Dante's immortal effort intertwined. Brimstone, pitch and Bathing girls! Well acted. (October.)

DARK SWAN, THE—Warner Brothers.—Not a world beater. Another variation of the ugly duckling with half-sisters in love with the same man. (Feb.)

DAUGHTERS OF THE NIGHT—Fox.—Wild and impossible melodrama. Two brothers run away from home. There's a villain, a fire, a chase, parental forgiveness and happy ending. (February.)

DESERT OUTLAW, THE—Fox.—Not much of a story but western melodrama with action galore. (November.)

DEVIL'S CARGO, THE—Paramount.—One of the finest pictures we have seen in a long time. It is sprinkled with good comedy relief. (March.)

DIXIE HANDICAP, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—The old racing theme treated into a self-sac- thriller intended to stimulate the most blase. (March.)

EARLY BIRD, THE—C. C. Burr—Johnny Hines at his best. Many thrills and more laughs is this fast-moving comedy, which centers around a mill-man and the daughter of the milk-trust magnate. (February.)

EAST OF SUEZ—Paramount.—Pola Negri does not measure up to her previous screen efforts. An intriguing story, splendid sets, good cast and excellent characterization. Not a family picture. (March.)

EMPTY HANDS—Paramount.—Story of engineer and society girl lost in wilderness. Experiences care girl of distorted view of life. (November.)

FAST SET, THE—Paramount.—A bit soggy. A novelist and his wife have drifted apart. The husband intends to take the streets in their midst. Unusual ending. (February.)

FAST WORKER, THE—Universal.—A capable cast makes this picture thoroughly entertaining. Reginald Denny does some thrilling automobile racing. (December.)

FEET OF CLAY—Paramount.—Cecil B. De Mille's newest find, Vera Reynolds, in her first big role. Hectic, and apt to disappoint. (December.)

FEMALE, THE—Paramount.—Poorly handled story of girl once ran into an African jungle and played with lion cubs. (November.)

FIGHTING FURY—Universal.—A conventional Western with its casters, lovely countenance and heroic stranger who merits unqualified verdict of "pretty pucky." (October.)

FIGHT, THE—Fox.—Snappy and well acted, this film appeals to all who like fight stories. Based on Richard Harding Davis' Van Biber stories. (October.)

FIRE WHEN READY—F. B. O.—The fifth episode of "The Go-Getters," and is just like the rest of those nomenclature things that you chuckle over and wonder what it is all about. (January.)

FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE—Pathe.—The most amusing musical comedy that Harry Langdon has appeared in thus far. (November.)

FLASHING SPURS—F. B. O.—A range is the hero. Lots of fighting and shooting if you like that sort of stuff. (March.)

FLIRTING WITH LOVE—First National.—Colleen Moore always lovely, tomes her bobbed hair in typical flapper role but finally learns that she loves a reformer. (November.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES
How a “Crazy Invention” Ended My Baldness

Sixty days ago they called me “Baldy.” Now they’re amazed at my new growth of hair.

“George, don’t be foolish. You ought to know there’s no help for baldness. You’re just throwing your money away.”

“Just listen, Bill—nothing doing. You can’t convince me that anything will grow hair on that bald head of yours. And especially that crazy invention! Take my advice and hang on to your money.”

That was how my friend Bill Jenkins, felt. I had been telling him about a new treatment for baldness I wanted to take. He just wouldn’t listen to me. He was all against it. And in a way I didn’t blame him. For I certainly hadn’t spent a lot of money on other treatments with no results. I had tried countless tonics and salves. I had tried singing and massages. I tried eradicating every greasy root. But every new thing I tried actually seemed to make my hair thinner.

Still, this new treatment was entirely different from anything I had ever tried. Other methods treated only the surface skin. This one consisted of a new invention which provided, for the first time, a method of getting right down to the dormant roots and nourishing them. The results it was bringing seemed really astonishing. Men who had been partially bald for years, who had long ago given up hope, were getting brand-new growths of hair in surprisingly short times. Women, too, were using it with equally remarkable results.

But the best part of it all, as I later learned, was this—I didn’t risk a penny in taking the treatment. The discoverer of this new method—Alois Merke—founder of the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York—absolutely guaranteed an entirely new growth of hair in 30 days, or the trial would cost me nothing! I just couldn’t resist such an unusual offer. I had nothing to lose, and perhaps a lot to gain. So I sent for the treatment.

The Biggest Surprise of My Life

When I first saw this invention I laughed out loud. My friend Bill had called it “crazy invention.” It almost looked the part. But that didn’t keep me from trying it.

The first two or three days, nothing happened. True, my scalp felt very much invigorated. And I didn’t see anywhere near the amount of hair on my brush that I used to. Then, a few days later, I looked in the mirror. What I saw almost bowled me over! For there, just breaking through, was a fine downy fuzz all over my head!

Every day I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment. And every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And at the end of sixty days—well, my worries about baldness were ended. For I had regained an entirely new growth of healthy hair.

Here’s the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely dormant—temporarily asleep. Now to make a really new grow you would not think of rubbish “growing fluid” on the leaves. Yet that is just what I had been doing, when I used to douse my head with tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the roots. And it’s exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as $500 for the results they secured through personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day!

New Hair in 30 Days or No Cost

Merke very frankly admits that this treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But so many others have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days, or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if he fails to grow hair then he’s the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether you pay or not.

To be bald is certainly a real misfortune. In my own case, it was more than embarrassing. Most of my well-meaning friends called me “Baldy.” At the office they were always “kidding” me. And at the ball game or theatre, I always felt that the people behind me were doing nothing but giggling at me. I never felt comfortable. So when I saw Merke’s offer of new hair in 30 days or no cost, I determined to give it a trial, anyway.

And without a doubt in the world, I will always consider the day I sent for the Merke treatment one of the luckiest days of my life.

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke treatment.

I was once skeptical. And I suppose you are, too. But no matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how thin it is—no matter how little hair you have left—I certainly advise you to at least learn more about this treatment.

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“The New Way to Make Hair Grow” is the title of a vitally interesting 34 page book describing the treatment. It will be sent you entirely free, if you supply mail the coupon below.

This little book explains all about the treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains many valuable pieces of information on the care of hair and scalp. Remember this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now. Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 394, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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Iron Horse, the — Fox—An epic of the terrific land rush that followed the first transcontinental railroad was completed. Intensely interesting, also in- 

Isn't Life Wonderful?—United Artists.—A Griffith production that approaches perfection. You live the struggles and hardships of a family of refugees settled in Germany after the War. (February.)

It is the law—Fox—Another melodrama of the eternal triangle with strong background and thrills. Carries a surprise punch. (November.)

Janice Meredith—Cosmotopolitan.—Another romantic tale of the American Revolution. Marion Davies appears to advantage as Janice. Supporting cast good. (October.)

Jubilo, Jr.—Pathé—If you were ever a kid you will like this picture. The Man Hates the World and The Gong combine for a lot of fun. (October.)

K—The Unknown—Universal.—Overcad- 
ed story about a surgeon who gives up everything when he imagines himself guilty of carelessness. Redeems self by operation. (November.)

Last of the Duanes, The—Fox—Zane Grey's novel of hairbreadth shooting and hair- 
breadth escapes makes a typical Tom Mix picture. (October.)

Last Man on Earth—Fox—Stay away from this picture. It is the dullest shown in many months. The title tells the story but not badly enough. (Feb.)

Laughing at Danger—F. O.—The machine gun tale, with a surprising ending. In this Talmadge's fight to win the girl. Action and athletics galore. (January.)

Let'er Buck—Universal.—Hoot Gibson swaggers through this as a he-man of the great outdoors and the hero of the hour. (March.)

Life's Greatest Game—F. B. O.—This picture, starring Joel McCrea, is a star turn for Richard Talmadge's fight to win the girl. Baseball and action. (November.)

Lighthouse by the Sea, The—Warner Brothers.—Runners plot to frustrate U. S. Revenue officers by subduing the keeper and his aids. Another Rin-Tin-Tin and animated. (March.)

Lily of the Dust—Paramount.—From Soderman's "Song of Songs." Tale lacks real appeal. (January.)

Little Robinson Crusoe—Metro.—View- 
ing Jackie Coogan as a shipwrecked orphan on a car- 
minal island is an evening well spent. The children will enjoy it. (October.)

Locked Doors—Paramount.—In which the husband unexpectedly agrees to divorce when his wife falls in love with a young Senator. Theodore Roberts is at his best. (February.)

Lost chord, the—Arro.—A sobbing melodrama based on the song by Sir Arthur Sullivan. 

Love and Glory—Universal.—Second Rupert Julian version of "We Are French." The first was a gem. This one isn't. (November.)

Lover of Camille, the—Warner.—Taken from Sacha Guitry's drama of a famous pantomime clown and his unhappy love for "the lady of Camille." In the film it somehow borders upon saccharine sentimentality. (January.)

Love's Wilderness—First National.—The "wilderness" is picturesque, but the "love" is uncon- vincing. Corinne Griffith, as the heroine, makes an unfortunate choice in the first time, but finally marries the right man. (February.)

Lure of the Yukon, the—Le.—Le.—Cinematographic gold rush stuff with plenty of red- 
blooded action. (November.)

Madonna of the Streets—First National. —The return of Nuida and but otherwise a draggy and sordid tale. Not for children. (January.)

Manhattan—Paramount.—This is Richard Dix's first starring picture and it's filled with thrills and entertainment value. (January.)

Man Must Live, A—Paramount.—Good enter- 
tainment. Richard Dix, as the hero, decides sympa- thy isn't worth while on an empty stomach and a pair of empty pockets. (January.)

Man Who Came Back, The—Fox—Easily the best picture of the month. Hero and heroine fight battle of redemption and win. (November.)

Man Who Fights Alone, The—Paramount. —His story of a man paralyzed and confined to a 
wheel chair who believes he is losing his wife's love. (December.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]
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Venice, Calif.

If there is a movement afoot to induce Mary Pickford to bolt her beautiful golden hair I implore you to do your utmost to overthrow the campaign. Mary has the most beautiful hair in the whole world. It would wring the heart of me if she cut the darling curls.

MRS. LORENZA STEVENS.

Detroit Calls You, Richard

Detroit, Mich.

Whenever a Richard Dix picture comes to town I drop all other engagements to see it. He is the cleanest, most inspiring actor of today. I am looking forward to his making a personal appearance in Detroit. I hope it will be soon.

THERESA HUNT.

About Who Should Play Ben Hur

In reference to the letter written by Iris de la Mar in the January issue of your magazine I heartily disagree with her. I have read "Ben Hur" and am convinced that Ramon Novarro is the ideal of the book and play. As far as looks and acting are concerned Mr. Novarro surpasses Mr. Walsh. He is the ideal Apollo. I cannot imagine George Walsh playing Ben Hur, who, at the beginning of the book, is seventeen.

M. Stocking, whose letter appeared in the same issue, is entirely wrong in the statement that Ben Hur was a "blond giant." He was of the dark, Latin type.

I, for one, will not be disappointed at the outcome of that picture. I can hardly wait its completion.

EVELYN PANELLI.

Oh, Miss Severity

Los Angeles, Calif.

I seldom write fan letters. The last one I wrote you published over a year ago. Then it concerned the "paramountization" of Pola Negri. Now it is the direction of Marguerite De La Motte by Commodore Blackton in "The Clean Heart" from the novel by A. M. S. Hutchison.

I had always thought she was one of the coming emotional ingenues, but, oh, where did she go in that picture? I did not recognize her until after seeing the picture, when I recalled seeing her name in the cast. I thought all through the performance that it was an amateur who re-ssembled some well-known film star. She was dreary.

When Miss De La Motte was with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers" she was lovely. But what was the matter with this picture?

M. L. MCLEAN.

An Ardant Advocate

Milwaukee, Wis.

I tell you that the only woman who has a right to be on the screen in your country is Dorothy Mackail. The others are nearly all soulless flappers. The rest merely brains. Dorothy has a soul. Also she has spirit and brains. A EUROPEAN VISITOR TO THIS COUNTRY.

An Open Letter to Constance Talmadge

Oakland, Ont., Can.

A word to Constance Talmadge. First, last and at all times, she is head and shoulders above the rest as to looks. She has the finest and most regular, as well as the sweetest, features of all those reared in front of the camera. This does not seem a diplomatic statement, especially coming from a man. But in this case I am stating plain facts.

Miss Talmadge, please refrain from disguising your God-given gifts, even for the sake of art. There are enough ugly things to look at in this world without someone who has beauty, trying to destroy it. Bobbed hair? Yes. Sheep and the bobbed hair rage are on a par. One goes through the gap. The rest all fall. So with bobbed heads. Someone starts the fad and away they go, regardless of whether bobbed hair suits their features, type or stature.

A. G. W. SHAW.

Beware of Welch, Shirley

Welch, W. Va.

In a recent issue of Photoplay we read a letter from Shirley Morrow, commenting on Rudolph Valentino's acting. She said that he cannot act. She asserted that his face is practically expressionless.

She evidently does not know anything about acting and does not recognize a good actor when she sees one. As for expressions, we have seen more telling ones on Mr. Valentino's face than on that of any other star of the screen.

If Miss Morrow were to come to Welch she would find here even more enemies than friends, because of that statement.

THREE WHO KNOW.

Wants More of Cullen Landis

Los Angeles, Calif.

I have been an appreciative fan of his for so long that I feel as though I have a right to make a request. Let us know all that is possible about Cullen Landis. He has been a favorite of mine and of my friends for years. He delivers all the good things that can be said about him.

MARIE PARSONS.

A High School Senior Thinks

Perhaps it is extraordinary to hear of "reminiscences" from a high school senior, but I can't help wanting to express to the fans, and perhaps to the stars, a memory I have.

Grace Cunard—she is only a dim recollection to me, but I used to love her. When I was but five years old I always enjoyed her performances in "The Broken Coin." I haven't heard anything of Miss Cunard for years. But will I never forget her, Ruth Stonehouse, Lillian Walker, Virginia Pearson and the two Fox kiddies—one of which I saw in a picture the other day. She is almost a woman now—these and others were my worshipped stars of yesterday.

But the outstanding one, the queen of them all, Margaret Clarke—I can't express how wonderful I thought her pictures were. How I loved "Snow White," "Brunella," "The Seven Swans" and all the other plays! Perhaps it is only the misleading fantasy of childhood, but I feel that I have never gotten so much pleasure out of any recent pictures as I did from those of Miss Cunard.

If space permitted, I would tell you about "Jean the Woman," "Thais," "The Woman God Forgot" and all the treatments of old times. Why can't the theaters ever show those old pictures? I'd give almost anything to see again Miss Clark and all the dwarfs and fairies and all the delights of Snow White.

EDWARD C. GROUSE.

Homesick for Wild Western "Picks"

Muskogee, Okla.

I read on the plains of Wyoming as I was, I viewed "Sundown" with a grip upon my heart that was like pain. It was so true that it brought back "the dear all through and recall," the days of happy, irresponsible childhood on the free range of Wyoming, as though they were today instead of my receding yesterdays.

The members of the cast were all good, but big, broad-shouldered handsome Roy Stewart was simply superb. He was the epitome of the wild west cowboy, young in body, old in heart, but with heart so tender and protective toward women and little helpless maverickie that the feminine heart, at least, cannot but find him lovable and deeply homesick for the days of the past.

From a fan who really enjoys Western pictures of the worthwhile, true-to-type kind.

MRS. M. KELLY.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 15]
New Kind of Mask Worn While You Sleep Remakes Your Complexion!

A blemished complexion looks as smooth, soft and delicate as a rosebud after wearing this light, silken mask just a few nights! Acts to quickly revive the skin cells, smooth out tired lines, and clear away blemishes! Women are delighted when they see the remarkable change after just one night.

HERE'S something new and astonishing—a simple, silken mask that remakes your complexion almost overnight. Nothing quite like it has ever been known before; for this marvelous treatment is at work every minute while you sleep, purifying the pores and reviving the starved skin cells, making the skin soft, smooth, lovely. You wake up with a new complexion. This wonderful new mask has been perfected, after long study and research, by Susanna Cocroft, world-famous as a health specialist. At the Susanna Cocroft Laboratories, experiments have proved that when used with the special Susanna Cocroft tissue tonic and nourishing cream, this amazing mask actually seems to remake your complexion while you sleep!

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As soon as you apply the tissue tonic and cream, your complexion is started on the road to a new beauty. Their duty is to coax the impurities from your skin—the blemishes and blackheads—and give it new life and radiance. The sheer, soft, silken mask, which is adjusted over the nourishing cream, not only prevents the cream from rubbing off, but stimulates circulation and acts to smooth away tired lines and make the skin soft, glowing and elastic. All night as you sleep, the tiny cells breathe through the magic mask, taking in treatment and giving off waste. Muscles are lifted and invigorated. Minute by minute the skin is cleansed, purified, freshened throughout the night, and the cumulative effect in the morning is a skin velvety like in its smoothness, fresh, attractive, radiant!

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The new Susanna Cocroft Rejuvenating Face Mask does for your complexion what gloves and cold cream do for your hands overnight and much more. You know how soft and white your hands are in the morning after you have creamed them and slept with the gloves on. The new mask works on the same principle, but in addition the wonderful stimulating tonic and cream clean and freshen the face-pores, and revive and invigorate the poisoned skin cells, while the mask all night long gently but scientifically massages the face, acting to lift the muscles and smooth away lines as an expensive beauty operator does.

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PHOTOPHOTO TEXT BOOKS


Every advertisement in PHOTOPHOTO MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Here Is A Happy Playgoer
Buffalo, N. Y.

"Feet of Clay" is really one of the better pictures. If we could have plenty of such pictures the movies would be of real benefit. It is not for the frivolous, it is as good as anything the screen has given us of real thinking effort. It is more than entertainment. It is a worthwhile picture with the right appeal and with splendid portrayals to increase the audience's relish of it. Rod la Rocque really showed much fineness of feeling. Vera Reynolds was a sincere and winning personality. Robert Edeson was splendid. The entire cast was good.

M. L.

A Point for Elinor Glyn
Winona, Minn.

One who has been a subscriber to Photo-
play for ten years asks for your indulgence in
space. Yours is the best magazine pub-
lished about motion pictures. I enjoy talking
over "Brickbats and Bouquets." It is a de-
lightful mixture of stimulating sense and amusing
nonsense. May I comment on Elinor Glyn's good work
in finding John Gilbert for the production of
"His Hour"?

I have just seen the play. I have heard
many say that it is a poor picture. I myself
like "Six Days" a lot better. But if "His Hour"
is a poor story Elinor Glyn made up for it
by getting us John Gilbert as the Russian
prince. The whole play goes to him. He is
magnificent.

This is not because he is my only favorite.
If I were to choose among Norman Kerry,
Huntly Gordon, Lew Cody, Alexander Carr
and John Gilbert, I would ask to be
blindfolded to make my choice. I have a few female
favorites too. Ethel Clayton is one. I think
Marion Davies is the fairest of the fair.

MINNESOTA GOLDEN ROD

More Richard Dix Pictures
Wanted
Jefferson City, Mo.

Just a few words of praise for Richard Dix,
especially for his fine work in "The Ten
Commandments." The picture itself was wonder-
ful. He is an accomplished actor. I hope the
local theater manager will show more of his
pictures in the future.

GEORGE BACKERS

A Ranchman "Fan" Offers Advice
3R Ranch, Tucson, Ariz.

I notice with interest in the latest issue of
your magazine that the Gold Medal award goes
to "The Covered Wagon." In the announce-
ment you state that the winner triumphed over
"The Ten Commandments." It seems to me
that it was unfair to ask the readers of the
magazine to consider the latter picture as one
of 1923, since it had not then been generally
released.

I sincerely hope that you will place the De
Mille picture on your list to be voted on for the
Gold Medal prize of 1924, since its general
release came in that year. I believe that when
this picture is shown all over the country
there will be little doubt of its winning prizes offered
for the best picture of the year. In my opinion
it surpasses "The Covered Wagon" in every way.

I also wish to express through your magazine
my sincere thanks to Mr. John D. Cahill of
Chicago for his defence of Mabel Normand
against maudlin attacks. It is no less than
justice to attempt to silence a few of the people
who apparently spend all their waking mo-
ments—and possibly some of their sleeping—
trying to think up some scandal with which to
accuse an innocent and defenseless girl.

With best wishes for the continued success of
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

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By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course.
Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required.
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rhythm arrangements. About 30,000 words. $1.25,
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How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain In a Week?

If you are thin and scrawny and would like to
gain weight, I will send you a sample of the gen-
une Hilton's Vitamins absolutely FREE. Do not
send any money—just your name and address to
W. W. Hilton, 103 Gateway St., Kansas City, Mo.
New writer wins $1000 prize

THE $1000 prize offered by the Mission Film Corporation for the best screen story based on the title, "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley," has just been awarded to Louis Schmidt, a student at San Francisco State College.

Mr. Schmidt's story was chosen because of its high rating in dramatic strength, entertainment value and picturesque action—a tribute to the character of the training he received from the Palmer Institute of Authorship.

Scores of other students of the Palmer Institute are also selling short stories, novels, plays, special articles and photo-plays.

The list includes Anita Pettibone, whose novel, "The Better Country," was recently published by Doubleday, Page & Co.; Phyllis Cumberland, who sold "Tangled Lives" to Thomas H. Ince; Miss Bethcina King, who wrote "What Did the Bishop Say?"; John M. Byers, who sold his first play to a New York producer; Charles Shepherd, who wrote "The Clouds of 'Ahi Sin"; Taddeo Bussiere, whose play, "The Open Gate," was given its premiere at the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles, in October, 1924; John M. Byers, whose story, "The Perfect Remake," was published in the Columbia University"; Paul Schofield, who produced "Through the Dark," and Miss Winifred Kimmall, who won the $10,000 prize in the screenplay contest conducted by the Chicago Daily News.

Famous Men on Advisory Council

Supervising the educational policies of the Palmer Institute are the following distinguished men: Russell Doubleday, publisher; Frederick Palmer, author and educator; Clayton Hamilton, well-known playwright and author-educator; Brian Hooker, formerly of the Faculty of Yale and Columbia University; Hudson Cooper, author-educator; C. Gardner Sullivan, screen writer and director; James R. Quirk, editor of Photoplay Magazine, and Bob Wagner, author and motion picture director.

Write for This Book and Free Creative Test

The Palmer Institute is unique among educational institutions because it seeks for training only those with natural creative ability who can profit by its instruction. Therefore, no one is invited to enroll for its home-study courses until he or she has passed the Palmer Creative Test.

This test is the most novel and effective device for obtaining a fine, accurate analysis of your writing ability by your own pen and pencil. Students who like our Creative Test and our analyses and subsequent training have earned scores of $1000 prizes, scholarships and book prizes. Our Board of Examiners grades your reply without cost or obligation. Just mail the coupon and we shall send you the Creative Test to you free—together with the Palmer leaflet, "New Road to Authorship."
How I Found a Short-Cut to Popularity

When they called me a back number something within me rebelled. My pride perhaps. Then it dawned upon me! At first I didn’t believe that anyone could become popular quickly. And yet, here’s what happened.

By a Former Flower girl

I NEVER was much of a dancer. But when our club gave a dance, I couldn’t very well stay away. Besides—how could I ever learn to dance if I didn’t get some experience? I discovered, though, that no one wanted to dance with me. The boys knew I was a poor dancer and they warned the girls to keep away from me. “Jim?” I heard one of the boys say. “Oh, Jim’s all right, but he doesn’t know a Waltz from a Fox-trot.” The girls laughed. It made me want to chuck it all and never go to another dance again.

But something within me rebelled. My pride, perhaps. “Shoow them you can do it!” it whispered. “Show them you can dance as well as they!” But how could I do it? I had no confidence in myself. I certainly couldn’t go to a dancing school, and I couldn’t afford a private teacher.

What could I do? Suddenly I had an idea. Yes, I’d do it! I’d astonish them! I’d become the best dancer of them all!

Popular Overnight

That evening I wrote to Arthur Murray, world-famous dancing master. I knew that he charged $10.00 a lesson in his studio, but I knew that he had five lessons in dancing that he offered free. I asked him to send these five lessons to me.

When they came, I followed the simple directions and diagrams, practicing before a mirror. Before I knew it, I had mastered a fascinating Fox-trot step. I learned how to follow, how to lead, how to be perfectly at ease and have poise of manner in the ballroom. It was wonderful! In one evening I learned to dance.

And then I astounded everyone! I went to a dance (no one expected me to accept the invitation) and I deliberately asked the best dance there to be my partner. It was a Fox-trot. We began to dance, and others stopped to watch. They expected me to be the goat again—but they were disappointed.

We danced that fox-trot perfectly together. We did all the latest steps like professionals. I was absolutely at ease, never felt so comfortable and poised before. It was wonderful! They’ll never laugh at my dancing again.

Five Dancing Lessons FREE

Arthur Murray will be glad to send his five free lessons to anyone who is interested in becoming an accomplished dancer. These lessons prove better than anything he can say that through his method anyone can learn to dance at home, without music and without a partner. These lessons teach you how to lead and follow, how to Waltz and Fox-trot, how to have poise and confidence. Send for them today—are you ready to keep on without obligation. This coupon brings them promptly.

ARTHUR MURRAY
Studio 451, 801 Madison Ave., New York

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening you may send me the five FREE lessons listed below. (2) How to Lead and Follow; (2) How to Waltz and Fox-trot; (2) How to Dance With Confidence. 

I've read and am interested in the method you use. I've enclosed 25c for postage and handling costs.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State ________________________
One Hundred and Two New York and Boston Debutantes tell why they use Woodbury's Facial Soap

In the social registers of the big New York newspapers one hundred and sixty debutantes were listed this season—a list unusually large, for the number of young girls presented in a season to what is authentically known as "society" in New York rarely mounts to more than a hundred. In Boston the list came to ninety-eight.

We wanted to know how these young society girls take care of their skin. What toilet soap do they use? Why do they choose it? And what are the qualities in a soap that especially appeal to them?

224 girls answer the questions
To learn the answers to these questions we submitted them to each of the 224 girls. All but 34 replied to our inquiries.

The results were extremely interesting. Twenty-three different brands of soap were used; but whereas 122 girls scattered their choice over 22 different kinds of soap—an average of a different soap to every 5 girls—the remaining 102 girls all used Woodbury's.

Among the New York debutantes Woodbury's was more than three times as popular as any other soap. Among the Boston debutantes Woodbury's was nearly five times as popular as any other soap.

Forty-three girls said they used Woodbury's to overcome definite skin defects such as enlarged pores, blackheads, excessive oiliness, etc.

Seventy-six girls gave the purity of Woodbury's as their reason for using it, or its beneficial effect on the skin in general cleansing. Two girls used it because it had been recommended by their physicians.

Two points are noticeably brought out by the investigation: one is the constantly recurring testimony to the purity and fineness of Woodbury's Facial Soap. The other is the efficacy of the special Woodbury treatments for overcoming common skin troubles.

Why Woodbury's is unique in its effect on the skin
A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," containing special treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin your treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

To free your skin from blackheads, follow the Woodbury treatment on page 4 of the booklet. "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Free! A guest-size set of three Woodbury skin preparations, with new large-size trial take of Woodbury's Facial Soap

Copyright, 1924, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
Alberta Vaughn is doing the winking, and what a wink it is! The saucy little star of "The Telephone Girl" and "The Go-Getters" series has won a host of friends by her cute screen flapperisms. Sad news, boys. Alberta has announced her engagement to George O'Brien, co-starring with her.
ROD LA ROCQUE enjoyed a pleasant trip to Europe all for nothing. He went there to make "The Coast of Folly" but after several weeks abroad it was decided America was the only place to make pictures. They say Pola Negri was very glad.
NEW YORKERS put on their best bibs and tuckers in February to welcome Lew Cody who hadn't been to the big city for a long, long time. He visited the big city to appear in "Chickie," after finishing "Man and the Maid" in Hollywood.
LIKE a portrait from a gallery of queens is what this picture of Corinne Griffith reminds us. The beautiful star has just completed "The Social Exile," formerly known under the title of "Declasse," and is now busily making "The National Anthem."
MEET a star in the making, Claire Adams. Noted for her beauty, William de Mille discovered her latent dramatic ability while directing her in Richard Dix's picture "Men and Women." He immediately signed her for a long-term contract.
HERE is Sally Rand, another potential star. For several years Sally has won fans by her pert and saucy ways in comedies. She was given a small part in "The Golden Bed" and now is wearing gorgeous gowns in "The Dressmaker from Paris."
NOT Peter Pan this time but Betty Bronson who, we hope, never, never will grow up. After her triumphant holiday trip to New York and intervening cities, Betty returned to Hollywood, where she is putting her enthusiasm in "Are Parents People?"
Her face, her hands, her hair.

this simple care safeguards their beauty

The girls of the present generation have been accused of a willingness to try any kind of beauty treatment, preparation, or method that anyone is ingenious enough to devise.

We can't help thinking, "Well, why shouldn't they try them?" For that is how the spirit of youth works—it learns by trying, it grows by adventure. The scientific fact that a girlish complexion ordinarily needs nothing but pure soap and water to keep it glowing with health is too simple an idea for youth—there's no fun in it.

Probably little permanent harm will often come of these youthful experiments because young skin has marvelous powers of recuperation. The real risk is run by the woman who has passed early youth.

As one grows older, the skin gradually loses its ability to resist damage. Proper care will preserve its beauty, but dermatologists agree that constant strenuous treatments and the use of "foods" and "revivers" enlarge the pores, stretch the tissues, and make the skin tender and supersensitive.

These same authorities say that if all these artificial efforts are supplanted by daily face baths with warm water and a pure soap, the skin has been given as fine a treatment as it can have. Proper rinsing, a dash of cold water, thorough drying, and a bit of pure cold cream complete the simple operation. If Ivory is used, you are sure of thorough, yet safe and gentle cleansing, for Ivory is pure—as fine a soap as can be had at any price.

For youth, maturity and age, for face, hands, hair and bath, Ivory Soap offers all that you can rightfully expect from any soap. Yet its cost is negligible.

Proctor & Gamble

IVORY SOAP

99% Pure. It Floats

Guest Ivory

the dainty new case of Ivory made especially for face and hands, costs but 5 cents.
Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

SYD CHAPLIN, come out from under that bushel. I know you. You've been neglecting your talent long enough. You're Charlie's Aunt now—not Charlie's brother. And you proved you love your art by reducing twenty pounds. When I used to play riddle-de-winks and sip ice cream sodas with you in Hollywood, you were a plump little son-of-a-gun.

I COLLIDED with Herbert Brenon in the Lambs Club. I wanted to thank him for "Peter Pan." But the Director was not in an expansive mood. His brother, whom he had cared for and nursed devotedly for eight years, had just died in Hollywood, and Herbert's success died in his mind like the sun behind the eclipsing moon. No man without such a heart and soul could have trans- lated Barrie's wistful story so perfectly.

A WRITER reveals his personality in his books. The psychologist reads the innermost thoughts, inhibitions and complexes of the author through his written words.

Pictures equally reveal the mind of the director. For years I have studied directors and their pictures, and the test never fails. Griffith is his own pictures. Approaching middle age, he lives in an austere and romantic world all his own. Cecil De Mille creates people whose hearts beat to the rhythm of the jazz band. Von Stroheim's continental glasses distort love and humanity into ugly shapes. Marshall Neilan, if he didn't restrain himself, would spring a jest at his grandmother's funeral. Last and least, Von Sternberg. He gives us reels of mud in slow motion and calls it a great thought. "The Salvation Hunters" should have been entitled "A Dull Day on the Mud Flats."

THERE is little doubt that when "Ben Hur" is released it will be exploited as "The Greatest Picture Of All Times"—"The Sweetest Love Story Ever Told"—"The Epic Of The Screen"—"Magnificent!"—"Incomparable"—"Masterpiece Supreme"—"Super Super"—and perhaps "A Picture That Every Christian Ought To See."

Not only every Christian, but every Mohammedan, every Hebrew, every Buddhist and every Sun Worshiper in America will have to buy a ticket for it, if General Lew Wallace's classic is to make any money for the producers. It is variously estimated that the production of the picture will cost from two and a half to three million dollars, much of this because of lack of preparation and good management in the initial stages, and the decision of the company to make it under Italian skies, which are not nearly as sunny as the California brand.

By the terms of the contract made with the owners of the screen rights to the story, the producers make the picture and share the financial returns fifty-fifty with the owners of the film rights. It will be apparent, therefore, that if the picture costs three million dollars, the screen rights will cost three million dollars, allowing also for exploitation and distribution. At least seven and a half million dollars will have to come through the box office before the Metro-Goldwyn Company will receive a cent of profit. We have to excuse the Metro-Goldwyn Company, then, if they use up every adjective in the dictionary, the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and a full library of cross-word puzzle books.

It's just got to be a good picture.

HOW does it happen that press agents have missed "supernal"? There's an adjective that says something.

PARAMOUNT is ready to announce the formation of a school to develop actors and actresses on the right basis. The aspirants for a film career will be examined and tested before admission, will pay a tuition fee of $500.00 and support themselves. At the end of the year they will be given a position or the gate. This school will be established in the Long Island Studio, and the courses of instruction will include swimming, riding and dancing.

It is a great idea, well planned, and is the first legitimate school of motion picture acting ever established.

RAY GRIFFITH is to be starred and is expected to repopularize the silk hat. Ray is a great comedian, but his threat to make silk topper a national habit is a dastardly one. I protest.
Marguerite Clark—Today

Pictures? Maybe, but husband and home come first—far, far from Hollywood

By Beatrice Washburn

a bit for the football and baseball games at the different colleges," said Mrs. Williams, who is as quiet and unassuming as though she had been mistress of the big old house since babyhood.

"But," she added, with that smile which is just as charming as when you saw it in "Bab," "there really isn't anything very picturesque about us. We live a quiet country life like anybody else. I am busy with my flowers and my dogs, flowers grow like magic in this warm country and I am free to mess in them all I like. Harry's office is near enough for him to come home to lunch and in the evening we play bridge or Mah Jong or go to the local moving picture house. Although ours is only a small place the films are as good as in the cities."

"Jack Dempsey," "Mary Pickford" and "Zelo" are only three of the big pack of dogs that are pets of the former screen favorite at her spacious Louisiana home

The little village of Patterson, Louisiana, where Marguerite Clark has lived with her husband ever since she left the screen, lies about eighty miles west of New Orleans in the picturesque Evangeline country. If you saw "The White Rose" you will recognize it all; the long, lazy bayous lined with water hyacinths, the live oaks hung with moss, the wild roses, the palmettos, the mocking birds that sing from dawn to midnight. It is different from Broadway, different from Hollywood, different from anything in the world but old Cajan Louisiana where the inhabitants still speak French and where the negro babies still roll on the little cabin floors just as they do in songs.

Mrs. Harry Williams is still "Miss Marguerite" to the villagers. When they speak of her it is with something very like reverence, for is she not sending five Patterson girls through college and is not "Mr. Harry" doing the same for nearly twenty youths?

"They haven't any children of their own, but they do everything for our children," says Patterson as one man. Charity quite literally begins at home for Mr. and Mrs. Williams—no farther away than the long village street on which they live. Patterson is flattered, too, that the famous screen actress and her husband really do live there. They don't look upon their estate as merely a week-end affair and, aside from occasional trips to New Orleans and very occasional ones north, they spend all their time in the country with their thirteen dogs, their chicken farm, their flowers and their lumber mills.

"Harry is so crazy about sports that we do travel about

© Underwood & Underwood
Marguerite Clark as queen of the Alexis ball is the only woman to be given that high social honor
Mrs. Williams has changed very little since those enchanting days of "The Seven Sisters." She is still tiny and demure and her red brown hair is worn in a shingle bob just as it has been for the last six years. She assures you that it is going to stay that way. "One can't wear curls forever and it is so much more convenient this way," is how she expresses it. Her eyes are just the color of her hair and she still deserves the tribute of being one of America's best dressed women. Also, if she has left the screen it doesn't mean that she has lost interest in it.

"The fans still write me by the hundreds," she confided. "Isn't it adorable? I still get letters from all parts of the country and from people of all ages. Most of them write me charming personal letters saying how glad they are that I am happily married and devoted to my husband. Many of them come from screen aspirants, both young and old, and to all of them I say the same thing—Don't try for the motion pictures unless you have money enough to wait for success and character enough to stand disappointment. To tear off to Hollywood without money and expect to burst into fame is a heartbreaking proposition, and to become famous without experience is almost unheard of. The fans see the honor and glory without realizing the months and sometimes years of hard work that lies behind it."

Mrs. Williams admits that she was offered the role of Peter Pan which Marilyn Miller is now playing in New York, and she also admits that some day she may return to the screen. "I don't expect to" is all she can be induced to say, "but it is possible that I may."

The directors still send her scenarios and young authors still besiege her with manuscripts in the hope that she may tire of domestic life and return to the screen. To all of them she makes the same answer, either written or oral, that she cannot give her life to her husband and to the public too.

"When I first left the screen I thought it would be possible for me to do two pictures a year," she explained. "But I soon found that it could not be done. You cannot run two jobs at once, and Mr. Williams, like any normal husband, is not anxious to have me work again. Still I do keep up my interest in the pictures and am particularly interested in the strides made by historical pictures in the last few years. Such productions as 'The Sea Hawk,' 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame,' 'The White Sister,' 'Scaramouche,' 'The Covered Wagon' are of tremendous educational as well as artistic value."

Mary [CONTINUED ON PAGE 153]
A Day with a Movie Star

By Pete Smith

Estelle Taylor shows how press agents make a living and film actresses famous

Pictures posed exclusively for Photoplay

At the left. "Next, in her favorite imported kimono, Miss Star partakes of a light breakfast—just some fruit and cereal." But below, after the photo is taken, we find that Miss Star will have her usual breakfast of ham and eggs, coffee, toast and wheat cakes. Also she will wear the warm but comfortable old bathrobe the p. a. holds

At the right. "Before breakfast Miss Star goes through her daily exercise for half an hour," says the press agent. But, below, we learn that if the press agent didn't lend support with a broom the actress would do a brodie. The maid also stands by with liniment and towel to rub out the sore spots

At the right, so says the caption usually carried on such a photo, "Miss Star arises at five A. M., refreshingly pretty after a long night's rest." But above, we find the press agent holding the clock, which points to 11 A. M. and the "refreshing look" comes from the make-up kit which the maid is carrying.
At the right. "A vigorous hike to a mountain top with the world at her feet," is the next in the day's program. But, above, we learn that Miss Star steps out of her car into somebody's back yard while the press agent and others cry, "Look out. Be careful. Don't fall; you'll hurt yourself."

At the right. "An accomplished musician, Miss Star loves to allow her talents full sway when alone in the mountains."

Even the press agent can't stand her terrible discords and scales his ears, as does the loyal maid and the photographer. Even their zeal for art has its limitations.

At the right. "Later an hour or two with Nietzsche gives Miss Star her favorite mental recreation." But in reality she never reads Nietzsche and confines her reading to Photoplay, which the press agent has removed from her hands long enough to take the photograph shown below.

At the left. "Percival, Miss Star's favorite pet, has learned many cunning tricks through her daily instructions." But, below, we learn that only the clutching hand of the press agent makes this cute photo and the dog's tricks possible. The p. a. hopes the little brute won't snap his hand.
Ten years ago she was paid $3.00 a day as an extra girl

If we ever cared to write a scenario we don’t know of anything more fascinating than Gloria Swanson’s third marriage. Her romance with the Marquis James Henri de Falaise of De La Coudray is fit and proper material for a society playlet and would practically write itself. All one would have to do would be to supply the happy ending and that is the easiest thing about any scenario.

About four years ago, Gloria was seated before an astrologer. Now this particular astrologer happens to be a woman much patronized by society. Her large studio is draped and festooned with things oriental just to lend atmosphere. But, as you will learn, she gave her patrons more than atmosphere. Wouldn’t that setting make a wonderful opening scene for any screen production? We find Gloria and the astrologer seated on opposite sides of a large table, Gloria intently gazing at her ris-a-rire and the astrologer busily engaged in writing her horoscope. At the rear of the room is a wide window. Through it one sees the sky dotted with all the stars and planets—Mars, Neptune and all the other male satellites winking vigorously at Venus. Then comes a sub-title, quoting the astrologer:

“You will not be very happy in affairs of the heart during 1924, but in the latter part of the year you will meet a foreigner, fall deeply in love and marry him in 1925.”

Now, if you want to write a scenario, you can pick up that much and complete the script. We don’t care to be bothered with it. We are only concerned with the writing of this story, which, in brief, is to tell you about Gloria and the handsome and debonair scion of one of the oldest families in France.

Of course you know Gloria, especially if you have been reading Photoplay for the past ten years. You know how she started out as a little extra girl in Chicago, where she was born, and by the force of her personality forged ahead to the very topmost rung of the ladder of filmdom. You also know that she was married to Wallace Beery in 1916, and, after their separation, became the wife of Herbert Somborn in 1919. You also know that Gloria II was born October 7, 1920. One more also and you will know that Gloria and Mr. Somborn were divorced in 1923.

That clears the stage of all entangling alliances and leaves Gloria ready to sail for Europe in 1924, practically heart whole and fancy free. Her only apparent mission is to make a picture (“Madame Sans Gene”) in Paris. But don’t forget the four-year-old horoscope. Gloria may have forgotten it, but the horoscope kept right on the job. To start with it brought Gloria and the Marquis together.

James Henri literally talked his way into the heart of the cinema queen. Knowing his ancestry it might have been expected. The French are a voluble race and so are the Irish, and the Marquis is almost as Irish as he is French, for he is also a member of that famous Irish family that became noted for a
Cinderella comes to life. Some hitherto untold facts of the romantic meeting, the Parisian courtship and the marriage of the girl born on the other side of the railroad tracks.

Today she is a Marchioness and is offered $17,500 a week.

certain brandy that still carries authority wherever it is found. With such a mixture it is not surprising that eventually a member of such an alliance would some day be found who could do a lot of purposeful talking.

The Marquis is that member. He obtained a position as interpreter with Famous Players-Lasky in Paris. When Gloria arrived he assigned himself to the pleasant job of doing her interpreting. He just interpreted everything for her. If Gloria didn't understand a certain line in the picture, the Marquis was at her elbow to interpret. His success in the studio was so pronounced that he proved indispensable. If Gloria went shopping she found she needed an interpreter. The Marquis went shopping with her—as an interpreter. French menus are baffling. If Gloria dined, the Marquis saw to it that he was present to unravel the mysteries of the carte de jour. What was true of the shops and cafes was also true of the theaters. An interpreter was needed.

It wasn't long before the Marquis was nothing less than the conversational shadow of Gloria. And thus we have the spectacle of an illustrious scion of the old French nobility serving as the mouthpiece of one who but ten short years ago was a little extra girl anxious and glad to get a chance before the camera at three dollars a day.

But now, one must remember, she gets offers of $17,500 a week.

But while the Marquis was translating French into English he was also transforming the heart of his fair companion. When she left America for Paris she was supposed to be aloof to Dan Cupid. She had forgotten about the horoscope and had failed to take into consideration that she might meet the Marquis. But these little mental slips are not reckoned where love enters in. And love did enter. From those who have been closest to Gloria on her Paris visit comes word that she fell hopelessly and deeply in love with the Marquis. The Marquis, say we, would have to be something just a little bit more than human not to have fallen in love with Gloria. But despite his high rank, his noble blood and his social prestige, he is also genuinely human and so, of course, fell in love with Gloria.

And so the autumn days passed. Winter drew on apace and the picture went ahead on a gallop. Interspersed were shopping tours, dinners, theater parties and other entertainments. Unlike Mary's little lamb—the blessed little thing—wherever Gloria went, James Henri accompanied her. You will remember that wherever Mary went the lamb came following after. But not so James Henri. Wherever Gloria went he was always at her side. James Henri wasn't allowing any intervening spaces that a rival might slip into.

Well, we hand it to James Henri for that. Besides, don't forget the horoscope. The astrologer said she would meet a foreigner and marry him. Well, Gloria had met a foreigner. The fact that he was a Marquis, [continued on page 100]
Fine Feathers, etc.

World famous beauties appear as fashion models in "The Dressmaker From Paris" which Paul Bern has just directed.

Scores of costumes were designed for this production, which probably is the greatest screen fashion show ever conceived, by Travis Banton, a young American who studied dress design in Paris and about whom a remarkable story will appear in the next month's issue of Photoplay Magazine.

Above is Yola D'Avril, called the prettiest girl in Paris, wearing smart street coat of white crepe de chine lined with black satin. The stand-up collar and deep cuffs are of civet fur.

Below is Olive Borden, 1925 Wampas Baby Star, in black velvet made very full with tight bodice. Pale pink gardenias trim the neck and shoulder lines. Cape of fine white lace also trimmed with gardenias is worn with gown.

At left is Dorothy Seastrom, "Venus of the Snows," in a street costume of cocoa satin, cleverly draped into cape effect at the back. The scarf at her feet and the cuffs are trimmed with kolinsky. Hat of cocoa velvet.

At right, Clara Morris, "Neyna McMein's Regal Red Head," is wearing hyacinth blue and apple green tulle with very tight bodice, dotted with blue spangles. The bouffant skirt is trimmed with 60 yards of blue and green ostrich feathers. Flowers are large lavender and blue roses. Scarf is ostrich-trimmed.
Above, Sally Rand, picked by Cecil De Mille as America's most beautiful girl, wears fluffs and ruffles, consisting of pink tulle and silver lace over flesh satin. White maribou edge ruffles and pale pink roses are scattered over full skirt and shoulders. Pink and maribou parma complete costume.

At right, Jocelyn Lee, "Ziegfeld's Queen of Beauty," is in a street frock of hand blocked silk crepe in shades of copper, orange, gold and yellow. Small copper felt hat trimmed with hand printed quill.

Above, Etta Lee, "Princess of the Orient," in afternoon costume of gold lace and black satin with tight-fitting bodice. Long sleeves entirely of gold lace. Full skirt and cape are bound with magenta and jade green bands. Small turban is draped with silver.

Below, Adalyn Mayer, "The Cinderella Girl of 1925," in costume of green and lemon color soie de soie with tight bodice and circular skirt. Roses are pale green and lemon color.

At left, Christina Monti, "Latin America's Favorite Daughter," in gown of gold cloth elaborately trimmed with jewels and lace. Very tight bodice and bouffant skirt are of Spanish origin. Magenta roses are worn on shoulder and at waist. A black lace fan and diamond earrings accompany costume.
YOU are invited to meet the King and Queen of Italy and Members of the Royal Family.

Such was the invitation extended to me and members of the Ben Hur company upon the occasion of the royal visit to the studio in Rome.

Pandemonium reigned. Everyone rushed for the Book of Etiquette to find the chapter that tells How to Meet Royalty on Their Own Terms.

Imagine my dismay to find that my Book had mysteriously disappeared following a call from Ramon Novarro!

I panted out to the studio immediately in quest of Ramon's Italian valet. The old man served for twenty years as servant to the king before he was rewarded by being made Ramon's valet, and I thought he might be able to give me some tips on what to do. But he had been bribed by Kate Key for the exclusive dope. Kate wanted to be the only proper one at the party, figuring in this way to get a bid to the palace afterward.

ATTIRING myself as best I could in a court dress of blue serge I hastened to the quadroco (Italian for 'lot') where their majesties were to be received.

I could scarcely restrain a laugh when I saw Novarro arrive drooping in an old raincoat. I knew then that another must have stolen my Book of Etiquette. Those in charge of the affair debated about letting him in, as he was the only one not wearing spats. But he had gone to the expense of a shave, and when he threatened to charge it up to the cost of the production he was instantly admitted.

His impressive manner of meeting royalty reminded me of John Barrymore's presentation to the King and Queen of England. It was before the day of John's fame—although he's just the same today. He was playing a young lieutenant in 'Arizona' in London. On the opening night each member of the cast was presented in turn to their majesties before the royal box. Just as John prepared to take his bow his moustache fell off, and as he turned to depart he tripped on his sword and sprawled flat on the stage. They say their majesties were greatly impressed by the obelisk.

Arriving at the quadroco we beheld the feminine members of the cast with their mothers drawn up in martial array in the center of the great Circus Maximus at the spot where the royal car was to stop. "All the artists and policemen on the right!" bawled an official in terrifying tones.

Too nervous to know whether I was a cop or an artist I was running around loosely in circles until the gentleman bellowed.

"Hey, you, get on the right!"

Still unaware as to whether I rated cabanieri or artist I lined up with Miss Julanne Johnston, who, being likewise an outsider, was in similar perplexity. We took a neutral position between the two groups, but from the way the police eyed us I felt we would be claimed sooner or later by them.

THE Royal Family had chosen an opportune day for the visit. In addition to the stars of the cast we had such famous guests as Norma Talmadge, Enid Bennett, Julanne Johnston and Loro Bara, the sister of Theda.

After the customary scrimmage among the artists for first row position, during which hats were knocked off and several seriously injured, the official announcer again burst forth: "No one is to talk except Mr. Niblo."

The little group drooped perceptibly. Many had gone to the pains of preparing speeches listing the pictures in which they had appeared, together with quotations from their press clippings.

"When the Royal Family arrives you are all to uncover," roared the master of ceremonies.

Several of the ladies commenced fumbling at their hats until checked by the announcer, yelling, "Only the gentlemen." Thereupon all the gentlemen unclamped their fedoras. Mr. Howe first taking an aspirin tablet and a harmless nip of cognac as a precaution against the cold.

"Now," bawled the living Book of Etiquette, "remove the glove from the right hand so in case the king shakes hands with you you won't have to say, 'Pardon the glove.' But you are not to shake hands with him unless he shakes hands with you first."

"Naturally not," said Kate Key peevishly, who had stripped the glove of the left hand as well as the right so that in case the king was left-handed all would be jake.

SOME one then started an argument as to whether we should kiss the king's hand or just the queen's or both or neither. Mary McAvoy, who was clinging weakly to Novarro's arm, suddenly showed fight, declaring she'd kiss no man's hand. She was told she would get sent home if she didn't. That would suit her, she snapped.

Carmel Myers, in the meantime, had located the news reel camera and was practicing curtesying before it until stopped by the police.

At that agitated moment a shining automobile swirled up containing a personage in gold armor and waving plumes. "All Hail the King," squeaked a thin voice, and three artistes
dropped to their knees only to discover that the car contained Francis X. Bushman.

Francis had come out in make-up. Carmel having planned to enact a love scene with him for the edification of their majesties. Mr. Niblo getting wind of this at the last moment had X. G.'d the scene. But word had not been relayed to Bushman. When he learned of program he kissed his hands to the curtesying throng and cried, "Home, Rodolfo!" to his chauffeur.

Having seen Carmel operating in the picture I felt the cancellation was justified. No man could see Carmel in a love scene and rule a nation afterward.

Finally a thrill of excitement, a rush of carabiniere, and three automobiles containing the Royal Family and their attendants dashed through the gates.

The artists swayed slightly in a swooning movement, but I steadied myself with the thought I had met both Pola Negri and Corinne Griffith without the aid of smelling salts (though the truth is I fancied dead away afterward). The first car stopped. A beautiful woman swathed in black fur stepped out aided by a gentleman with white hair and white moustache, his face sadly worn.

"Whosis?" hissed Kate Key. "Shut-up, it's the king," hissed another.

"Taint," said Kate. But we knew it was when Mr. Niblo bowed low with such a sweeping gesture of the derby that you almost could see knightly plumes sprouting out of it.

The queen smiled at us and hesitated a moment, but no one introduced us. Neither the artists nor the policemen were introduced. Mr. Niblo did all the talking.

The king and queen, followed by the Prince Umberto, Princess Mafalda, Princess Giovanna and Mr. Niblo proceeded to the high platform covered with crimson velvet from which they viewed the cast arena through the camera.

The little group of artists, aewd and mute, with their gloveless hands dangling blue and limp in the chill breeze, were left gaping.

"They didn't even say hurro," muttered Kate Key, pathetic for all her choker pearls and her coat with the red lining.

"Shush, they're coming back!"

The artists braced themselves again and smiled expectantly. As the proud young prince passed, each of the little ladies of the company registered, "Well, here I am!" but he merely saluted gravely.

The king assisted each member of his party into the car before taking his place, and the procession whirled away amid a furious click of cameras, broken now and then by half-suppressed sobs.

As the royal party passed I heard Mr. Niblo say to the king, "We are scouring the libraries of the world for stories."

"He's encouraging him to write scenarios," observed Novarro.

"Be yourself, Ben Hur," groused Kate Key. "This is no laughing matter. My hands are frozen; will you please shake them?"

Novarro was about to demand extra's pay for his day's work when a car passed, and the Princess Giovannelli, recognizing him, bowed and smiled.

"She saved you five dollars," said Ramon to the business manager.

Two days later I arose from my bed to which I had been confined by cold and nervous breakdown, to see the news reel rushes.

I liked the Royal Family. They were so natural.

The most democratic sovereigns in the world, the King and Queen of Italy are absolutely devoid of the pomp and hauteur that surrounds royalty on the screen. They are loved by every Italian for their simplicity and kindliness. If a director depicted a princess on the screen in costumes as plain as those worn by the royal princesses of Italy he probably would get hooted.

I suppose, too, that a director would be considered a little balmy if he cast Besie Love for a princess, but she is one of the few actresses I can think of who has the natural modesty and shy loveliness of these young royal ladies.

I learned afterward that the princesses expressed a desire to visit the lot incognito in order to study the camera methods and the use of "miniatures," which had interested them. In the royal palace there is a projection room where the latest films are shown.

I also learned that their majesties had expected to meet the players, but that something had gone wrong with the ceremony. Whoever was to blame, I'm sure it was not the artists... or we policemen.
SUPERLATIVES are unnecessary in describing "The Last Laugh." It is so simply done that one wonders why it hasn't been done before. Remember how Columbus nonplussed the sages of his day by asking them to stand an egg on end? That's what Director Murnau did. He simply stood the film egg on end.

There are but two sub-titles in the picture. They wouldn't have been there except, it was explained, that it was felt necessary to give the picture a happy ending.

The happy ending is not so much, perhaps, a bowing of art to commerce as a gesture of love for a character so wonderfully portrayed by Emil Jannings. The cameraman who took those wonderful running side shots did one of the greatest bits of filming we've ever seen.

This is a man's picture, for men love to go puttering through wildernesses seeking big game and women like to wear pretty gowns and powder their noses. A scientist asserts that he has found the huge pre-historic mammals that were supposed to be extinct ten million years ago and is promptly called a liar. Wallace Beery is the scientist and anybody who calls Wallace a liar better prepare for a battle. An expedition sets forth for "The Lost World." They find it with its hundred-foot dinosaurs, brontosaurus, diplodocus and Bull Montana, playing the part of a huge ape. They leave Bull in the wilderness but start back with a dinosaur. Arriving in London the dino breaks loose, knocks down buildings, breaks down London bridge and finally swims away into the ocean.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month
THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH       THE LAST LAUGH
THE THUNDERING HERD          THE LOST WORLD
DICK TURPIN                CHARLEY'S AUNT

The Six Best Performances of the Month
EMIL JANNINGS in "The Last Laugh"
NORMA TALMADGE in "The Lady"
TOM MIX in "Dick Turpin"
GEORGE HACKATHORNE in "Capital Punishment"
CONSTANCE BENNETT in "The Goose Hangs High"
SYDNEY CHAPLIN in "Charley's Aunt"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 96

THE THUNDERING HERD—Paramount

THis picture ranks with "The Covered Wagon"—a flat, bald statement that challenges everybody to see it. The amazing thing about this story of the white man's ruthless slaughter of buffaloes is that the more you think about it the more you are convinced that it is a masterpiece. Its gripping story; its marvelous scenic effects; its fidelity to romantic and tragic traditions of the West, and its beautiful photography combine to make it a masterpiece.

The fight of the white men and the Indians is the greatest screen battle we've ever witnessed. It wasn't child's play for the pioneers, those encounters with the redmen, and it wasn't child's play on the screen. For exciting, clashing encounters it outdoes all other Western thrillers and yet it rises above mere efforts to provide a thrill. You feel that here are men and women fighting for more than their lives; and you feel that their fight is your fight, and that victory means more than life itself, for defeat means the established supremacy of an inferior race over a superior.

There is one episode that seems too grim. A woman wiping a blood-stained knife is not a pleasant sight, but if you know your West, you know that there were not only noble characters but also parasites to whom life was valued in buffalo hides at three dollars a hide. But there is so much that you will enjoy you won't let the unpleasant incident do more than assert its right to a place in the picture.

Jack Holt is the hero and Lois Wilson the heroine, while Raymond Hatton has a difficult role which is a trifle more serious than his usual characterization. Eulalie Jensen, as the morbid sanguinary Mrs. Jett, has a terrific personality that makes one shudder. We take off our hat to Director William K. Howard.

DICK TURPIN—Fox

TOM MIX springs a new one in this picture. As the redoubtable Dick Turpin, notorious highwayman sought by the police, he effects his escape by scattering money to the crowd which becomes so dense that the police are blocked and Dick escapes. Tom proved two things by this picture. He proved that he is a romantic actor of great ability and, through the money trick, that it is possible to invent something new in the movies. For sheer entertainment, beautiful photography and splendid acting, not to mention the wonderful riding of Mix, "Dick Turpin" ranks far above the average and should prove to be one of the most popular films of the year. The story of the highwayman who robbed the rich and gave alms to the poor.

CHARLEY'S AUNT—Producers Dist.

TRY as you will you can't laugh this picture off. We laughed until our sides were sore and we've been laughing ever since, and we're going back and see it again and we don't think that we'll ever get through laughing at it. Syd Chaplin comes nearer being a perfect comedienne than any woman on the screen. All of which means that he dresses up in women's clothing, and what a man can do in women's clothing is probably funnier than any woman could ever do in her own raiment. Charley, by posing as his aunt, goes through more mixups and funny situations! An old man falls in love with him and as a chaperone to young girls he gets into more scrapes than Peck's bad boy. Not only is it clean, wholesome fun, but it is good American comedy. If you don't see this picture and your neighbor does you'll never be able to get over the feeling that he has Rolls-Royced you in your film education.
QUO VADIS—First National

THIS picture deals with the martyrdom of Christians; with Nero, the profligate, weak, cruel Roman emperor; with love, with hate, with chariot races, with lions gorging themselves on human flesh and with the burning of Rome. Emil Jannings as Nero shows his crafty histrionic effort and characterization—cruel, silly, or sensual at the right times. You forget he is an actor and feel that he is Nero.

CHEAPER TO MARRY—Metro

THIS is a matrimonial drama, showing Dick (Conrad Nagel) happily married while his Wall Street partner, Jim Knight, scolds at conjugal bliss, content with bachelordom and Evelyn. When his firm threatens to go on the rocks, he goes to Evelyn for help, but in vain. Dick's wife saves the business but not before Jim, thinking all is lost, commits suicide. Hence, "Cheaper To Marry."

COMING THROUGH—Paramount

YOU don't have to be a Tom Meighan fan to enjoy this film. Anybody who enjoys seeing an office clerk become the president's son-in-law, with all the heartbreaking struggles and vexing situations that such a transposition involves, will get more than the usual amount of thrills. Besides, there is Wallace Beery, and what a fight they put on! The whole cast is very good, the action splendid.

BROKEN LAWS—F. B. O.

ADAPTED from an absorbing dramatic story by Adela Rogers St. Johns, Mrs. Wallace Reid's new picture sounds a caution to indulgent parents. It shows how a youth, pampered and spoiled from childhood, is found guilty of manslaughter for killing a woman by reckless driving. "It is I who am guilty. Punish me," cries his mother. For parents and children alike.

AS MAN DESIRES—First National

MILTON SILLS makes noble women of two girls with a past, teaches an islander bully a lesson in mauling, marries a native girl, saves a man from succumbing to an acute attack of appendicitis and, when his wife dies to save him, he returns to his former fiancé who admits with tears in her eyes that a man can mould the woman who loves him as he desires. This is a colorful and romantic melodrama.

THE LADY—First National

AFTER seeing "Secrets" we thought Norma Talmadge had reached the peak of her career, but this picture proves she is one of the greatest emotional actresses on the screen today. Mother love is the keynote throughout. A chorus girl marries a wealthy man's son. He deserts her. Years later, after hardship and struggle, she and the son are reunited. Be sure to see this!
MISS BLUEBEARD—Paramount

Men fluttered around Collette (Bebe Daniels) like a bee around a flower. She liked them all until, while en-route to England for a holiday, she accidentally married Larry Charlers (Robert Frazer). Larry’s popularity with the ladies infuriated Collette. On the final love lap, Collette surrenders and yields her Miss Bluebeard fame to become the loving Mrs. Charlers. A rollicking little comedy.

EXCUSE ME—Metro-Goldwyn

Don’t miss this rollicking comedy filled with plenty of good laughs in a novel setting—a transcontinental railroad. The cast has as its principals Norma Shearer, Conrad Nagel and Renee Adoree, but Bert Roach steals every scene in which he appears as the inebriated gentleman. The elopement of Harry Mallory and Marjorie Newton causes the suspense interest of the plot.

THE GREAT DIVIDE—Metro-Goldwyn

If “The Great Divide” was as tacky a play as it is a picture, then it was not the great American drama it was considered to be a score of years ago. In the form of titles the erstwhile potent words sound rather silly. Then, too, Conway Tearle may believe in Stephen Ghent, but we know well that Alice Terry has no use for the weepy and palpitating Ruth Jordan. Wallace Beery plays Dutch.

NEW TOYS—First National

Being in a gay, reckless mood one day because “Classmates” broke records wherever it played, Dick Barthelmes decided to make a comedy. So he persuaded his little wife, Mary Hay, to be his leading woman. Whereupon we see Dick as a serious youth who jilts his fiancé to marry Mary (Mary Hay). The ex-fiancé returns and a double triangle threatens. But all ends well.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—Preferred

Here is a propaganda picture against capital punishment, with George Hackathorne excellent in the leading rôle. George agrees to be arrested for a murder never committed to win a bet for a friend. The friend quarrels with the supposedly murdered man over a woman and kills him. Sentenced to the chair, and deserted by his friend, George is saved by his sweetheart’s ingenuity. Fearfully depressing.

LEARNING TO LOVE—First National

Constance Talmadge, in her unique manner, endeavors to show modern girls the various ways to capture a husband. And as a result we have a comedy that is filled with screamingly funny situations. When you see three handsome beaux fighting for the same girl at one time, and the girl trying to make a hit with her guardian, you’ll laugh as you’ve never laughed before. [Cont’d on Page 62]
CLAIRE WINDSOR is not only one of the best dressed women on the screen but also one of the most original. Whenever she appears at a social function she usually has something new and unusual for the delectation of her feminine admirers. Recently she appeared in the headdress shown above. It isn't exactly an evening hat, and it isn't exactly a headdress, but rather a very becoming combination of both. It is composed of a soft band of lovely silk Parma violets. Worn just above the forehead and tied at the back of the head with a flat bow of velvet ribbon, it gave her head a lovely, well-groomed look and yet permitted Claire's golden hair to be seen.
The Hollywood Hotel

I AM tired, so tired ... around my fading lobby
Rocking-chair blackbirds hover and clack and chatter.
Life has gone from them. ... Life has gone from me.
Now there is only talk: "My dear, I heard— ... "They say—... "I have it from her dearest friend—..."

How far, far off they seem, those halcyon days
When we were young, all young. When, through the hearts
Of all of us there surged such fresh, strong hope!
New—the whole world was new. No stars, no swank,
All rather poor and struggling, and so gay!

And, oh, those wild, tumultuous growing years!
Small triumphs, heartbreaks; through my corridors
The crash of laughter, and the rush of feet. ... The muffled pulse of sob. ...

And then—the gold. ...
Riches—madness of wealth, inflated pride.
Out from my simple rooms they strode with scorn,
To rear up gim-crack palaces, to build
A sudden-money aristocracy,
Liveried butlers, garish furnishings—
Loud symbols of the death of innocence.
While I—was left forgotten or ignored.

And now, these hoarse disturbing echoings.
But no—they are not true! They cannot be!
These are the simian antics of a few.
Down underneath, I hear the steady march
Toward a goal of beauty and of strength.
Still there are those who, through the raucous din
Of a jazz-world, hark to the small, clear song
Of loveliness and truth.
They will not fail. ...

Ah, me! My rafter's ache.
... I am so weary!
I creak in every joint, and
Ouch, my floors!
Who was that at the door?
Can it be Charlie?—
Beg pardon—Charles. Well, well, old friend, how goes it?

Oh, my mistake. I couldn't see you clearly.

"Can you believe—" ... "They say—" ... Only the chatter
Of clacking blackbirds in
The rocking-chairs. ...

Madame Sex

KIPLING had a phrase, "Mutton dressed as lamb." This
is not exactly applicable, although it does approximate a
characterization.
The estimable lady is, beyond argument, in the mutton
stage. But, though she might be said to surround herself with
considerable amounts of capers, she is wise enough not to play
a role of too juvenile a tenderness. Quite otherwise. Her
attitude toward the droves of young men whom she pursues
with her attentions could possibly be put into some such words
as these: "Ah, dear boys, forsake flappers. What can you
see in these callow empty-heads? But I—I have lived! I am
just now in the ripened fullness of my charms. I know
the world and all its ways—come, heroes mine!"

To the usual observer, the amorous antics of this ancient
siren may appear completely ridiculous. Myself, I will confess
to occasional disapproving grimaces when some youth, upon
whom she has conferred a part in one of her pictures in exchange
for his faithful enrolment in her retinue, describes some of the
phenomena of her methods.
I recall one anecdote in particular, told by a handsome young
actor who was immensely annoyed by her blandishments,
and yet did not dare flee her approaches entirely, for fear that he
would be summarily ousted from an excellent part. One day,
as Madame was crooning to him some such lyric phrase as "Ah,
dear boy, life is so bee-yutiful to those who love!" interspersing
her words with what can only be described as intense sniffs,
accompanied by rollings of the eyes, the actor hit upon a plan.
He clapped his hand suddenly to his brow. In an expiring
voice he muttered: "Madame! Madame! Your attraction—
your nearness—I cannot stand it! I—I—cannot tell you
what you do to me! I must go away—somewhere, anywhere—
now, now, before it is too late!" And immediately he fled
from the room.

Madame, he discovered the next time he saw her, was delIGHTed with the demonstrated effectiveness of her appeal.
The actor worked for her many months unmolested. All he had to do,
whatever Madame arrived in his vicinity, was to give
evidence of faintness, or tremble a little. Her face
tender with solicitude, and
at the same time glowing
with self-approbation, Ma-
dame would permit him to escape.
Dear boy—she understood—she forgave!
It is a bit difficult, as I have said, to hear these
continuous tales without wry grins. And yet—I find
myself applauding the gallant priestess of Aphrodite! How many hours of care must have gone into the preservation of that graceful figure, those shapely shoulders and neck. To think that more than sixty years have swept over that face, and ravaged it so little. The glow and texture of her tresses, untouched by dyes or renovators! Only the cruel Kliegs betray the deception of her very expensive store-teeth. Gallant—yes, gallant! Her heart is young, it is bright with an unconquerable fire. She snaps her fingers in the face of time.

To a Dog

HERE you come, you Wonder-hound,
Dashing o'er the frozen ground,
Fearless, steady, staunch and true—
Danger is like pie to you.

Now, within the room you stand,
Seize the villain by his hand,
So! He's foil'd, the filthy swine!
You have saved the heroine!

Now you leap upon your Missus,
Covering her face with kisses.
Hear the happy kiddies shout!
Ain't you grand? (Then Iris-out.)

Rubaiyat of a Star

By Margaret E. Sangster

SLEEP! For the sun who scattered into flight,
The Stars—and such—who frolicked through the night,
Drives darkness from the world—all parties end
When Hollywood is touched with dawn's first light!

Come, empty adulation's cup, the fire
Of hope is warm . . . When winds of time mount higher,
The bird of Paradise flies south, to some new set,
And leaves us cold, with nothing but desire!

Whether at Long Beach, or at Paris, Mo.,
We, who know not upon which road we go;
Must realize that fame passes as the rose,
That withers in the cold of sudden snow.

Each season brings its beauties new, you say—
And shelves the lot that blossomed yesterday?
Next year the same publicity we knew,
Will start some fresh young comet on her way!

What if the play we're working on shall die,
In two months' time? What if the dust will fly
When the director meets his boss? Myself, I may be through for good by next July!

The Public gives applause—and having said
Its say, moves on . . . the Public must be fed
With pretty pictures and with interviews,
Or else its love for us will soon be dead.

I sometimes think that every Star, well cast,
Leaves just one thing, one little note, to last—
The Pickford curls, the Fairbanks smile, the feet
Of Chaplin will live on when years have passed.

And me—when I have gone beyond the pale,
Taking my share (God willing!) of the kale—
Perhaps they will remember how I danced,
And that I looked so innocent and frail.

And, as the light shines on the silver sheet,
And music syncopates for some new feet,
Hands will still clap, but there will be no sound
Of jazz, to penetrate my last retreat.

And yet, in some old paper, once the rage,
That printed secrets of the screen and stage,
Ten years from now some aged fan may find
My face . . . And, sighing, may fold back the page!

That Terrible

She had as good a reputation as any girl in Hollywood. She was about to be starred in a big production that would have made her famous.

But fate intervened with its terrible weapon of circumstantial evidence, and her house of cards was tumbled to the ground.

She disappeared.

But she came back.

What really happened, and how the girl fought her way back to honor and

Thorne Girl

At the siren-call of food,
You'll plunge into any mood.
For your acting, all you need
Is excitement of your greed.

Yes, your dash is straight and fleet
When you scent the waiting meat.
Seizing villains is not hard
If their hands are smeared with lard.

For the heroine you make
Since you smell the proffered cake.
Lick her pretty cheeks with utter Joy. (They are well greased with butter.)

Yes, you are a wondrous actor,
When you're sure that food's a factor.
Dashing o'er the frozen ground
Here you come, you fodder-hound.

prestige is told in a remarkable serial that starts in next month's Photoplay. It is undoubtedly the greatest work ever done by Frederic Arnold Kummer, and those who have just finished reading the serial, "It Can't Be Done," in this issue of Photoplay, know that they have a treat in store.

Be sure to start it in the May issue. It will be illustrated by your old friend, Ray Van Buren, whose work you have often admired in Photoplay.
HERE is a glowing example of art in motion pictures, a "shot" declared by artists to be a masterpiece of composition and lighting. This scene of the trenches was arranged by Herbert Brenon for his latest Paramount picture, "The Little French Girl," and was taken in the Long Island studio. The rain—and it was cold—came from a gridiron of pipes, and the fog, an oil, was sprayed from giant atomizers by compressed air.
A certain director working in New York was inspired, by the eclipse, to build a film story around it and stationed two motion picture cameras atop of a skyscraper to photograph the phenomenon.

They rushed the film to the studio and developed it. It was not very satisfactory and the director was greatly disappointed. "That's awful," he said. "We will have to make a re-take."

There are two important developments in the strange marriage of Charlie Chaplin and his leading woman, sixteen-year-old Lita Grey. Mrs. Chaplin admits that a visit from the stork is expected in the Chaplin home. And she says that both she and Charlie hope it will be a girl, but that if it is a boy, it will be named Charles Spencer Chaplin, second.

And certain negotiations are in progress which will arrange some financial settlement between Charlie and his bride. The uncle of the bride of a few months, a well-known San Francisco lawyer named McMurray, has been in Los Angeles for some time, and has made the statement that such negotiations are taking place, but that "they are of a purely financial and personal nature. There is no connection between them and any contemplated action for separation or divorce."

In spite of denials from Mrs. Chaplin and a stubborn silence on the part of Charlie, Hollywood is convinced that the Chaplin marriage is not a happy one. There was a time when every indication pointed to a separation, and when many people believed that Charlie was living at the Hollywood Athletic Club and that Mrs. Chaplin and her mother were alone in the big mansion in Beverly Hills.

Now, however, it appears that Charlie is living at home, though little Mrs. Chaplin admits that he "has been working very hard and I haven't seen much of him lately. It would be very lonely if it weren't for mother. Lecuse Charlie comes home so terribly late."

To date, Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin have not been seen together in public. Charlie attends various affairs with his friends, and Mrs. Chaplin is sometimes seen on a shopping tour, and on one evening was at The Writers, with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sid Chaplin, and some women friends, upon which occasion she looked very pale and a little worn, and not a day over her sixteen years.

All efforts to discuss the matter with Charlie are useless, it appears. It is impossible not to note, if one remembers, the strange similarity in detail and character between this present marriage of Charlie's and his former marriage to Mildred Harris. The present romance is like a pale and harried echo of the first one. Even the words of the new bride are also identical with those of Mildred Harris, when she was Mrs. Chaplin and talked to me about her approaching separation from the great comedian. The possible date of arrival of the heir to the Chaplin fortune has not yet been set.

That the financial negotiations now pending have to do with a settlement upon Mrs. Chaplin and the child is the current report.

The sweetest romance that Hollywood has ever seen is that of Betty Bronson, the girl who was Peter Pan, and young Doug Fairbanks, who, of course, is Douglas Fairbanks' son. Betty is seventeen, and Doug is about that, and their little romance is like the breath of spring flowers. It is, really. They simply adore each other, and go everywhere together duly chaperoned by Mrs. Fairbanks or Mrs. Bronson, and young Doug sends her flowers, and they look like a couple of high school juniors.

They are both such unspoiled, simple kids, that it seems natural that they should drift together.

Young Doug got himself into trouble the other day over at his father's studio. He was playing around with the big whip which Doug Sr. uses in his new picture. "Don Q." The star has learned to do all sorts of tricks with it. His son decided to emulate the worthy example, and cut his own check open for a couple of inches with the lash of the whip.

But young Doug will try to do anything that
The start of one of the swiftest moving marriages in New York. Larry Semon meets Dorothy Dean at the train, they rush to buy a wedding ring, get a license, find a minister and get married in three hours.

Why so serious, Mary Kathleen O'Malley? Especially when Sheila and Eileen are smiling so happily. Somebody said that your father, Pat O'Malley, brought home some candy and didn't give you any. We'll speak to Pat about it.

**EAST AND WEST**

By Cal York

Hi: father and idol does and he didn't seem to mind the least.

**Norma Shearer,** who has been gaining ground as an actress with surprising rapidity, has done a piece of work in a picture directed by Monta Bell and called "The Lady of the Night," which will put her up in the front rank as a portrayer of dramatic character roles.

For some reason, Miss Shearer was cast for a dual role—a tough little dance-hall girl, and a society heiress. She plays them both well, in spite of the difficulty of playing the two parts, but as Molly, the "Lady of the Night," she is superb. Everyone on the lot declared her hopelessly miscast for the part, but no one who sees her will be able to imagine anyone else as Molly.

Just to prove to you that motion picture actresses are human, and have lots of little problems like other girls.

Norma Shearer appeared at a party the other evening in a fascinating dress of brilliant red—lace of crêpe de chine, with one of those new shoulder scarfs that wind around the throat.

Someone admired it, and Norma told its history. She bought it in New York, and it was a triple oyster gray. It looked very nice in the showroom, but the first time she wore it, she hated it. It seemed all wrong. She said she simply couldn't afford to throw it away, so she dyed it herself—a brilliant scarlet, and now everyone is crazy about it.

**Elizor Glynn** says she has made a great new discovery.

Harriet Hammond, former Sennett bathing girl, is now playing the lead in "Man and the Maid," which Mrs. Glynn is supervising. It is, of course, one of her own stories. Mrs. Glynn had a difficult time casting the part, since she said she wanted a blond with "tragic eyes" and all the blonds in Hollywood seemed too happy about life for the necessary requirement.

In Harriet Hammond she found what she sought. For a long time Miss Hammond was considered one of the great beauties of the screen, but after a bad accident which put her in bed for months, she left pictures. Perhaps that is what gave her the tragic look.

It looks as though Pola had at last fallen in love for good and all.

When Rod La Rocque left for Paris, everyone in Hollywood sat back and wondered what would happen. Would absence make the heart grow fonder, or would Pola get lonesome and seek some other diversions?

But it wasn't long before they were satisfied. Pola even slipped away at a New Year's Eve party to write a long letter and send a long cable to Rod. And she admits, with her irresistible, wistful little smile, that she is really in love, for the first, last and only time in her life. Rod La Rocque, of course, goes with Cecil B. De Mille in the break from Famous Players-Lasky. The agreement between him and Mr. De Mille was a personal one, but Mr. De Mille, it seems, has the right to take with him four players he has trained himself, not prior to Leatrice Joy. The four are Leatrice, Rod, Lillian Rich and Vera Reynolds, according to report in Hollywood.

**Suzanne Vidor,** daughter of Florence Vidor, and Tim Holt, five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holt, were overheard in the following conversation the other day:

Suzanne—"Mother says that I can let my hair grow if I want to. I don't want bobbed hair any more."

Tim—"Why not? I like girls with bobbed hair."

Suzanne—"I don't. I think long curls are much nicer."

Tim—"All right, Suzanne. You just go ahead. If you let your hair grow, I'm going to grow a moustache."

Everyone is expecting to hear daily an announcement of the engagement of Charlie Christie, one of the firm of Christie Brothers, to Ivy Shilling, a beautiful English dancer who came to Hollywood some months ago on a Vi-St and has remained ever since.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 68]
USE PICTURE IDEAS TO BEAUTIFY

By
Marguerite Henry

We're sorry that Bunny has left Flora Lee forever, but this scene from "The Golden Bed" shows us just the type of beautiful but inexpensive bedroom suite for the modern home. To the right of the picture, almost out of sight, is an attractive desk with a roguish lamp doll.

If you have any problems in color harmony or proper furniture grouping, or if you wish to know where any of the articles mentioned can be purchased, don't hesitate to write the Home Furnishing Editor, PHOTOPLOY, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Wealth and taste don't always go hand in hand, and the decorator sometimes has a hard time convincing his client that subdued charm and dignity are far more livable and enduring than a bizarre riot of ornate furniture and royal hues.

True art is studied. The haphazard inviting arrangement of sofa pillows is not haphazard at all; it is simply artistic carelessness. I know a ravishing actress who is identified by her delightfully artless coiffure. The men bow to her natural beauty, to the stray ringlets here and there; but if the truth be known, those "stray ringlets" required a world of patience.

Now these rambling thoughts boil down to just this: A small sum wisely spent is more effective than thousands squandered. Care and thought are more important than gold.

Motion pictures can be instrumental in teaching us beautiful settings if we will only disregard the "showmanship" and seek the idea beneath.

My home and office are besieged by young girls who try to copy picture settings, and two weeks ago a young bride came to me with this story:

"I-lo-o-ve the movies so-o-o," she sobbed on my satin collar, "b-but Bob and I fight (sniff, sniff) every time we go!" and her pretty shoulders shook convulsively.

"Now Betsy," said I, "stop ruining my new gown and tell me why you two lovers should quarrel."

She drew a scented trousseau handkerchief out of her beaded bag, brushed aside her tears, and began in a trembling voice, "Bob admires all the lavish settings in motion pictures, and while he doesn't mean to, he compares them to the home we're going to furnish. That gets me furious," and Betsy doubled her fists menacingly, "because he knows we can't afford those luxuries. I'd like them too, but I'm not complaining. Now last night we saw 'The Golden Bed' and the old odious comparisons began again. You understand he doesn't mean to, Marguerite, but I
YOUR HOME AT VERY SMALL COST

Even the most sensational plays have an idea or two!

Betsy Ann’s boudoir. The bed cost $36. The dresser, $49. Desk, $24. Chair, $8. Easy chair, $25. A carpenter was glad to turn out a kidney shaped dressing table for $7. Two and a half yards of taffeta at $1.49 a yard transformed that plain table into a thing of beauty. The Venetian mirror was $13.

don’t know how to copy those expensive ideas. Besides, I think many of them are too silly to live with.”

Betsy Ann and I talked for awhile, and then I went to see the picture with her, just to prove that we could adopt the ideas if not the entire arrangement. I knew immediately that the trouble with Betsy was that she was trying to visualize De Mille’s spectacular settings in her small apartment and, of course, it couldn’t be done! But she totally disregarded the valuable suggestions.

The little couple were living at a hotel until they bought their furniture, so I made Betsy promise that she wouldn’t let Bob see their De Mille boudoir until it was complete. Meanwhile we shopped from department store to furniture store until we found a suite just like Lillian Rich’s in “The Golden Bed.”

The bed cost $36. The dresser, $49; desk, $24; chair, $8; Louis barrel-backed chair, $25. No, the wood wasn’t solid walnut, but even I can’t tell the difference between the two, except in price. Besides, five ply veneer doesn’t warp. The lines and general effect are an exact copy of the furniture used in the boudoir where Flora Lee and Bunny are seen together. Even the deal with the doll lamp follows the smallest detail.

Betsy was afraid to copy Lillian Rich’s dressing table, but we found a carpenter who was glad to earn $5 by making a kidney shaped table. Two and a half yards of changeable gold and orchid taffeta transformed that ordinary table into a thing of beauty. We used the straight lengths of material, and spaced plait six inches apart. A long scarf of the same material edged with a tiny orchid ruffle gave it le dernier cri in daintiness. The graceful valances were made from the six inch strip left over from the straight length of taffeta.

The gorgeous pillows are adapted from the elaborate candy party, and Betsy made them herself. She used eight yards of tangerine, green, orchid, and black taffeta at $1.49 a yard. Piqued ruffles, and a half dozen French flower sprays at 50c each were her only trimmings. Three pounds of floss filled eight pillows and cost $2.55. Moths are not attracted to this soft stuffing, and the floss pillow holds its shape much longer than the down. Betsy has made her own chaise longue by simply placing the puff pillow in front of the French chair at the left.

The bouffant gown on the lamp doll was fashioned from left over bits of lavender and gold changeable taffeta. The delicately poised head with its auburn head of hair cost $1.39.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]
It Can’t Be Done
By Frederic Arnold Kummer
Illustrated by John LaGatta

Part VI. Chapter XXXII

The letter from Alice Carroll, which Tony had just read aloud, left Ben Hardy with a sickening feeling of hopelessness. So the Davidson Company had begun work on a picture similar to their own, based on Tennyson’s poem, “Elaine.” The sudden realization of what it meant to Jane, to Tony, to himself, appalled him. Tony’s reputation as a director, Jane’s future as a star, his own modest fortune, were all at stake.

Did Davidson know of the production they were making? It seemed unlikely; the secret had been carefully guarded. More probably, he had undertaken a screen version of “The Maid of Astolat” because Irene Shirley, incensed that Tony would not allow her to play the part, had insisted on having a new scenario prepared for her benefit. Well—the fat was most decidedly in the fire, whatever his reasons. What was to be done? He glanced at Tony Hull, saw that he was staring with an expression of profound regret at the gilded barge floating in the river, on which lay the death-like figure of Jane Dare. He was thinking of her, rather than of his own shattered dreams.

Hardy took a quick breath. He, too, was thinking of Jane.

“Will it hurt us much?” he asked.

“Hurt us?” Tony crumpled the letter, he had just read, in his lean brown fingers. “It will kill us, if Davidson gets his picture out first. I’m sorry, old chap, God knows—your money in the production, and all. And Jane—” his voice grew husky as he spoke of her “poor kid—it will break her heart.”

“Why should we let her know?”

“We can’t help it. Not for very long. Such things are bound to get around.”

“What are we going to do?” Hardy’s voice cracked a trifle in his excitement.

Tony glanced down the stream. The cameramen, their machines in place, were ready for the next shot. An assistant director came along the bank, waving his arms to indicate that they were waiting. With the glare of battle in his eyes Tony rose.

“Do! I’ve hesitated grimly.

“I’ll tell you what we’re going to do. Work like hell and beat him to it!” Throwing back his shoulders with a snort of defiance he crunched away over the pebbles which lined the bank of the stream.

Hardy gazed admiringly after him. That was the spirit. Beat Davidson to it. Well, he himself had every reason to fight; both his money and his heart were bound up in the venture. He sat on the bank for a long time, watching the busy scene before him. During the lunch hour Tony came to him again, drew him aside.

“The only way we can get our big exterior sets done on time is to work nights. String a flock of arcs over the lot and put on three eight-hour shifts. It means heavy expense for overtime—very heavy. I didn’t figure it in my estimates, of course. But then I didn’t expect any such emergency as this. I’ll get hold of Farrell and Charley Dimarco this afternoon and see what can be done. Those wops can work, when they want to. And we’ll have to go ahead at once with the interior sets, and begin shooting in the studio, nights. Ordinarily I wouldn’t ask actors to work evenings, after being out on location all day, but this is an emergency, and we’ve got to meet it. Jane won’t mind, of course, especially when she learns the reason for it. Most of our people come up on the train, or by machine, mornings, and go back at night. We’ll have to arrange to sleep them here—put cots in the dressing-rooms—have food sent out from the village. The principals, of course—not the extra people.”

Fixing here’s the situation, Ben. All this is going to cost a lot of money. If we don’t spend it, we’re sunk. It’s your money. You’re a poker player, I know. If you had a thousand in the pot, and a good hand to draw to, wouldn’t you let a raise of a couple of hundred scare you out, would you? That’s just our situation. We’ve got to meet Davidson’s raise, if we want to win. From now on it’s going to be neck and neck, to see who finishes first. He’ll speed up, of course, same as we do, when he finds out what he’s up against. The way things stand, if you give me your permission to spend a lot more money—throw it away, even—at times—I think I can win out. If you don’t, we might as well stop right now.”

Hardy put his hand on Tony’s shoulder. “Don’t be a booby,” he laughed.

“You’re going ahead, of course. You said this picture would cost between three hundred and fifty and four hundred thousand dollars. Well, my bank roll is just five hundred thousand, any part or all of which is yours. Shoot the works!”

“I knew you’d take it like that,” Tony exclaimed, putting out his hand. “And I think you know about me, as I do about you, that it’s Jane, as much as the picture itself, we’re working for. Let’s put it over, for her sake.”

Over gripped hands the two men looked into each other’s eyes. In spite of the rivalry which lay between them, they respected each other.
Tony's face was as gray and immobile as a death mask. An instant later Jane was on her knees at his side

"What can I do to help the good cause along?" Ben asked, "while you people are working your heads off up here?"

"I'll tell you. Today's the twenty-first of August. We've just started. Up to date we've shot less than a thousand feet of film. By rushing work as I plan, and allowing for bad weather and unavoidable delays, I hope to get the entire picture filmed by October first. That's less than six weeks—far below the time a production of this sort would ordinarily require. I don't think Davidson will be ready by that time, even if he speeds up, because he's got a bigger production. Then, too, I've been working on this scenario of mine all summer, planning economies, short cuts. His scenario is only just done. That's another advantage. All my scene plots, costume plates, groupings have been worked out in advance. His will have to be prepared as they go along. On the other hand, Davidson has more money to spend than we have, and
Tom Mix’s Own Story

By Himself

Third Installment

I was sort of funny how I happened to go into motion pictures. I’ve observed that destiny has got a mighty odd way of bringing some little thing to pass just at the psychological moment that will revolutionize a man’s whole life. That’s the way it happened to me. If that telegram had been presented to me at another time in my career, I might have paid no more attention to it than to wonder what motion pictures were, anyhow. As it was, it brought me into a line of business as foreign to me then as could be, to a lot of success. I was pretty far from dreaming I’d ever have, and to the woman I love.

It arrived at a time when excitement and danger had begun to pall upon me a trifle. After some of those little episodes I have mentioned to you previously, I had begun to realize that no matter how good a shot a man is, sooner or later the luck is bound to go against him. What with bullets flying around so promiscuous, it’s against nature to suppose a man can always be absent when they arrive in his vicinity. And I kind of hated the thought of ending my career by being picked off while an innocent bystander to the alcoholic furor of some rough neck. Also, it was dawning upon me gradual but powerful that I was spending a heap too much time in hospitals, and that was dampening my enthusiasm for romance and adventure some.

I averaged up the sheriffs and rangers and marshals I’d known and most of them had ended their careers sudden and violent.

Well, I was sort of ruminating along these lines, when I went up to Cheyenne, Wyoming, along in 1909, to take part in the contests they were having up there as part of the Frontier Day celebration. I’d won the National Championship in contests that year, and I was figuring to do pretty well.

One morning I went into the bank at Cheyenne to cash a check that had been handed to me as a prize in some event—

A Hand-to-Hand Fight with a Leopard

“Kathlyn Williams was a wonderful woman. I remember a scene we wanted to show—a leopard finding her asleep under a log and springing on her. We had a chicken pegged near Miss Williams and the leopard would leap high in the air, right over Miss Williams, and land on the chicken. The wind caught her hair and the leopard saw it. Before anyone could move he leaped right on her, leaving five deep cuts in her head. I was afraid to move. Then an idea came. I reached forward and with all my strength grabbed his tail and swung. I just managed to lift him clean and someone snatched Miss Williams.”
TOM received $150 a week for his first motion picture work. Recently he refused a year's contract with a circus at $25,000 a week. His new contract with Fox calls for a salary, it is said, of $17,500. Read this story and you will know why he refused the circus offer.

rope throwing, as I recollect it, though it might have been bull-dogging steers.

A man named Stone was the head of this Frontier Day committee, and he was likewise president of the bank, and when I come in he says, "Tom, you're just the man I was hoping to see in here this morning. I got a telegram here might interest you and if it does you can make your own play concerning it."

I walked over by the window and read the telegram.

It was signed by the Selig company, and it asked Stone, he being the main one of the Frontier Day affair, if he knew a man that could do some real cowboy stunts in some motion pictures, and if so they'd like to hire him, and maybe, if possible, rent his ranch and some of his horses and cattle, if he happened to have any. They stated mighty plain that they wanted a real cowboy, that was familiar with ropes and steers and broncs from actual experience.

Now I had a little ranch down in Oklahoma that I'd been fussing around with in between being sheriff and marshal, and Stone knew that. He said, "Tom, you're heading back for Oklahoma anyways, now that the celebration is about to conclude, so why don't you stop off down at Chicago and find out just how this game lays. Might be something you'd like. I am not familiar with motion pictures myself, but I've heard considerable talk about them lately."

I says, "Well, I have seen a few of them and it looked to me like most of their cowboys learned their trade through a correspondence school. I can see how maybe they could use a man that has some personal acquaintance with horses and the west."

It wasn't much out of my way, so I pulled up in Chicago, and went up to talk the matter over with the folks that had sent the telegram.

The first thing they did was to offer me a hundred dollars a week. I spent the rest of the time trying to get out of that office as fast as I could, without being ornery, because I made out they must be crazy sure. I told them I'd let them know later, and I went down and stood on the street corner and I said to myself, "Tom, these men are crazy and no mistake. You better not get yourself mixed up with them anyways at all. Anybody that'd talk about paying a cowboy a hundred dollars a week is plumb loco."

I went back to my hotel and pretty soon they begun calling me up, talking about this and that, and finally they come right out and says, "If it's salary that's standing in the way, we'd be willing to make it a hundred and fifty, providing you'll use your own horse and take care of him."

Well, that settled any lingering doubts I might have had about them being crazy. I knew they were crazy then. But when I started figuring about it all, I decided there must be some way of finding out about these things, though I wasn't much of a business man. But I knew no business man would mix himself up in such a deal without being convinced proper that these lunatics could make good.

So the next day I went back and put my cards on the table. "Can you give me any sort of assurance whatsoever about this hundred and fifty dollars being paid every week and where it's coming from? I don't like going into any play blindfolded."

They asked me if I knew what Dun and Bradstreet was, and I said I'd heard tell that it was a kind of financial pedigree book. They brought out one then, and showed me where Colonel Selig was rated at a credit of a million dollars, so I said that was all right with me and I was now prepared to go ahead with it.

I went back down to my [continued on page 102]
The Ten Commandments of Dress

Do you know how to "make the most" of your appearance? So few women do, and so many make the same careless blunders, thereby ruining whatever chances of being well turned-out they may possess, that I've illustrated, this month, in addition to the usual smartly tailored woman, an extremely "horrible example" of what to avoid doing. If you are honest, and will study the horrible example carefully, you'll probably find at least one or two things that you're inclined to be careless about yourself. I'll admit right now, to a guilty feeling myself when compiling the A, B, C's of good dress, but at least try to practice what I preach!

At any rate, I violently oppose the idea that "clothes make the woman." They do not. It's the woman who makes or mars her own appearance, every time. If you don't believe it stop and think a minute. Don't you know of at least one woman who has plenty of money for her clothes, but who is always hopelessly dowdy? And don't you also know of at least one other who always looks smart, though you know she can't possibly afford very much? Yes, of course, and the answer to both cases is here on these two pages.

The figure I have drawn at the left is an example of thoughtful, intelligent dressing. Her clothes are chosen with regard to fit, style and good taste, and incredible as it may seem, are the same clothes, with the exception of accessories, that you see on the opposite page.

Of course you will say that the figure on the right is very much exaggerated, but is she? Fit, style and good taste are conspicuously absent, but that isn't all. She has crowned her deadly sins against smartness by the deadliest sin of all—she needs "pressing!" Baggy

This black patent leather model is always good for spring. It has two-tone saw tooth stitching and bronze gilt buckle over brown leather. (Price $10)

Photoplay's Shopping Service

Because so many readers have demanded it, we are developing our Fashion Department into a Shopping Service. We want you to use it. The frocks and accessories shown each month will reflect the best and latest in the wardrobes of Stars, and the smartest and most practical things in newest pictures. We are searching everywhere through the best stores to find not only the very latest things for you—but to get them for you at prices which you can afford to pay.

Please observe the following rules in sending an order:

Write Plainly. Print your name and address.

Remittance. Money order, certified check or draft on a New York bank must cover the price of articles ordered. Remittances should be made payable to Photoplay Shopping Service.

Be Explicit in Ordering. State all necessary measurements. Be specific as to colors, giving, when possible, a second choice. For shoes include an outline of stockinged foot, for hats the head size. Be explicit.

Inquiries. Readers making inquiries should enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope to insure prompt reply.

The low prices quoted on the articles is due to the fact that in all instances they are stock models. In the event that your size is sold or not available in the color you desire, your money will be refunded.

This figure, faultless in detail, is the result of intelligent selection. The suit of gray English mixture with five black line check is excellently tailored. Price $29.75. Scarf 1 1/2 yards long of black silk jersey lined with gray, 4-inch fringe—$3.50

Felt and straw combinations will be much worn this spring. This model with grosgrain ribbon ornament is very good-looking, and can be worn up or down, as illustrated above and figure to the left. (Price $12.75)

Umbrella in navy silk with stubby little club-like handle of amber and black composition. May be had in purple or scarlet. This is the style most popular now. (Price $5.75)
elbows and knees, and skirt that curves in at the back, are unforgivable to anyone within reach of an iron.

That is the first and most noticeable fault of all—next is the fit, or lack of it. Contrasted with the other drawing it reveals a collar that, instead of hugging the back of the neck flatly, hogs off and thereby causes the front to bulge; shoulders that are too loose, forming wrinkles in front and an ugly dropped line on the sleeve.

The sleeve itself is far too long and wide, and the same criticism applies to the skirt—too long and too wide. A fuller of this sort ought always to be trim, and snug sleeves and narrow skirt are essential to that effect.

These are the major points to be observed in wearing a suit, or fitted costume: snug collar; smooth and unwrinkled on shoulders and chest; close-fitting sleeves and straight skirt.

And now to notice the all-important accessories: the hat, purse, gloves, hose, shoes, etc. In all of these things our horrible example has used the worst possible taste.

Beginning with her hat, which is the same model that the other woman wears so well, though it is fast losing its shape from neglect, we see her pushing it back on her head instead of jamming it down smartly over her eyebrows—thus possibly to a headsize that is too large. If such is the case the lining probably shows in an unsightly rim around the face. At any rate, what self-respecting hat wouldn’t give up the struggle when contending with such an I-don’t-care coiffure? Hair should always be well brushed and in place—whatever place one chooses that to be. And her scarf—listlessly falling under her unbuttoned and loose-buttoned coat, by the way) jacket to an unsightly end below. A much smarter way is illustrated on the opposite page. It is wound once about the throat, crossed in back and brought forward, closely swathing the throat. In this case a pin, worn in the manner of a cravat pin, is not only unsightly but advisable, though not with a buttonhole, and the latter ought always to be fresh and well-fastened, and not worn when soiled, frayed, and fastened, quite obviously; with a common pin.

Her jewelry, none of which is in accord with the costume, is atrocious, as are also her hideous handbag of brocade and tassels, and her much too fancy and badly fitting gloves. Jewelry of any sort worn with a tailored costume should be very carefully chosen. In this case the use of enormous pendant earrings, gaudy necklace and junky bracelets add still more to an already discordant whole, and a hat ornament, except on a very plain or untrimmed hat, is superfluous. Earrings, if worn at all, should be very small, preferably the stud or one-drop pearls, and though pearls and bracelets have been worn recently with tailored clothes, the tendency is to eliminate more and more all ornamentation.

Gloves, for the time being, at least, must be plain. Fancy cuffs are not smart and until a change comes the "pull-on" or three-quarter glove of suede or kid is alone countenanced.

Bags, such as the one illustrated at the right, are very bad, and should be replaced by some sort of flat purse. Either the very popular envelope purse or the plain flat species of bag, sometimes done, for more formal clothes, in needlepoint and tapestry, or plain more.

And shoes—if such hideous affairs as these she wears can be called shoes—should be carefully watched. Not content with choosing the most inappropriate ones possible, she allows them to run over at the heel, become shapeless from lack of shoe trees, which, by the way, are purchasable at Mr. Woolworth’s well-known emporiums, and adds still further to the obnoxious whole by wearing fancy hose, which she does not even trouble to keep decently fastened; and stockings, as every one knows, have a little trick all their own of shifting around to the side where they don’t belong unless put firmly in their places.

And last, but not by any means least, comes the question of carriage. Even a very awkward woman can become graceful if she works hard enough at it. Notice the effect of the loose figure on the right. She needs a brassiere—it would do much to make her more firm and slender in appearance.

The Ten Commandments of Good Dress

1. Thou shalt always carefully attend to all those small details of dress that are the sign of good breeding.
2. Thou shalt not walk slouchily, but hold thyself erect—stomach in, shoulders back and chin up.
3. Thou shalt not wear the seams of thy hose crooked.
4. Thou shalt not let thy shoes run down at the heel.
5. Thou shalt keep thy hair clean and fragrant.
6. Thou shalt not use cosmetics stupidly so as to cause unfavorable comment.
7. Thou shalt not seek attention through loud and extravagant clothes.
8. Thou shalt devote more thought to such things as lingerie that show little and mean much.
9. Thou shalt be wary of fads and novelties; for often they betray a lack of taste.
10. Thou shalt study thyself, thytypeandthycoloring.

This, of course, is a picture of what not to do; and with the exception of accessories, shows the same clothes, but worn very badly, as on the opposite page. Note the vulgar jewelry, gloves and gaudy handbag, the general misfit and ugly show
Left—Coat of midnight blue duchessine lined throughout with blue and white foulard, tie of foulard and small brass buttons. (Price $49.75)

Center—Ensemble costume of navy and beige. Dress of beige silk embroidered in black. Coat of navy cashmere finish, also embroidered. (Price $45.00)

Right—For Sports. White felt hat, $12.75. Sweater of navy, gray and scarlet, $5.00. Shirt of blue French flannel, $8.95. Shots, tart and beige, $5.75.

DOROTHY GISH GOES SHOPPING FOR YOU

It was with a great deal of anticipation in regard to the things she would select that I went shopping with Dorothy Gish. The little screen star has always been to me one of the best dressed women in public life.

She graciously made an appointment with me at her home, and it was from there that we started forth. As we entered the first shop it was something like taking a plunge into a pool, but the shock was softened as we passed an assortment of bags. Dorothy's eyes fastened on a purse of tan pin morocco which was really an exquisite thing. "Just what I have been looking for," she exclaimed, and pur-
Left—Chiffon evening gown in shades of rose, with graceful petal skirt. Roses of silk gauze. (Price $35.00). Pearl beads on wrist (82.95)

Center—Grey georgette afternoon gown with tunic front and back of georgette strips and rosettes. Satin slip. (Price $25.00)

Right—Rust colored afternoon gown in the accepted mode. Slender lines flaring to ripples at bottom of skirt. Ornaments of self material. (Price $25.00)

An expensive necklace or “choker” of pearl beads. The craze for this type of jewelry is still keen and they are to be had in many colors—but smartest of all are the white ones. The large beads in this necklace have a slightly opal tint revealing a delicate lustre. (Price $1.95)

These pale grey kid slippers are very dainty and of a charming design. The buckle of black and steel beads is interesting, as is also the ruffled kid under it. The slippers are worn at top of page—center figure. (Price $8.50)

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Ramon Novarro in Europe

By Herbert Howe

To avoid the stare of curious people while abroad Ramon Novarro and I travelled incognito as Charlie Chaplin and the Prince of Wales. Thus we escaped all vulgar attention until people discovered who we really were.

Just before I left Los Angeles Pola Negri issued a public proclamation declaring Novarro the greatest actor of the screen and comparing him to Barrymore. But what really awed me in Pola's ukase was the fine old American phrase she flung. "When I saw Mr. Novarro as Scaramouche," she said, "I took off my hat to him!"

Now it is my pious opinion that anyone who can make the fiery Pola remove her chapeau is just about the greatest conqueror since Alexander. If Pola would take off her hat for Novarro I know there were others who would go a great deal further in their demonstrations. I was right.

The first to recognize him in Paris was a chic mam'selle of the boulevards who immediately approached and extended the hospitality of her home for the evening. When Senor Novarro delicately refused because of a previous engagement, the mam'selle straightforwardly stopped another gentleman and invited him. Such is the hospitality of Paris!

To elude the parade that commenced to form in the rear we mounted one of those leaping Paris taxicabs for the ancient restaurant of Foyot, our favorite retreat, on the left bank opposite the Luxembourg Gardens. There they are too hospitable to recognize you as a celebrity, but always recognize you as their guest. The courtesy is as rare as the wines of their cellars.

Following the liqueur, a Chartreuse verte of thirty-
The Italian girls went wild over Ramon Novarro, but he came back as fancy free as ever. The romantic young actor never gave them a tumble, having other matters on hand. He was too busy trying to make a success of his role of Ben Hur.
ANNA MAY WONG is always intriguing. Possessing the lure of evasive Oriental beauty she always entices, whether as a vamp in "Forty Winks" or as the Indian Princess in "Peter Pan." Besides, we'll never forget her in "The Thief of Bagdad."
WHEN you see "The Goose Hangs High" you will know why we are running a picture of Constance Bennett. She out-flapped other screen flappers, and then turned around and proved that flapper is synonymous for a loyal heart and active brain.
ESTHER RALSTON is leaping towards stardom in big leaps. Everybody who saw her as Mrs. Darling in "Peter Pan" will agree that she should be a star. She followed it with clever work in "The Goose Hangs High" and now is in "The Little French Girl."
The most difficult type to find in the world today is a really old-fashioned girl—a girl who carries with her the fragrance of lavender and old lace rather than the heavy breath of an Oriental perfume, and who appears much more at home beside a single-spindled spinning wheel than at the steering wheel of a twelve-cylindered space annihilator.

Can you imagine a quest in Hollywood for just such a girl—and how difficult it might prove to find a girl of grandmother's time?

In Esther Ralston, who played the mother in Herbert Brenon’s “Peter Pan,” they found such a person. And she had been in Hollywood for quite some time.

Miss Ralston is a Mid-Victorian throw-back—almost extinct in this present day and age of jazz. She is a living portrayal of Jane Eyre, an Amy March of “Little Women” come to life.

“Naive” is perhaps the only word that fully describes Miss Ralston. Frank, earnest and unaffectedly simple, she has, in her few years in pictures, gained a position that is envied by the highest of stars. Sincerity and purpose have been rewarded.

Of course this “old-fashioned girl of Hollywood” doesn’t wear a bob. Her beautiful yellow hair is long and her eyes deep blue. She is a living symbol of sweet beauty and grace and it was because of this particular charm that this twenty-two year old girl was chosen to play the mother role in J. M. Barrie's “Peter Pan.”

Miss Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, on September 17, 1902. Her parents, May Howard and Henry Walter Ralston, were prominent in a theatrical company known as “The Ralston Family,” which toured the country presenting Shakespearean plays to high school and college audiences.

From the time she was three years old, Miss Ralston has been before the footlights or kliegs. And what makes her all the more interesting is that she has emerged from this long experience without a single trace of the theatrical in her appearance. To see her on the streets, she might be a pretty schoolteacher, a home-girl, a college student, a librarian—anything but a motion picture player.

When Miss Ralston was seven years old she could recite chapter after chapter from the Bible and entire acts from Shakespearean plays. The Bible and Shakespeare were her chief education and, according to Miss Ralston, she owes much to them.

When Herbert Brenon first saw Miss Ralston he immediately chose her to play the mother in “Peter Pan,” which he was then preparing. “She is young, winning and tender,” said Brenon, “and she typifies childhood’s conception of Motherhood. There is not another woman in the motion picture industry who fits into the rôle so perfectly.”

“Persons frequently ask me,” says Miss Ralston, “whether, because of my youth, I did not feel indignant upon being asked to play the rôle of a mother. They ask me whether I did not take it as a direct insult. I did not. Never in my life was I more pleased than the day I was asked to take the part of the mother in ‘Peter Pan.’”

“I realized that in playing the rôle, I was to be a child’s conception of a mother—a young person who loves to play with them and to be their companion. I love children and some day, when the time comes, I am going to have at least a dozen of them myself.”

“When I started ‘Peter Pan’ my one dream had come true. Not that I had long wished for the rôle. To the contrary, that had never occurred to me. But I had dreamed of being a mother and it seemed a delightful fairy-tale come true to have a beautiful ready made family.

“And what made me happiest of all was that the children loved me. One day Mrs. Murphy, mother of Maurice Murphy, who played Nibs in the picture, said, ‘Miss Ralston, you have been the most beautiful influence on my child.’ When she said that, I broke down and cried. It all seemed so wonderful.”

Miss Ralston’s first picture work was four years ago with Universal, and nearly three years ago she was first engaged by Paramount for a part in “Huckleberry Finn.” She is now under a long term contract with Paramount.
HERE is an opportunity for the entire family to make money—and to have fun while doing it.

On this and the adjoining page are two cross word puzzles—mental twisters that will make you hunt up your dictionary and, better still, make you read and re-read PHOTOLAY to get the correct solutions.

After all, they’re not so hard if you are a real film fan. They contain the names of well-known stars, terms used in producing pictures and just plain little ordinary words that every school child knows. There may be a few that you wouldn’t have heard about before finishing the eighth grammar grade but not any more than that.

All of the names of the stars used in the puzzles can be found in March PHOTOLAY. They include some of the best known satellites in the cinema world. Other puzzles will be run in subsequent issues of PHOTOLAY. Save this issue because next month’s puzzles will be based upon it.

Five hundred dollars in cash will be given as prizes for the correct solutions of the puzzles, AND the best sentence containing words used in the puzzles. The first prize will be $200, the second $100, the third $50, then five prizes of ten dollars each and twenty of five dollars each—twenty-eight prizes in all. Rules governing the contest will be found on opposite page.

Any or all members of the family can send in solutions.

Remember that you have to write only one sentence besides solving both puzzles. That sentence must be made up of words that will appear in both puzzles after you have solved them. Of course if you don’t solve the puzzles correctly and use words in the sentence that don’t appear in the solutions you will be out of luck. First solve the puzzles correctly. Then write the niftiest, snappiest sentence you can out of the words in the puzzles. The answers will be published in the May issue. The awards will be announced in the June issue.

Get busy at once. The time is limited. Be sure you read the rules, then follow them.

Cross Word Puzzle No. 1

VERTICAL

1. You never hoot at this actor.
2. Either.
3. Name of automobile.
4. A vine.
5. Noted humorist.
6. Tease.
7. Part of verb to be.
8. Where pictures are made.
10. His first name is Richard.
11. Small pie.
12. Near.
13. Street (abbr.).
15. Male offspring.
17. Charles’ last name.
18. First name of noted male star (spelled backwards).
20. Demonstrative pronoun.
21. Man’s name (Spanish).
22. Preposition.
23. Mary’s last name; dried grass.
24. Exclamation.
25. Isle (simplified spelling).
26. Terrace (abbr.).
27. Gone, past.
28. Block.
29. Part of verb to be.
30. Exist.

HORIZONTAL

1. First name of actress.
2. Last name of actress.
3. Minister (abbr.).
4. Of (Fr. plural).
5. Beside.
6. Exclamation (Yiddish).
7. Prefix meaning from.
8. You (Latin).
10. What baby wears.
11. Unhappy.
12. A grain.
13. Three (prefix).
14. Northern railroad (abbr.).
15. Like.
17. A preposition.
18. A magazine.
19. You (old style).
20. Indefinite article.
21. Day (abbr.).
22. Initials of a president.
23. What some film players don’t do.
24. Exclamation.
25. Pronoun.
27. Not her.
28. Negative.
29. Pronoun.
30. Bachelor’s degree.
31. Southwest (abbr.).
32. A prohibited beverage.
33. Loose talk.
34. An important thing in pictures.
35. An actor born in Spain.
of These and—One Sentence

Cross Word Puzzle No. 2

HORIZONTAL
1. Movie star making "Mare Nostrum."
11. Spoken.
12. Italian city.
13. Pronoun.
14. Pulmonary disease (abbr.)
15. And (French).
16. Died (Latin abbr.).
18. Movie actress.
25. Nearest in place.
26. Great number.
27. Near.
28. Lower case (abbr.).
30. Talmadge—La Marr—Roberts—Ingram (initials).
32. What the farmers formed in Congress.
34. A Paramount star.
38. Part of verb to be.
39. Printer’s measure.
40. In the year of our Lord (abbr.).
42. A parent.
43. A separate article.
45. Things to wipe feet on.
47. Star of "The Humming Bird."

VERTICAL
2. Negative.
3. Trumpeter for Neptune.
4. A grain.
5. Baseball league (initials).
6. Pertaining to sight.
7. Either.
8. Decay.
9. Include.
10. Point of compass (abbr.).
15. The (Spanish).
17. Vagabond (slang).
20. One who has small part in pictures.
22. Girl’s name (abbr.).
23. Actress in "The Signal Tower."
24. Disguised (abbr.).
29. Something without length, breadth or thickness (abbr.).
30. A vegetable.
31. Part of verb to be.
32. Exist.
33. Defrauds.
35. Exclamation.
36. Wherewithal.
37. Part of verb to be.
41. The (German).
42. Roast (slang).
43. The (Italian).
44. Musical note.
45. Parent.
46. Thus.

Contest Rules for Photoplay Cross Word Puzzles

1. The Photoplay Magazine Cross Word Puzzle Contest is a test of judgment and skill open to anyone excepting employees of Photoplay Magazine or members of their families.

2. Five hundred dollars in Cash Awards will be paid as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>$200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Prize</td>
<td>$100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Third Prize</td>
<td>$50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Five $10 Prizes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty $5 Prizes</td>
<td>$100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$500</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

for the correct or most nearly completed and correct solutions of the Cross Word Puzzles appearing in the April issue; together with the best sentence in the opinion of the judges (editors of Photoplay), using words in the puzzles.

3. All solutions must be received in New York by April fifteenth, 1925, properly addressed to Contest Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

4. All solutions must be filled in in "block" or "print" letters, on the cross word puzzle design furnished by Photoplay Magazine, or on a separate piece of paper of the same size and shape. Tracings of the puzzles on plain paper may be submitted, and the files of Photoplay Magazine are open to inspection in its various offices and agencies, and in public libraries.

5. If there is no complete set of correct solutions submitted, the person or persons sending in the nearest correct solutions, giving place to skill and judgment in composing a sentence using words in the puzzles, will be awarded the prizes.

6. In case of a tie, awards will be made for neatness, judgment, accuracy and skill; and if the tie cannot be decided in this manner, the tied contestants will receive similar prizes.

7. Time will not be a factor in making awards, but all solutions must be received at the New York office of Photoplay Magazine—221 West 57th Street—by midnight of April fifteenth, 1925.

8. Name and address must be plainly written on the envelope and also with the submitted puzzles.

9. Each contestant may submit as many answers as desired.

10. Any and all members of a family will be allowed to compete.
The girl on the cover returns to the screen after playing truant for nearly two years.

The heroine of scores of pictures, beginning with Paramount's "David Harum" and ending nearly two years ago with a long series of Metro features, has returned to the screen.

After working steadily for six years, May Allison took a leave of absence and toured the world. Now she's back—her blonde girlish beauty has blossomed into full bloom, and travel, rest and study have developed her into an actress of striking magnetism and rare personality. At the right and below are illustrated the somewhat vampish role she plays in "I Want My Man," a First National production in which she appears with Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon.

The painting reproduced on the front cover was done from life by Charles Sheldon, of New York.
If you want shapely beautiful hands you cannot neglect the cuticle—

**YOU** may be ever so careful of your hands—wear gloves whenever you expose them to anything harsh, never skip your favorite cream or lotion.

Yet with all this care they simply will not look groomed and shapely unless you know how to care for your cuticle!

The cuticle is the most delicate and the most conspicuous part of the hand. Every movement of your fingers calls attention to it and everything you do seems to affect it.

It grows as fast as the nail grows, the old skin dying as the new grows. It is as necessary to get rid of this dead skin and keep the new in a soft unbroken rim as it is to get rid of the nail itself as it grows out beyond the finger tips.

But you cannot safely cut it away, for unlike the nail tip this little rim of skin is so delicate, only one-twelth of an inch above the nail root, that the slightest snip of the scissors into the new skin makes a little wound.

* * *

There is one quick way to remove the dead skin which does not damage the nail or interfere with the natural growth of new skin. This is with Cutex Cuticle Remover—an antiseptic liquid that loosens the superfluous cuticle and keeps it from pulling up too far over the nail.

It is applied around the base of the nail after washing the hands. The finger tips are rinsed and then carefully wiped. The superfluous cuticle wipes away leaving a fresh rim of soft skin all around the nail. It is also the very best bleach for the nails themselves, removing stains and leaving the tip snow-white.

If you have never before tried the Cutex manicure, you will be delighted with the way it transforms the appearance of the whole hand.

With Cutex Cuticle Remover you will want the complete Cutex manicure. The Cutex sets can be had at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada, and chemist shops in England from 60c to $3.00. Each contains two or more of the Cutex polishes: Cake, Paste, Powder or Liquid.

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**Introductory Set—Only 10c**

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 10c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board, and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. Q-4, 202 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

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Mail this coupon with 10c today

**NORTHAM WARREN**

Dept. Q-4

114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 10c in coin or stamps for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name: ____________________________

Street: __________________________

(or P. O. Box)

City: _____________________________

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Charlie Christie is one of the most popular men in the industry, and he and his brother, Al, have made a fortune for themselves and a lot of entertainment for the world, with the Czar of Hollywood.

Miss Shilling was one of the most popular dancers on the English stage a short time ago, but after an accident in which one ankle was broken, the doctors told her to take a rest for a year. She started around the world and stopped in Hollywood to visit the Bennett family—including Enid Bennett, who is Mrs. Fred Niblo.

While here, she met Mr. Christie, and it looks as though he had persuaded her to remain permanently. In the event of her marriage, she will probably give up the stage.

Bebe Daniels tells the loveliest bridge story on herself. As you’ve probably heard, Bebe and Maurice, the famous dancer, were seen together so much in New York last year that it gave rise to the rumor of their engagement. Whether it was true or not, they did play bridge together—Bebe is a real shark. Any way, one evening Maurice brought two of his friends up for a bridge game, and they spoke nothing but French, and Maurice himself doesn’t care for any other language. Bebe thought she had learned the necessary French for an evening of bridge, but she found when they started to play the only bids she could remember in French were “pass” and “three no-trump.”

So she spent a thoroughly miserable evening, and disgraced herself forever as a player with the French nation.

Well, the suspense about Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor is over at last. The wedding date had been set for May, at least, so it was said, but February was made conspicuous by the celebration of the event. Now these two famous people say they are going to settle down to home life.

Jack has announced that he will retire from the ring, and Estelle tells me that she is quite sure she won’t make any more pictures.

Jack and Estelle seem ideally suited, hopelessly in love, and both are popular with the picture colony.

Lois Wilson is just one of those people who never fail to come up to the scratch in a crisis, and as a consequence she is just now the idol of an entire company of men.

When they went up on location to make the “Thundering Herd,” they were supposed to stop at a primitive mountain hotel and have their meals in the dining room. Lois had a cottage to herself, as did Jack Holt and other members of the cast. Well, the food was so terrible that nobody could eat it, so Lois pitched in, had the supplies brought up from Bishop, some miles away, and cooked dinner for the company every night.

Working all day as leading woman in a big picture, and then cooking dinner every night for a gang of men, they have ideas of a good time, but Lois said they couldn’t starve, and fortunately she could cook, so there seemed nothing else to do.

Reports of her cooking were almost as enthusiastic as those I hear on every side lately about her acting.

The fans, by the way, seem to think they’d like to see Richard Dix and Lois Wilson together again. Letters flood the company asking that they be co-starred, as both were at their best in such pictures as “Icebound” and “The Call of the Canyon.”

Stage fright is a peculiar thing and comes on at peculiar times, but can you imagine a movie actress having stage fright at talking over the radio? Anna Q. Nilsson talked over one the other night, and she was too funny for words. She had such a case of sheer panic that her husband had to come behind her and steady her, or her knees would actually have given way under her.

And you know Anna Q. still has a trace of accent from her native Sweden—not much, but sufficient to make her different from other people. Well, when she started to read her speech, the accent got stronger and stronger until at the end she was almost talking Swedish.

“It was not being able to see anybody,” she said afterwards, wiping the cold perspiration from her forehead. “Never again.”

Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Picture Company, has been staying awake nights worrying about Reginald Denny and his aeroplane. Reggie just will go up in an aeroplane. Every time he does it, it breaks his contract, because it is specifically stated in that contract that he can’t go up in aeroplanes, but he doesn’t care so they don’t break it. The other day, Laemmle sent for Reg, and pleaded with him for some time not to go up. “Think of your wife,” he said pathetically, “think how she’d feel.”

“She doesn’t mind,” said Reg, lying blissfully. [continued on page 70]
hat the most beautiful Queen in Europe says about the care of the skin

No woman is so highly placed that she can afford to neglect her beauty. Personal appearance is vital to her success—she cannot allow the usual marks of fatigue or exposure to show in her face. I believe that her beauty can be thoroughly guarded by a daily use of Pond's Two Creams.

POINT to another woman in the world today whose beauty, power and vibrant personality are equal to those of Marie, Queen of Roumania!

"A tall, majestic figure, hair of red-gold, a round white throat, flashing violet eyes and long lashes sweeping demurely the rose-leaf of her lovely cheeks." One who knows her well describes her thus.

Granddaughter of Queen Victoria, cousin to the King of England, to the Queen of Spain and to the late Czar Nicholas of Russia, she has lived from birth in the midst of the great affairs of Europe.

At sixteen she became the bride of the fortunate heir to the Roumanian throne and entered upon the vivid life of the Balkans.

Today, in spite of the responsibilities of state-craft, Queen Marie is still extraordinarily beautiful. She is known as the queenliest queen in Europe just as her daughters were called the prettiest princesses—before they married kings.

A womanly woman as well as a queen—and one to whom many things have come because of her own beauty—Queen Marie feels that "No woman is so highly placed that she can afford to neglect her beauty. Personal appearance is vital to her success—she cannot allow the usual marks of fatigue or exposure to show in her face."

More and more, women are realizing that the woman who is careless of her personal appearance is practically never a success. Yet thoughtfully chosen toilet preparations and regular daily care are all one needs to keep the skin fresh and clear.

Years ago one manufacturer devoted his laboratories to perfecting the two creams that answer the vital needs of the skin. Today the famous Pond's method is used everywhere by women who, because of high position, tax their skins the most and yet must keep them loveliest.

Every day, and especially after any exposure, a thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth a generous quantity on your face and neck. The pure cream works deeply into the pores, cleaning them of all impurities. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. It will bring with it the excess oil, powder, dust, and dirt your skin has been collecting all day. Repeat the process. Now notice how fresh and clear your skin is. Finish by dashing with cold water or rubbing with ice. If your skin is very dry let Pond's Cold Cream stay on all night.

And then, to protect your skin and as a foundation for powder, use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Smooth in just a light film, enough for your skin to absorb. Now notice the limpid freshness of your skin; how soft and smooth it is to the touch, how captivatingly lovely to the eye. The delicate greaseless Vanishing Cream protects your skin, keeping it fresh and untinted. And you will be delighted with the smoothness with which rouge and powder, which go on next, now blend—and stay.

Begin today, to follow the method the beautiful Queen of Roumania so heartily commends. Your beauty like hers, can be "thoroughly guarded by a daily use of Pond's Two Creams." You will be enchanted to see how quickly your skin looks fresher, more youthful—with a freshness and youthfulness you can keep. The Pond's Extract Company.

Free Offer—Mail this coupon today for free tubes of these two famous creams and a little folder telling you how to use them and what famous beauties and society leaders think of them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. D
147 Hudson Street, New York.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name ____________________________

Street __________________________

City ____________________________ State...
"And your sweet little girl," said Mr. Laemmle.

"I take her up with me," said Reggie.

"Well, if that don't move you," said the producer, "please think about me. You're driving me crazy."

But if Mr. Laemmle and the whole corporation would spend a little more time trying to find stories for Reg and less worrying, they'd be in better shape. Paramount still has its eye on Denny, who is the only man who could play a lot of the stories they bought in the old days for Wallace Reid.

MRS. J. D. WILLIAMS, not to mention her husband, who is president of the Ritz-Carlton Motion Picture Company, arrived in Hollywood the other day. In a business way, of course, J. D.'s arrival is very important, but socially, "Hopie" is the one who really matters, and all her friends started in giving parties at once.

Mrs. Harold Lloyd had a lovely Valentine luncheon for her the other day, and the guests included Constance Talmadge, Mrs. Earl Williams, Mrs. Conway Tearle, and a lot of other picture celebrities.

POOR Mary Carr!

The "little mother of the movies," who has been loved from one coast to the other ever since "Over the Hill," has been having a lot of worries lately.

First of all, several papers in the South printed the report that she was dead—had been taken off a train at Nashville violently ill, and died shortly after in the hospital.

"As Mark Twain said under similar circumstances," said Mrs. Carr, the other morning, "I must state that the report has been greatly exaggerated."

On top of that, Mrs. Alexander Carr, bride of the comedian who is famous as Perlmutter of "Potash and Perlmutter," is suing for divorce. As her marriage only lasted a few weeks, and as she had been married three times before in a short period, the affair got a lot of publicity, especially as it had some dramatic and unique angles.

And Mrs. Alexander Carr's name is Mary, too.

"The screen's greatest lover" is what Pola Negri called Robert Frazer. He is appearing opposite her in the Polish vamp's new picture, "The Charmer," and is the only leading man to be cast for the second time with her.

"The one..." as Hargrett called it, "is doing a real job of putting you on at the Fox."

"The one..." as Hargrett called it, "is doing a real job of putting you on at the Fox."

MRS. WALLACE REID has gone on a long tour with her new picture, "Broken Laws," speaking to her audiences upon the necessity of law observance and of teaching children in their homes to respect and abide by the law.

And she took young Bill Reid, and his small sister, Betty, along.

"I can't face all these months," she said, "away from home without Bill and Betty. I must have them."

So it was arranged.

Just before Mrs. Reid left Hollywood, she checked up on the fan mail which she still receives about Wally, and found to her amazement that the letters still continue to roll in, all of them asking for pictures of Wally, and all saying, "We still miss Wallace Reid so much. There is no one who can take his place, no one like him. We loved him so much."

THERE is one more couple that ought to be added to Hollywood's gold star list of happy marriages.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch. The great director and his pretty blonde wife—who is really one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, and a charming one as well—are so devoted that even at parties they are apt to spend the evening sitting hand in hand, usually the center of an interested group.

For all the directors, actors and actresses around here hang upon Lubitsch's words. His influence on the industry is enormous, not only because of the new atmosphere and new tendency his pictures have created, but also because of his personal popularity.

MARY and Doug are just a happy married couple. Someone told an amusing little story about them the other evening. Mary was having a very elaborate dinner party for some titled visitors, and she, with her usual instinct for doing everything just right, had a menu—that being the very latest and most fashionable thing to do—that apparently Doug hadn't been warned about the innovation, for he picked it up, looked at it in contempt, and said, "I don't see anything there I like very well. I'd rather you did the ordering, Mary."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 72]"
"My real trouble was chronic constipation, which had caused pimples, acne and frequent headaches... Skeptical, I began to eat Fleischmann’s Yeast regularly. Then—after a little over a month—the miracle became an established fact: pimples gone, headaches gone, acne fast going, and no more constipation."

E. H. Howard, Santa Fe, N. M.

The PRICE of HEALTH

For a few cents a day thousands have found again the freshness, the vigor of youth

NOT a “cure-all,” not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann’s Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy... Eat two or three cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann’s Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Fleischmann Research Department 4, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

(LEFT)

"After years of suffering from a disfigured face, due to chronic acne, and after prolonged treatment, I was persuaded to use Fleischmann’s Yeast. I started with two cakes every day. To my great joy there was an immediate improvement. Continued daily use of yeast overcame the unsightly condition of my face and it is now clear of blemishes."

Miss Helen W. Young, Philadelphia, Pa.

"As a speaker for my party in 1920, I rushed heedlessly from state to state until an outraged nature exacted retribution... I sought out a famous specialist for some magic. Here it was! Fleischmann’s Yeast; three cakes a day. In two weeks my appetite had returned; in six, I dared to face my mirror again with clear eyes. I no longer know what anemia and skin troubles mean. My daily cake of yeast has become a rite and a symbol of a more vital existence."

Miss Alma B. Sasse, Brunswick, Mo.

"For years I have fought a chronic constipation. I began eating Yeast merely to satisfy a friend. At the end of two weeks, my chronic constipation and dull headaches had begun to disappear. Now I am absolutely normal. As supervising nurse in the health department of a large utility company I find constipation one of the most common ailments. I consider yeast the best remedy I can advise for it."

Miss Gayle Pond, R. N., Chicago, Ill.
BY the way, did you know that Douglas Fairbanks has a mania for perfumes? He doesn’t use them—he is just a collector and has the finest collection of anyone in Hollywood. He has bought perfumes all over the world, and also had them imported, and he has a perfume cabinet in his rooms at the studio that contains every fine perfume manufactured in any country today.

JACK GILBERT, who is gaining stardom by leaps and bounds and the real acclaim of the public, had the most dramatic and amazing experience the other day.

A man who gave a name Jack had never heard appeared at the studio asking for Jack Gilbert. Jack refused at first to see him, but he was in such a state of perturbation and emotion, that the office boy finally prevailed upon Jack to allow him to enter.

He came into Jack’s dressing room, a man in middle life, caught Jack by the shoulders, and cried brokenly, “My boy, my boy, at last I see you.”

Jack expressed his amazement at such a greeting, only to have the man tell him a startling story, claiming that he was Jack’s own father, and that the man whom Jack had known as a father since boyhood was only his stepfather. He carried with him such photographs and proofs as seemed incontrovertible, and Jack was in a daze.

He still is, since the matter hasn’t been sifted to the bottom.

“I wonder if there’s anything else in the way of emotional ups and downs that can happen to me,” Jack said the other day. “I seem to be marked for them. If living them helps your work I ought to be improving, that’s all.”

MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS MACLEAN have sailed for Honolulu to spend a few weeks of well-earned vacation. Doug has just completed his latest and best comedy, “Introduce Me,” which caused an absolute riot when it was seen at The Writers at a preview the other evening.

Doug made four pictures under this last contract, and this was the last one. When he started out to make these, he had a pretty hard time convincing anybody of just how good he was, and just why he ought to be a real star on his own.

Now after the amazing success of his four pictures, “Going Up,” “The Yankee Counsel,” “Never Say Die” and “Introduce Me,” the producers are coming to him. In those four pictures, MacLean has put himself up with Lloyd, Chaplin and Keaton as one of the great screen comedians.

WHAT is going to happen to Charles Ray? The death of Thomas H. Ince, following as it did shortly upon Ray’s re-signing with him, has again thrown Charlie into the cold, cold world and there is much speculation as to his future.

It seems a shame that an actor of Ray’s ability, and a personality which once was so loved by the picture public, should be lost to the world. It seems a shame that the boy who could score such hits as “The Coward” and “The Girl I Love” should be relegated to the discard because of lack of business ability and a desire to have his own way at all times.

Ray’s trouble seems to be the same that once brought about Nazimova’s crash as a screen star. He has wanted to run every department of his own productions. He has had too much confidence in his own ability and not enough in other people’s.

AFTER listening to Alma Rubens’ story of domestic woe, the court granted her a divorce on the grounds of cruelty from Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman and also $1. Later a property agreement between the divorced couple is to be filed with the court.

Following the breaking of the marriage contract, Miss Rubens immediately entered into a new contract covering a period of five years with William Fox.

Under this contract she works the majority of each year with Fox and the remainder of the time she can spend in globe trotting or in doing an outside picture.
The things they love in Hollywood
they love the world around

VIOLA DANA, winsome favorite of the films, at her dressing table;
the characteristic furnishings of her boudoir about her, chief among
them her set of Pyralin toiletware.

And why not? Every woman loves Pyralin. And, furthermore, every
woman can now afford it. The great resources of the du Pont organi-
zation have placed quality toiletware within every girl's reach.

Quantity production and manufacturing economies have made it
possible to reduce prices on many articles in the well-known Du Barry
and La Belle patterns. In addition a new Pyralin pattern, "Mayflower",
will soon be announced—at prices considerably lower than ever before
set on toiletware bearing the Pyralin name.

See the displays of Pyralin at the leading stores in your community.
Articles stamped "Pyralin" can always be matched.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Pyralin Department, Arlington, New Jersey
EASTER STYLES in Faultless Footwear

Whatever your shoe preference for Easter you will find the smart style that will fully fit the occasion and your costume in the Dorothy Dodd line. Faultless fit, exceptional values and enduring satisfaction are offered in this famous make at a medium price range. Ask your dealer to show you the new Dorothy Dodd models for Spring.

WRITE FOR STYLE BOOKLET
Presenting selected new modes, beautifully illustrated. Sent free on request.

DOROTHY DODD SHOE COMPANY
311 Center Street, Boston, Mass.

"RADIANT"
A two-strap street shoe of Black Vici Kid, with appropriate rubber walking sole and heel and blend sole.

"SHIELD"
A graceful, informal dress pump of Black Vici Kid, with medium wood heel and flexible sole.

T'S mighty hard to keep track of Betty Blythe these days. We think she's in Hollywood and turn around to say hello, only to find she has dashed off to New York for a picture. Then she leaps back to Hollywood for a couple of pictures and the first thing you know she is making a picture in Europe.

And that's just the case now. We saw Betty only the other day and the next word we had was a cable.

"On my way to Berlin." And that's where she is right now.

Miss Blythe is now in Europe for the third time on picture work. She has been engaged to play the title role in Sir Henry Rider Haggard's "She."

As in "Queen of Sheba," and "Chu Chin Chow," Betty's wardrobe will again be scant. Seems women with beautiful figures are lucky in more ways than one, for just think of the money Betty saves in wardrobe.

The interiors of "She" will be made in Berlin and the exteriors in Italy.

EVERLY BAYNE admits that she and her factor-husband, Francis X. Bushman, one time strong man, have separated and that a divorce suit is pending. They were married in 1913 and have a son five years old. Miss Bayne is again in pictures after some months in vaudeville.

BESS MEREDITH, who took the merry Jaunt to Rome with the "Ben Hur" company to put the final touches on the adaptation of Lew Wallace's famous story, has signed with Warner Brothers, thus breaking up one of those great screen combinations, Fred Niblo, Bess Meredith and Ramon Novarro, which has been responsible for the recent Novarro pictures.

It is with real regret that we see this happen for it reminds us of the breaking up of the Mary Pickford-Frances Marion-Mickey Mollan combination and the passing of that other great trio, Rex Ingram-June Mathis-Rudolph Valentino, and in these two latter cases the star has certainly suffered.

Things have been happening at a fast and furious rate in the Robert Frazer household. A short time ago a squadron of officers from the Hollywood purity squad entered his home without a search warrant or evidence of badges and said they had come to search his house for liquor. They made a hasty search, found no liquor, and left. Bob immediately started legal proceedings, demanding to know what right peremptory Poli. Negi. engaged him to play the lead opposite his in "The Charmer." This is the second time Poli. has requested Bob for the leading role with her, which tends to substantiate her statement made in Photoplay several months ago to the effect that she thinks he is one of the screen's greatest lovers. Bob is the only leading man to be given a second chance to appear with the famous beauty from the land of the Cossacks.

When actors tell you they don't want publicity tell them they have about as much right upstaging publicity as a Heinz pickle," says Raymond Hatton, Paramount character actor.

Raymond makes this statement to justify a story he tells of a recent location trip to the wilds of the high Sierra mountains, where he spent four weeks filming "The Thundering Herd."

"Jack Holt and myself were about to eat dinner in the shack," says Raymond. "That is, Jack was trying to cook some coffee. We had a big percolator and every time someone came in the door he would kick the thing over. Jack went over to the store to get some more liquid heat and I went down the street to get some more coffee. On the way back I heard people shouting, 'Fire! Fire! Fire!' Our shack was in flames. I grabbed a bucket and dashed for the fire. As I started I saw a cameraman and shouted, 'Anybody got a graflex camera?' He didn't hear me. Do you know, I hunted all over that place for a graflex camera to get a publicity picture of myself putting out the fire. Before I found one the shack had burned to the ground."

ROSCE (FATTY) ARBUCKLE and Doris Deane, film actress, are to be married shortly, according to friends of both. The wedding is to be performed at Miss Deane's
VIOLA DANA

Last picture, "As a Man Desires" — is now starring in "The Unnecessary Evil"

"Really it will surprise you that so fashionable a corset can be so comfortable."

VIOLA DANA

Women who remain in the spotlight of fashion never neglect their figures. They are the leaders in the fine art of dressing well. These women select the Bon Ton model just suited to their need and let others envy the finished result. For Bon Ton Corsets combine corset comfort with a fashion foundation sans reproche.

In no other corset will be found finer materials or finer workmanship.

You'll find Bon Ton models for every figure — carried by all leading stores and specialty shops here and abroad — at prices any woman can easily afford.

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET CO.
New York Chicago WORCESTER San Francisco London

Let us send you our very clever booklet, "Told in Negligee"

The Bon Ton Round-U

This and other models in Bon Ton from $3.50 to $25

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
... Bedtime now means beauty as well as sleep

Only a woman knows how I feel each night when I come to those "three golden minutes." I call my own—that time when I remove the blemishes of the day and make my skin ready for to-morrow in the perfect way—with the perfect cold cream—Daggett & Ramsdell's

This snowy cream—so pure, doctors prescribe it, takes from my skin all of the harsh dirt and many of the tired lines. And my clean, restful skin can regain its natural loveliness while I sleep. Morning finds it radiant.

Just try it yourself for six nights—and welcome the delightful results.

For sale at department and drug stores—the white package with red bands. Tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c. Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and $1.50.

There's a "Try-It-Yourself" trial tube for you—Free. Just send the coupon below.

** How to use those "Three Golden Minutes"

I—Smooth a coat of this perfect cold cream over your face and neck.

II—Leave it on a minute to sink in.

III—Wipe off the cleansing cold cream with a smooth cloth and finish with a dash of cold water.

Daggett & Ramsdell's

PERFECT COLD CREAM

And this little girl, as Texas Guinan would say, is little Adalyn Mayer. She's just a little extra girl, a protege of Cecil B. De Mille's, who plays a bit here and a bit there, but who insists she's going to be a star some day

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION
Let the Pontiac Strain Seal—the assurance of quality and the guarantee of genuineness—and the first nationally known fur trademark—guide you in the selection of richly beautiful silver fox.

The dazzling beauty of Claire Windsor-framed in Pontiac Strain silver fox—a specially posed photograph by Seeley, Los Angeles.

Beauty that Adds to Beauty!

Just the right touch of distinctive charm for any costume or any occasion is added by glorious silver fox. It is equally suited for street wear or thrown across lovely shoulders above an evening gown. And wherever the wearer of fine silver fox may go, she is sure of the admiration of the discerning and the heart-felt envy of those not so fortunate.

A copy of the illustrated booklet "The Fur Incomparable," will be mailed to you on request. It gives valuable facts that will help you determine the fineness of pelts and tells the fascinating story of silver fox.

Detroit Silver Fox Farms
The Pontiac Strain Organization
General Motors Bldg., Detroit, U. S. A.
Fifteen Ranches and Producing Units

Pontiac Strain Furs

When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.
"The Phantom of the Opera"

This is the title of what promises to be a very exciting picture. Nobody is allowed to know Lon Chaney's make-up. It will be a secret until the picture is shown in theaters. At the right he is shown with Mary Philbin. The elaborate set shown above is an exact replica of the famous Paris opera house and the gorgeous annual ball held in its historic precincts. At the left is the huge chandelier, literally weighing tons, which falls upon the audience.
Will his eyes confirm what his lips are saying?

Be as pretty as he pictures you—this simple rule of skin-care is bringing charm to thousands.

The kindly candles of last night, the tell-tale revelations of noon! Do you fear the contrast they may offer?

Thousands of women have found the beauty that chooses no special hour to bloom, but casts its enchantment over every moment of the day.

There is no secret how. The scores of pretty skins you see wherever your eyes turn prove this to be true. Any girl can have the charm of a fresh clear skin, the gift more priceless than beauty itself.

The means are simple. No costly beauty treatments—simply common-sense daily care with soothing palm and olive oils as combined in Palmolive.

See what a difference one week may make by following this simple method:

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. Apply a touch of cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Avoid this mistake:

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), Chicago, III.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.

The Palmolive Company

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.
Charming girls have destroyed their superfluous hair!—Why don’t you?

The day of experimenting is past. It is now a matter of public record that superfluous hair has actually been destroyed with ZIP as recorded in the official documents at Washington, D.C.

Your superfluous hair is probably a worry and a problem to you. You continue purchasing cheap preparations and the growth fails to get weaker. In fact, possibly you have observed that it is getting stronger.

If you have used ZIP, you are one of those fortunate girls or women who have found an end to this worry. If you haven’t used ZIP, you are still conscious of the growth; your friends possibly avoid you; your popularity is limited; you are not getting the love and joy and happiness out of life that you deserve!

Quick as a wink you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember, you are not merely removing surface hair—you actually lift out the hairs from under the skin, gently and painlessly and in this way check the growth. The process seems almost miraculous, but my eighteen years of success in giving treatments with ZIP and the thousands of women who are now using it prove that ZIP is the scientifically correct way to check the growth. Use ZIP once and you need never resort to ordinary depilatories.

There are Three Types of Superfluous Hair—Which type have you?

ZIP is the ideal method for destroying superfluous hair growths by gently lifting out the roots.

*The most beloved member of the "Fellies" and the Toast of New York.*

Madame Berthié, Specialist,
Dept. 942, 562 FIFTH Ave., New York

Please send me FREE BOOK, "Beauty’s Greatest Secret," telling how to be beautiful and explaining the three types of superfluous hair; also a FREE sample of your Massage & Cleansing Cream guaranteed not to grow hair.

Name: ____________________________ (Please Print Your Name)

Address: __________________________

City & State: _______________________

Cigarette Smoking and Superfluous Hair

Does smoking stimulate superfluous hair? I question it most seriously.

But whether cigarette smoking is or is not a cause of superfluous hair, it should give you no consternation. A number of years ago, before ZIP was sold at your favorite toilet goods counter, yes! then you would have had to worry. Today, however, all you need do is get some ZIP and you can destroy every vestige of these ugly growths.

And even with bobbed hair, ZIP comes to the rescue. Eliminate the shaved neck, and the bobbed head will be saved to the world.

Bobbed hair took the world by storm. The debutante of society, the shop girl, the belle of the rural districts, and their sisters, mothers, and grandmothers all bobbed their hair. Then why need it ebb toward oblivion?

The unutterably offensive clipped and shaved neck is the answer. It is the discord in the symphony. It is the fly in the golden honey. It is the death's head at beauty's feast. Be a girl never so pretty, her bob never so artistic and becoming, there is always the ever-present horror of the shaved neck. The stubble of bristly hair at the edge of her resplendent waves and curls spells disillusionment. There is something masculinely unkempt about it. It is a manish note foreign to her dainty femininity. It suggests latter and the reaper. You almost expect to hear the barber’s jibe. "Next." Bristles and beauty do not jibe.

With ZIP, the smooth, soft surface of the neck becomes an alluring, ivory background for the shining mass of tresses. The beauty of the bobbed head has achieved its completing detail.

Madame Berthié, Specialist
562 FIFTH Avenue
Entrance on 46th St.
New York
It Can’t Done Be Done [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

an old, smooth-running organization. That’s in its favor, of course. Everything considered, the odds are about even. The result is going to depend largely on hard work.

The only thing that has got to be arranged right away—a theater, for our New York showing. That’s a job for you. I’ll give you a letter to my friend McGrath—he’s a big stockholder in the Imperial—they release for Successful Players, and the Goldstein group. I’ve talked with him about our picture, but of course he couldn’t guarantee anything. Most of the distributors, controlled by big line companies with their own programmes to take care of, are not keen about releasing for independent producers. But if we’ve got the goods— if the critics, the public, like our picture— want it—the distilling end will take care of itself. We won’t have to run after them—they’ll be coming to us.

“The important thing is a first-class New York showing. We’ll have trouble getting a house, in October, with hundreds of new pictures, shows, eager to book in for a Broadway opening. Davidson has his own theater, of course. It’s a cinch for him. We’ve got to get one. And I don’t mind telling you that Davidson, as soon as he gets wise to what we’re doing, will use all the influence at his command to block us. He’s interested in a lot of other houses besides the Plaza. Both legitimate and picture theaters. His game will be to shut us out until after his own production has been shown. What we’ve got to do is arrange for our theater now, and we haven’t a moment to lose. Don’t think I’ve neglected that end,” Tony went on. “Only I hadn’t any idea, until today, that we were going to be in such a hurry.”

“BUT,” Hardy objected, “how can we engage a theater until we know when we want it?”

“We know now—or at any rate we’ll take a chance. October seventh. That will give me a week, after we finish shooting, to put the picture together. Quick work, for cutting, titling, assembling, but I expect to do a lot as we go along. If we can’t open the seventh, we’ll postpone it, paying for the theater, of course. But that will be over my dead body. I’ll work all night, if necessary, to get the film ready on time. A lot of things, tinting, retakes, you can’t tell much about until you see the picture as a whole. Now I’ve been figuring this thing out. The first of October comes on a Monday. I want to give this picture its private showing on Sunday night, October seventh. That’s when we want the theater. From then on.”

“But,” said Hardy, “if we set our opening for the seventh, won’t Davidson get on to it?”

“If course. So we’ll set it for a week later—the fourteenth. Advertise it—let everybody understand it that way. It will cost something, but it will be worth it. Not only will we have a chance to try and sell the picture, but we can say a word about our plans for the present. But when the fight comes out in the open. My prediction is that inside of two weeks everybody in New York will know about it. And it will be more than a fight between two rival producers—a battle royal between two women stars. Everybody knows, or will know, the circumstances which led up to Jane’s retirement, and mine, from Davidson’s company. The efforts Irene Shirley has made to win back her star position. It’s a big, human story in itself, Ben, and one of the greatest publicity breeders New York has had in years. A race like that between two beautiful rivals. The newspapers will eat it up. People will be betting on it. As for seats, for the private showing, you’ll be deluged with requests. Don’t give out any tickets until the last moment. We’ll go over the lists together. Don’t even say what theater we’re opening at. Just give the date, October fourteenth. Say we hope to be ready then, but it may be the week following. Keep everything else dark.”

“But when Davidson hears our opening date, won’t he try to beat it?”

“Sure he will. I’m counting on that. If he can, I don’t believe he can, no matter how much steam he puts on. But of course he might. He’ll try to meet our date. Then we’ll quickly sneak in a week earlier and fool him. With a big burst of publicity in the papers on Saturday morning, saying we’re opening Sunday night—a week earlier than we expected. Mail our invitations Friday night. But it’s vitally important that the theater people shouldn’t let it out that we’ve taken the house from the seventh. That would give the whole show away. Tell them we are booking in the screen with a specially built set, using a lot of people on the stage, and want the theater a week ahead in order to rehearse them—work out our tableaux, lighting effects, etc. They’ll think you are a fool, of course, paying out good money for a thing like that, but if it is good money, and they won’t hesitate to take it. They should worry. To get a theater at all, you’ll have to make a big cash deposit. You understand?”

HELL’S-BELLS. I don’t care. I’m in this fight to win. If we can’t get a theater any other way, I’ll buy one.”

Tony laughed. “You won’t have enough money left for that, Ben, I’m sorry to say. Well, that’s all I can tell you now. You run along back to town and see about that lumber from the Hudson people. It’s two days late already. And get after Robinson about those costumes for the extras. We’ll need them next week. Offer a bonus if you have to, but get them. I’ll mail you that letter to McGrath tonight, and a list of houses for you to go after. It won’t be a long one, unfortunately. There might be a chance at the Victoria [CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]

Alice Carroll fairly huged Jane. “Superb, my dear,” she gurgled. “A friend of mine said Irene put on a new dress every time she turned around. She would—the cheap fraud!”
How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

Try this quick, simple method which thousands, WHO MAKE BEAUTY A STUDY, now use.

See the difference it makes in the appearance of YOUR HAIR.

Note how it gives new life and lustre; how it brings out all the wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the loveliness of their hair.
The hair is a frame or setting upon which the most beautiful, as well as the plainest woman, must depend.
Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.
You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.
Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

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

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

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo


QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of Photoplay to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper and in pencil. Name and address; only initials will be published if requested.

ELAINÉ, MOUNT SHASTA, CALIF.—You advise me to drink buttermilk because "it is good and good for everybody." Better than a lot of things. Answer Men and others drink, you opine. In reply I consider Ramon Novarro and May McAvoy continue with Metro-Goldwyn and Bert Lytell with Warner Brothers.

A. SANDQUEST, COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia.—Of a truth, little one, Jack Hoxie is wedded. His wife's name before marriage was Marian Sals. No, he isn't engaged. He maintains his connection with the Universal. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Mary Pickford) have no children, of their own but Mary adopted her sister's little girl. Mr. Fairbanks has a son by his former marriage, his namesake, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

BILL, MERTEN, CONN.—You're a sweet girl, Billie. That in return for the salutation "Hello Old Dear" and the explanation "I'm not calling you old dear because I think you are old but because I have been reading your section of Photoplay for so long I feel as though I know you very well." You can get Richard Dix's picture by enclosing with your request for his photograph a headed quarter to the Paramount Studio, in the usual way for his photograph.

EVELYN, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—No, maid of Philadelphia, Pierre Gendron is not married. Feel better? He is 24. Height five feet, 8 inches, weight one hundred forty pounds. Recent pictures in which he appears are "Cheap Kisses" and "Rampered Youth."

ALICE, WANDA, Minn.—I am glad to save you from the "dullness" that you say threaten you unless you get the information you want. Here it is. Richard Barthelemess is a dark, serious young man of tremendous sincerity. Thinks deeply. Smiles seldom though he has been discovered smiling radiantly into the eyes of a tiny coquette, his year and a half old daughter. Douglas Fairbanks is cheerful and dynamic. Looks like many of his pictures.

GUILFORD, JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—Richard Dix is an American. His coming picture is "Too Many Kisses." Your Write Paramount Studio in the usual way for his photograph.

EVELYN, NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Alleen Pringle has the rarer unusual family of eyes and black hair. She is about twenty-eight. Height five feet, three inches, weight one hundred ninety pounds.

M. C., COLLINSVILLE, Ill.—Your letter was a marvel of succinctness. And how little you want to know in this instance. Clive Brook is about thirty-three. He cannot strike the blow—he is married. Engaged in pictures, usually at the United Studio.

V. A. B., SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.—Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Can., Aug. 19, 1904. Her height is five feet, three inches. Weight one hundred twelve pounds. Blue eyes, brown hair. The source to which to look for her photographs is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio.

JEANNETTE, FLORENCE, N. Y.—Rod La Rocque was born Nov. 29, 1898. Who doesn't admire him? His last name is pronounced as though spelled "La Roche." He is not married. Send your request for his photograph to the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, with a quarter.

LUTTA, RICHMOND, Va.—Charles Jones is "your star," 0, that possessive spirit of the feminine of the species! I never knew a man to say that Gloria Swanson is "his star." Poor piker. He wouldn't dare. Charles Jones is working his head off at the Fox Studios. Another way of saying that he is pleasantly busy. Actors don't mind working their heads off. They like it.

A. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Jackie Coogan is neither blonde nor brunette but of light brown coloring, both as to eyes and hair. He was born Oct. 26, 1914. Baby Peggy's birth occurred four years later, also on Oct. 26. A photograph of Marion Davies can be secured through the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offices and one of Ramon Novarro from the same.

EVELYN, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—I believe that if Patsy Ruth Miller knew how you pulled at the mere thought of receiving her autographed photograph she would arrange for the forwarding of one to you. She looks like a kind hearted young woman. Your idol is of St. Louis, where she was born Jan. 17, 1904. Her height is five feet, two inches. Weight one hundred eight pounds. Her eyes and hair are brown.

BETTY, OTTUMWA, Ia.—You say that you "always liked Connie Talmadge but that since inquiring, we have found it necessary to see her in a different way than other questions of this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to the Department and Answer Photoplay Magazine, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

FRANCES, CHICAGO, Ill.—Your favorite star was born in 1901. Why did you think Corinne Griffith is retiring from the screen? This is my guess as to what you meant. Corinne Griffith is not retiring. She has had a divorce from John Passagon. She and Miss Norma make their pictures chiefly at the United Studio while in California.

ISABELLE, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—I think your sketch of Rudolph Valentino would reach him. He might be much interested in himself, of course, according to your sketch, see him. There is a chance for every capable person to fulfill his or her ambition.

ELIZABETH, SAN DIEGO, Calif.—I believe that if Patsy Ruth Miller knew how you pulled at the mere thought of receiving her autographed photograph she would arrange for the forwarding of one to you. She looks like a kind hearted young woman. Your idol is of St. Louis, where she was born Jan. 17, 1904. Her height is five feet, two inches. Weight one hundred eight pounds. Her eyes and hair are brown.

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stage play, "Moonflower," in which Elsie Ferguson starred. Betty Compson is co-starred with Holt in the production. While in Del Monte Jack hopes to find time in which to engage in a few polo games. It is said the star's polo antics have caused a great deal of worry to the producers. Jack has suffered from several falls with cracked ribs and sprained ankles while playing on the Midwick team.

RUPERT HUGHES is one man who believes in keeping his New Year's resolutions. He made one this year and certainly kept it. It read something like this: "Resolved—to get married."

And almost forthwith the noted author fared forth and kept his resolution. It was a quiet wedding, with the immediate families of the bride, Elizabeth Patterson Dial, film actress, and Mr. Hughes as the only guests and Judge Russ Avery of Los Angeles performed the ceremony.

The author gave his age as fifty-two and the bride, who appears on the screen under the name of Patterson Dial, gave hers as twenty-two years.

Hughes is no longer directing, but is writing and adapting his own stories and supervising their production.

RAYMOND GRIFFITH, who made such a sensational hit in "Forty Winks," and who is one of Hollywood's greatest little New York commuters, is again in Hollywood, having completed work on a picture at the Paramount's Long Island studio. Griffith is cast for a featured role in "The Night Club," an adaptation of William de Mille's play, "After Five." Frank Urson and Paul Tribe, the directors of "Forty Winks," will use the megaphones.

If Winifred Westover Hart, wife of Bill Hart, famous two-gun man of the screen, ever returns to pictures, she will have to do so as Winifred Westover, and not under her famous husband's name, according to the most recent court ruling in the fierce legal battle which the couple have been waging for months.

Mrs. Hart appeared in court in an effort to return to the screen. She was accompanied by William S. Hart, Jr., aged two years and a few months, and alleged that before her marriage she was earning $500 a week as a screen actress and that she was unable to live on the income of a $203,000 trust fund created by her husband at the time of their separation on condition that she should not allow herself to be photographed for screen or advertising purposes or use the name of Hart professionally.

At the same time Hart created a trust fund of $100,000 for his infant son.

"SHE won a beauty contest and became Charlie Chaplin's leading lady!"

It reads like the day dream of an extra girl, but it isn't. It's the dream of an extra girl come true after months of waiting, working and almost starving, and the extra girl is Georgia Hale, who two years ago won a beauty contest and came to Hollywood to seek fame and fortune.

Today, after a hard struggle against fate, in which she was almost overwhelmed more than once, she is under contract to Douglas Fairbanks and is now Chaplin's leading woman, replacing Lita Grey, who shut up her make-up box to put on a wedding ring.

Georgia Hale was born in St. Joseph, Mo., of English and French parents, and at an early age moved to Chicago, where she studied music and dancing. It was here she won the beauty contest, the prize being sufficient cash to come to Hollywood, which she promptly did.

Her first experience in pictures was a bit of bad luck which almost discouraged her. She was taking part in a dance scene, her very first before the camera, when she fell and sprained her ankle. She was on crutches for six months and when her parents back in Chicago discovered what a hard time she was having and came to Hollywood, Georgia was down to her last ten-dollar bill.

With the encouragement of her parents she tackled the extra job again and finally played...
Are You
Aileen Pringle's Type?

If you are Aileen Pringle's type, of the smooth coiffure and the simple girlish costume, remember this . . . . the more simply you dress, the more fastidious you must be about the little details. Aileen Pringle, for instance, would never be guilty of wearing lace shoes without visible eyelets. For the many costumes with which you must wear lace footwear, always select Goodyear Welt shoes with Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets.

Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets preserve the smooth style lines of the upper and promote easy lacing. They have genuine celluloid tops that retain their original finish indefinitely and actually outwear the shoe.

ONLY THE GENUINE HAVE THE DIAMOND TRADE MARK

United Fast Color Eyelet Co., Boston
Manufacturers of DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS
"A scene from JAMES M. Barrie's PETER PAN", a Paramount Picture featuring BETTY BRONSON, the Opalescent Beauty of the Screen.

**OPAL HUES**

in this strange, new powder
**Give You a Striking, New Opalescent Beauty in Any Light**—instead of the dull, lifeless effect of ordinary powders.

Created by FALLIS for the personal use of the leading stars of screen and stage.

The mysterious combination of dazzling hues in Peter Pan OPAL HUE Powder reflects utmost beauty under any kind of light—day or night. A byword among countless atoms of Crimson, Mauve, Emeralz, Azure, Amber, etc.—the shimmering tints captured from the gorgeous opal—are cleverly blended in this most precious powder.

Merits of OPAL HUES so fine they are invisible—but under the powerful glass of the microscope they leap into flaming beauty. That is why Peter Pan OPAL HUE Powder so marvelously films the skin with a new prismatic glow.

A **Beauty Treatment**

Every Time You Powder
days on for hours. Absolutely pure. Made of finest and most costly ingredients. Comes in three new shades—sealed in silk—at three dollars the box.

NATURAL OPAL HUE
RACHEL OPAL HUE
ROSE OPAL HUE

No Other Powder Like It!

Decidedly different. Instantly effective in imparting radiant beauty—a beauty heretofore unobtainable. Read the amazing story that comes with each box. Sold at Smart Beauty Shops and Toilet Counters everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, use coupon for generous trial box—TODAY!

Created by FALLIS, Inc., Perfumer CINCINNATI

Peter Pan
**OPAL HUE**

BEAUTY Powder

Sealed in Silk—$3.00 the Box

In a box of glinting black and gold.

**Generous Trial**

If your dealer cannot supply you send $1.00 for a generous size box of this exquisite powder and the amazing story of its creation. (Trial size not sold to stores.) Mail coupon now.

FALLIS, Inc., Perfumers
193 Riverside Drive, Cincinnati
Engraved $1.00 for a generous Trial Box of Peter Pan OPAL HUE Powder and the amazing story of its creation.

Give shade wanted.

The only reason for printing this picture is that Tommie Meighan looks younger every time we see him and Lila Lee looks prettier. This picture proves it despite the fact that they are doing a heavy scene in "Coming Through".

Every advertisement in PHOToplay Magazine is guaranteed.
You don’t have to do this

The unsightly “white coat collar”—showered with dandruff—is rapidly going out of style. You really don’t need to be troubled this way.

And the way to correct it is a very simple one. Just mark down the following statement as a fact:

Listerine and dandruff do not get along together. Try the Listerine treatment if you doubt it.

Just apply Listerine, the safe antiseptic, to the scalp. Generously; full strength. Massage it in vigorously for several minutes and enjoy that clean, tingling, exhilarating feeling it brings.

After such a treatment you know your scalp is antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair, free from that nuisance—and danger signal of baldness—dandruff.

You’ll thank us for passing this tip along to you. It’s a new use for an old friend—Listerine.

—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

Listerine Thrush Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available. While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct half-tos, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.
Are you trying to acquire someone’s else type of beauty?

It simply cannot be done! The skin needs not cosmetics and complicated preparations but merely a mild cleansing agent that will release and preserve its own normal health and glow.

Resinol Soap is ideally cleansing and refreshing. Its gentle action thoroughly rids the pores of dust, soot, germs, etc., which interfere with their normal activity, and mean ruin for the complexion.

Its rich color and distinctive fragrance come naturally from the healthful Resinol properties it contains—those properties which are causing Resinol Soap more and more to take the place of the ordinary, highly perfumed soap whose strong odor is only too often a cloak for mediocre quality and harmful ingredients.

If your complexion is now marred by blackheads, blemishes, roughness, etc., apply Resinol and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment has been successfully prescribed for years for skin disorders. itching rashes, slight or serious, chafings, or the smart of a burn, cut or sore quickly respond to its first applications. No home should be without it. Resinol produces sold by all druggists.

RESINOL
Soap

Resinol
Soap

Dept. G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and of Resinol Ointment.
Name

Street

City State

You can laugh at this old hat, but Raymond Hatton would laugh at you if you offered him $200 for it. Old hats are priceless to character actors. This one is forty years old and went through two Galveston floods, a forest fire and several battles with cattle rustlers in Texas.

OLD hats are priceless to character actors and Raymond Hatton recently acquired one which he would not trade for the finest chapeau purchasable on Fifth Avenue. It was worn for more than 40 years by an ox driver, and is full of holes and patched with thongs, but Raymond would laugh at you if you offered him $200 for it. It was presented to Irving Willat when he was directing "North of 36" by an old Texas ox driver who worked in the picture.

Willat gave him a handsome new Stetson for it, and when Hatton was cast in "The Thundering Herd" Willat gave it to him. The venerable hat has been through two Galveston floods, a forest fire, and several battles with cattle rustlers.

CAROL DEMPSTER has become a regular nighthawk. Carol is a cross word addict and she believes in finishing what she starts. Hence, the midnight oil. "Isn't Life Wonderful?" gloats Carol around 3 A.M., after solving a cross word puzzle. We'll say it is.

WE were watching John Dillon direct Dorothy Mackaill and Paul Nicholson in a scene from "Chickie." It was a dramatic episode and everybody’s nerves were worn to a frazzle. Pretty Dorothy, frail and lovely as a flower, was on the verge of real tears. Jack, calm and patient, explained just how he wanted the scene done. The atmosphere was tense with emotion. Just as it seemed as if everything was wrong, as if there wasn’t a possible chance for anything to be right, a treacle-faced youngster who was accompanying hi-
Suppose your eyelids failed to close
when a cloud of dust blows toward you

Dust in the eyes? How rarely does this unwelcome experience occur, for the protecting eyelids “quick as a wink” snap shut when trouble looms.

Unhappily there is no such protection for the skin. And often its soft, natural fineness is sacrificed because the tiny, delicate pores are subject to the irritating effects of this same dust-laden air.

Nature does her best. The little pore ducts night and day cast out foreign particles and preserve the plant fineness of the skin. Still, we must help.

To be sure, we use our face creams faithfully to cleanse and nourish. Most face creams have one common purpose—to soften and nourish the skin—but they leave the pores wide open, unprotected as before. Tired, overtaxed, the pores become weak in functioning. And then we wonder why they become enlarged.

Some of us accept this condition as “just natural to my skin.” But those of us who really care find ways to reduce and refine the pores to normal invisibility.

Ice is one tested way. Its quick chill instantly contracts the pores and stimulates the circulation. But it is harsh to tender skins, and always more or less inconvenient to use.

Now there is a new and better way—with all the instant pore-contracting benefits of ice, and with none of its fussiness and trouble—a delightful, soothing, refreshing cream, that feels and acts like ice on the skin.

This new cream is called Princess Pat Ice Astringent. It does not take the place of your nourishing creams. It simply finishes the task that they have begun—closes to normal fineness the open, unprotected pores. While the nourishing cream still remains on the face, apply this delightfully icy and refreshing cream right over it. The sensation is like a cool lake breeze—the effect, an immediate contraction of the pores.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent does not enter the pores. Its smooth contracting action merely restores the refinement of texture to your skin; and its welcome “freezy” chill gently stirs the tiny blood vessels to renewed action, bringing a tide of fresh natural color.

Powder adheres wonderfully—yet cannot clog the pores
You will be entranced at the youthful beauty which Princess Pat Ice Astringent brings to your complexion. And you will be amazed at how wonderfully your powder adheres—without possibility of its entering and choking the pores.

How I put my complexion to bed
by “The Princess”

Night is nature’s opportunity to build youth into your complexion. First every pore must be thoroughly cleansed with a soft, solvent cleansing cream that removes all secretions, dust and grime. Manipulate gently with upward and outward strokes of the finger tips and wipe off with a soft cloth. Now reinstate the oil cells of the skin with a soothing, nourishing cream. Manipulate very gently, and let sleep do the rest. I suggest Princess Pat Skin Cleanser and Princess Pat Cream for this night treatment.

How I make my complexion su the morning
Cool—not cold—water is permissible. Dry the face. Now again use your nourishing cream. Just a thin coating this time, manipulating with the finger tips. Then while the cream still remains, spread your ice astringent over it. Now your pores are contracted—protected. And when both creams are wiped away together you have the ideal base for your powder and Tint.

How I Tint
My way of applying Tint gives, I think, the nearest approach to nature. I use a dry rouge as its transparency lets the luminous quality of the skin show through, and for waterproof, lasting effect, I apply before powdering. Pat I on in the shape of a V with the point toward the nose, leaving a space in front of the ear clear of color. Blend softly. This is nature’s own design. I recommend Princess Pat English Tint as being the most natural, but there is also Medium Rouge if you prefer it.

How I Powder
If you value the natural refine- ment of your skin—do not powder over open pores. Be sure the pores are naturally contracted. Powder profusely over face and neck but take pains to blend softly and leave no chalky patches. All beauty specialists agree on almond as one of the most beneficial ingredients for the skin. For this reason I use an almond base powder that is healing as well as beautifying. And it adheres wonderfully.

Free—
this demonstration package

Containing a liberal amount of both Princess Pat Ice Astringent and Princess Pat Cream. After several days’ trial on your own complexion, entirely without cost, let your success be your own.

Princess Pat, Ltd., Dept. 211
2704 S. Wells Street, Chicago

Please send Free Demonstration Package to

Name........................................................................
Address....................................................................
City...........................................................................
State........................................................................

(Print Name and Address plainly)

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOLAY MAGAZINE.
When we saw "The Thundering Herd" we wondered how they took all those marvelous snow scenes. The above picture answered the question because about a dozen of these trucks were sent up into Yellowstone Park to film the wonderful buffalo stampede and race of the pioneers' wagons.

mother on a visit to the studio piped up in a shrill voice: "Ma, I want to be a cameraman. He just stands around all day and only turns a crank now and then." Everybody let go. When the laughter finally subsided, the scene was rehearsed and taken in exactly three minutes.

G E O R G E A R C H A I N B A U D spoilt an otherwise perfect day for Ben Lyon while George was directing "The Necessary Evil" in New York. Ben furnishes most of the comedy around any studio he happens to be working in, so, when they were making a still of Viola Dana, he crept behind her chair, ready to leap up just as the cameraman cried, "Hold it," and spoil the picture. The cameraman didn't see Ben, but George did and tipped off the photographer. The latter stepped forward, and, when he gave the usual cry which is supposed to warn Miss Dana not to move, leaned over and smashed the rising Ben on the head with his sombrero. Ben admitted that the joke was on him—admitted he'd get even, but, until he reads this, he won't know that it was George who spoiled his joke.

M Y, those were hectic days back in January and February for the newspaper reporters trying to find out whether Jack Dempsey and Estel Taylor were going to marry. In narrating the possibilities of such an event, here is the way one reporter summed up the conflicting rumors: "Dempsey is married to Estelle Taylor; they are not married but will be May 20; their wedding is to be postponed until after Dempsey fights a couple of heavyweights; Dempsey has retired from the ring; he is going to retire May 20; he has no intention of retiring; he will not marry unless he fights again; he will not fight unless he is married." Right there is where we stopped and sent up a fervent prayer that it wouldn't be that kind of a marriage. They finally fooled everybody and ran away to San Diego, where the knot was tied.

W A Y back in 1917 Mollie King was one of the most popular actresses on the screen. Do you remember her? Regardless of whether you do or not, we are going to tell you a story about her. We haven't heard anything from Mollie in a long time, and what do you know? She breezed forth the other day and told us she was broke. She didn't really tell us, she told the judge in Mineola where she had gone to file a suit against a firm that she claims misused her photographs. Mollie has the queerest idea of being broke—just glance over some of her possessions—a car valued at $11,000; a diamond ring worth $5,000; a country home costing about $75,000; nine police dogs at $500 each. And besides she has something that couldn't be bought for all the money in the world—a baby son. Roy, if we had all these items we wouldn't consider ourselves broke. But such is life.

H E R E ' S the latest! It's the V-lip vogue started in Hollywood by Helene Chadwick. What, exactly, is the significance of it, Miss Chadwick refuses to divulge, but she says the slumber of the spring will be worth better results even than with Mae Murray's famous "bee-stung" lips.

The little Jewish tailor who presses the actors' clothes across from the studio where Miss Chadwick is now at work, says it means "worn woman!"

At any rate, it is cherry red, drawn with sharp corners, with the point of the V in the center of the upper lip.

Try it!

F E E K seems that the announcement of Jeanie Macpherson joining up with Cecil De Mille was a trifle premature. The famous scenarist has a contract with Famous Players-Lasky which still has a year or two to run. Whether an arrangement will be made whereby Miss Macpherson will eventually cast her lot with De Mille seemed unlikely in February. Famous Players announced that she would do the script for Bebe Daniels' next picture, "The Manicure Girl," an original story written for Bebe by Frederic and Fanny Hatton.

P R O D U C T I O N was running along smoothly over at the Lasky Studio, where Pola Negri is starring in "The Charmer," until somebody got Pola's nanny. Now don't jump at conclusions, we really are not referring to Miss Negri's temperament but to her new pet that also appears in the picture. Pola has become
RICHARD BENNETT, stage actor of repute, has returned to the movies to create a leading role with Madge Kennedy and Clara Kimball Young in "Lying Wives." Mr. Bennett has two daughters in pictures you know, Constance and Barbara.

A MONTH or so ago we were seriously considering "panning" Ricardo Cortez because somebody said he was acting Ritzey. Now Ricardo isn't a bad sort at all. His success has been phenomenal and if all the adulation he had received hadn't gone to his head he would have been just a trifle more than human. But see what patience does. Ricardo is deeply enamored of a certain screen star. And she loves him. Plans were going merrily forward for their wedding when somebody called Ricardo's attention to a clause in his contract with Famous Players-Lasky. It forbade him to marry so long as the contract was in force. Well, if love laughs at locksmiths, film companies can laugh at love, for Ricardo can't marry and work for Famous Players. The company believes that Ricardo would lose much of his value if film fans knew he had a bride. We're glad we didn't "pan" Ricardo. He has enough grief.

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear—simply clouded with a film coat

THOUSANDS of people unconsciously handicap themselves in domestic and social life with cloudy teeth—absolutely without reason.

Scientists now prove that most people have pretty, clean teeth. And that dingy, dull teeth simply indicate a condition that can easily be corrected.

You may be one of those people. Have really charming teeth and yet not know it.

Now a test is being offered which will enable you to find out. The coupon brings it without charge. So it is folly not to make it.

It's simply a film—a stubborn film that you can easily remove

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film. A film that absorbs discolorations and hides the natural color and lustre of your teeth.

Old-time dentifrices failed in successfully combating that film. That is why, regardless of all the care you take now, your teeth remain "off color," dingy looking, unattractive.

Remove it, and you, like millions before you, will be surprised to find that your own teeth are as pretty as anyone's.

What is it—how it invites tooth troubles and decay

Modern dental practice urges the constant fighting of that film. Urges it on grounds of beauty and, more importantly, on health. For it is charged with most tooth troubles of today.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid fosters decay.

Germs by the millions breed in it and multiply. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So that the same film that hides your pretty teeth is too often the great enemy of healthy, sound teeth—an ever-present danger in your mouth.

You must remove it three times daily. It is ever forming, ever present. Soap and chalk preparations are inadequate. Harsh, gritty substances are dangerous to enamel.

New methods that supplant old

Now, modern science has discovered new and radically different methods. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any you have ever known.

Its action is to curdle that film. Then harmlessly to remove it. No harsh grit, no soap, no chalk—a new way that is changing the tooth cleansing habits of the world.

Make this test

To millions this new way has proved the folly of having ugly teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles and the poor health that results.

It will give you the lustrous teeth you want—quickly.

Results will surprise you. Mail the coupon now. Why follow old methods when world's leading dental authority urges a better way?
Blue-jay is the delightful way to end a corn. A tiny cushion, cool as velvet, fits over the corn—relieving the pressure. The painful spots at once. Soon the corn goes. Blue-jay leaves nothing to guess-work. You do not have to decide how much or how little to put on. Each downy plaster is complete standardized treatment, with just the right amount of the magic medication to end the corn.

**The Shadow Stage**

[Continued from page 41]

IF I MARRY AGAIN—First National

DORIS KENYON and Lloyd Hughes make this romantic hodgepodge worth seeing. Charlie Jordan (Lloyd Hughes) marries Jocelyn Margot (Doris Kenyon) despite his father’s bitter objections. They go to the tropics to care for Jordan, Sr.,’s, plantation Charlie dies of fever. Jocelyn and her boy return some time later, having married a girl whom he effects a reconciliation between her and Jordan, Sr. In doing so, he admits his love for Jocelyn.

**TOP OF THE WORLD**—Paramount

SYLVIA INGLETTON (Anna Q. Nilsson) arrives in South Africa to find her fiancé Guy RANGER fighting delirium tremens. His cousin Burke (James Kirkwood) takes her home and to sidestep gossip they marry. When Guy returns and sees Sylvia in Burke’s arms he attempts suicide but is saved. He retaliates by stealing from Burke. Sylvia gives pursuit and is accused of complicity by her husband. After narrowly missing death in a flood, they find happiness in perfect understanding.

**NEW LIVES FOR OL**—Paramount

FINE entertainment. Betty Compson is better than in any picture we’ve seen her in for many, many moons. The story of a Parisian dancer who uncovers a spy, marries an American and blocks the spy’s marriage to her sister-in-law. Despite the fact that it is a war story, and have you noticed how many there have been lately. It is enjoyable and full of many happy, exciting and thrilling moments. Well cast, well directed and fine photography, making it easy to look at.

**THE SWAN**—Paramount

TAKE Adolphe Menjou and Claire Eames out of this picture and all you have left is a lot of beautiful and expensive scenery. How a director, with this cast and all the facilities at hand, could make anything so dull is past understanding. Frances Howard and Ricardo Cortez acted like wooden images. Their love scenes were about as thrilling as tea at a tea party. The biggest laugh in this picture was the duel which was supposed to be the big dramatic hit. The duelists dawdled all over the palace like ten-year-olds with I-roomsticks.

**HER HUSBAND’S SECRET**—First National

HISTORY does a dramatic repeat in this beautifully filmed but drearily developed picture that opens with Mrs. Pearce being robbed of her happiness and boy by a dissolute husband. Years later, her son marries Judy BRESCOLER (Patsy Ruth Miller), daughter of her dear friend and neighbor, to save himself from the penitentiary. He returns to his home, a blacksheep, but wins the approval of his mother and father-in-law and all ends rosily.

**ENTICEMENT—First National**

THIS is the kind of picture that parents might well be sure that their children do not see. The sub-titles tell all the “dirt” that is to be told. An innocent, indiscrnet young lady, sojourning in Switzerland, spends a vacation with an opera singer in a lonely Inn. You see the young lady was one of those sweet things who thought that all men could be trusted, but she found out differently. Anyhow everything turns out all right and she marries a wealthy Englishman.
THE MONSTER—Metro-Goldwyn

BR-R-R-R, this one will give you delicious creeps. Several prominent citizens disappear mysteriously in Danbury. Johnny Arthur, a correspondent school detective graduate, determines to solve the mystery. He is hurled unexpectedly into the town's sanitation with Betty Watson and another of her suitors. Here they meet with weird and hair-raising adventures. Johnny solves the mystery, which we shan't spoil by revealing, and wins the girl and $5,000 reward. A real thriller.

THE LOST LADY—Warner Bros.

IRENE RICHI, in the title role, gives us one of the finest performances of her career. The plot is one of those thìm affairs of a young girl who marries a wealthy old man. He learns of her infidelity, gives all his money to charity and they are forced to live in poverty. He dies and the lady lives on until at the climax we learn that she is again married to another elderly man. Matt Moore is frightfully miscast.

PAMPERED YOUTH—Vitagraph

MAIN STREET hits the screen again with the arrival of George Anderson Minafer, spoiled, snobbish, high handed. Grown to manhood, George refuses to permit his widowed mother to go with her childhood sweetheart, his grandfather's death leaves him penniless and he has to go to work. This humanizes him. Then his mother is rescued by her sweetheart in a thrilling fire and George, his pride broken, brings them together again and becomes engaged to the girl who once jilted him.

CHU CHIN CHOW—Metro-Goldwyn

ON the banks of the Nile lives Zahrat (Betty Blythe) happy in her love for Omar. Wicked Abou Hassan espies her and takes her for his own but Zahrat escapes, only to be caught and sold in the slave mart. Chu Chin Chow purchases her. Chu is none other than Abou disguised. Being clever, he permits her to go free, only to re-capture her with her lover, Omar. He imprisons them in a cave but they are rescued by friends. Chu is killed in an effort to get Zahrat again and life looks rosy for the much chased maiden.

THE REDEEMING SIN—Vitagraph

THIS can't be handed much. Another of those Apache stories laid in the sewers of Paris. Nazimova romps through the rôle of an Apache who after she gets what she wants she doesn't want. Lupin, chief of the wolves, loves her and when she asks him to steal the pearls from the Madonna he goes right to it. And when she feels conscience-stricken and tells him to bring them back, he does, even though it costs him his life.

UP THE LADDER—Universal

FIREMEN aren't the only ones who go up the ladder. Our hero goes up the ladder of success on the perfection of the Tell-Vision Scope through the aid of his wife. But when he got there he forgot all about wine and when it came to good time he just chose another man's wife. He neglects his business, the bank notes fall due—result—ruined. But everything ends well when he gets down to business again and both he and the wife ascend the ladder together. Fair.

ROARING ADVENTURE—Universal

ANOTHER one of those Jack Hoxie Westeners—no better—no worse. An owner of a ranch finds his cattle strangely disappearing so he sends his son (Jack Hoxie) to investigate. Jack obtains a position on the ranch and is immediately attracted to the superintendent's daughter. He unconsciously aids the law with the aid of the sheriff cleans up the gang and procures to marry the girl of his heart.
THE DEADWOOD COACH—Fox

DY NA MIC Tom Mix shoots, rides, climbs, leaps, and loves his way through this rousing melodrama. Known throughout the far West as the Orphan, Tom perserveringly seeks the man who murdered his father. Eventually he meets up with a sheriff who makes him his deputy. Tom falls in love with the sheriff's sister. Then he discovers his man and after a thrilling series of ups and downs gets him and marries the girl. You'll get a "kick" out of this picture.

FOLLY OF VANITY—Fox

EVEN a beautiful, fantastic trip through "Neptune's" realm, where scantily clad damsels flit about, falls to make this stupid picture worthy of lukewarm commendation. A youthful married couple quarrel incessantly. When Alice (Billie Dove) wears the villain’s pearl necklace, her husband condemns her vanity. Whereupon Alice has a dream, which takes her to Neptune’s abode. Neptune exiles her for wearing the necklace and she becomes a better woman. Now, we ask you!

CHAMPION OF LOST CAUSES—Fox

BEATRICE CHARLES breaks her engagement to Dick Sterling when she falls in love with Loring (Edmund Lowe), a novelist who strives to prove her father innocent of murdering the man killed in his home. By unmasking Zanzen, a clever crook, Loring also unmasks Sterling’s dual life. Sterling confesses to the crime which he perpetrated to save himself. Of course, Beatrice’s father is freed and she and Loring become engaged. Sad entertainment this.

THE PARASITE—B. P. Schulberg

YOU won’t miss much if you miss this. It is one of those thin-film tales with much ado about nothing. It boasts of a cast of well-known players—Owen Moore, Mary Carr, Madge Bellamy and Lillian Tashman—but it doesn’t mean a thing. One of those dramas of a mother, a divorcée, who tries to regain her husband’s love because of his social position. And all the dirty work is done in the name of their child.

THE CLOUD RIDER—F. B. O.

WHILE watching the real-honest-to-goodness aeroplane stunts you’ll forget the improbability of the story. The stunts are great and supply the necessary amount of thrills to please the boys. A young aviator is a member of the secret service. Through his fiancée’s younger sister he frustrates the plans of a smuggler and it is then that he realizes he loves the younger sister. It will please grown-ups too.

MIDNIGHT MOLLY—F. B. O.

Dual roles are always fascinating and when coupled with a pretty young lady like Evelyn Brent why it’s bound to be enjoyable. One thing we can’t overlook—Evelyn should have had a better leading man. A young man struggling to be elected governor is the victim of a plot to dig up all the “dirt” possible about him. Through the aid of a clever girl crook he averts a scandal, becomes mayor and you know the rest.

GOLD HEELS—Fox

MORAL: If you don’t break the horse the horses will break you. And what they did to our hero—they left him as flat as a pancake until through a streak of luck he buys Gold Helos, an old racing horse. He loves a sweet little girl and when he is accused of stealing money she still remains true to him. He enters his horse in the derby and wins. You’ll appreciate the horse racing scenery; they’re the only good features in this picture.
SUPER SPEED—Rayart

ALL the hokum of the old melodramas are applied into this picture. Evidently the racing scenes were intended to be the knockout of the picture. They run for about fifteen minutes and you certainly feel as if you had been knocked out after they are finished. The action has to do with a wealthy young man, posing as a milkman, who saves the heroine's father's interest in an automobile company and also saves her love for him.

FIFTH AVENUE MODELS—Universal

TO save her daughter Isobel from jail, the artist Ludami agrees to a scheme that lands him behind bars. Isobel gets a secretarial job with the youthful art dealer who, unknown to her, saved her from jail. He falls in love with her, but misinterprets her week-end trips. Whereupon she leaves. Dis owing a master's painting of her father's, he gives her an exhibition. All misunderstandings are happily cleared away. A rather interesting picture with Mary Philbin splendid in the leading role.

THE ARIZONA ROMEO—Fox

THE story is rather weak and silly but perhaps you'll enjoy it because you have the same weakness we have for Buck Jones. A wealthy man tries to induce his daughter to marry the man of his choice. She runs away and becomes a manicurist in a small Western town, wins the hearts of all the cowboys and, as all true heroines should, finally discards her wispy washer lover for the vigorous and dauntless Buck.

JIMMIE'S MILLIONS—F. B. O.

JIMMY WYCHERLY'S uncle leaves a fortune provided he reports at a given time for three months to his lawyer. If he fails, the money goes to another nephew. Of course, this nephew purchases the aid of every fist available to prevent Jimmy living up to the agreement and wears glasses to protect himself. Reels and reels of running fights, still fights, building climbing, with Jimmy winning money and girl in the end. A tire-ome picture.

THE MAN IN BLUE—Universal

HERE'S just another movie: Policeman Tom Conlin falls in love with Tita, daughter of a florist who is killed because Cesare Martellini covets the girl. Tita loves Tom, but when she learns he has two children she agrees to marry the fat Cesare. Her resolution falters at the time of the wedding. He runs away but is found in a restaurant. There's a fight. Tom arrives with the police. Everything is explained satisfactorily and a poor picture, like many other things in life, comes to a poorer end.

One on Richard Dix

THE other day, we dropped into a Broadway theater to see a Richard Dix picture. The usher escorted us very gallantly to a front row loge seat and we collapsed with a happy sigh.

Our eyes gazed leftward and next us sat one strangely familiar. Whereupon we leaned toward him and stared sternly: "It's a pity the way stars love to see their own pictures. A furious face turned in our direction. It was Richard Dix.

Fortunately, he recognized us, smiled, and commenced talking about things not associated with himself. When Dick left the theater, he was recognized and greeted with a round of applause. He blushed like a school boy. "Gosh, I'm petrified when people do that," he admitted with a grin.

“Dinner in” or “dinner out”—
your gums suffer from the food you eat today

THE FOOD we eat, and the way we eat it, are greatly to blame for the weakened condition of our gums. One dental authority covers the case completely when he says, "This dietary crime of pap feeding and food bolting.

The trouble with this food can be summed up simply. It's too soft, too quickly mastered, to give the gums the massage which is the normal effect of hard, fibrous food. Lacking this stimulation, the gums grow soft and flabby—they bleed easily, and thus weakened, they are the sooner subject to the stubborn troubles which attack the teeth through the gums.

What you can do to keep your gums healthy

You cannot always control your diet, you cannot revert to a more primitive and healthy regime; but you can provide, in a minute or two a day, the stimulation and exercise which your gums need so much.

You can keep your gums healthy and their circulation active when and while you brush your teeth.

Dental authorities everywhere are preaching the care of the gums. A thousand of them, to whom Ipana has been demonstrated, recommend it as an important part of the plan.

Many of them order a daily massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

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Ipana is an aid to the dentist, not a substitute for him. Ask him about its properties, its fine cleaning power, its delicious taste. Then, switch to it for one month. See for yourself how good, how effective, it really is.

In spite of the coupon on this page, the simplest and best thing to do is to get a large tube at your nearest drug store. The ten day tube can only start the good work. A full-size tube, which will last for a hundred brushings, will show you the start of firmer, harder, healthier gums, and a clean, sweet and wholesome mouth.

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THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Lewis Beach. Screen play by Walter Woods and Anthony Coldewey. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: Lois Moran, Frank Cady, Constance Bennett, Earle Williams, Myrtle Stedman; Bernard Ingalls, George Irving; Dagmar Carroll, Esther Ralston; Hugh Ingalls, William R. Ottis, Jr.; Bradley Ingalls, Edward Peil, Jr.; Grunay, Gertrude Claire; Marjorie Kinnan, James A. Marcus; Rhoda Anne Schaefer; Noel Derby, Z. W. Covington; Mazie, Cecille Evans.

THE THUNDERING HERD"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Scenario by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by William Howard. The cast: Tom Dean, Jack Holt, Milly Fargo, Lois Wilson; Randall Jet, Noah Beery; Judge Ditchik, Raymond Hatton; Clark Hudnall, Charles Ogle; Barn Hudnall, Colonel T. J. McCoy; Mrs. Clark Hudnall, Lillian Leighten; Mrs. Randall Jet, Eulalie Jinn; Ory Fucks, Monnie; Sally Hudnall, Maxine Elliott Hicks; Priditt, Ed. J. Brady; Callett, Pat Hartigan; Follaushee, Fred Kohler; Joe Dean, Robert Perry.


THE LOST WORLD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Conan Doyle. Scenario by Marion Fairfax. Directed by Harry O. Hoyt. The cast: Paula White, Besse Love; Ed Malone, Lloyd Hughes; Sir John Roxton, Lewis Stone; Professor Challenger, Wallace Beery; Professor Steinweer, Arthur Hoyt; Mrs. Challenger, Margaret McWade; Austin (Challenger's Butler), Finch Smiles; Zamba, Jules Cowles; Almnan, Bull Montana; Col. McRae, George Bunny; Major Hibbard, Charles Wellesley; Gladys Huygendorf, Alma Bennett.

DICK TURPIN"—FOX.—Story by Charles Kenyon and Don Lee. Scenario by Charles Kenyon. Directed by J. B. Blystone. The cast: Dick Turpin, Tom Mix; Alice Brookfield, Kathleen Myers; Lord Churiton, Philo McCullough; Miss Crabbe, James Marcus; Sally, the Maid, Lucille Hutton; Tom King, Alan Hale; Bully Boy, Bull Montana; Bar Maid, Fay Holderness; Bristol Bully, Jack Herrick; Taylor, Fred Kohler.

CHARLEY'S AUNT"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORP.—From the farce comedy by Brandon Thomas. Adaptation by F. McGrew Willis. Directed by Scott Sidney. Photography by Gus Peterson and Paul Garnett. The cast: Sir Fancourt Babberley, "Babbs," Syd Chaplin; Ela Delahay, Ethel Shannon; Matinee, James E. Page; Brassett, the Scound, Lucien Littlefield; Mr. Delahay, Alec B. Francis; Sir Francis Cheshire, Phillips Smalley; Donna Lucia D'Alvarez, Eulalie Jensen; Fact Cheshire, David James; Chorley, Jack Ackahan; Jimmie Harrison; Amy, Mary Akim; Kitty, Priscilla Bonner.

EXCUSE ME"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Based on the stage farce by Rupert Hughes. Adapted by Rupert Hughes. Directed by Alf Goulding. The cast: Marjorie Novotn, Norma Shearer; Harry Mallory, Conrad Nagel; Francine, Renee Adorée; Potter, Walter Hicks; Lient, Shura, John Boles; Jenny Wellington, Bert Roach; Rev. Dr. Temple, William V. Mong; Mrs. Temple, Edith Yorke; Lient.

CASTS OF CURRENT PHOTOPLAYS

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Hudson, Eugene Cameron; George Ketcham; Fred Kelsey.

COMING THROUGH"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Alfred Sabar and John Peckby. Directed by Paul Schofield. Directed by Edward Sutherland. Photographed by Faxon Dean. The cast: Tom Blackford, Thomas Meighan; Alice Rand, Linda Lee; John Rand, John Millner; Joe Lantos, Wallace Beery; Maurice, Nan Dung; Wheat; Shackleton, Frank Campeau; Dr. Rawls, Gus Weinburg; Mrs. Rawls, Alice Knowland.

CHEAPER TO MARRY"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the stage play by Samuel Shapman. Adapted by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: Charles, Conrad Nagel; Bellah, Marguerite de la Motte; James Knight, Lewis S. Stone; Evelyn, Paulette Duval; Riddle, Claude Gillingwater; Frante, Louise Faenzda; Masters, Richard Wayne.

"QO VADS!"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Henryk Sienkiewicz. Directed by Arturo Ambrosio. The cast: Nero, Emil Jannings; Tichlcrans, R. Van Riel; Poppea, Elena Sangro; Chliomides, Gio Viotti; Licia, Hall Davis; Ursus, B. Castallani; Else, Rina De Liguro; Domitilla, Elka Brink; Vinicius, Alphonse Fryland.

BROKEN LAWS"—F. B. O.—Story by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: Joan Allen, Mrs. Wallace Reid; Richard Heath, Percy Marmon; Ralph Allen, Ramsay Wallace; Muriel Heath, Jackie Saunders; Bobby Allen (age 10), Arthur Rankin; Paty Heath (age 8), Virginia Lee Corbin; Bobby Allen (age 8), Pat Moore; Pats; Heath (age 8), Jane Wray.

AS MAN DESIRES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Gene Wright. Adapted by Earl Hudson. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: Jean John Connell, Milton Sils; Pandora, Jennifer; Eunice, Mrs. Arthur Kennedy; Toni, Hector Sarno; Major Gridley, Lou Payne; The Duchess, Anna May Walthall; Camille, Edna Altemus; Watkins, Frank Lisch.

A LOST LADY"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Wila Cather. Adapted by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: Martin Forrester, Irene Rich; Nell Herbert, Matt Moore; Constance Ogden, June Marlowe; Frank Ellinger, John Roche; Joe Peters, Victor Potel; Captain Forrester, George Fawcett; Bohemian Mary, Eva Gordon; Gypsy Dancer, Nannette Valone.

PAMPERED YOUTH"—VITAGRAPH.—From the story "The Magnificent Ambersons" by Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Jay Pilcher. Directed by David Smith. The cast: George Minauer (as man), Cullen Lands; George Minauer (as boy), Ben Alexander; Eunice, Frances Morgan; Alva Mina (as girl), Alice Calhoun; Major Amberson, Emmett King; Wilbur Minauer, Wallace MacDonald; Lucy Morgan, Charlotte Merriam; Fanny Minauer, Katheryn Adams; Mrs. Footman, Aggie Herring; George Amberson, William J. Irving.

IF I MARRY AGAIN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Gilbert Frankau. Adapted by Paul Schofield. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Jocelyn Margot, Doris Kenyon; Charlie Jordan, Lloyd Hughes; Jeffrey Win...
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Lloyd Ingraham. The cast: "Midnight Molly," Margaret Warren, Evelyn Brent; Duley, a detective, John Dillon; John Warren, Bruce Gordon; George Cailean, Leon Bary; Fagarty, John Gough.

"THE REDEMING SIN"—VISITORS.
—By L. Jefferson. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The cast: Joan, Nazimova; Luptin, Lou Tellegen; Paul Dubois, Carl Miller; Papi Cincha, Otis Harlan; More Michi, Rosita Marstini; Guston, William Dunn; Marquise, Rose Tapley.

"UP THE LADDER"—UNIVERSAL.
—By Owen Davis. Scenario by Tom McNamara. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: Jane Cotton, Virginia Valli; James Van Clinton, Forrest Stanley; Helen Nestall, Margaret Livingston; Robert Newhall, Holmes Herbert; Judge Seymour, George Fawcett; Peggy, Priscilla Moran; Dancer, Olive Ann Alcorn; Housekeeper, Lydia Yeamanst Titus.

"THE DEADWOOD COACH"—FOX.
—By Clarence E. Mulford. Scenario by Lynn Reynolds. Directed by Lynn Reynolds. The cast: (In the prologue) Walter Gordon, Frank Coffyn; Mrs. Gordon, Jane Keckley; Jimmie Gordon, Ernest Buttersworth; (in the play) The Orphan, Tom Mix; Tex Wilson, George Bancroft; Jim Shields, De Witt Jennings; Bill Howland, Buster Gardner; Charlie Winter, Lucien Littlefield; Helen Shields, Doris May; Mrs. Shields, Norma Wells; Matilda Shields, Nora Cecil; Ned, Sid Jordan.

"ROARING ADVENTURE"—UNIVERSAL.
—From the story by Jack Rollins. Adapted by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Clifford Smith. Photographed by Harry Neumann. The cast: Daisy Burns, Jack Hosie; Gloria Carpenter, Mary McAllister; Katherine Dodd, Martin Sals; Robert Carpenter; J. Gordon Russell; Bruton Kilroy, Jack Pratt; Col. Burns, Francis Ford; Bennett Hardy, Francis Ford; Kitty Doh (aged 3), Margaret Smith.

"THE POLLY OF VANITY"—FOX.
—By Charles Darnton. Fantasy directed by Charles Darnton. Modern sequence directed by Maurice Elvey. Photography by Joe Valentine. The cast: Fantasy—Thetis, Constance; Lorette, Jean La Motte; The Jester, Al Maxolo; The Witch, Lita Droege; Neptune, Bo Klein; The Siren, Edna Gregory; Alice, Billie Dove; Modern Sequence—Alice, Billie Dove; Robert, Jack Mulhall; Mrs. Ridgeway, Betty Brythe; Ridgeway, John Sampolis; The Banterer, Fred Brecker; Old Rose, Paul Weigel; Frenchman, Otto Matieson; Old Johnny, Byron Munson; Russian Vamp, Edna Mae Cooper; Scandinavian Type, Franz Gunn; French Woman, Marcella Daly; Blond Gold Digger, Lothi Thompson.

"THE CHAMPION OF LOST CAUSES"—FOX.
—From the story by Max Brand. Scenario by Thomas Dixon, Jr. Directed by Chester Bennett. The cast: Loring, Edmund Lowe; Beatrice Charles, Barbara Bedford; Zanten, Dick Stirling; Walter Magrath; Joseph Wilbur, John McDonald; Peter Charles, Alec Francis.

"THE PARASITE"—B. P. SCHULBERG.
—By Helen Martin. Adapted by Eve Unsell. Directed by Gasnier. The cast: Arthur Randall, Owen Moore; Dr. Brooks, Bryant Washburn; Mrs. Laird, Mary Carr; Joan Laird, Madge Bellamy; Laura Randall, Lillian Tashman; Bertie, Bruce Guerin.

"THE MAN IN BLUE"—UNIVERSAL.
—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Adapted by E. Richard Schayer. Directed by Edward Lasaine. The cast: Tom Coast, Herbert Rawlinson; Tita Sasri, Madge Bellamy; Gregorio Vitti, Nick de Ruiz; Carlo Guzzo, Andre de Beranger; Tony Sartor, Cesare Gravea; Capt. Vittorio Valente, Harry.

Hope Hampton, screen star, wearing her Orange Blossom rings.

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Advice to Scenario Writers

By One of Them

James A. Creelman, who is in the scenario department of Famous Players-Lasky, has written a sprightly essay on "How to Keep Out of the Movies," which appeared in The Bookman recently. Jim has a light- some touch but also a bit of poking, he gave some very sound advice to would-be scenarists.

"Among the "do's" and "don'ts" were the following:

"Of course unpublished stories are sold. The scenario mail of the average star unit is about five thousand scripts a year.

"Every two or three years one of these is purchased.

"The chance of an inexperienced outsider is somewhere around 1 to 100,000 or less.

"The trouble with most original stories is that approximately a twentieth of the time spent upon a novel or play is put into them. They are indifferently conceived, factually constructed and in style faintly reminiscent of English 11.

"The safest type of story to write--because it is most in demand--is an emotional character story, with a strongly emphasized romantic interest. The most unsafe is comedy.

Character is the most essential element. Many years ago the stage discovered that personalities are what make plots bearable.

"The movies have only begun to discern this principle.

"In the old days, 'way back in 1914 A.D., the plot was the thing.

"The plot people extinct merely as mathematical figures.

"Movies are painted in strokes as broad as they are short. You can, as a rule, describe only one or two sides of a character and you'll have mighty little left to do over that. So avoid involved psychology. Sound one tonic character note.

"All the rest must be overtones--small idiomatic syncopations of manner.

"A train wreck means little in itself. When your best friend is aboard, a true dramatic 'kick' is experienced.

"The days have gone when any actor might be established as a superman simply by describing him utting the tin can from the tail of a puppy.

"Avoid complicated plots. The best story idea can be told in a paragraph or so--although this is not the best way to tell it.

"Elaborate detail, but not plot. Griffith's best pictures are examples of the simplified plot--compact and forceful as a weapon.

"Romantic interest is a necessity of life, in so far as full length feature pictures are concerned.

"Try to master any impulse to write fantasy, tragedy, 'Continental stuff' (to wit, too subtle satire and oversophisticated drama), sensualistic material (Pennsylvania is an eight per cent territory), slapstick comedies, melodrama, costume periods, epochs of the ages which involve million dollar set-ups, and stories constructed of scenic and character material so unfamiliar to Mrs. Minnie Sperg, saleslady of the Des Moines Maison Elite, that she cannot enter into the spirit of the thing.

"Very often a story is bought partly for its title value.

"A good main title is worth about $30,000 up in gross sales value.

"Don't be afraid to write the impossible.

"The camera has an enormous reach, with an extent that it can, if necessary, reproduce any scene which Freud can conjure up.

"It is well to avoid using great numbers of people.

"In writing your originals, write well.

"Don't be self-conscious about an old plot. They're nearly all old.

"It is the fresh treatment that counts, as it does in every other form of entertainment or art.

"Gags, by the way, are very much a part of screen writing.

"A gag is just what you think it is--a bit of business which brings a laugh or guff or, God willing, a tear.

"And now that you know all about it, sit right down and do your story in about ten to twenty episodes--like the acts of a play, you know, only you fade in and out on them instead of curtaining--without any use of technical movie terms whatsoever.
The Bead Vogue

It seems that all Hollywood has gone mad over beads. In every direction, on every neck, you see them. They are the latest of fashion's fads among the screen stars. Constance Talmadge has a wonderful collection of them to match the coloring of her gowns.

Mildred Lloyd wears a string as big as walnuts and of a bright gold color that matches her hair. Anita Stewart has a string which she wears around her throat, of orchid color, and then graduated strings that hang to her waist, in every pastel shade imaginable. Mrs. Conway Tearle (Adele Rowland) has a string of rough pearl beads large in size, varied with clear green glass ones that is very effective in the evening, and Marie Prevost wears a string of square cut crystals, bigger than cubes of sugar. Norma Shearer has a scarlet string that is lovely, and I've seen Irene Rich wearing some of the most exquisite bronze shade, that match her hair and also much of her wardrobe, since that is the favorite color she uses. They are worn with sport things, in all bright colors, and also with evening frocks.

Her Triumphant Moment

"You are as radiant as ever," this other chap was saying.

The deuce! Of course she was radiant! He wondered why she seemed so much more beautiful tonight, and quite suddenly he determined to buy a certain diamond ring.

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Shade Chart for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

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Olive Skin: This skin generally accompanies dark hair and eyes. It is rich in tone and should use Rachel Shade.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin, and should use the Flesh shade. This type of skin is usually found with light hair, or red hair.

White Skin: If your skin is quite without color, use White Powder. Only the very white skin should use White Powder in the daytime.

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Constance Talmadge seldom wore any ornaments but pearls until the bead vogue struck Hollywood. Caught in the swirl of the craze, Connie amassed a marvelous bead collection.

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Tom Mix's Own Story

[continued from page 53]

Tom's First Movie Offer

"The first thing the Selig Company did was to offer me a hundred dollars a week. I spent the rest of the time trying to get out of that office as fast as I could without being ornery, because I made out they must be crazy sure. I told them I'd let them know later, and I went down and stood on the street corner and I said to myself, 'Tom, these men are crazy and no mistake. You better not get yourself mixed up with them anyways at all. Anybody that'd talk about paying a cowboy a hundred dollars a week is plumb loco.'"

Facing a Firing Squad Isn't Fun

"I joined the Madera forces in the Mexican revolution of 1910. It was open warfare of the worst kind and I had one experience that didn't set any too well. I faced a firing squad for the first and, I hope, last time. I was accused of breaking a military law. After a sort of comic opera trial I was condemned to be shot. They marched me out and were getting all ready to use me for a target when some witness, who had testified against me, got troubled in his conscience and when he admitted the truth they set me free."

Ranch in Oklahoma, and pretty soon two or three of these gentlemen came down and looked my place over, and then a lawyer showed up on the scene, and he looked it over, and then he brought a contract and I signed it. That was my first motion picture contract and I made my first screen appearance in 1910. In my whole career on the screen I've only been with two firms—Selig and Fox.

The trouble was to come down to my place and make some pictures, and when I got the telegram saying they were coming, I began to get sort of panicky. I had seen some of those theatrical companies that barnstormed the west in those days and I had sort of a picture of a lot of blondes with plumes in their hats, and gents with checkered vests and fancy shoes. I began to feel right guilty about importing a bunch like that into Oklahoma, which until then hadn't had anything worse than some gun fights and a few raids and such like pastimes, which are legitimate in a new country.

The whole town and most of the surrounding country went down to see the train, and I was there, too, but well in the background. I was sitting on an express train back of the station with a clear view of my horsey and that's where I was. I was made up my mind if they were too awful, I'd just make myself scarce by leaving precipitant for parts unknown.

But when they got off the train they weren't a bit like I'd figured them, but were just average human beings, so I got down off the truck and went over and introduced myself. Otis Turner was director of that company, and with him was Kathryn Williams, and Myrtle Stedman, and William V. Meng and Charles Clary, and some other folks, as well as a lot of cameramen and things.

They stayed down on my ranch about six months making pictures, and I got my first experience with acting, and I'm here to state that I didn't fall for it then to any appreciable extent. I didn't mind carrying out my own line of work, such as riding and roping, but I was sure distressed when I had to take any part in the actual picture story.

First thing we had a row about was me putting on any make-up. I'm a right easy cuss to get along with mostly, but in that instance I set myself like a mule and said no. Until I came with Fox and got to be a star, I never had a make-up on but once, and when Colonel Selig saw that picture he wired back to know was I sick or something. When I was a star and had to be as particular about the acting as anything else, they finally convinced me I ought to put on a make-up, and I do it now, but not too much so I ain't afraid of painting my face. It don't seem quite the thing for a big, rough man like me to do.

Well, we surely made a lot of pictures and fought a lot of wars on my ranch in those six months. Sometimes I got killed as many as seven or eight times in one picture.

There was one scene I got so familiar with I felt real comfortable about it, and could do it without any protest from my inner conscience. That was the one of dying on the battle-field with my horse. Just at the end, while the battle was raging all around us, the old horse would raise up and look me in the face, and I'd crawl over and put my arm around his neck and say, 'Good-by, old paltro. We'll get through the war and then we'll both keep over—maybe only the horse—and the man of the horse will drift around and hide us from view. I bet we used that scene as many times as George Colan has used the American flag.

When they used that Oklahoma scenario that was around my place, we left there and went up to a location I knew in Colorado. While we was there I had a little difference of opinion somewhere, and they let me go and fire me. I reckon I was sort of hanker for to get fired, though, because the boys had been writing and asking me to come back and be city marshal of Dewey, Oklahoma, where they was having a little trouble one way and another with some boys that thought they were right bad. It seemed like a pretty good idea to me, so when I got fired that away I went back to Dewey.

I hadn't been working at that very long, though, when the free revolution broke out down in Mexico. That was in 1910, you recollect, and it caused considerable commotion. Diaz had been elected president again—he'd been president so long all the fellows that voted for him the first time were dead and it was their sons that were electing him now—and a lot of people thought he was getting too old and that corrupt men
them when they captured Juarez, which brought about the resignation of Diaz and the election of Madero as president. It was open warfare of the worst kind and no better and no worse than what I'd been used to, but I did have one experience while I was down there that I can't say set any too well. I faced a firing squad for the first and, I hope, the last time. Of course it's been done a lot in pictures and is considered old stuff now, but when it actually happens and you're the chief actor it has a lot of excitement connected with it.

I was accused of breaking the military law. I don't know whether you've had much experience with revolutions, but as a rule both sides are shooting among themselves as well as fighting each other and little small portion revolutions are apt to break out most any time. It was one of those things I got caught in, and after a sort of comic opera trial that I reckon wouldn't be considered as having been conducted strictly according to Hoyle, I was condemned to be shot. Anyway, they had me hanged out and were getting all ready to use me for a target, when some witness that had testified against me got troubled in his conscience and there was another up in the ruling powers, and when he admitted the truth they set me free.

But that sort of took the edge off my ardor about the Mexican revolution, so I got five hundred dollars in gold from Madero for my services and started back for El Paso to have a good time. But I hadn't even got started on my celebration when a man I knew came rushing up, yelling at me like he was going to a fire or something. Well, he was what they call the exchange man for the Selig people, and it seems like they had been wiring him every fifteen minutes to locate me and ship me pronto to Chicago, being that they needed me pretty bad. In fact, it seemed like nobody but me would do.

**Back in Pictures**

So I went back to Chicago, and it didn't take long to find out why they'd had a change of heart like that and were so concerned.

It is no use to mention any names in telling about the following episode, because I don't aim to hurt anybody if I can help it.

But this is the way the thing was—

An actor had come on from New York and sold himself to the Selig company with a great idea, a story he had in mind. He said he could do it easy, and maybe he thought he could. He wanted me to make this picture about a young man that had been ruined by the wolves of Wall street, and just had to come out west. When I was there it seemed like a man, it seems, and he got in a fight with a real pack of wolves, and the idea was that he was to be attacked by this pack in a lonely cabin, and whip them with his bare hands. Then, you see, having conquered the real wolves he could start back to lick the wolves of Wall street. This leading man allowed he'd fought wolves like that and maybe he had.

However, when it came to doing it in the picture it just seemed like he couldn't manage it right, so he decided maybe he'd rather not and they had better get a double. There was a lot of money tied up in the picture and they wanted me to be the double and fight the wolf pack.

It didn't appeal to me exactly, but wolves are mostly cowedards and I thought maybe I could choose a couple of them so they'd be quiet and the others would take a lesson from that and it would do for the scene.

So we started. We built an iron pipeline for the wolves to come into from their cage, and put the mouth right at the window. When I rushed in, like the wolves were at my heels, and bolted the door, they were jumping through the window. It all come off according to schedule, except that the biggest wolf came first, of course, and I guess he wasn't pleased with the layout, because when I made a grab for him, he jumped over and took a hunk out of my arm.

That made me mad. I got him by the hind leg when they captured Juarez, which brought about the resignation of Diaz and the election of Madero as president. It was open warfare of the worst kind and no better and no worse than what I'd been used to, but I did have one experience while I was down there that I can't say set any too well. I faced a firing squad for the first and, I hope, the last time. Of course it's been done a lot in pictures and is considered old stuff now, but when it actually happens and you're the chief actor it has a lot of excitement connected with it.

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leg and he kept twisting and snapping and trying to get at me again, and I never did see a wolf act up so mean. By that time the rest of the pack had come through the window, and they were scared to death and slunk off in the corners and watched me and old granddaddy wolf having our little run-in. I kept on hanging onto his leg and he kept twisting and snapping and trying to get at me and we sure waltzed all over that set.

In those days they built sets out of something that wasn’t much stronger than tissue paper and glued them together and there wasn’t a thing in that room was strong enough for me to get hold of. On the wall was a cupboard full of dishes and there was a talie that looked like it had strong legs. I kicked the table over and sure enough one of the legs fell out. Then I rapped old daddy wolf through that cupboard, and it tore open and all the dishes fell on his head. That stopped him a second, and I grabbed the table leg in my left hand and hopped him on the bean with it.

I’ve still got a mass of scars on one arm where he got to me.

Well, I was mad clear through and I’d forgotten all about being a double and being supposed to keep my back to the camera, but funny thing was the scene looks right all in the picture. They had the leopard man down then and he was supposed to stand with his foot on the wolf while he made his noble resolve about going back to Wall street. They told him the wolf was dead, but it wasn’t dead at all, only stunned, and when he put his foot on it, it wigged up and looked at him, and he fainted.

The humane society or something got after me about bearing that wolf, and I had to explain how all happened, and how I hadn’t started with any intention whatsoever to hurt him, but when it came to being either him or me, I naturally chose me. As a matter of fact, the folks around where I work say I’m too kind to animals—that I spoil them. Maybe I do. Especially horses. But I don’t regard horses as a different human beings, only some a little better.

There’s only one way to handle horses, and that is to be kind and firm with them, and I’d like to kill any man I ever saw abusing a horse. Once or twice, I have felt it my duty to reprimand men for not treating their horses right—but that’s another story.

Well, I got my job back with Selig all right, and after that I stuck and I have been in pictures ever since. Mostly for a while I doubled for leading men, and we went down to Florida to make those jungle pictures with Kathryn Williams, and I did a lot of everything. Maybe you remember “Lost in the Jungle” and some of those.

Right here, before going into some of the adventures that befell us in Florida, I’d like to say that Miss Kathryn Williams was a wonderful woman and that it sure was a privilege to work with her. I can’t think of a more lovely, mighty brave woman, but she had a fine disposition, and she was sweet and smiling no matter how tough the going might be, and sometimes pretty profound under great difficulties and most of the time lived the same way. Making that kind of pictures was a heap different than the things they do nowadays and the animals were the chief part of it, too. I remember that we had a troop of leopards with us, and their trainer allowed that they were tame leopards, but I have seen a lot tamer things in my time. We had a big great big corral, or cage of wire, and we worked inside that, with all the real wild atmosphere, but still where the animals couldn’t get away. I had one experience with a leopard down there that was like what you read about in books but that is the only time I ever saw it happen in real life.

We wanted to show on the screen, the leopard finding Miss Williams asleep under a log andspringing on her. And the way we planned to get it was like this—Miss Williams laid down on one side of the log, right close to it, and brought the other side of the leopard to it. We had a chicken pegged on the same side as Miss Williams, and we’d move the chicken and the leopard would leap high in the air, right over Miss Williams and jump on her, and then we’d cut with him in midair. Then with another leopard trained for the part would continue the fight.

It went great the first time. The second time, just as the leopard started to spring, the breeze caught Miss Williams’ hair and blew it around. It caught his attention and before anyone could move, he had sprung right on Miss Williams, one paw putting five deep cuts in her head. She fainted.

It was so quick no one could realize it. My gun was some five feet away, and I was afraid to move, for fear the sound would make him strike instantly. I was only a few feet from him, and right in front of me was his tail. I could see it twitching back and forth, like the tail of a cat with a mouse.

As I told you, cats are my natural enemies, and for a second I didn’t know what I could do, that wouldn’t make him kill Miss Williams, or maim her, before she could do any damage. Then an idea came to me, and I just reached forward and with all my strength grabbed that moving tail and swung. He was a big leopard, but I just managed to lift him clean, and someone snatched Miss Williams.

He turned on me in a fury, and we stood
there, looking at each other, just staring. Some folks that was watching, thought I was right cool and collected on that occasion, but the truth was I was just paralyzed with fear, though I was trying to figure out if maybe I couldn't get him by the throat when he sprang.

And then, as we stared, that leopard suddenly began to shift, dropped his head and his tail, and slunk away into the trees.

The worst thing that ever happened to me, though, was when I was playing a northern spying role. I was the villain in that piece, and Miss Williams was supposed to come riding over a bridge and find me trying to bar her way, and knock me off into the river. It was a pretty good-sized river, and a drop of eighteen or twenty feet from the bridge to the water.

She pushed me off the bridge all right, and I managed to hit the water intact. I went down and come up easy, and found myself face to face with the biggest alligator you ever saw in your life. Maybe he was only yawning, but he had his mouth wide open and I thought he had made up his mind to swallow me whole. The way I went up those piles onto that bridge, I reckon the alligator must have thought I was just a streak of some kind.

As I come over the side the director yelled, "Hey, you stay down in the water till it's time for you to come up."

"Alligators Don't Bite"

But that didn't have any effect on me whatsoever. I took him by the hand, and led him over pointed out the alligator, and I says, "Maybe some folks won't mind waiting down there in such company until you get ready but not me."

He says, very airy and bright, "Why, Tom, you don't need to be afraid of him. An alligator will never bite a man while he's in the water."

I says, "That's great, but does the alligator know about it?"

Anyway, that was one scene they never got.

We had a big, old lion down there with us, that had a reputation for being pretty ferocious. One day we had to let him loose to chase a horse. Now the lions were fed on horse meat, and so you can pretty well count on them chasing a horse most anywhere. I was to sit on the sidelines, and rope him when they'd get all the chase they wanted.

The old boy came galloping by me after that horse like so many pounds of speed done up in one package, and I threw for him. But I hadn't roped many lions, and this wise old bird just jumped right through my loop like a circus clown. All I got was one hind leg, and the old boy seeing me sitting there on top of a horse, charged at us roaring. Well, I turned, and give my horse the spur, and all I could do was to keep moving fast enough to keep that old lion at the end of my rope and every time I'd slack a little he'd come after me with the evident intention of getting up on that horse. So round and round we went, and you've never had a large and unfriendly lion on the end of a rope that you didn't know what to do with, you don't know how I felt. I kept yelling for somebody else to rope him, and after a while one of the other boys managed to get a rope on his front leg. So we had him, but we couldn't get any closer to him than before, and then I let go my rope, and gave him another throw and got him by the neck, and we tied him up and put him back in his cage for his trainer to untangle.

And I want to tell you right now that the trees around there ranged folks for hours after that. One actor had actually got two miles from camp, though he must have beaten Charlie Paddock's record to do it.

After that, I began to make my own pictures, and I was director, and story writer, and actor, and cameraman and props, and scenic artist and most everything but the horse. And I want to tell you right now, that there's no foundation in the world for a man's business like knowing it from every angle—knowing what can be done and what can't be done, and

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<th>Patent Leather</th>
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**Peacock Shop**

309 Oxford Street

New York

7 West 42nd St. at Fifth Avenue

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The only curler you can remove from the hair without disturbing the curl

The professional hairdresser knows the advantage of the curler that can be removed from the hair without disturbing the curl. It means real curls (not frizzes), exactly the kind of curls you want, and curls that stay in twice as long.

The new West Electric Bobbed Hair Curler is the only curler that does this. And it's the simplest, quickest curler in the world. Just dampen your hair, roll it up in the curler, and lock the curler. When the hair is dry, slide out the lock of hair, and you'll see the prettiest curl you ever had.

And this new curler is so absolutely safe! No heat. No sticky lotions. Nothing to break or tear the hair. Note, too, that it curls even the very short hair at the back of the neck—something no other curler can do.

Try these new West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers. They cost only 25 cents for a card of 5, or 10 cents for a card of 2. If your dealer hasn't them, fill out and mail the coupon below. The West Electric Hair Curler Co., Philadelphia, Pa. The West Electric Hair Curler Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.

SOMEDAY smiling fortune will escort you to the Famous "COCONUT GROVE" at THE AMBASSADOR LOS ANGELES.

Your Horoscope!

Tune in any night at K.X. to hear Coconut Grove Orchestra, and pictures.

The only curler you can remove from the hair without disturbing the curl


Name... Address...
City... State...
Dealer's Name...

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Decay is caused by germs

Here is a brush that dislodges them from all your teeth — it reaches every tooth every time you brush

You brush your teeth, but do you clean them all? This brush reaches every tooth every time you brush.

It has a curved surface that fits the shape of your jaw. It has two-tooth bristle-tufts that reach in between teeth. It has a large end tuft that helps clean the backs of front teeth and the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. This brush is the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you know what makes your teeth decay? It is germs. Germs are always in your mouth. They collect upon your teeth. They create lactic acid. This destroys the enamel. The important thing is to keep germs off your teeth — to remove the clinging mucin, which holds the germs fast against them. That requires a brush scientifically designed with a saw-tooth arrangement of bristles. It requires a brush with a large end tuft that can reach the backs of back teeth. There is such a brush — the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you brush your gums when you brush your teeth? You should. See how the center row of bristles on every Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush is sunk below the level of the two outer rows. That is to give your gums the correct and mild massage they need. Brush your gums. They will soon take on a hard and firm appearance, with a light, coral pink color which shows that they are healthy. Healthy gums mean healthier teeth. Science designed the Pro-phy-lac-tic to keep gums healthy.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures — hard, medium and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

free

Toothbrushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for this advertisement. The present headline is "Decay is caused by germs". After reading the test can you supply a new headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted four free Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes every year for life. In case of a tie the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Barten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires on April 15, 1925.

Use Picture Ideas to Beautify Your Home

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]
completely wired. The wicked Jazz Doll reposing on the pillow in front of the bed, set Betsy Ann back $5.00, but the rakish rascal is quite worth the money. Her abbreviated costume is of tangerine and green ruffles, and is very becoming with her taffy hair (a la Lillian Rich).
I should love to tell you what Bob thought of the room, but he won't see it until tonight, and the manuscript must go to the printers this afternoon. The chances are that Bob will stamp his decided approval and feel quite responsible for the whole idea.
Meanwhile, if you have a "Bob" in your home, don't let him remark about your plain, ordinary things, see what the movies will do for you. Even the most lavish scenes can be achieved without spending a fortune.

Made in America
by Americans

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass. 10-C1

Gentlemen: — I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was clipped

Name
Address

[advertising section]
UNIVERSAL PICTURES, Fox Studio, 10th Ave. & 55th St., N. Y. C.

Will direct "Once a Peddler" with Glenn Hunter.

WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO, 537 Riverside Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Associated Exhibitors Prod. Whitman Bennett directing "Children of the Whirlwind"


WORTHY PICTURES, Glendale Studios, Glendale, L. A.

George Terwilliger directing "Haunted Hands" with Ben Alexander, Marjorie Daw and William Thorne.

VITAGRAPH STUDIO, East 15th St. & Lostue Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Distinctive Pictures. T. Hayes Hunter has completed "Wildfire" with Aileen Pringle, Holmes Herbert and Edna Murphy.

IN EUROPE

METRO-GOLDWYN CORP.

In France—Production will soon commence on "Marc Nastrum." Rex Ingram directing with Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry.

R. C. SAMUELSON.

In England—Production has started on "She" with Betty Byrne.

CHANGES IN TITLES

FILM BOOKING OFFICES PRODUCTIONS.

"Irruella, with a Million" will be released as "Sudden Riches." "Pride of the Legion" will be released as "Jimmie's Millions." "The Necessary Evil." "Hail and Farewell" will be released as "The Heart of the Tempest." "Trailing Shadows." will be released as "The Champion of Lost Causes.

BUSINESS NEWS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthesheim Prod., In-

operation Pictures, 505 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Distinctive Pictures Corporation, 366 Madison Ave., New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 445 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices of America, Inc., 725 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Fox Film Company, 19th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.


Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 405 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Dist. Company, 1339 Diversey Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

B. P. Schulberg Prod., 1650 Broadway, New York City.


Vitagrav Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.
What Next, Gloria?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]
descended from one of the oldest and noblest families of France; the fact that he had entered the World War when only seventeen and had been wounded and twice cited and decorated for bravery, was only a conundrum to the meeting. Surely if the horoscope could pick out a foreigner for Gloria to marry, the horoscope could be reasonably expected to pick out one with a title that would out-title many titles worn by other American girls. The horoscope could and did. For instance, the Marchioness of Falaise and De La Courdray outranks the Countess of Denver, known to movie fans as Pina Negrì; or Countess Morner, known colloquially as Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and many other titled Yankees. Surely the horoscope picked while the picking was good.

And that brings us to the point where Gloria and James Henri decided that the stars had made a wise selection and that it was up to them to aid and abet the horoscope. They did. They knocked off work at the studio long enough to go to Fontainebleau, where a solemn and long-bearded mayor tied the knot and then pressed a solemn and fatherly kiss on Gloria’s fair forehead. They were married, so James Henri implanted a fervent kiss on Gloria’s lips and undid the work of the lipstick. A few days later they were at the studio and announced that the honeymoon wouldn’t start until they sailed for America in February.

Then came the interviewers and Gloria confided much information, one bit in particular that contained a kick like pre-war stuff. She calmly and deliberately announced that she never, never could be happy until she had eight children. Having two—Gloria II and an adopted son—that left only six to go. Gloria confided that she wants four more of her own and wants to adopt two more. Gloria always was ambitious.

The next day the fruit of her pronouncement came home to roost. A committee from the Renaissance French Homes Society called on Gloria—pardon, the Marchioness—with the following request:

“We want you to tell French women how to have more and better children.” To which she replied in her best Swansonesque:

“Why, how do I know? You just have them, that’s all.”

And on this subject the horoscope is as dumb as a turtle.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

CLARA, PACIFIC, Mo.—Wanted, a budget of information about that interesting family with the uninteresting name of Jones. Pleasure is mine, Clara. Charles (“Buck”) Jones is thirty-five. Yep, married. His wife is a non-professional. They have a daughter.

BLUE-EYED FLAPPER, SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.—How much are the stakes in the bet that Viola Dana is Bert Lytell’s sister? Hold them? Ten apiece? Good. I’ve pocketed them! Viola Dana is Shirley Mason’s sister, not Bert Lytell’s.

WY, ALLIANCE, Neb.—No longer need you vex yourself with questions about Irene Rich’s hair. It is dark brown. I’ve seen it off screen. But she is going to wear a blonde wig for the first time in her new picture. Monte Blue is thirty-four. Married to Tova Jansen. He continues with Warner Bros.

DOLLY, PARIS, France.—Oui, oui, Made mole- sinelle. Antonio Moreno’s hair and eyes are dark brown. His age is thirty-six years. His height is five feet, ten inches. He is married to the former Mrs. Daisy Danzig of Los Angeles, Calif. Lila Lee’s height is five feet, three inches. Her hair and eyes are black. Yes, to your question about Norman Kerry.

Are You Tired of Bobbed Hair?

Perhaps not, but no other trait is more distinctly feminine than the desire for variety and change and, while hair modes may change almost overnight, they can only be observed by those having normal healthy hair easily adaptable to any style. This quality, and the full natural beauty of healthy hair, may be successfully developed by intelligent use of Newbro’s Herpicide.

Give your scalp the care it deserves

If your scalp is perfectly healthy, a shampoo with Herpicide Tar Soap about once a month and applications of Newbro’s Herpicide two or three times each week, will suffice to keep the hair soft, lustrous and beautiful. If troubled with dandruff, or if your hair has begun to comb out too freely, increase the Herpicide applications to every other day until all dandruff has disappeared and the scalp, again appears normal. This treatment will positively restore life and freshness to the hair and will make it sparkle with natural beauty.

A quality product of proved merit

For over twenty-five years Newbro’s Herpicide has maintained leadership among hair preparations because of superior quality and excellence. Pure and clear, free from grease and oil, without stain or dye, Herpicide may be used upon the most sensitive scalp to eradicate dandruff, check hair loss and bring out hidden strength and beauty in the hair. Do not delay. A single trial will convince you of its merit. Newbro’s Herpicide and Herpicide Tar Soap are sold at all drug counters.

Mail This Coupon

THE HERPICIDE COMPANY, Dept. 25-F, Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: I enclose ten cents (either stamps or coin) for a copy of your booklet, “The Care of the Hair,” as advertised. I am interested in Newbro’s Herpicide and your booklet, “The Care of the Hair.” My address is:

Name

Street

City

State

Use Newbro’s Herpicide

“FOR THE HAIR AND SCALP”

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Delica-Brow
The ORIGINAL Liquid Dressing

Gives that warm, soft, natural tone and lustre found in no other liquid. It is a dressing. We want you to try it. We offer you one week's supply of this fascinating, delightful waterproof and tearproof beautifier. One touch and it beautifies for a whole day. It comes off easily when desired. No natural as to defy detection, yet its brilliancy is effective, even at a distant distance.

Delica Kistrop Lipstick and Delica Kistrop Rouge

These three indispensable toilet table requisites are waterproof, wind and weatherproof. Applied in the morning and you glaze all day and evening. No other beauty product has the wonderfully natural effect of these vastly superior preparations.

At all toilet counters or direct to the home, or send for free samples.

Delica Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 1254
4003 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

Customer. Please send me free samples [enough for one week] of Delica Kistrop Lipstick, Delica Kistrop Rouge and Delica-Brow. I enclose 10c to cover packing and mailing.

Name:
Address:

(PRINT CLEARLY IN PENCIL)

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PAULINE, AURORA, ILL.—I suspect that your height is five feet, seven inches and you want to know how you compare in altitude with the tall beauties of the screen. Right or wrong? In either case here they are. Betty Blythe, Helene Chadwick, Alma Rubens, Anna Q. Nilsson. Andre Lafayette is taller than the others by an inch.

HELEN, BRECKSVILLE, OHIO.—Rudolph Valentina's Life Story appeared in the February, March and April issues of Photoplay in 1923. Send to the Chicago office of the magazine. The price of each copy is a quarter.

A. K., ALBANY, N. Y.—Florence Vidor's age is a charming one of twenty, twenty-nine. Her hair and eyes are brown. She has one child, a daughter. Laborits in the Ince Studios.

L. L. C., GROESBECK, TEX.—You don't "want to know the age, weight, height, color of eyes and hair, and whether or not one of the screen stars is married." You "only want to know about your job," and "just who you are." Charmingly different! Of course I will tell you, since it's you. Ever read "Pilgrim's Progress" by an author who never wrote for the screen, John Bunyan? The Pilgrim is your Answer Man, my Texas Rose. Not at all.

BARBARA, PRINCETON, N. J.—I am sure Norma Talmadge would be gracious. She is working at this very moment. May McAvoy would be also, I think, and she can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Corp., 1540 Broadway, New York City, at the time I indite this to thee, fair Barbara.

MISS ELMIRA, ELMIRA, N. J.—Bow three times, low, and in your most romantic manner. Richard Barthes, in his profession, Lillian Gish's "home town" is Springfield, Ohio.

RUTH, COLUMBUS, OHIO.—The full description you ask of me. I'll do no doubt implicate these items. Height six feet, weight one hundred eighty-four pounds; brunette coloring, his eyes and hair being darkest brown. Born in St. Paul, Minn., June 17th. Plenty of time to send him his next birthday gift, Ruth.

H. B. M., HARTFORD, CONN.—J. W., Kerrigan was the leading man. The Man from Broadway. The picture is not mentioned. Monte Blue is married. Richard Barthes, in his profession, the husband of Mary Hay.

PHYLLIS, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Hope I'm "not a blonde for you hate them." I wouldn't have you hate me for anything, Phyllis dear. If you met me after a season of sea bathing you wouldn't call me a blonde, you except the Prince of Wales and Conrad Nagel from your color hatreds. What made you think I wear glasses now and to piece out the light of the day and that if I stuff all the same, you think? Won't you agree that there are degrees of being? Ben Lyon's recent pictures are "Wages of Virtue," "Wine of Youth," "I'll fly the Dust," "So Big," "I Want My Man," "The Necessary Evil" and "Winds of Chance."

CINDERELLA, WOONSOCKET, R. I.—Very fond of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and want to write him a letter, eh? I don't believe that Junior would return your letter with "No Answer" if you wrote him care of his father, the Lasky Studio, N. Y. When I was born, I mean Junior was, December 9, 1910. He likes to draw. At the Algonquin Hotel in New York he neglected his dinner to make a sketch of Theodore Roberts, who sat across the table from him in the dining room. It is a sure sign of a boy's concentration on another subject that he allows his dinner to grow cold.

---

The soft satin smoothness of a child's skin may be always, if you use SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAK.

Gently apply the cake of Sem-Pray Cream to the face. Then with the fingers pat the face softly, evenly, spreading the Sem-Pray and working it into the pores. Allow to remain a few minutes, then wipe off with soft cloth. All dust, dirt, grime and rouge is removed. The harshness is gone. The skin feels smooth and soft. Its elasticity has been marvelously renewed.

At bed time, after cleansing the face the Sem-Pray way, a light coating of Sem-Pray should again be applied. The skin remains. The skin absorbs it. It feeds the underlying tissues; preserves the youthful firmness of contour that prevents wrinkles. The skin is "always young."

Sem-Pray replaces the natural oils that daily evaporate through the skin by wind, weather, and dust.

Since 1888 it has aided beautiful women to keep their youthful charm to get Sem-Pray from your dealer or write for a free trial cake, enough for seven days' use.


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**GREAT NORTHERN RY.**

**Route of the New Oriental Limited**

**Finest Train to Pacific Northwest—No Extra Fare**

"See America First"

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**CONTINUED ON PAGE 126**
Hollywood Slang

You may not be aware of it, but much of your modern slang comes from Hollywood "wise-crackers." Here are a few of the choicest heard around the various studios recently:

"If that guy is an optimist, Rockefeller is an inmate of a poorhouse."

"That woman is so two-faced she has to have a double facial massage."

"That guy's all to the Nurni; he's living so fast he makes the Finn cinder burner look like a snail in low gear."

"You should have seen that dame give me the cross-word look. You know, the up-down-and-sideways stare."

"Bill is so sour-faced he can't use shaving cream because it curdles."

"That baby is so dumb she thinks the Japanese clause is related to Santa."

CHAPTER XXXIII

LEW DAVIDSON

Learned about Tony Hull's production almost as soon as Tony did about his. He had heard rumors, from friends, that the latter was trying to raise capital to put Jane Dare out in a new picture, but this had not troubled him much, for he had already heard that Tony's attempts had been failures. But when it came to his own picture that the big Sun-art studios had been leased, he grew suspicious, and made it his business to find out what was going on.

A girl usher from one of the theaters in which he was interested, a strikingly good-looking but discouraged girl, was sent for. Lew laid a yellow-laced bill on his desk.

"Miss Cavanaugh," he said, "do you want to make films?"

"I'll say I do," the young woman replied grinning.

"All right. Go to the Sun-art studios near Tarrytown. Train from Grand Central, today. Apply for a job as extra woman. You may not get it, but that won't prevent you from hanging around. Find out what they're doing up there and sort of a picture they're making. Then come back and tell me. The cashier will give you some money for expenses."

"All right." The girl gazed reflectively at the bill on Davidson's desk. "And when do I get the fifty?"

"When you return with the information."

As a result Miss Cavanaugh spent the day at the studio, and found out precisely what Lew wanted to know. She could not learn the name of the picture. No one seemed to know it. The castle sets, towering gauntly over the high board fence were no more to her than a maze of scaling ladders. At the office she was told that no extra people would be wanted for another week. But, from an impressionable young stage carpenter whom she met on her way back to the Railroad station, and promptly vamp, she heard a weird story of a funeral barge with a supposedly dead woman on it, floating down the river in charge of a black- hooded dwarf.
At Your Service

The courteous girl at the switchboard speaks the first word in more than two million conversations an hour. Presiding day and night at the busy intersections of speech, she is always at the call of the nation's homes, farms and offices.

Out of sight, and most of the time out of hearing of the subscribers, little is known of the switchboard girl—of her training and supervision under careful teachers, and of her swift and skilful work. Likewise, little is known of the engineering problems necessary to bring the terminals of fifteen million telephones within the reach of a girl's arm, or of the ceaseless work of maintenance which in fair weather and storm keeps the mechanism fit and the wires open.

America's millions of people must have at their command means of direct and instant communication, and the Bell System must ever be in tune with the demands of national service.

These are the components of America's system of telephony: The best of engineering, of manufacture, of facilities—and a personnel trained and eager to serve.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Learn to Draw at Home

Become an artist through an amazingly easy method—right at home in spare time. Learn Illustrating, Decoration, Caricaturing, and free book tells all about the simple method of learning to draw and gives details of special free offer. Mail coupon now.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Room 585-C, 1115-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
The Pleading Eyes of Virginia Valli

WHO could resist eyes so limpidly lovely, so softly veiled by curled lashes? Do they not make you realize how your own eyes could be improved by an accenting of the lashes? The most prominent beauty specialists emphasize the importance of the lashes in enhancing the beauty of the eyes. Darken your lashes with Winx! It is a waterproof liquid dressing which makes the lashes appear longer and thicker. Dries as soon as applied. Harmless and undetectable. Winx (black or brown) 75c. At drug or department stores or by mail.

For outlining your eyebrows try Winzelte (Winx in cake form), applied with a brush—complete, 50c.

Mail the coupon today with a dime for a generous sample of Winx—enough to keep your lashes dark and shining for a week. And for another dime, you will receive a sample of Port, the rouge that lasts 24 hours.

ROSS COMPANY
241 West 17th Street
New York
"The Parkway? You don't mean to say you're in the theatrical business? Why don't you see Lengel? He handles the property. The old man swears he won't be bothered with it. Regular white elephant. He's planning to tear it down, next year, and put up a hotel. Honest to goodness, Ben, I don't believe he'd want to be annoyed—"

"Tommy—I'm not looking for any favor—this is a business deal with me. I've got the money to pay for the house—six weeks in advance. And if I don't get it, I stand to lose every cent I've got in the world. That's why it's important to me—see?"

"No. I'm damned if I do. But I'll take your word for it." He nodded as two portly gentlemen passed the door. "There goes the conference. Now's your chance. He'll be leaving as soon as he signs his mail. Come with me."

The banker frowned at the two young men over bristling grey mustaches. Before he could speak, his nephew made a rapid introduction.

"My friend Mr. Hardy, unc," he said. "Anything you can do for him—"

"What does he want? I'm in a hurry."

Without replying, Ben drew a pad toward him, sat down at the desk and wrote a few words with a fountain pen. The other watched him, puzzled.

"Sign that, Mr. Van Alsten," he said, "and I won't take up any more of your time."

"The banker examined the sheet curiously.

"Mr. A. Lengel, Manager, Parkway Theater," it read. "You are instructed to rent the house to Mr. Benjamin Hardy for six weeks beginning October 7th, at $6,000 per week, on condition that Mr. Hardy deposits certified check for the rental, $37,000, in advance."

"Have you seen Lengel?" Van Alsten asked curtly.

"Yes, sir."

"Then why come to me?"

"He wouldn't give me an answer. Said he was dickering with a new musical show a friend of his was interested in. Thought it might turn out a winner and pay more."

"I'm afraid you've overlooked something in his throat, picked up the telephone.

"Get me Lengel at the Parkway," he directed, then sat in silence until the connection had been made. "Hello, Lengel," Ben said. "I didn't hear him say. "This is Barclay Van Alsten. Is the theater rented for October seventh? Never mind your "buts." There's a man here named Hardy wants you to rent it for six weeks from that date, cash in advance. How many times have I got to tell you never to refuse a flat rental for the sake of a speculation? I'm renting next week. Don't back up musical shows. If Mr. Hardy produces the certified check, rent him the theater. That's all."

"Thank you, Mr. Van Alsten," Ben said gratefully.

"Nothing to thank me for. Business is business," the old man grunted, and went on signing his mail.

"And you told young Van Alsten parted, Ben held out his hand.

"You've saved my life, Tommy," he said. "I'll see that you get a box for the opening.

Then he hurried off to telephone the good news to Tony Hull.

CHAPTER XXXV

T

HE last scene of the new production was shot on the evening of October second, and consisted of a closeup of Jane Dare, as Elaine, on the occasion of her first appearance at King Arthur's court. It was a retake, the original shot having been spoiled in the developing room. With the exception of cameramen and crew, Tony, Jane and Ben were alone on the set. The former turned to his companions, put out his hand.

"She's done!" he exclaimed solemnly. "Thank God. And so am I—pretty nearly."

In spite of his smile there was a look of utter weariness on his gray, lined face.

"Better run into town with us tonight for a

When 5,000,000 Women

turn to a new way in personal hygiene, surely you owe it to yourself, at least to try that way

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Graduate Nurse

If you believe the testimony of five million American women, you too will want to know about this new way in personal hygiene. At least will want to try it, for yourself.

Today countless thousands of women are learning for the first time, what these millions know. Everywhere, they are finding new personal immaculacy, new freedom, relief from embarrassment. Today this amazing new way has been adopted by 8 in 10 women in the better walks of life.

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little supper," Hardy said. "You look all in. An evening off will do you good."

"I agree with you, Ben," Jane seconded earnestly. "No use killing yourself, Tony. You've been working in that projection room most of the night for the past two weeks. You need rest."

Tony gave her a quick, whimsical smile, in which there was more of meaning than Hardy, at least, guessed.

"I'll have plenty of time to rest after next Sunday," he said. "Nothing else, I guess. You people run along to town and enjoy yourselves. I've got work to do."

"You don't suppose, Tony," said Jane, pressing his hand affectionately, "that I—"we—could think of enjoying ourselves with you up here carrying all the burden? Why, dear—" she spoke with sudden, almost maternal tenderness—"I can't tell you how wonderful I think you've been. Wonderful. And you're going to get your reward Sunday night at the Parkway."

"I sure will, if the picture goes over, and makes you a star."

"Not at the expense of a breakdown on your part." She squeezed his hand, not noticing how the physical contact made him wince. "Nothing could justify that."

"Oh—I'm all right. He lit a cigarette, began to stride nervously up and down. "Thank God there are more scenes to be shot. Those retakes of the tournament, and the meeting with Launcelot, came out fine. Henderson brought the prints up this afternoon. For the stills, they're wonderful. Couldn't be better. Use the ones that show up best at a distance, Ben, for the lobby display—the others are O. K. for the newspapers. And don't forget to keep Kraus on those colored enlargements. What do you hear, if anything, from the Davidson outfit?"

"Miss Carroll came in to see me yesterday. She said they were breaking their necks, her friend tells her, but are still a good week behind us."

DEAR old Tony," Jane whispered, as they drove off. "He's priceless."

"Rather." Hardy busied himself for a few moments with the wheel. When he spoke again his voice was very earnest. "Jane," he said, "Tony Hull is in love with you."

"Nonsense." She laughed, but her laughter was not entirely convincing.

"It isn't nonsense. It's the truth. He has been for months. I've seen it. Anybody could see it. Perhaps it's been especially clear to me because I'm in love with you myself. Jealous. But what surprises me is that you haven't noticed it."

"Tony isn't in love with anybody, Ben," Jane said slowly. Her thoughts had gone back to their day together at the bungalow, the night when she had waited for his kisses. "Or if he is, there are reasons why he can't say so."

"Reasons? Reasons?"

"I can't tell you for certain, Ben, but I have an idea Tony is married already. It's none of my business, of course, and perhaps I shouldn't have said what I have, but—I'm afraid it's true."

"Maybe it is. I suppose you know what you're talking about. But married or not, he's in love with you just the same. And I honestly think the reason he doesn't say so is that he thinks you're in love with me."

Jane colored, glad that the darkness hid her embarrassment.

"It's rather fine of you, Ben, to tell me a thing like that. Most men wouldn't. Especially since you have asked to marry myself. And let me take my time about answering you."

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"That's because I love you and shall—always. And don't forget you promised me that answer as soon as this production of ours was shown."

"I know I did. Sunday night. Or shall we say Monday?"

"I don't care which, so long as you say 'yes,'" he laughed. "Don't let's talk about it any more, now. Only I couldn't help seeing, tonight, how desperately fond of you Tony Hull is, and if it isn't to be me—why—I hope it's him. That may not be good English, but it expresses what I feel."

Jane made no reply to that. She sat in silence as they drove through the lovely Westchester country, dark and dripping now with the tears of a wet October day. Dear old Ben, how time he had been all through, risking thing without a murmur for the sake of Tony's success, and hers. Well, he would not lose, on that account; she felt sure, from what she had seen in the projection room, that the picture was going to be a huge success.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Of the morning of Saturday, October sixth, Tony Hull came into the office Hardy had taken on Forty-second Street, accompanied by a man carrying a large satchel.

"Here she is," he laughed, as his companion placed the bag on a chair. "All ready to show. That's all, Pritchard. Wait for me in the car. Well, Ben—what's the news?" He spoke with a tenderness which indicated utterly worn-out nerves.

Hardy glanced up with a frown.

"I guess there's been a leak somewhere, Tony," he said.

"A leak? What do you mean?"

"Why—Davidson's showing tomorrow night, too."

"No!" Tony staggered, clutched the edge of the desk.

"It's in all the papers. Haven't you seen them?"

"No. Too busy this morning." Tony clutched the sheet that Ben held out to him. A news item said that the Davidson Company's new million dollar production, "Elaine," was to be given its initial showing at the Plaza on Sunday night, October seventh. In the same column appeared a notice of the opening of Tony Hull's production of the same name.

"Is it possible somebody had given away our plans?" Ben asked.

"I don't think so. If Davidson had supposed that we were opening Sunday, he'd have set his opening for Saturday. In order to be first in the field. What he believes is that he has stolen a march on us—that he's a full week ahead. Or did, last night, when these notices went out to the papers. By this time, I guess he's throwing seventeen different kinds of fits."

"You don't seem particularly worried."

"I'm not. Rather pleased, in fact. Two rival productions with the same story, opening the same night! Talk about your publicity! And of course it invites comparison at once. We'll welcome that. I don't know what sort of a man you've produced, but Glotmann fixed up for Lew, but I'm ready to back mine against it, any time. And Jane Dare against Irene Shirley. They're not in the same class. No manner how. And Davidson has spent on his production, it won't look any more costly than ours. Knowing Hallett, who directed it, as I do, I expect a lot of theatrical effects, but not much story. Neither he nor Glotmann is suited to handle a subject of this sort. They'll miss all the beauty, the poetry in it and waste their time on spectacular scenery and effects. The public's been fed up on that sort of thing. We've made our characters real human beings, living a passionate romance, not just lay figures moving through a pageant. No—I'm not a bit sorry we're opening the same—say, Iron, as long as he isn't ahead of us. Although I'll admit it's going to be a bit hard on the critics."

"Hank sank into a chair, exhausted by the effort of speaking.


---

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MOST women possess a natural delicacy about the discussion of certain phases of health and hygiene that are peculiarly feminine problems. Perhaps they have heard physicians refer to personal hygiene for women as a healthful and necessary practice. And probably they have heard the same physicians deplore the use of poisonous compounds for this purpose. All this may have led to a certain confusion in the minds of many who would welcome a frank statement of facts on the subject.

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“Guess I am. Too much black coffee and not enough sleep. When this thing’s over, I’m going to bed for a month."

“Better make it a sea trip. You’ve worked yourself to a fare-you-well. Too bad.”

Tony got up. There were tiny beads of perspiration on his forehead. He was palpably very weak.

“Not quite. Still got a kick or two left in me. Got your invitations all out?”

Yes. Including a couple of hundred Columbia invitations. And the critics, of course. Used the list you sent me. But what I don’t see is how they are going to take in both showings at once.

“Oh—a lot of the papers will cover both. The best men will come to ours, I guess—knowing what they think of Irene Shirley. Where one man tries to do two shows in an evening, it should operate in our favor. If he comes to our showing first, he’ll like it, and won’t want to leave. If he takes in half the Davidson film first, he’ll probably be glad to. Compare-the-rivals Bertintesi—especially if they happen to be in your favor. On Monday morning our picture ought to be the most talked-of show in town.”

Hardy took some typewritten sheets from his desk.

“Total expenditures to date, four hundred and thirty-six thousand, plus twenty-seven deposits on the house—four-six-three in all. The deposit, of course, will come back through the box-office.”

“It will all come back, Ben. Two or three times over—mainly as the film is the last night for the benefit of my staff—cameramen, carpenters, electricians, artists, the whole works. A hard-boiled lot of eggs, believe me. Their verdict on a knockout. You can’t fool those babies, don’t worry.”

“I’m not worrying,” Hardy said with a laugh. “Jane’s personality is enough for me. And your ability in the theater, I don’t believed in you. And both from the start I wouldn’t have put up the money.”

“You’re all right, Ben,” Tony said, laying his hand on the arm that was slung beside a “Good sport. And you’re going to win out.”

“If you mean that I’m going to make a lot of money,” Hardy said, noticing the significance with which he spoke, “why—so are you.”

“Not just money. Something more. I don’t know whether it’s too soon to congratu-late you or not, Ben, but Joe gets Jane will deserve to be congratulated.”

“That’s true,” Hardy glanced at his companion narrowly. “But what’s the matter with you? Like her pretty well yourself, don’t you?”

“Oh—I’m too old for a girl like Jane. She’s just a kid. I’m over thirty, and haven’t a nickel, to speak of, either.”

“You will have, if this picture goes over. And as for being old—tell it to Sweeny. I’m twenty-six myself, you know—nearly.”

“You’ll be looking at me next,” Tony laughed. “Well, she deserves the best, whoever gets her.” He thrust out his hand.

“And in any case, and whatever happens, Ben, we’re friends—don’t forget that—ever.”

“I WON’T, old fellow. No matter what hap-pens. Well, got to toddle down to the bank now, and then over to the theater. Lengel’s been very busy, he’s got a little help. I guess he’ll be glad enough to see us in there. His last show was a terrible flither. The house has been dark for a week. By the way, Van Alstine is going to have a bunch of his friends. I’ve given them a box. Quite a social event. I’ll see that the papers play it up.”

“Are you getting to be some publicity man, Ben. And that reminds me—I have to have a talk with Harrison, of the Star. Personal friend of mine—going to be a big write-up. Whole story of the production—the human side—for tomorrow’s paper. How’s that chap Fulton doing? You’ve seen him, of course.”

“Sure. Had him in here for two hours, last night. Gave him all the dope. There won’t be any trouble about the publicity end. Take my advice and go lie down after you get through with Harrison. Have a good sleep. You need it.”

He glanced instinctively into Tony’s ash-en face. “Right now you look ten years older than God.”

“Probably. But what’s the use trying to sleep with this thing on my mind? Tin all tuned up like a radio machine.” He walked about with short, jerky steps. “If I could find some real liquor, I believe I’d go out and get drunk. But I don’t. I’m just sitting till the agony’s over tomorrow night and then flop like a busted balloon.” He placed his hand on the satchel containing the cans of film.

“Ben—was it a little I think—I mean, dear little Irene got the chance, wouldn’t she like to touch a match to them? I’ll say she would. And if anything happened to them we—would.”

He lit a cigarette and went out, leaving Hardy staring moodily at his cigar. Why had Tony given as a reason for not proposing to Jane the fact that he was too old, if he had a wife already? It was not like him to lie, even by implication. Ben gave the matter up, convinced however that something, he could not say what, was keeping these two apart—some barrier which, if removed, would seriously im-pair his own chances of success, so far as Jane was concerned. In spite of his enthusiasm over the newCurtiz picture he left the office feeling very much depressed.

CHAPTER XXXVII

JANE went to the showing on Sunday night, as she had previously gone to that of “Saints and Sinners,” accompanied by Ben Hardy. She had been too excited at the sight of Jane to have noticed that it seemed only right that the three of them should be together on this memorable occasion; but he had failed to put in an appearance at the time set. Later, after waltzing with a waltz-er who had come on the telephone she and Ben had gone on alone. He was not at his club, his apartment, no one had seen him all day. Ben hoped that he was sleeping, but both for his comfort and her own, she had disliked finding him alone. There was very little chance of her seeing any but a few disconnected shots in the projection room at the studio.

“How do you feel, Ben?” she asked. “Should I go to the top Talk about your zero hour? Why the devil don’t they start?”

When the overture had been played, how-when the first scene on the screen, both his nervousness and Jane’s vanished, blotted out by their keen interest in the picture. It was a beautiful thing, rarely lovely and compelling, with a poignant, thrilling love story in addition. Both realized, as they had never realized before, not only Tony’s mar-vellous skill as a director, but his ability as an author. He was an author, one of the few whose work had come to them spontaneously, flashed before their eyes, building to a series of dramatic climaxes, they were amazed that he had been able to get such splendid re-sults from what had seemed, at first sight, a coarse one of Tony’s. It has been the story of the poem by the heart, had not dreamed that it contained such a wealth of material, in fact; much of what she saw was the result of Tony’s ability and skill. He had skillfully had his interpolations been made, with such perfect understanding of the story and its requirements, that few could have said which was his, and which a part of the original legend.

When the final scenes had completed their brilliant course and the house lights once more came on, Jane and Hardy sat in absolute

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any pulse at all. Ben—you’ve got to go to a doctor at once. There must be one in the village. Wake him up and bring him here in your car. Quick. I’ll take his things off and get him to bed. Of course I can do it," she added, seeing the look which crossed Ben’s face. Then she began to unlace Tony’s shoes. It did not occur to her, but it did to Ben Hardy as he hurried madly, that her attitude toward Tony had been precisely that of a wife toward her husband. Well, he reflected, if not himself, why, then—they had both agreed that the two should win.

Jane had succeeded in taking off Tony’s shoes, his coat, waistcoat and collar, when conscientious returned to him. She hurriedly brought him a chair, and asked him if there was any whiskey in the house. He stared at her with a curious, almost frightened look.

"Jane! What are you doing here?"

"Thank God, you’ve come to. I’m trying to get you to bed. You’re sick." She knelt beside him again. "Drink this. And if you have anything stronger, I’ll take it myself."

"But," he protested, holding her hand in a feeble grasp, "how did you know where I was?"

"I guessed. Hurry up, now." She put down the glass. "Let me unfasten this belt. Ben has gone for a doctor, but he’ll be right back."

A wistful smile flickered about Tony’s lips.

"You—you must care a lot for me," he whispered, "to—come way out here and—and—" he glanced helplessly down at his stocking feet and undressed me.

SOMETHING in his weakness, his helplessness, swept away all of Jane’s reserve, told her what she had indeed known in her heart for months.

"Care for you, Tony? Why, my dear, don’t you know I love you?" She spoke simply, directly, but it was a little blunted by the eyes were like warm stars. A tremendous surprise shone in his.

"You love me—me?" he stammered. "Why—I thought you—were-Hardy."

"No. It isn’t Ben. It’s you. It’s been all the time. Even if you are married."

"But," he replied, the look of surprise in his eyes deepening, "I’m not married. What made you think that?"

"You’re—not—married?" It was Jane’s turn to be surprised now. "But I—saw a picture—one last time I was here, with—With my dear, unreasonable old hubby written on it—a picture of Miss Shirley. And she had signed it! ‘Irene Hull!’"

So then Jane, Tony whispered, with a sigh of relief. "That was what made you turn against me so suddenly. Thank God, I know the reason at last. I thought you didn’t care. I thought you preferred Ben because he was richer. I—thought you were a little Jane—why, my dear little sweetie?" He tried to hold out his arms, but the effort exhausted him, he fell feebly back in the chair. "My heart’s gone on a strike, darling." He passed, breathless. Jane was still staring incredulously at him.

"It wasn’t only the picture, Tony," she said gravely, "I accidentally overheard you and Irene talking about a divorce, and—" I know—I know."

He smiled weakly. "Enough to upset any woman. Irene isn’t my wife—she’s my brother’s. I’ll tell you all about it, tomorrow."

Jane leaned forward, folded him in her arms.

"I’m ashamed of myself, dear," she said, "to have bothered you with all this, when you’re so ill. Folks come in here, you know, and I’ll finish putting you to bed."

It was a long kiss, but they both had waited for it a long time. A new color rose in Tony’s cheeks, a new brightness shone in his eyes.

"I’m better, now," he said, smiling faintly. "Help me to get up, and I think I can manage to toddle into the next room."

"What happened to you, anyway?" Jane asked, when she had piloted him across the studio and deposited him safely on the bed.

Sells first novel to famous publisher

DOUBLETAY, PAGE & CO., publishers of the works of Kipling, Tarkington and Conrad, have just published a splendid new novel by a new writer.

It is called "The Bitter Country," and shows unusual literary promise. It was written by Anita Pettibone, a graduate of the Palmier Institute of Authorship.

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Every advertisement in PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
"I don't know. I went to see Davidson's show last night—I knew all about ours, so I didn't need to see that—and, as I expected, it was terrible. Then I got to thinking of you, and how happy we had been, that time up here, so I thought I'd come out and—well—to get some sleep. My heart had been acting sort of queer all day, and I felt if I stayed another twenty-four hours I'd bust. So I drove out—in a taxi. There was a fire already laid, in the chimney place, and I just leaned over and lit it when everything went blue. I suppose I fell into the chair, up there. That's all I remember, until I woke up and saw you."

"Your heart certainly is actng queer," Jane told him, laying her head against his chest. "And you'll have to—" She wagged a finger in Tony's face. "Weren't you ever going to ask me?"

"Not until the production was finished—and a success. And I'd made you a star. And maybe a man and a husband and a chance. I always thought you'd be a better match for you."

"In such matters, Tony dear, a woman prefers a man herself. I asked you, didn't I? Well, I promise never to do it again. My next husband has got to propose to me."

"Over my dead body," Tony laughed, and drew her to him. A few moments later a car rattled up to the door. Jane hastened to open it, admitting Ben, followed by a grey, dumpy little man whom she introduced as Doctor Sworup. The latter made a false exclamation of Tony's heart with his stethoscope, asked one or two questions.

"Nothing organic," he said. "Myocarditis. Organic. Not enough sleep. Heart muscle poisoned—tired out. Serious, of course, but curable. Here's a digitalis preparation I want you to take. And a pillow, to make you sleep. Rest is what you need, more than anything else. And nursing." He glanced at Jane with a quick, shredful smile. "That part of it seems already well provided for. But unless you have some way of heating this place, I strongly advise you to go to a hospital. You ought to be well enough to make the trip in two or three days, even if you get the pump-hitting on all four cylinders." He turned to Jane. "Have you got any milk?"

"Why—I don't think so. You didn't bring out any provisions, did you?" she continued, to Tony.

"No. I only meant to spend the night."

The doctor glanced at his watch.

"Too late to get any now, it's almost three. He produced some powders from his medicine case. "One of these now. Another in three hours, if he isn't-asleep. The tablets are dissolved. Three smoked days, after meals. If they nauseate him, stop them, although it isn't likely, at least not before I see him again. He should take one right away. I'll look in tomorrow. I want him to sleep till then, if possible. Pull down the shades, shut the door, and keep quiet. Don't wake him up for breakfast. If he does wake, give him milk. See you tomorrow. Good night."

HARDY escorted him to the door. While he was gone Jane bent over Tony and kissed him. "Thank you for saving me."

"Lady," she replied, "I promised you your answer today. It's only fair I should give it to you."

HARDY took her hands in his, faced her, grave-eyed, calm.
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THERE are just as many grades of permanent waving as there are of shoes or silk hose. Remember this when you have your hair permanently waved. Seek a parlor which advertises The Frederics Method. For there you will find experts of the highest type who offer you the greater permanency, safety and beauty which this superior method assures. If you do not know of a Frederics Method Parlor, we will gladly send, on request, the name of one nearby.

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Keep Musterole on the bath-room shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.
It did the work all right, but it was sticky and messy to apply and how it did burn and blister!
The little white jar of Musterole has taken the place of the stern old mustard plaster.
Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or snuffle, at rheumatism’s first warning signal.
Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and stinging taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.
To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children’s Musterole. 3c and 6c jars and tubes; hospital size, $3.
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went. Terry and I have a mother, up in Rhode Island. She doesn't know the truth—

thinks he's out in Australia. We didn't want her to know. Irene's been threatening to get a divorce from Terry for months. Figuring on marrying Davidson, I guess. Her plan was to slip over to Paris, or out to Reno, and throw him overboard without anyone being the wiser. Well, I told her if she tried it, I'd expose her.

"That the only terms on which she could get a divorce would be to confess the truth about the man in her room that night—Terry a new trial, or pardoned. She refused, of course.

"I guess, Jane, it must have been one of my little arguments with her you overheard. I couldn't expose her to Davidson without making public my brother's disgrace. She couldn't get a divorce without making public her own. So there we were deadlocked. I wondered how on earth Ma Davidson ever found out the truth."

"She tried to worm it out of me!" Jane said.

"Offered to guarantee me Irene's place with the company, if I'd help her. I wouldn't say anything, although I knew Irene was married. I thought she was married to Tony, and—we, I don't play the game that way. She's heard some rumors about Irene having a husband, and spoke of employing detectives, so I guess it was a question of money."

"And in addition," Hardy went on, "I hear that Lew has given her the air and gone back to his wife like a good little boy. I guess last night showed him that it isn't so easy to make a screen star out of a pretty face and a bunch of histrionics."

"It can't be done," Tony laughed. "Say—

I'm hungry. Isn't it pretty nearly time for my supper?"

[THE END]

Colleen Moore Wins Prize

We are mighty glad that Colleen Moore was selected as the "baby" star who has made the greatest advancement of any of her contemporaries in the past four years. We are glad because we think Colleen is entitled to the honor and because Photoplay voted for her. The announcement and conferring of the thousand-dollar trophy was made at the annual Wampa Frolic and Ball in Hollywood. The selection of Colleen was made by editors of motion picture fan magazines and trade papers and managers, being as competent a decision as possible to make. Asked to select the "baby" star entitled to the honor, the editors telegraphed their opinions to the Woman's Home Companion, which voted overwhelmingly in this nation wide voting. Her work in the past four years has been little short of marvelous. When one considers the scope of it there is little room for doubt left as to the wisdom of the choice. Colleen in that period has made two pictures for D. W. Griffith—"An Old-Fashioned Young Man" and "Hands Up." These are playing cards for Charlie Ray, King Vidor, Marshall Neilan, Allan Helms, and others.

Finally came her engagement with First National, for whom she has made "Flaming Youth," "Painted People," "The Perfect Flapper," "Flirting With Love," "So Big," and "Sally."

The only thing that marred her otherwise perfect night at the ball when the award was made was an injury that had befallen her earlier in the day. While working in "The Desert Flower" (the rendition of which from hand to hand suffering much pain but not realizing the extent of her injury, she appeared at the ball. The next day it was discovered she had injured a vertebra and the leg was ordered her placed in a cast in which it was said, she would have to remain for five or six weeks. Pending her recovery work on "The Desert Flower" was ordered suspended. Colleen is a plucky little girl.

All that the scalp requires CLEANSING and FEEDING

A combination treatment at the cost of a shampoo

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

Keeping the scalp clean is a bit of personal hygiene practiced by all well-informed people. Those same people know that their scalps need food. But, week after week, they neglect this equally important measure—just because scalp foods, such as crude-oil, have always been difficult to apply.

At last—scalp-cleansing and scalp-feeding have been combined in one efficient treatment—called Taroleum.

Stimulating food makes healthy hair

Taroleum cleans thoroughly—easily removes dangerous, unhealthy dirt. Besides this, Taroleum supplies the hair-roots with life-giving crude-oil, in a new, clean form. The soothing, healing pine-tar, in Taroleum, tones your scalp, and is one of Nature's best dandruff removers.

The first part of a Taroleum shampoo consists in gently rubbing Taroleum into the scalp, with the fingers. This massage opens the pores of the scalp, and allows the healthful crude-oil to soak through to the hungry roots of the hair. Only a minute, or so, of rubbing is necessary. And only a tablespoonful of Taroleum does the trick.

Snowy lather quickly absorbs dirt

Now, for the second thing that every scalp requires—cleaning.

After the brief Taroleum massage—a wetting with warm water produces an abundant, creamy lather. These snowy suds make a clean sweep of all the dust, grime, and dandruff that accumulate in the average scalp. After you rinse your head, your hair is fresh and light—full of the vigor that only Taroleum can give.

Cleans antiseptically—no odor or stain

The mild ingredients, combined in Taroleum, are antiseptic enough to actually protect the scalp from unhealthy conditions. This makes Taroleum ideal for home use—especially for children.

Taroleum has no odor—other than the sweet smell of cleanliness. It cannot stain or discolor, either hair or linen.

Splendid for fair hair

Delicate snow-white, or golden hair is especially in need of a thorough cleanser like Taroleum, that in no way changes the hair's natural beauty. Guaranteed to please—or your money back

You need not risk even the price of a bottle—because we guarantee you will like Taroleum—or we'll return your money—every cent.

Get a bottle from your druggist, today. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Rough Skin
is skin robbed
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"Precious Moisture"

ROUGH red hands! How humiliating and what a pity too, when so easily they can be kept smooth and white.

For rough skin is really your own skin robbed of its natural "precious moisture" by wind or too frequent washings. Give back this "precious moisture" with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion, That rough red look vanishes and your skin becomes soft and healthy.

If your hands chap easily, use Frostilla Lotion each time you wash.


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Catherine, Indianapolis, Ind.—No need to mourn the disappearance from the screen of your charming Elaine Hammerstein, "Cathie." Her life is one picture after another. The latest picture is "Parian Nights." The hue of Anna Q. Nilsson's enchanting eyes is darkest blue.

Mayme, Wiliston, N. Dak.—Do blighting breezes blow about your home, Miss Mayme? Because they do about my office even though they are tempered by the ocean's gentler quality. John Bowers distinguished Garrett, Ind., by permitting himself to be born there. It happened thirty-four years ago.

Edith, New Orleans, La.—Pleased to set the record straight since I am as far from the menace to the peacemaker as New York is from New Orleans. Nita Naldi is an inch taller than Betty Blythe. Miss Blythe's height is five feet, seven inches. Miss Naldi's five feet eight. Glad you enjoy Photoplay and my department, Edie.

Jane, Denver, Colo.—A family dispute. Often a serious matter. Only about the leading man of "Monte Cristo." Let me patch up a peace. It was not Lewis Stone as one faction of the family thinks but John Gilbert—Jack of the Eyes. Would that the Answer Man might as easily settle all family disputes. He would not have lived in vain.

Kitty, New York, N. Y.—You are "interested in and very fond of Robert Agnew." His height is five feet eight inches, his weight 145 pounds, and his age twenty-four years. His eyes are blue, his hair dark brown. Likewise he is darned lucky because Kitty is so fond of him.

H. M., Albert Lea, Minn.—Mrs. Thomas Mix's maiden name is Mabel Hannah. Her screen name was Victoria Ford. Gertrude Olmsted is twenty and not married. Chicago, Ill., is her birthplace, date November 13. Her parents are not superstitious.

Kitty, Hartford, Conn.—Laura La Plante has rounded a score of years. Pasadena, Calif., claims the honor of having yielded Fred Thomson, infant, thirty-four years ago. He is of no striking proportions, being six feet two inches tall and two hundred twenty-five pounds—you couldn't see light. Blue eyes. Brown hair. Look out, Mr. Printer, don't mix the Thomson color.

Patty, Covington, Ind.—You "just know you have fallen in love with Ramon Novarro." Umm! Aren't those sixteen fellows lucky? Ramon Novarro is five feet, ten inches tall, weighs one hundred sixty pounds, age twenty-five years and is now in Europe screening "Ben Hur." That's every bit I will tell you about him today. The green-eyed monster is lurking near my desk.

Heley, Detroit, Mich.—What month of disputes! Have separated six pairs of disputants without casualties. Constance Talmadge's leading man in "East is West" is Edward Burns. Your first letter? But I trust not your last, Nell.
My Joys Are Yours
If you'll accept them
By Edna Wallace Hopper

For 40 years I have searched the world for the utmost in beauty helps. As a girl, I cultivated beauty until I became the race. As a woman I have kept that beauty to grand old age.

Thousands see daily on the stage, and they marvel at the feet that I still keep a girl of 19. Many a lovely descendant envy me exactly in complexion. By constant request, I have placed these helps at every woman's door. Now I present the best in four preparations. All druggists and toilet counters now supply them. I gladly send samples free. And I am taking time in my busy life to urge you to learn what they do.

Let me briefly describe four products, combining 52 ingredients, which mean most to girls and men.

FOR THE SKIN
My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat, cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depth, then departs. All that cleans or leaves the skin comes with it.

Neither you nor I ever knew a cleanser to compare. It will be a revelation to you. I wish you would let it show you what a clean skin means.

My Youth Cream combines all the best I have found to lower, feed and protect the skin. A large number of experts have helped to perfect it. My baby skin at a grand old age means a beautiful skin.

It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. Only a small amount is needed, as it never sinks without it. I wish that every woman could discover how much this Youth Cream means.

WHITE YOUTH CLAY
Clay is woman's supreme help. It has been for ages. Just look at crude and muddy clays are displaced by modern methods. Mine is White Youth Clay—the final result of 20 years experience. It is cold, refined and dainty. It contains many factors which modern expert have discovered for the skin. It purges the skin of all that clings and snarls. Removes the causes of blackheads and blisters. Combats all lines and wrinkles. Brings the blood to the skin to create a last, rosy afterglow. Many women oozes to drop ten years with one application.

If every woman knew what White Youth Clay can do it would be in universal use. Let a sample show you—free.

HAIR YOU ENVY
My hair is a glory. Thousandi who see me daily on the stage envy its thickness, its luster and luxuriance. I never had falling hair or dandruff, never a touch of gray. Every year my hair grows finer.

That is due to my Hair Youth. I found the basis in France, years ago. But other experts, year by year, have added something to it.

I apply Hair Youth with an eyepopper, directly to the scalp. It combines all that think and wets the hair roots. It tones and fortifies. It treats up like a garden, and fosters hair just as an expert fosters flowers. I never knew any one who in other ways attained results like mine. And I don't think you can do so.

All druggists and toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's Hair Youth. Just ask for it. Tell me on the coupon which you would like to try and I will send it free. The latest beauty book will come with it. You will thank me always if you send this coupon now.

Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just use a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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East of the Sun and West of the Moon

"There is buried a little carved chest" so a Poet tells us. In it a Queen had hidden sweet-smelling essences and powders of her once flame-like beauty.

For lovely woman has ever treasured those fragrant accessories of toilette.

And a Parfumer with the Soul of a Poet, studying this heritage of odours, caught captive a hauntingly alluring fragrance, embodied it in a silken-smooth Face Powder and dedicated it to a reigning French beauty of his hour.

Thus for three generations Lablache has remained the favored face powder of gentlewomen—a regal predecessor of Lablache accessories of toilette.

Beautifully presented—purely Parian in atmosphere and essence of an odour hauntingly delicate, Lablache once tested will always be your choice.

If your druggist or favorite store does not have the new Lablache Requisites, write us direct, enclosing stamp, money order or check and we will mail you by next parcel post any Lablache requisite you desire. Sample of Lablache Face Powder—Flesh, White or Creme—sent free on request.

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HEXAGON EYEBROW PENCIL

Brown and Black, Price, 35c

The Choice of Gentlewomen for Three Generations

JobyanaRalston's Diary

April 15th

Nimble fingers were never my boast, but I couldn’t resist trying this. Now I am hard at it in spare minutes. Sealing wax craft they call it, and my first masterpiece was an adoral pendant. I am naturally proud—it has been admired and I made it. Dennison told me how to melt the wax and apply it. I am learning fast and love it. "Sealing-Wax Craft" by Dennison is a real little volume.

Jobyana

There is no end to the number of bright, beautiful, useful things you can make, if you will send ten cents and this coupon. Dennison goods are sold by stationers, department stores, and many druggists.

Dennison's

Dennison's

Dept. 13-D, Framingham, Mass.

Send me "Sealing Wax Craft." I am going to make a lot of pretty things. I enclose 10 cents.

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V. N., CHICAGO, ILL.—The world is growing better. Humanity is making progress. A bad cynics. Here is one woman enthusiastically calling another a "little beauty." You deserve to know all I see! Madge Bellamy, generous "V." Madge is a pleasant brunette, her eyes and hair being of the darkest brown. And petite, her height being five feet three inches; her weight one hundred twelve pounds. Take note—her hair is not bobbed. She is an American, for the birth records show that she was born in Hillsboro, Texas, on the last day of June, in 1903.

LAWRENCE, EASTVIEW, ONT.—On your visit to Hollywood you will find Claire Windsor at work in the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, unless her work has led her out on location or in the East. Don't be disappointed if the work is at fever height on some urgent picture at the studios. Larry. It is not always possible to visit them. Miss Windsor was born in Cawker City, Kan., April 14, 1897. She is of the willowy species of women, for her height is five feet six inches and her weight one hundred thirty pounds.

FLOYD, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Nero Bernardi played David in "The Shepherd King." John Gilbert, of the dark, extension eyes, was located in Logan, Utah. It is believed he did not attend the agricultural college in that town.

FAN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Gloria Swanson has adopted a small boy. Two-year-old Joseph is to be a character developer for Gloria II, a kind of mental and spiritual punching bag for his foster sister, who is four. Buxton Keaton is the father of the two sons. Neither Hunty Gordon nor Ben Lyons nor Rod La Rocque is married. Mae Murray is five feet three inches tall and Pola Negri an inch taller.

BOBBY, CHICAGO, ILL.—You have organized a club composed, unknown to them, of your movie heroes. They are Richard Dix, Cosmic hero; Stanley Nagel, Johnny Walker, Lloyd Hughes and Ben Lyon, whom you have seen for the first time in "The Lily of the Dust." May your club never be torn, many clubs, are by envy. The United Studios, no doubt, will be your mail carrier to Ben.

VICTOR, CASPER, Wyo.—The actress of whom you ask that information lives what you term a "charming life," Vick. Her spitfire quality only appears upon the screen. I am promised by none less than her husband. Alka-Terry is about twenty-eight. She is the wife of Rens Ingram, the famous director.

H. G., EVANSVILLE, Ind.—"Just crazy about Monte Blue." You have sister manias, Hazel. There is no more imposing height on the stage than his, six feet three inches. His permanent home is in California. Not particular about his look. He is thirty-four. George O'Hara's arrangement with F. B. O. continues to this date, perhaps longer.

DONALD, CHICAGO, ILL.—Shirley Mason's real name is Leonia Flugrath. She is of the same height as Mary Pickford, five feet. Her weight is five less than one hundred pounds. She has grey eyes and brown hair. American. Born June 7, 1900.

MARGARET L., NEW YORK, N. Y.—John Harron has reached the voting age. How old is that, Maggie? Twenty-one. Correct. He has no sisters in the profession. He played Billy Parker, the sister of Dulcy, in "Dulcy." Not married. To obtain a photograph of him write him 1315 Kingsley Drive, Los Angeles, California. Your friend is a bad guesser. And a little unkind.

ROSE, HARTFORD, Conn.—San Francisco was George O'Brien's birthplace. The event took place in 1900. He is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs a hundred seventy-six pounds. His eyes and hair are brown.

Sani-Flush cleans and purifies the toilet bowl. It cleans the hidden, unseen parts, which cannot be reached by other means. It destroys all foul odors. Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. Then watch how quickly and thoroughly it does its wonderful work. It removes all marks, stains and incrustations—leaves the bowl beautifully white and clean. No scrubbing. No dipping your hands in the water. Sani-Flush is absolutely harmless to plumbing connections. Keep it handy in the bathroom.

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PADDLE

YOUR OWN

KENNEBEC CANOE


KENNEBEC BOAT & CANOE COMPANY, Dept. F.P. Constance, Me.
MADGE, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—You would have very satisfactory answers to your questions.
All right, little Madge. Jean Tolly, whom you admired as the heroine of "The Uninvited Guest," is not engaged in any pictures at present. She was born in Maine on November 10, 1903. She has hazel eyes and blonde hair. Her height is five feet, five inches. Her weight one hundred twenty pounds. She is married.

HELEN, BALTIMORE, Md.—Yes, Harrison Ford is easy to look at by even an anxious Anna H. Ford was born in Kansas City, Mo., in 1892. His eyes and hair are brown. His height is five feet, ten inches, a good hefty chap of one hundred fifty-seven pounds. You may have seen him in "South Adrift," "Maytime," "Janice Meredith" and "The Price of a Party."

G. E. L., BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Glora Swanston uses her own name for the screen. Miss Swanston was born March 27, 1902. Colleen Moore's first terrestrial appearance was August 10, two years after Mrs. Wilson's age. Thomas Meighan was born at Pittsburgh, April 2, 1879.

LOIS RUTH, KENMORE, Ohio.—Which shall it be, Lois, "Old Kid" or "Old Top"? Make your choice. Names are "immaterial and irrelevant," as the lawyer fellows say, to me. Some of my friends have intimate days and years to wear a number. Do you suppose they mean in jail or behind a tray in a restaurant? Corinne Griffith arrived on earth in 1901. Are you good at math? I would say, "I wish I was as cracked as cornbread!" Lois! I would like to be a wholeheartedly jolly.

MIRIAM, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Ramon Novarro's real name is Ramon Samaniegos. He is one of eleven children born to Mexican parents at Durango, in the republic south of us. His height is five feet, ten inches.

LITTLE DORRIT, LOGAN, Ohio.—Glenn Hunter has never confided to me what kind of girls he admires. I suspect it is those who play opposite him on the screen. He is an ambitious young man. He is twenty-seven years old, six feet tall and weighs one hundred forty-seven pounds. His eyes are light grey and his hair light brown. He went to school at Maysville, Meigs, Ohio, and to the Michigan Military Academy at Ypsilanti, Ypsilanti, Michigan. His associates tell me he is likable. Anita Stewart bobbed her hair but has declared her intention to let it grow long.

M. L. S., JAMAICA, N. Y.—Ronald Colman cannot help being gratified by your praise of him. Particularly when written in that dainty hand by what I do not doubt is a dainty hand. The United Studios would send you a photograph of him.

MARGARET, DETROIT, Mich.—It is not at all unusual for girls to write me that they are "crazy" about this or that motion picture star. They do not spare the Answer Man's feelings. Aren't girls the cruel things? Conrad Nagel, whom you so much admired in "This Week in Paradise," is six feet tall, weighs one hundred sixty pounds and is blond. Married. His wife was Ruth Helm. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios must have pictures of him.

BONNE, SIOUTH CITY, Ia.—I'm glad to be your "old dear," Bonnie. Viola Dana's name is Viola Clara McPhail. Her height is four feet, eleven inches, and her weight is ninety-six pounds. She is twenty-six. Your "darling baby vamp, Clara Bow," is nineteen. Her height is five feet, four inches, and her weight is eighty pounds. I'll bet my esteemed collaborator, Mrs. Van Wyck, will sanction her proportions.

LULA, MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Neal Hamilton is the motion picture actor's own name. He was born in Lynn, Mass. What's his nationality, Lula? Right. Aren't you the clever kid?

How Lucille Young Works Her Facial Miracles
This woman can do more for your complexion than all the things you were ever told or sold for clearing your skin and removing blisters, lines, and even wrinkles. And she will send FREE material which will actually demonstrate her ability. Read her offer!

This message is for every woman. No matter how hopeless may appear her problem of beauty, no matter how plain— for Lucille Young was once positively homely. The results she gets seem like magic—but they are due to her method. The methods she uses go below the surface; go deeper than the superficial things so many women use; go vastly further in the actual physical improvement that follows.

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Lucille Young has made a life study of beauty culture. She has gone back far as the days of the old French Courts—and has advanced her discoveries through the present discoveries of Science.
These methods of today make quick work of cultivating beauty for they put a quick end to the conditions that cause a dull skin, eruptions, freckles, oiliness or dryness. Her methods accord with Nature. They get results that last.
A book telling you many of these methods, and giving you in each case the proper materials for their use, is free for the asking. It is a pity every woman doesn't know and have this book; a pity that many women still try to cultivate beauty without this clear knowledge of how to go about it.

A Marvelous Demonstration
So many claims for clearing the complexion have appeared of late years it may be difficult to believe that Lucille Young knows how to clear and beautify the dullest skin in an hour's time. So she offers to prove it; will actually give you this secret free; will send you postpaid, and without paying a small quantity of her latest contribution to beauty culture called Beauty Mask (Liquid). She invites you to apply a few drops of this remarkable product of Nature's laboratory and less than an hour later your mirror will reveal the results! Beauty Mask (Liquid) is nothing like anything you have ever before used. It's not a cosmetic. Not a clay. It is a pure purgative that clarifies a skin in marvelous manner.

It always works. At your back, Nature. The tiny tubed Beauty Mask (Liquid) is simply spread over face and covered with a fine hair net and gauze bandage and left on to its depth. A bit of warm water removes it—and a miraculous clarity and natural color is your reward. All the art of makeup cannot compete with this method!
But Lucille Young does not stop with the complexion, however, important. She shows you her new way to build a beauty of face, features, figure. Her method with hair—her scientific work for beauty of features, nose, lips, eyebrows—these are a revelation to women who have never made application of thoroughly scientific methods. Her one method of coping with superfluous hair would well reward you for writing. And these things are fully explained in this book. Bearing Beauty Yours—a book that is valuable beyond words if you value beauty and want it without cost!

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Marguerite Clark — Today

Pickford is and always has been my favorite screen actress and I am a great admirer of Lillian Gish.

Mrs. Williams doesn't believe in woman's suffrage. She has never voted in her life. Nor does she place every inch of her finger in her husband's business. As to the rumor circulated so many times about an heir to the Williams fortune Mrs. Williams herself denies it with a sad little smile.

"Only wish it were true; I would love everything better, for I adore children. But my husband and I have to make up for it as best we may by helping other people's children and giving them a start in the world. Perhaps some day we shall adopt one of our own but we have not come to that decision yet."

Mr. Harrington, as people call him, easily owns half of Patterson. His lumber mills are the principal industry, his pine and cypress forests stretch as far as the horizon, and the great estate where he and his wife live is measured in miles instead of acres. True, it fronts on the long, main street of Patterson, a few blocks above the drug store and the post office and the bank, but it is tucked on the furthermost limits of Louisiana. The thirteen dogs are a host in themselves, running across the shady lawns and romping in the sunshine as only dogs know how. Mary Pickford, Jack Dempsey, Tino, Clip, Zelly Grandpa and Bobby vie for their mistress' affection with the dignified parrot who speaks fragments of French and English.

Attached to the household are five motor cars and a staff of negro servants with their families who, according to the immemorial custom of the South, are given as much attention as children. There are only two white servants, the chauffeur and Mrs. Williams' personal maid. While the former actress does not drive any of the cars and her husband and her sons are both intensely interested in sports. They take trips up to Tennessee for the Fall games at Sewanee and Vanderbilt universities where they have several adopted students.

THE Williams house is large and old and spreading. It isn't a Colonial mansion with pillars and no one could mistake it for anything but what it is, a house built on inherited wealth, stability and tradition. Wide verandas skirt it on every side—verandas that are furnished like rooms for the Southern climate with high backed divans, writing tables, books, magazines and all the other little intimacies of a semi-tropical life. It has twenty-five rooms with a bathroom for every bedroom and "Miss Marguerite" herself has a suite finished in pale green Venetian furniture with rose silk hangings. She has also a collection of perfumes that would make the most sophisticated flapper sigh with envy.

"Everyone brings me perfumes," said Mrs. Williams naively. "I think I must have nearly a thousand bottles. Friends bring me samples from all over the world," and she proudly exhibits bottles made like tiny lions, crystal bottles from Italy, little flasks like nymphs, vials from Egypt and Persia and Southern France, all filled with the most seductive fragrance. All around the big, rambling old house are sleeping porches, for in Louisiana you sleep near a breeze when there is one, and all about it are verandas with heavy colonial chairs, small tables, green balsam and ironwork, which Mrs. Williams and her three negro gardeners tend with the most assiduous care.

Pineapples come suddenly in this part of the world, when they come at all, and there is liable to be a hurry call for blankets, burlap and excelsior with which to cover the flowers.

The Williams name throughout the South represents not only wealth but inherited wealth —money that has been acquired through generations until it comes to be taken as a matter of course. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams, the parents of Marguerite Clark's husband, live in

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I S N'T there some one man in the world that you want to help; that you want to see succeed; that you want to see get out of the rut; that you want to see in business for himself, even in a small way instead of worrying about his weekly envelope at a mere job?

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New Orleans and many a passing tourist has stopped to admire the dignified stone house in St. Charles avenue with its spreading velvet lawns. There are three other sons beside Mr. Harry—one of them and his wife live next door to them in Patterson. There are four grandchildren. None of the family ever "spurge." You never see their name in the papers except in the society column and then only in the most conservative way.

The former actress was made Queen of one of the most exclusive organizations in the world, the New Orleans Carnival balls, and held her court at the Alexis ball in 1903, the first time a woman not a native of New Orleans has been accorded such an honor. But while she is a member of the very inner circle of New Orleans social life she sees very little of it, preferring to spend her time in Patterson with her dogs and flowers.

TWO things impress you particularly about Marguerite Clark. One is what, for lack of a better word, you might call charm, a something that you cannot put your finger on, that is not brains or beauty or breeding but a combination of all three. The other is her modesty. You might think that a woman who has reached the top of her profession by her own efforts, and who is mistress of one of the big fortunes of the country might have due cause to be conceited. But she is as unassuming and simple and reserved as when she left her girlhood home in Cincinnati to go on the stage with DeWolf Hopper in "Mr. Pickwick." She admits that she has worked hard, admits that she is very lucky, that she adores her husband, that she has no regrets for giving up her career and says quite frankly that she is the happiest woman in the world.

"I know it sounds like a platitud' to say so but a happy marriage is life's best gift to any woman," is her belief. "A career is necessarily limited. There comes a point when you can go no further and even if you have gone a long way life is empty without love. But there are no limits to happiness when you are married to the man you love. It develops every year. I don't believe that marriages are made in heaven—it takes time and tact and thought to make a happy marriage. just as it does to make a successful career. But in the end it repays you more than the career a man can ever do." 

Although she believes that a woman's place is in the home and not interfering with her husband's business, Mrs. Williams is a great believer in education for women. The girls that she is putting through college are all being trained in careers so that they may take care of themselves.

"A good education is one of the best assets any woman can have," she declares, "whether she is going on the screen or in the business office or going to stay at home with her husband. I think that training on the legitimate stage is most important. Even if you want to enter the motion picture field later on it is invaluable training towards screen work."

Like most really successful people she believes that she has been extraordinarily fortunate and that very little of it has been due to her own efforts.

"I realize that for some people to have given up their career would have been impossible," she said. "But, while I was endowed with a real love of the stage I was also beset with a domestic streak—a tendency that makes me like to knit baby blankets and embroider handkerchiefs and fuss with flowers. And I can truthfully say that only my love for my husband would have replaced my love for my work. He has made up for me, a thousand times over, anything that I have given up."

Mr. Williams is quiet, cultured and as devoted to his wife as she is to him. Together they have made Patterson a place of interest to the movie fans throughout the country, Patterson with its long, main street, its one drug store, its post office and moving picture house, its little wooden railway station out on the edge of the town where the Sunset Limited

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from San Francisco to New Orleans roars through once a day without even deigning to stop. It is just such a little town as you have looked out at from the windows of the Pullman and wondered what the train was waiting for.

And she lives here all the year round," said the conductor of the Patterson Local No. 6, in a hushed voice, "Yes, ma’am, many’s the time I’ve carried her and Mr. Harry to town for a football game. And when they went to Europe last year they went up on this very train to New Orleans. No, ma’am, there aren’t any taxis in Patterson. You’ll have to ride up on the mail truck. Here, Job——" to a husky negro youth who pilots the U.S. mail, "drive the lady up to Mr. Harry’s." And No. 6 with its two day coaches and wheety engine is off across the bayous and the plantations towards Jackson and Cleveland, all the little Louisia- na towns with their old French names and the spires of their Catholic churches piercing the horizon.

It seems almost like one of the fairy tales that Marguerite Clark used to play herself when the princess woke the sleeping beauty and bore her away to his palace. And as you leave them on the sundial verandas of their like old house, Mr. and Mrs. Williams surrounded by the puppines and the flowers and the devoted negro servants and walk through the oleanders and roses, back through the bright green lawns and sleepy streets of the little town it is with the old fairy tale ending still ringing in your ears—and so they were married and lived happily ever after.

SUCCESS

By W. L. Earle

He cursed bitterly and dashed the bulky manilla envelope onto the rickety table. He sat down and glanced at it. "Well," he muttered, "I might just as well. I know it’s there anyway." Savagely he ripped it open and read the blue slip pinned to the first page of the manuscript.

THE GREAT EASTERN FILM COMPANY

We regret that the enclosed scenario is not suited to our needs.

—The Editors

"Boneheads—idiots!" he railed. "They don’t know what the public wants. They don’t know a good scenario when they see one."

Mechanically he inventoried his pockets. A knife, a key and a single dollar. The single dollar was damped down by a letter from an unknown landlord, the single bed, the washstand, his writing table. Opening a clear box, he dumped out a pile of rejection slips.

"God!" he thought. "Why did I ever think I could make a living writing scenarios? Thirty-one of them. And every one a good picture. Knit a single check. A year of starving, a year of wasted effort. Tomorrow I apply for my old job at Macy’s. I’m through."

He glanced toward the door. Halting footsteps and a wheezy rasp gave unmistakable evidence that his landlady was nearing the top of the stairs.

"Yes, I thought so," and he gave a low, mirthless laugh. "Here was the rent. Three weeks of it—and all I’ve got left is one dime."

"Come in," in answer to her knock.

"A boy just right this," she wheezed, handing him a letter.

With a forced nonchalance, he opened it and read the few short lines. The type blurred before his eyes. He felt faint and leaned against the table for support.

"Is it bad news?" the landlady queried, a note of alarm in her voice.

He handed her the letter which she read slowly.

We accept for immediate publication your book, "How to Write Scenarios that Sell" and enclose herewith blank contract for your signature.

The Pick Publishing Company

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
THE well dressed woman is always particularly in the matter of her underwear. Just as one must see the choice of the frock that she wears, or the slippers that represent her taste, or the hat that crowns her entire costume. For good underwear is the well dressed woman's real foundation of loveliness. She is proudly conscious of the possession of it. And she should be!

A fine house cannot be built upon a few worn and ugly boards and a half dozen crumbling bricks. To stand properly and to endure, it must be created over a firm, new, splendid beginning. So it is with a woman. To look her best she must be careful in regard to those pretty trifles, and those necessary other trifles, that are sensed but not seen.

A famous woman lecturer said once, in speaking with me, "I can never talk with case and confidence unless I know that my stockings are of the finest, and that my undies are made of silk!" This sounds like a silly statement, but there's good logic in it. For the knowledge that one is dressed, from the skin out, in a charming and tasteful way, does lend both ease and confidence.

There are so many really beautiful undies, nowadays! And the cost of them is not prohibitive. From the tailored pretties of batiste or silk—fitted to the lacy, impractical garments that women's hearts love best. Even corsets—once plain and workmanlike—are now extremely decorative. "Slip-ons" and "Wrap-arounds," of pliant elastic and satin and brocade, have taken the place of the heavily boned, rigid bands that once stole the natural charm of the figure.

The well-dressed woman, as a part of her trousseau, should not forget that pretty underwear is the due of a wife, also. She should not begin, after the trousseau has been purchased and threadbare to wear carelessly designed, unsightly underwear. If she wishes to keep the honeymoon glowings—as well as to keep her own self-esteem—she will continue to supply herself with good underwear.

Schoolgirl underwear should be more simple than that which is worn by the older girl or the married woman. The athletic type is usually best for the busy young person in her teens. But for party wear she should not be denied her frills and ruffles, either! Never be ashamed to spend money upon undergarments. Never be too frugal in the matter of buying good underwear. For, with the purchase of it, you will be buying confidence and charm.

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

Carolyn Van Wyck is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive circles. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it. She is also a flapper, business woman, or wife and mother. She invites your confidences and she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the decision of what clothes to come to every party, the heartbreaks of a girl who has not wished to talk with her over with some woman who could be tolerated and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor

C. R., WASHINGTON, D. C.

With your height you should weigh at least one ounce more than that of a peasant. Eating cereals with cream, drinking milk, the more cream in it the better, eating chocolate bars and ice cream, should increase your weight. Possess your soul with patience. You cannot rebuild your figure on the lines of plumpness in a month or two. In two months change in your weight should begin, in six months it should be marked.

MABEL, DAYTON, OHIO

I believe that you can correct that habit yourself with the help of some member of your family. I have known many persons who overcame wrong facial habits by asking persons in their household to tell them whenever they were practicing it. For instance a girl who frowned when she was much in earnest stopped doing so because her mother called "halt" each time the frown appeared. Ask your mother to tell you when she notices the mouth twisting. Any remedy for oily hair, or any shampoo, that you see advertised in this magazine, you may safely use. Nothing is advertised in its pages that it does not guarantee.

PHILIA, NEWARK, N. J.

An astrigent lotion applied with a bit of cotton or an old handkerchief, used daily, should gradually close your relaxed pores. The brilliant yellows, as orange, now so popular, should be most becoming to you. Dress up to your eyes, that is, have them in mind when choosing a color. That shade which matches your eyes, whether dark brown or reddish brown, should be eminently becoming.

M. D., LONDON, ONS.

Give each of your talents a chance. That which most pleases others probably is your greatest gift. The instinct plus reason of the onlooking public, is nearly unerring. Your coloring is so vivid that a few dabs of powder, to dust them enough. I recommend the powders which the magazine advertises. For Photoplay never prints advertisements of anything it cannot guarantee. I wish you success in finding "yourself" and your channel of usefulness, my dear. No life is successful which does not perform directly or indirectly, some service to humanity. The girl who sings well performs such a service, so does the man who paints a good picture. A fine old book that concerned itself with personal advice advised: "Be pretty, Be kind, Be intelligent."

What does Your Nose Register?

Long, pointed, hook, pug, shrew? THEN CORRECT IT by a painless scientific method AT HOME. Your daily life is a constant "close-up"—and an imperfect nose is a drag to success—to happiness and most of all, to your personal charm. Colorless noses, low complexions, beautiful eyes are nothing if your nose is ugly.

My 15 years of experience in perfecting nose shapers have proven that to the unfortunate possessors of ill-shaped noses I can offer the most marvelous Nose Adjuster of the age. My latest improved model No. 25 (U. S. and many foreign patents) has so many superior qualities that it surpasses all my previous shapers and other nose shapers by a large margin.

This new model has every refinement that you might need: the adjustments are simple and such that it will fit every nose without exception. The apparatus is constructed of light weight metal and is afforded very accurate regulation for adjustment into any desired position. You can attain the absolutely exact pressure for correct fixing of the various nasal deformities such as: long-pointed nose—pug—hook or shrew nose, and still gain marked success in modulating the distended or wide nostrils.

There are no strips to be pulled in order to exert pressure on the nasal organ.

Model No. 25 is upholstered inside with a very fine chamomile (covering a layer of metal) which protects the nose from direct contact with the apparatus; this lining of metal causes an even, moderate pressure on the parts being corrected, thus avoiding a harsh, violent pressure in any one place.

Model No. 25 is guaranteed, and corrects all nose failures. It is quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. It is to be worn at night and, therefore, will not interfere with your daily work.

If you wish to have a perfect looking nose, write today for my free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost or dissatisfaction.

Clipped coupon below, insert your name, and address, plainly, and send it to M. Trilety, Binghamton, N. Y. For the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied, in his guaranty.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Desiree, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
I think you would do well to bring your weight down to one hundred thirty pounds. More vigorous exercise, a cultivation of the outdoors and abstention from sweets and starches would help you to achieve the reduction. Most persons are too impatient to bring about a change. Flesh slowly accumulates; it is still more tautly in leaning. I think the blackhead in your case, since you have convinced me that you are careful to keep your face free from dust, are due to relaxed pores. Wear the magazine's guaranteed facial astrigent. If you have natural color you should wear gray to advantage.

BUSINESS GIRL, CHICAGO, ILL.
You can wear any of the colors becoming to brunettes even though your hazel eyes change the stereotyped color of the dusky one. Because of your height which I agree with you, makes your dressing more complex, I suggest browns, dark blues, greens and white. Between these slowly accumulates; there are not conspicuous. Save the brilliant shades as sage and flame and orange for facings and other touches in your costumes. I advise dark flat hats. Yes, the orange tint of rouge, for despite the hazel eyes you wear a brunette, your skin is olive and the skin may be considered the final test in choice of colors.

Your hands are large, you say, and since you use them for typewriting in business hours and the piano in social ones, you want to make them an asset instead of a liability. Clever and right. Use soaps and lotions that bleach, for you must keep them white. See few rings. If any, fine. If rings challenge the eyes of those who might otherwise pass your hands and rest upon your face, which I assure you are handsome.

MEG, LAWRENCE, KAN.
"Eyes set with a sooty finger" is a figure of speech. It is not a common phrase. It means that the environment of those eyes is dark, that is, that the eyebrows, eyelashes, and possibly the lids look very dark. Gray eyes are classed by artists as the eyes of intellect. Therefore, be proud of that pair of gray eyes that, glancing with health, intelligence and kindliness are indeed beautiful. Florence Ziegfeld, the producer, says that gray eyes are never beautiful because they are cold. That is one person’s opinion, even though it be the dictum of one who is an authority on feminine loveliness. Yet Peggy O’Neil, the Irish American beauty who has charmed London for three years in one play, has gray eyes—large glorious ones. A “short upper lip” is what the adjectives say, no more, no less. It is regarded as a mark of beauty, and of particular descent. A long one is accounted an index of the reverse.

Freckles are not ugly in the "good old summer time." They seem to belong to the season. But in the winter they should be encouraged to fade. Certainly a "tall girl can be charming and need not be ungainly." Too much alcohol has a drying effect upon the hair. Discretely applied it is a corrective for oiliness.

YOUNG, CRATSTILL, N.Y.
I am going to receive the photograph of a girl so wholesome and smiling. Don’t let the smile fade, Frances. The smiles that please are not the trained ones, but those that rise from a sunny heart, from the relief of some lovely, healthy organ. It belongs to your type of carefree face. A poet wrote of a rose like yours that it was "tipped with a flower," doesn’t that reconcile you to its retrograde quality? Be healthy and happy, little friend, and I guarantee that your friends will think you most attractive.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
**FRECKLES REMOVED SECRETLY AND QUICKLY**

No matter how freckled, muddy or blotchy your complexion may be, it is naturally clear and white. One jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream will prove it to you. Freckles, tan, sallowness, vanish away under the magic of this cool, fragrant cream. It has a double action. Freckles are gently bleached out and at the same time your skin is whitened, softened and refined. Salve, blemishes and can be applied secretly at night. Used the world over for 35 years. Face skins constantly grow worse unless something is done. Freckles are caused by strong summer light which tends to age and wrinkle the complexion as well as discolor it. You’ve heard it said that blouses “age rapidly.” This is the case.

Costs Nothing If You Are Not Pleased

You were not born with freckles—why put off reaping the milky white skin that nature gave you? Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. Two sizes, $1 and $6 at druggists and department stores.

Send for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and let us tell you what your type needs to look best. We are giving $1.50 bottle of perfume free to each girl who buys $3 worth of Stillman’s toilet articles in 1925, other than freckle cream. 

**GRAY HAIR? Don’t have it**

Let me tell you the quick, easy way to get back original color

**FREE BOTTLE**

**WHY let gray hair spoil your chances?** is a question I often want to ask. It is such an unnecessary handicap when restoration is so simple and easy. And—It costs nothing to learn how. I invite everyone with gray hair to send for my free trial outfit, which contains a trial bottle of my famous hair color restorer. Test as directed—learn for yourself that you needn’t have gray hair at any age.

A scientific laboratory preparation

Mary T. Goldmann's Hair Color Restorer is a scientific, reliable preparation which always does the work. It brings back the natural color of your hair so perfectly that no one will suspect you once were gray.

Apply it with a comb

My restorer is very easily applied—you do it yourself, without help. You simply fill out the coupon and address to:

The Talmadge Sisters

By Their Mother

A Review by Ada Patterson

T

 HIS book about Norma, Constance and Natalie is most naive and appealing. A mother who has noticed the first signs of talent expanding beyond her daughter's world-wide fame, must have something especially interesting to say about them. It is a remarkable human document. I can't remember another quite like it." Ellis Parker—yes, the author of "Pigs is Pigs," wrote this in an introduction to "The Talmadge Sisters. By Their Mother."

The volume is a loving, understanding, but not too laudatory searchlight turned upon the three Misses Talmadge by the woman who guided the beginnings of their careers and whom her children called and still chirrumply call "Peg." They were addicted to abbreviations in the family, for Norma is known to them as "Norm," Natalie as "Nat" and Constance as "Dutch." Their book is a review of their lives from the morning of bravely borne poverty in Brooklyn to the splendid noon in Hollywood, New York and Paris. An intimate document that links these three talented sisters with you and me and all the other folk of an everyday world. That is its greatest charm. It contains a flash of wisdom from Norma, "Tales of stars," and Constance with her incident in "A Dutch Tale," that the young men who want to adopt the screen as a profession. And the prophecy that Constance will soon stop to lombaying to play emotional roles as deep and heart-rending as herself. There are pleasantly told stories of the courtship and marriage of Norma and Natalie and an appreciation of the gifts and characters of the writer's sons-in-law, Joseph Schenck and Buster Keaton. With a never a word about the eliminated and not lamented member of the family whom Constance briefly introduced into it, the alien John Talmadge.

"Peg," as Mrs. Talmadge is known to her intimates, writes of her own girlish desire to paint great pictures and the "early marriage" that brought with it heavy responsibilities that soon crowded out every opportunity for the accomplishment of this hope, and of her "secret resolve that if ever I had any children I would encourage every sign of talent in them, hoping all the while that painting or sculpture would be their choice."

As Norma grew into her teens she developed successively an inclination to be a nun and another to be a trained nurse. While Constance played with boys and climbed trees Mrs. Talmadge was beset with a new fear. Besides her was a black-robed, sacrificial sister in the family there might be a circus performer. Natalie had a brief and intense devotion to reading. "Peg" was deeply anxious lest their "Nat" should become an anemic bookworm. Mrs. Talmadge sums up her observations and her conclusions as to her brood in its growing state with: "I have learned during many years of watching normal little girls grow up that childhood is simply a series of phases. However alarming a phase may be, it inevitably passes only to give way to another to which the young spirit groping its way from one room to another in the house of life."

Norma Talmadge loved and still loves birds. At her home at Beverly, she is an immense bird avairy. Her first grief was the death of a pet sparrow. She believed that it died of a broken heart. Her mother withheld her conviction that small Norma had smothered it among the too protecting blankets of her bed. This was the epitaph which the weeping child attached to the top of a cross improvised of laths:

TO MY SPARROW

BY NORMA TALMADGE

In this grave a sparrow lies.
He was very smart and wise.
He had a pair of shiny gray eyes.
He was about a hen's egg size.
He was very good and never told lies.

So he went to heaven and there he now flies.

The sisters gave first indications of the talents of their later life when they began putting on plays of Norma's composition. Norma played queens. Constance was Constanza de Talmadiego, empress of the circus, startling the neighborhood with her trapze feats. Natalie designed the costumes. A friend wrote them a commercial course and became the business executive of the family.

Director Wilmore of the Vitagraph told Norma she could not act. She burst into tears and called him a brute. He said, "Why don't you always behave like that instead of pulling idiotic faces before the camera? I still say that you can't act but you have something very precious, which is personality."

J. Stuart Blackton, at first boded by her attempts, let her loose on one scene. Afterwards he embraced her mother's hand and said: "If your daughter does not make one of the biggest successes in the business my experience counts for nothing."

"Norma threw her arms around my neck and hid her face in my shoulder," writes Mrs. Talmadge. "I felt her tears."

Norma Talmadge's advice to those who would go on the screen is to be sure that they possess requisites which she tabulates:

1. A camera face.
2. Mobility. The facile power to reflect all human emotions and shades of emotion.
3. The natural talent.
4. Brains with which to supplement and develop talent.
5. Health.
6. Imagination. The power to visualize and create.

7. A sense of drama—an instinctive feeling for conflict and situation.
8. That indescribable quality, the keynote of the whole—screen personality.
9. Perseverance and willingness to work, without which talent, face and personality are nothing.

Mrs. Talmadge concludes her admirable effort as a biographer of youth with this nugget of advice to other mothers:

"It is not true that your daughter does not need to depend upon favor; that she is well fitted physically, mentally and morally for the work she undertakes; for its pleasures and its pains, its temptations and its ways of resistance. Then sit back and have faith that patience and hard work and stamina will do the rest."

They've come to it at last. A motion picture company is going to start a school to train men and women in screen acting. Famous Players-Lasky are the pioneers in this and you will learn all about it in the May issue of Photoplay.
Reduce your Figure to Ideal Proportions

Friendly Advice

[Continued from page 137]

Gwervolyn, Dallas, Tex.

You wear your hair above your forehead, which lengthens it. Try brushing part of it off your brow.

HURES, BEDFORD, MASS.

Don't worry about your figure proportions at your immature age, little friend. Well, if you insist, your weight should not be more than one hundred pounds. If it is ten pounds less you need not be anxious. That may be due to rapid growth. As to the other measurements they are not, at your age, arbitrary. Nature is apt to be freakish until the full growth is attained. Write me on your eighteenth birthday. Then we will again take up the matter of proportions.

GRACIE, MUSKEGON, MICH.

You were indeed in a desperate mood at the close of the year. I hope that the New Year has solved your problems in a gentle way. Time often smooths the trouble wrinkles from our lives. Since the young man loves you and has forgiven you I advise you to marry him. Do all that you can to be a good wife. If the ghost of his jealousy ever again arises be tender and understanding but answer truthfully his questions.

ESTELLE, CHICAGO, ILL.

Persistent use of vaseline rubbed well into the eyebrows and eyelashes has caused them to grow thicker and longer. I know this from observation and experience. Other preparations with an oil base are as efficacious.

H. G., ONTARIO, CALIF.

I would brush my hair higher to give greater apparent length to my face. Brush the bang sidewise to break the straight line. Encourage fullness by brushing your hair upward. Hair specialists advise brushing the hair upward to give it greater vitality and luster.

Your height and weight are well balanced, provided I guess your age correctly from the photographs. But photographs may mislead in this respect. According to a table prepared by physiologists a girl of fifteen and a woman of fifty-five who are of the same height differ in weight twenty-seven pounds. There is a gradual increase between three and six pounds, every five years.

I think your proportions are beautiful. I would not tamper with them. I would use medium powder. We would depend upon green as my most reliable friend among colors.

HELEN M., WILMINGTON, DEL.

Your physical culture instructor at school must tell you that. One girl who has a great deal of vitality, and whose muscles are trained, can run twice as fast and far as another less well equipped. Get expert advice about the track.

Think more about your studies and less about the problems of which you write me, for the next year or two, my dear Helen. Your mother, aunt or grandmother would be the best adviser, because either, or all of them, knows the persons involved in the questions you raise. The personal life is a mighty thing from one birthday to the other extreme of life. It must always be taken into account.

CONNIE, MASS.

You don't want to be as tall as your mother, whose height is five feet ten inches, and want to know whether the use of rubber stockings will only reduce and shape the limbs but give excellent support and a neat and trim appearance.

They relieve swelling varicose veins and rheumatism promptly.

When next to the skin they induce natural heat and keep it in the body. They stimulate the circulation and are a great protection against cold and dampness.

Ankle, per pair $7.00
Stockings, per pair $12.00

Write for booklet to

DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER, 398 Fifth Avenue, New York

---

CHERRY LIPS KEPT SOFT and smooth by using

**MENTHOLATUM**

freely before retiring

Write for free sample

unnecessary, for at twelve she stopped growing and never resumed it. She is one of her best friends. She is charmingly petite. Her height is five feet two inches.

**SALLIE, JERSEY CITY, N. J.**

A little lemon juice in the rinsing water of your shampoo will emphasize the brightness of your hair. I know blondes who take intelligent care of their hair. They beat the white of an egg and lemon juice together, rubbing the mixture into the hair during a shampoo. They find that the white of an egg softens the cuticle of the lemon juice. Your druggist has for sale the astringents advertised in this magazine and guaranteed by it. It is tonic for relaxed pores and flabby skin. There may be some sauciness of the pug nose. Time and growing up may sharpen it to your liking. Wash your face in olive oil instead of water before retiring. Remove the oil with the dust, using a pad of soft cotton. Pat into the cleansed skin a nourishing cold cream or a good skin food. Use powder upon a foundation of cold cream.

**EDNA R., JEFFRIES, Mo.**

I don’t think you have given the cosmetics a good trial. Did you follow the instructions to their use? Try them for a longer time. If after a few weeks or a month you find them too harsh for your skin, select a cream that is more soothing and relaxing. Your druggist should be informed and able to advise you. Meanwhile there is olive oil, which, in its pure state, is an excellent emollient.

**IRISH COLLEEN, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**

You are a trifle underweight. Drink more milk. Eat much pure ice cream. Encourage your liking for sweets or develop such a liking. Be, for a time, a Hun lady. Have olive oil cold cream into your neck if you think it should be plumper. The eruptions on your skin prove that your blood stream is not quite clear. Do you think you try Neutroids often enough? Once a day is a enough. A physician, face to face, could advise you better than I can at a distance on how to cleanse your blood. Generally a diet composed of fruits and vegetables will serve that purpose. If your face is round, bobbed hair should be becoming to you. As a rule it is more becoming to the petite than to the tall.

**BETTY JANE, OAKLAND, CAL.**

It was not possible to get an answer into the magazine before your marriage, Betty Jane. Magazines, like stars, seem to the onlooker to move more or less slowly through their orbits. I hope the hastily placed trumpet for De Louiseau was a pretty one. You have learned in your new home that a tea wagon is used to wheel the dainties from the kitchen or pantry, where they are arranged, to the hostess. And that hostess serves her guests from it, passing the cups and plates thence to them. May your marriage be one long honeymoon. I am sorry you did not write me in time for an answer in Photoplay before your wedding.

**A. M., IONIA, MICH.**

Hair is not harmful to the hair. If administered by an expert it will brighten it. You refer, I think, to bella donna. Be careful. I advise scrubbing the affected parts with water and soap and anointing them with an astringent to close the pores. Afterwards apply a mild cold cream. Then resolve never again to have blackheads. For, whisper, they are all much alike to you, but has settled into the pores and has there remained. The shapes of noses may be changed by delicate surgery. There are surgeons in most large cities who do this type of work. Be sure to engage a reliable one.

**MITZI H., NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Darkest rouge and brunette powder for one of your coloring, Miss Mitz. The confessedly sallow complexion will be aided by wearing that wonderfully "clearing" color, green, and by much white. Flame shades and the oranges will emphasize your good points in coloring.
Ramon Novarro in Europe

[Continued from page 58]

years' standing, we were invited by friends to the Casino de Paris, the best Parisian revue.

The revues of Paris bear about the same relation to the Ziegfeld Folies as the Columbia Burlesque does. There is this difference: whereas the Columbia burlesque ladies go in for the prim propriety of tights, thus putting to shame practically all the little maidens of the Parisian revues go in for nothing at all. Each seeks about as haughtily nude as if she thought she were Betty Illyne.

Royce and Royalty

I will pass over Ramon's Roman triumphs, the ovation given him by four hundred Italian extras who had rendered cheers following his great galley scene, the reception accorded him by His Holiness Pope Pius XI with the special privilege of visiting the private garden of the Vatican, the great chariot scene which he enacted by special command for their majesties, the King and Queen of Italy, the Prince Umberto, Prince Exhibitioner Giovanni. I prefer to record the real Scaracouche in his adventures rather than the celebrated Mr. Navarro in his ovations.

No lack of sensuality of anyone of such celebrity I've ever known. For all his wit and daring he is aloof. One of his most ardent admirers, a little girl working at the American Express in Rome, confidently avowed that 'You'd be a wonderful instructor!' That, in my opinion, is the highest compliment that can be paid an actor.

A Miscast Princess

Ramon's old Italian valet came in a few of excusable, one day to announce that the Princess B— wanted to meet him.

"Who is the Princess B—?" asked Ramon indifferently.

"She is first lady of the court," breathed the old man excitedly.

"Well, bring her over on the set some day," replied Ramon briefly.

The Princess' visit was followed with a deluge of invitations to teas and dinners, social events which Ramon loathed with a terrible loathing. Again the valet interceded for the Princess with tearful pleas about her position at court.

Novarro's only observation was, "As a princess I consider her badly miscast."

I know the three great Latin cavaliers of the screen, Novarro, Valentino and Moreno. Each holds an idealistic, almost fanatical regard, for women, and by the same token none of them are women-izers. They have been taught that women must be wooed long and ardently under balconies. Naturally, with this old-fashioned idea of courtliness they are rather taken back when the fair ones hurl themselves over the balustrade at the first romantic glance.

Let me hasten to add that the Princess B— is not representative of Italian women, whom Novarro regards with high esteem, chiefly, no doubt, because of the difficulties that challenge a meeting with them.

Travel, Travel Little Star

From the moment Novarro blithely boarded the Leviathan for Europe to do "Ben Hur" he was bombarded by his personal batteries. I learned from observation to pity the poor movie star. He may travel the world over, but no matter how far he flies he'll find that he is, after all, just a bird in a gilded cage. If he gets stiff on vodka in Vladivostok or picks his teeth in Pango-Pango the New York papers will carry the news the next day (by special cable dispatch). Daisies won't tell but tourists and wherever the sun's rays breed animal life.

Learn Stage Dancing From This Maker of Stars


For Health, and Beauty, Too

Many take the Ned Wayburn courses merely for the glowing health, beauty of figure, the fascinating grace, poise and charm that a study of stage dancing gives. You may be overweight or underweight — nervous, or generally run down. The Ned Wayburn Courses are specifically adapted to help you overcome your bodily imperfections in the shortest possible time.

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Everywhere you go the saxophone will win you from the audience. See the list of all instruments to play. On a York saxophone you can be a great musician in a short time.


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$2 Brings This Genuine Diamond Ring

SUNNY and sweet for the most sentimental, this lovely, sparkling diamond ring offers you remarkable, unique beauty of design. No other ring of its size will equal it. The diamonds are genuine, not paste. The setting is of white gold, of modern design, hand-enscribed mounting. It is Hallmarked '14.'

We take all chances—you are not satisfied at the end of ten days for any reason whatsoever, return the diamond ring in its and your deposit will be refunded. FREE of cost. Be sure you mail your order NOW! No order will be accepted after December 15th. If you purchase one of the really rare designs you will, of course, be charged extra.

Address Dept. 250, Est. 1926.

NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY

Don't delay. Order now at lowest possible figure. We guarantee prompt and complete satisfaction. No red tape—no delay. Just mail this offer for a magnificent diamond ring you can afford—and we take all the chances in the world that you will be satisfied. Free Booklet.

Address Dept. 296, Est. 1926.

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

51 Maiden Lane—New York

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The golfing boy of the Italian version of "Man Who Wasn't There."
was over a rock precipice that descended to a narrow beach by the sea. Leaving our bags in a room of the hotel we essayed the descent by means of a ladder and a rope, both of which I suspect had been used by smugglers on many occasions. We hurried along the narrow strip of sand toward the French line. Just as we were striding across it we were halted by Italian soldiers. Novarro registered a there-must-be-some-mistake expression of angelic innocence, explaining that we were stopping at the little hotel of whilst we were half a dozen. Observing that we were without baggage the guards reluctantly let us pass. Thirty minutes later we were in the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo preparing our elaborate toilettte for dinner with the aid of a broken pocket comb. The toilettte was futile as far as the hotel was concerned. The maître d’hôtel aghast at our appearance refused to admit us to the dining room where only stuffed dinner jackets were permitted.

We played in the Casino for three evenings with an infallible system for winning which Senor Novarro invented. We didn’t play the fourth evening because we had no money. Everyone who goes to Monte Carlo finds an infallible system for winning. I suggested that Mr. Novarro, to be original, might advertise his as a sure system for losing.

In the meantime we received a telegram from the hotel manager, forwarded by San Remo, stating, “Impossible to cross border.” Novarro’s reply, dated from Monte Carlo, was, “Thank you, don’t count on me until next Wednesday.”

The factotums of the Hotel de Paris regarded us as dangerous suspects instead of eccentric millionaires on a lark, as we tried to pose. They would follow us to the Cafe de Paris across the gardens with threatening hills, since the only security the great Novarro left in his room in the way of baggage was the piece of pocket comb.

But we had our laugh. When we returned to Rome we found an apologetic item in the Paris Tribune:

A number of distinguished visitors at the Hotel de Paris the past week was Mr. Ramon Novarro, the famous American cinema star who has created a sensation recently in France with his Scaramouche. Mr. Novarro came so quietly, with practically no baggage, that he was not recognized before his departure.

When we called at the Riviera later, but we did not stop at the Hotel de Paris. We deposited our eight bags in an apartment of the Imperial hotel at Mentone, near which Novarro purchased a house along the pines on a slope overlooking the Mediterranean.

While seeing Europe with a movie star is to be more seen than seeing, there is an adventurous thrill in travelling with a Scaramouche who is great enough as an artist to pass for a mere vagabond—or just a human being.

**Wives With Hips**

**WHY try to conceal broad hips? Or to hide fleshy thighs? It can’t be done. But you can reduce every extra inch, every extra ounce.**

No wise woman under fifty need have “matronly” proportions.

No woman who knows needs control her figure.

You can redistribute your weight with less effort—and with less expense—than resorting to complicated and discomforting of dress. You can weigh and measure what you have and make it fit.

Hips Six Inches Smaller in a Month Steady Reduction of 5 lbs. a week Here’s a method that has slenderized thousands. Women of all ages, maids and matrons, have used it and know.

Use this remarkable method to dispel all flabby fat, and make more slender.

Make arms that have grown flabby firm within a week.

Reduce large bust four inches in a fortnight.

Bring waistline down to normal in a month.

**Slenderize hips you thought “hopeless.”**

Mold heaviest thighs to shapeliness. Take off all excess fat, anywhere. Restore and keep a supple firm line. Are these things really possible? Yes, and by a **pleasant** process. Wallace reducing records give anyone with a photograph absolute control of weight. People try them for the fun of it—but they soon see real results! For those simple little movements, irrestibly timed to music now can be bought with thousands of pounds of every pound of it—it’s all the rage. Well, you say. Wallace reducing records offer a normal and natural way of growing slender. They are highly beneficial to the health. How much safer than anything to swallow? How much more sensible than bulky things to wear.

**Free Test of Get Thin to Music**

To find out what these records will do for you is a simple matter; a week’s test will tell; this test is absolutely free. If you would like to try one of the records Wallace has provided for this free demonstration of his famous reducing method you should mail this coupon:

WALLACE REDUCING COMPANY

610 W. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please forward FREE and UNPAID for a week’s free trial the original Wallace Reducing Record.

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Happy Feet Now

Oft the joy of shapely feet that feel snug and happy in stylish small shoes. You need no longer tolerate Bunions.

PEDODYNE, the magic Bunion Solution, removes that ugly lump instantly, harmlessly and painlessly. Then you may go upon your way without any fear of it recurring.

To send such a wonderful remedial cures to your neighborhood, I make this limited offer for ONE WEEK ONLY. Write today. It is a real bargain. But don’t think that these bunion cures are something to joke about. I will cheerfully arrange to send you a free sample of Pedodyne for your own use, so you can recommend it to your friends. My education, please write me personally NOW.

J. H. RAY, care KAY LABORATORIES

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Sent on Trial

To introduce this wonderful remedy in your neighborhood I make this limited offer for one week only. Write today.

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If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!
Vol. XXVII  No. 6

May, 1925

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Make this your reference list.

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$5,000 is waiting for YOU in the Fascinating Cut Puzzle Contest in the Next Issue — Out May 15
Corinne Griffith in "Declasse"

BEAUTIFUL Corinne Griffith has Ethel Barrymore's famous role in the screen version of "Declasse," Zoe Akins' stage success.

The picture tells the story of an English noblewoman, her name whispered among all the scandalmongers of London, who comes to America—"the land of second chance." Her adventures, and how her sense of honor and the traditions of her family save her from destruction, make this one of the fascinating of all Miss Griffith's pictures. The all-star supporting cast includes Lloyd Hughes, Clive Brook, Louise Fazenda, Rockliffe Fellows, Hedda Hopper, Lilyan Tashman and Gale Henry.

Robert Vignola directed.

"My Son"

NAZIMOVA has the featured role in a picturization of Martha Stanley's recent Broadway stage success, "My Son."

It is a story of intense drama, laid in a Portuguese fishing village, and the famous Russian emotional actress has reached—as one critic put it—"the pinnacle of a career that has never known a failure." Jack Pickford plays the son—the boy who, in his mother's eyes, could never do wrong. In the supporting cast are Hobart Bosworth, Ian Keith, Charles A. Murray, Mary Akin, Constance Bennett and Dot Farley. Edwin Carewe, one of First National's leading producers, directed "My Son."

On the right is Nazimova and Ian Keith in a scene from the production.
AIR HAWK, THE.—F. B. O.—An air thriller with Alждith Weld that is likely to prove doing some wonderful stunt flying. (February.)

ALASKAN, THE.—Paramount.—This story of human in Alaskan wastes isn’t what it should be. We cannot expect Tommie Meighan to perform the impossible by making a great picture every time. (February.)

AMERICAN MANNERS.—F. B. O.—Incoherent story, maimed and poorly directed with abandonment of slapstick comedy and story sub—a—fascinating. (February.)

ANOTHER SCANDAL.—Hodkinson.—A daring story of a grass widow who tries to steal away a husband. Sophisticated or cheap, it all depends upon the viewer. (February.)

ARIZONA ROMEO, THE.—Fox.—The story is weak and silly but you’ll enjoy it because of Buck Jones. (February.)

ARGENTINE LOVE.—Paramount—Bebe Daniels brilliant in this South American romance. Story follows a love affair from a complete wreck by Modge Kennedy and Conan Trace. Not for children. (March.)

BANDOLOERO, THE.—Metro.—A cumbrous and druggy tale, over titled, with superb atmosphere and a strong but flabby climax. (December.)

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.—Luce.—Once again there is a lovely Southern girl in desperate love with a handsome Northern officer. The direction makes Miss Hunt’s picture a winner. (November.)

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY.—Associated Exhibitors.—Just a fairly entertaining film with the great Chicago fire of 1871 as a background to keep the hero and heroine united. (February.)

BATTLING ORIOLES, THE.—Pathe.—Brisk, amusing in many places, but a bit tiresome. (Jan.)

BEAUTY PRIZE, THE.—Metro.—Veda Dana is a winner of a batting girl contest and finds herself involved in a lot of excitement. Just fair comedy. (December.)

BELOVED BRUTE, THE.—Vitagraph.—A Western story concerning the widespread exploits of the hero whose strength so fascinates the girl he loves that she capitulates. (January.)

BORN RICH.—First National.—The younger set to the fore again. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor are the husband and wife in the inevitable triangle, which is happily broken up. (February.)

BRASS BOWL, THE.—Fox.—A series of mysterious murders is committed, the chief suspect being a gold-digger. (December.)

BREATH OF SCANDAL, THE.—B. P. Schulberg.—Teeming with action, this fast moving drama of modern marriage reaches a happy conclusion. (November.)

BROKEN LAWS.—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid’s new picture sounds a caution to indulgent mothers. For parents and children alike. (April.)

CAFE IN CAIRO, A.—Hunt Stromberg.—In which Priscilla Dean plays the part of an English girl who grows up in the belief that she is the daughter of an Arabian tribal chief. Nothing to rave about. (April.)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Preferred.—A propaganda picture against capital punishment with George Hackathorne excellent in the leading role. Decent picture. (April.)

CAPTAIN BLOOD.—Vitagraph.—Of the old roistering days of 17th century and revoludes around a series of sea battles. Splendid entertainment. (Nov.)

CHAMPION OF LOST CAUSES.—Fox.—Story of a clever crook. Sad entertainment. (April.)

CHARLEY’S AUNT.—Producers Distrib. Dist.—Don’t miss this. Syd Chaplin becomes a perfect screen comedienne. (April.)

CHEAPER TO MARRY.—Metro-Goldwyn.—A matrimonial drama along the gold-digger type. Amusing. (April.)

CHEAP KISSES.—F. B. O.—This is C. Gardner Sullivan’s first production. The story, although about the jazz age, is quite different from others. It is amusing and enjoyable. (January.)

CHRISTINE OF THE HUNGRY HEART.—First National.—A full and episodic treatment of the neglected wife theme. (January.)

CHU CHIN CHOW.—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another spectacular production that doesn’t amount to a row of pins. (April.)

CIRCE.—Metro-Goldwyn.—Boring tale told to be an original film tale by Busco Ilanze. Too many closeups of Mae Murray. (November.)

CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS, THE.—Paramount.—Not Director James Cruze at his best and yet slightly better than the average photograph built upon a murder love story. This is Virginia Lee Corbino’s first grown-up role. (December.)

CLASSMATES.—First National.—This time Richard Barthelmess has for his leading lady Madge Evans, in her first grown-up role. The average screen follower will adore Richard as a West Point cadet. (January.)

CLEAN HEART, THE.—Vitagraph.—From the novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of “If Winter Comes.” Jameson Thomas and Marguerite de la Motte are especially suited to their roles. It is an interesting and appealing character study. (Dec.)

CLOUD RIDER, THE.—F. B. O.—Dandy realistic and homesteader goodness aerial stunt in this picture. Entertaining. (April.)

COMING THROUGH.—Paramount.—A pleasing Tom Meighan vehicle. Cast good, action splendid. (April.)

COMIN’ TIRO’ THE RYE.—Terry.—You’ll enjoy real thrills if you stay at home. It’s the world’s worst. (March.)

COURAGEOUS COWARD, THE.—Capital Prod.—Westerneer’s son goes to the wide open spaces to remove his yellow streak, and does. Children will enjoy it. (February.)

CURLYTOP.—Fox.—Shirley Mason treads through a goody-good-ly role in London’s wicked Limehouse district. Tiresome. (March.)

DANCERS, THE.—Fox.—Nothing out of the ordinary. An Englishman returns to his childhood sweetheart only to find her a victim of the jazz craze. (March.)

DANGEROUS FLIRT, THE.—F. B. O.—Intriguing drama, unusually bit of the dash of the ruse. Evelyn Brent is good. (February.)

DANGEROUS MONEY.—Paramount.—This is Bebe Daniels’ first starring picture. Just another fluffy film story with William Powell, the scoundrel who tries to get Bebe’s money. (December.)

DANTE’S INFERNAL.—Fox.—This is a queer mixture of a modern story and Dante’s immortal effort, interwoven. Brinnibeth, prizet and Bathing girls Shades of Dante! (December.)

DARK SWAN, THE.—Warner Brothers.—Not a world beater. Another variation of the ugly duckling with half-sisters in love with the same man. (Feb.)

DAUGHTERS OF THE NIGHT.—Fox.—Wild and improbable melodrama. Two brothers run away from home. There’s a villain, a fire, a chase, parental forgiveness and happy ending! (February)

DEADWOOD COACH, THE.—Fox.—Tomm Mix shoots, rides, climbs, leaps and does his way through this rousing melodrama. You’ll like it. (April.)

DESERT OUTLAW, THE.—Fox.—Not much of a story, just western melodrama with action galore. (November.)

DEVIL’S CARGO, THE.—Paramount.—One of the best pictures we’ve seen in some time. It is sprinkled with good comedy relief. (March.)

DICK TURPIN.—Fox.—By far the best thing that Tom Mix ever did. (April.)

DIXIE HANDICAP, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn.—A new concept turned into a melo—swell—thriller intended to stimulate the most blasé. (March.)

EAST OF SUEZ.—Paramount.—Pola Negri does not measure up to her previous screen effort. An intriguing story, splendid sets, good cast and excellent characterization. Not a family picture. (March.)

EAST OF SUEZ.—Paramount.—Pola Negri does not measure up to her previous screen effort. An intriguing story, splendid sets, good cast and excellent characterization. Not a family picture. (March.)

ENTICEMENT.—First National.—Be sure to leave the children home. A story of a girl’s trust in a man. (April.)

EMPTY HANDS.—Paramount.—Story of engineer and society girl lost in wilderness. Experiences cure for city bred. (December.)

EXCUSE ME.—Metro-Goldwyn.—A rollicking comedy filled with plenty of good laughs in a novel setting—a transcontinental railroad. (April.)

FAST SET, THE.—Paramount.—A bit soggy. A novellet and his wife have quarrel. The husband introduces a girl of the streets into their midst. Usual ending. (April.)

FASTER WORKER, THE.—Universal.—A capable cast makes this picture thoroughly entertaining. Reginald Denny does some thrilling automobile racing. (December.)

FEET OF CLAY.—Paramount.—Cecil B. De Mille’s newest find, Vera Reynolds, in her first big role. Hectic, and apt to disappoint. (December.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10 |
What makes HAROLD LLOYD stand out from the crowd?

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**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

(Continued from page 8)

**FEMALE, THE**—Paramount.—Poorly handled story of girl and family from Richard Harding Davis’ “The King’s Jacket.” Edmund Lowe plays the lead. (December.)

**HOT WATER**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd still continues to be one of the leading role. (April.)

**HUSBANDS AND LOVERS**—First National.—A delightful story of a married couple. The couple is superbly done by Lewis Stone and Florence Vidor. (January.)

**HIDE TONGUES**—First National.—Action interesting. (April.)

**IF I MARRY AGAIN**—First National.—Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes make this romantic melodrama worth seeing. (April.)

**IN HOLLYWOOD**—First National.—Tills will attract, but this story of a screen vamp (Anna Q. Nilsson) who isn’t really what she’s painted in air-line. (April.)

**ISN’T LIFE WONDERFUL?**—Universal.—Artistic production that approaches perfection. You live the struggles and hardships of a family of Polish refugees settled in Germany after the War. (February.)

**IT IS THE LAW**—Fox.—Another melodrama of the eternal triangle with plenty of suspense and thrill. Carrera’s a surprise patch. (November.)

**JIMMIE’S MILLIONS**—F. B. O.—A tiresome picture. Richard Talmadge fights, runs and climbs buildings throughout. (April.)

**K—THE UNKNOWN**—Universal.—Overdrawn story but surgically cut. (March.)

**LADY, THE**—First National.—This mother-lover story proves Norma Talmadge to be a great emotional actress. Be sure to see this! (April.)

**LAST LAUGH, THE**—U. F. A.—One of the greatest comedy short stories ever filmed. (April.)

**LAST MAN ON EARTH**—Fox.—Stale story from this picture. It is the dullest shown in many months. The title tells the story but not badly enough. (February.)

**LAUGHING AT DANGER**—F. B. O.—The much talked about death ray may be a bit old-fashioned in Richard Talmadge’s fight to win the girl. Action and athletics galore. (February.)

**LEARNING TO LOVE**—First National.—Consuelo S delicately and convincingly in the various ways to capture a husband. Good comedy. (April.)

**LET’ER BUCK**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson swaggers through this as a he-man of the great outdoors and the hero of the hour. (March.)

**LIFE’S GREATEST GAME**—F. B. O.—This time, Enno Johnson, in unindicated our baseball players. Full of hokum melodrama but the baseball appendix has its interest. (December.)

**LIGHTHOUSE BY THE SEA, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Rain runners plot to frustrate U. S. Revenue officers by subduing the keeper and his aides. Edwin K. T. and all is saved. (March.)

**LILY OF THE DUST**—Paramount.—From Soderman’s “Song of Songs.” Tale lacks real appeal. (February.)

**LOKED DOORS**—Paramount.—In which the husband unwillingly agrees to a divorce when his wife falls in love with a young gallant. Theodore Roberts in a lovable role. (February.)

**LOST CHORD, THE**—Arrow.—A sobbing melodrama based on the song by Sir Arthur Sullivan. (April.)

**LUSTY LADY, THE**—Warner Bros.—A dull story. Irene Rich gives one of the finest performances of her career. (April.)

**LUSTIEST WORLD, THE**—First National.—A spectacular production introducing prehistoric animals. Cleverly done. (April.)

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LOVER OF CAMILLE, THE—Warner.—Taken from Such a Gentleman's drama of a famous pantomimic clown and his unhappy wife for "the lady of Camille." In the film it somehow borders upon saccharine sentiment. (January.)

LOVE'S WILDERNESS—First National.—The "wilder ness" is picturesque, but the "love" is incon vincing. Corinne Griffith, as the heroine, makes an undeniably choice performance, but finally marries the right man. (February.)

LURE OF THE YUKON, THE—Lee-Bradford.—Con versely, gold rush stuff with plenty of red-blooded action. (November.)

MADONNA OF THE STREETS—First National. Marking the return of Nazimova but otherwise a draggy and sordid tale. Not for children. (January.)

MAN IN BLUE, THE—Universal.—An impossible plot with Madge Bellamy and Herbert Rawlinson doing their utmost to put it over. (April.)

MAN MUST LIVE, THE—Paramount.—Good entertainment. Richard Dix, as the hero, decides sympathy isn't worth while on an empty stomach and starts a strike for the workers. (February.)

MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Fox.—Easily the best picture of the month. Hero and heroine fight battle of redemption and win. (November.)

MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, THE—Fox.—The story was Edward Everett Hale story of the young army officer who cursed his country. Adequately done but too long. (March.)

MARRIED FLIRTS—Metro.—The old theme of the wife who neglects her personal appearance and loses her husband. Pauline Frederick gives a striking performance. (March.)

MEASURE OF A MAN—Universal.—A weak melodrama with an episode likely to be too morbid for the average audience. (January.)

MESSALINA—B. O.—Spectacular story of ancient Rome revolving around dissolute wife of Emperor Claudius. Difficult to follow. (November.)

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS, THE—C. B. C.—A rallentando melodrama. (November.)

MIDNIGHT MOLLY—F. O.—Evelyn Brent in a dual crook role proves to be rather interesting. (April.)

MILLIONAIRE COWBOY, THE—F. B. O.—A picture to follow all an actor and a story. (December.)

MISS BLUEBEARD—Paramount.—Plenty of bosom-bumping obtained through the story. French actress. Bebe Daniels plays the lead. (April.)

MONSTER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A real thriller with lots of mystery. (April.)

MY HUSBAND'S WIVES—Fox.—A silly story of a young girl who marries her school-chum's ex husband. (January.)

NARROW STREET, THE—Warner Brothers.—You'll get plenty of entertainment and good clean fun out of this story of a nineteen months old man who is the general manager and husband of the midget's daughter. (March.)

NAVIGATOR, THE—Metro.—Buster Keaton is at his funniest. You'll laugh your way through six thousand feet of film. (December.)

NEVER SAY DIE—Associated Exhibitors.—When a fellow flings his.estado of life and starts to live as he pleases he is a sick man with a new marriage his friend's sweetheart that they might inherit the fortune and then doesn't die—his trouble. Another amusing Douglas MacLean effort. (April.)

NEW LIVES FOR OLD—Paramount.—Fine entertainment. Well cast, well directed and fine photography. (April.)

NEW TOYS—First National.—A comedy of mar riage. Formerly Mrs. Dunbar (Mrs. Bartholmes) are the married couple. (April.)

NO GUN MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn is the only redeeming feature. It will please the young boys. (March.)

NORTH OF 36—Paramount.—Gripping drama of pioneer adventure. Features a great cattle drive. (February.)

OH, DOCTOR!—Universal.—The story of a hypo chondriac who in the course of a simple operation is cured of his many ailments. (January.)

ONE NIGHT IN ROME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A long suffering duchess unjustly accused of being the cause of her profligate husband's suicide. Happily ending. (November.)

ONLY WOMAN, THE—First National.—A trite story of a woman who is a lawyer and wins her marriage with a waster. Norma Talmadge's acting is adequate. (January.) (CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)

WILL-Much Do Artists Earn?

WOULD you like to earn $100 a week as a commercial artist? If you like to draw, you should develop your talent, for well-trained artists earn $75, $100, $150 a week and sometimes even more. Beginners who can do practical work soon command $50 a week.

The Federal home-study course develops your talent on a sure foundation by the quickest possible method, and makes the work truly a pleasure. It is the original, practical course in commercial art, created by men with more than 25 years' experience in the field, and after 10 years' unrelenting success today stands unassailed as America's foremost course in Commercial Designing. It contains exclusive lessons from leading American artists, gives you individual personal criticisms on all lessons, and teaches you the methods that make your drawings worth real money.

FEDERAL STUDENTS MAKE GOOD INCOMES

These are typical letters from many hundreds in our files:

Byron C. Robertson, a Federal School graduate, writes:

"The reason why I enrolled with the Federal School was that they had many students to point to who made good. Today I am on the art staff of one of the largest illustrating concerns in America, receiving a salary of $5,000 a year. It was indeed a lucky day when I enrolled. The lessons by such great contributors as Coles Phillips, Edwin V. Brewer, Chas. F. Chambers, and others equally well known, are an inspiration and a decided help."

D. L. Rogers says:

"I found only one school that had real sound backing for all its statements and that was the Federal School. From my experience I am satisfied that the Federal School has the quality of education to offer that places the need in the market. I wish to recommend this course very highly and my advice to those who are earnest and 'game' enough to work for bigger things in the commercial art field is, 'Take the Federal Course.'"

Florinda E. Kiester writes us:

"Besides the good training I have received from the course when I took it, you people have always given me such wonderful help in my work that I shall be proud to be able to say I am a graduate of the Federal School."

A letter from Mr. Lloyd Shirley:

"I feel as though my old days of drudgery were a bad dream. Now I am earning $350 a year and I have just started. This commercial drawing is work I love to do. If it had not been for the opportunity of studying art in my spare time and the kindly interest of the Federal faculty, I would have never gotten out of the rut I was in. The practical, thorough, short course I took with the Federal School made my success possible."

Send Today for "YOUR FUTURE"

If you are in earnest about your future, send 6c in stamps today for this book. It is beautifully illustrated, tells every detail about the Federal Course, gives you convincing proofs of its merits and shows work done by Federal Students. Fill out and mail the coupon NOW, kind, stating your age and present occupation.
Would Immortalize Wallace Reid

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Your fitting tribute to Wallace Reid in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY was indeed touchingly sincere. The familiar caption, “Lest We Forget,” had a different significance than ever before. Although I am but a high school student, Wallace Reid has been my favorite ever since his “Firefly of France” and “Valley of the Giants” and his other early successes (which I saw in England) right up to his last pitifully humorous “Thirty Days.” Judging from the many letters to “Brickbats and Bouquets” the plea of thousands has been granted.

Mr. Lasky, himself, said that the screen is the medium through which Wally would remain immortal. But is it so? Two years have passed since his death and since any of his pictures have been shown anywhere in the United States. While the fans have not forgotten, it seems that the exhibitors have. I feel sure that there must be many who would give anything for the chance to live the beautiful, gossamer-like “Forever,” and the delightful whimsicality of “Clarence” over again.

Is Wally the lost, indeed, to the actual screen? Would not an occasional revival be a worth while dedication to his memory, as well as a medium to gladden the hearts of his followers of old? Who, except the Exhibitor, knows how we feel about it? I hope something can be done about the matter.

JOHN MCANDREW.

Wants Us Oftenest

Chicago, Ill.

I wish you would publish PHOTOPLAY every week, or at least twice a month. I am through reading it and now I must wait a whole month for the next issue. I am a photo play fan and always follow your judgment of a picture.

May I say a word about my favorites? Glenn Hunter is positively marvelous; his acting couldn’t be better. Ronald Colman is very good. Pola is superb. Rudy was wonderful in “A Painted Devil.” He did fine acting but he will never come up to “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.” Something is lacking in the Shiek. Why don’t we see more of Ricardo Cortez? John Gilbert cannot be beaten in a movie race.

NORMA A.

Some Thoughts on “Greed”

Coronado, Calif.

Without having seen Mr. Von Stroheim’s production of “Greed” (and there’s a doubt if I ever see it, as few, if any, Metro-Goldwyn pictures are shown in Coronado or San Diego) I am offering an objection to your criticism on this production in the February number of your magazine. You say the picture is sordid, depressing, brutal, shocking, almost indecent. Surely it must be if it has followed the story as written by Frank Norris. Was not the whole story as written by Norris, entitled “Mr. Tendal’s” the description of Von Stroheim’s production? There was hardly a cheerful chapter in the novel. I heartily agree with your statement on another page that it would have been much better if Von Stroheim had given us a few morning glories opening to the sun instead of dead cats, but how much better it is to film a story as an author has really written it than to have scenes of suffering public stories written by favorite and popular authors mutilated beyond recognition.

However, I sincerely trust there is no offense in this letter. I only wonder if those in the motion picture industry, those higher up, ever realize what the public puts up with in some pictures.

With all good wishes to PHOTOPLAY.

CLAIRA P. LINDEN.

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

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

Praise from Hawaii

Wapakee, Hawaii.

I have been a constant reader of your interesting publication—have not missed a copy of it for six years. In my opinion the “Stage” is the best feature in your publication. I think that your reviews are more reliable.

“The Romantic History of the Motion Picture,” by Terry Ramsaye, is another illuminating article.

You have been publishing lately many articles about love by the stars. I agree with Mrs. T. B. Foreman who asked in your February issue what some of the stars know about love. Still, they have a right to express their opinion.

HARRY HANZAKA.

Rosemary for Remembrance

Springfield, Mass.

What a splendid surprise when I opened my new PHOTOPLAY and there was the picture of our beloved Wally. My whole family are ardent admirers of Mr. Reid’s acting. After his passing out I couldn’t bear to go to a motion picture for a year. For me there will never be another picture to compare with “Forever” and never another player to take Wally’s place, although there are many whom I admire.

Mrs. Reid’s article, “The Real Wally,” is surely appreciated in this family. I, for one, wish to thank her and I am sure there are millions of the same mind. For of all the people, young and old, who have spoken of him in my presence, there has never been a dissenting voice.

I hope I have been able to express my sincere thanks to Mrs. Reid and the magazine for the picture and article. I hope that from time to time you will publish more of his pictures. Mrs. F. E. Grahm.

Likes Conway Tearle’s View of Love

Chaffee, Me.

To me the definitions of love by the twelve wise men of the screen in your February issue were very interesting. I especially liked the one given by Rudolph Valentino. I also liked Cora and Tearle’s that “love is L-O-V-E.” It remains for us to make the best of it.

But who could help being interested in everyone of them? I can say that I greatly enjoyed reading every opinion.

MRS. H. B. TOMLINSON.

Perhaps They Needed Kleig Lights to Help the Sunshine

New York, N. Y.

I have just finished reading your very interesting article entitled “My Estimate of Eric Von Stroheim.” It is one of the best articles I have ever read. Please accept my compliments.

I am moved to write you about a little picture which appeared in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY. I have studied the picture again and again and have finally become convinced that California is the most astounding place in the world. The picture referred to contains four figures. Helene Chadwick is reclining on a beach. Standing near her is Bryant Washburn and near him stand Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. The queer part of the picture is that Miss Chadwick’s shadow goes off toward the east, that of Viola and Shirley to the west and Bryant has no shadow whatsoever except a little smudge beneath his nose. Can you, please, inform me what kind of sunshine they have out in California.

H. W. ROBERT.

Indianapolis Salutes

Indianapolis, Ind.

I wish to express my thanks for the appreciation of the article and picture of Wally Reid. It was something all movie fans wished for. He will never be forgotten. I hope that some day his best movie works will be re-released.

DICK J. KENNEDY.

Spare Our Blushes, Pansy

Buffalo, N. Y.

You don’t remember Pansy, do you? Of course not, for it has been so long ago, as life runs away, since she wrote her first appreciation of your efforts to make PHOTOPLAY a constantly better and better magazine. I have been following it for years and rejoiced to see its steady improvement.

I enjoyed very much your dissertation on “Greed.” How I laughed at your back somberness, as you termed it. I love the way you express your meaning. There’s always a laugh near the surface. And how right you are about Von Stroheim! If he could only get rid of that mental twist that inspires him to throw “dead cats instead of morning glory.” What a perfectly stunning simile. How did you ever think of it? That’s Mr. “Von” to T.

If he only had a touch of Cecil De Mille and a little touch of Harold Lloyd, wouldn’t he be a corker? I loved “The Merry Go Round” and always thought it was “Von’s” until now I learned it was really J. Julian’s.

“Fools in Love” was frightful and I suspect “Greed” was too. What will he do to Mae Murray? Faithfully yours,

PANSY.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]
The Ratchet Gear Shift can be placed in various positions if you were going into Low, High, or Reverse.

Do you want your son to be the happiest boy in town? Do you want to gladden his heart? Here then is your chance. Just imagine the days, weeks and months of muscle-making, health-making fun this Fully Equipped 1925 "Buick" will give your youngster. This classy speedy Racer is Powerful, Sturdy and Easy Running. Its equipment is Complete. Its radiator and hood are similar in design to the new 1925 models. Its colors are a knock-out:—Brilliant Apple Green, with Chrome Yellow Striping, and Vermillion Red Wheels. Body, hood, gears and wheels are made of high grade steel. The car throughout is built to stand Rough Usage and Hard Knocks. It is High Class, Strong and Superior in every way. Your boy wants an auto that he will be proud to show the fellows, so this is the car for him. The up-to-the-minute equipment will gladden his heart, for he will know that his car has everything the big cars have. This "Buick" is equipped with a "No-Dead-Gilter" Gear, the Exsllsting Running Gear made. It requires no effort to start from any position or to get up speed quickly. The Gear Shift can be placed in various positions. Just as if you were going into Low, High or Reverse. The lever-controlled ratchet brake is a splendid feature.

Just think of this complete equipment: Cast Aluminum Motometer, Adjustable Windshield with Spot Light, Drum Headlights, License Plate, Front Bumper, Strong Clear Horn, Gas Control Lever, 10 inch Six-Cell Double Disc Wheels with 1/4 inch Heavy Cushion Rubber Tires and Block Rubber Footpad that can be adjusted to your boy's leg-lengths. The attractive Instrument Board has stencilled Oil Gauge, Clock, Ignition Switch, and Speedometer. A Chummy Car from Front Bumper to Gas Tank. Length of car over all is 46 inches. Made for boys 3 to 10 years old.

Send for this Boy's Auto today. It will be wonderful for your youngster's health. It will give him sturdy legs, strong stomach muscles, and the rugged vigor that comes with exercise in the open. Regular Value $22.50. Order No. SA69. Sale Price $14.95. Terms: $1 with order $1 monthly. Orders will not be accepted from children. Coupons must be signed by adults.

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You don't take a single chance in ordering this Fine Boy's Automobile. I will send it at once on 30 Days' Free Trial at My Risk. This means that every day for a whole month your boy can use it as if it were his own. If both you and your boy are not satisfied at the limit you can return the car, no matter how much it has been used. I will refund your first payment and all transportation costs. The trial will not cost you a penny. There are positively no strings to this Free Trial Offer. The Big Price Cut makes this a Smashing Bargain. The 30 Days' Trial Guarantees against disappointment. The monthly payments make the purchase easy. Send your order today.

Don't Buy Anything Anywhere until you see my Big Free Book. It shows Thousands of Bargains in Furniture and Everything for the Home. My Prices are the Lowest. I give the Largest Trial to Pay and a 100% Back Bond with Everything. SEND FOR BIG FREE BOOK TODAY.
Amazing New Beauty Mask
Transforms Your Complexion—
While You Sleep!

WOMEN and girls, here’s wonderful news! Thanks to a new, simple, pleasant silk-face-mask treatment, which works while you sleep, you can say “Good Bye” to muddy, sallow, blemished complexions—rough, ageing skin—crow’s feet and tired lines around eyes, nose, and mouth—pouchy, double chins and thin, scrawny, unhealthy necks.

You can look years younger and many times more beautiful without paying a cent to beauty parlors or high-priced specialists. For this remarkable scientific face-mask method—the crowning achievement of Susanna Crockett, of New York City, who has done more than any other person for the health and improvement of women—can be used by any woman right in her own home. It takes only a few minutes to apply and just a few nights’ use will freshen and rejuvenate your skin as effectively as a $100 course of beauty treatments.

Surprising Results the First Night

This new face-mask method works so rapidly that the very first morning will bring an improvement in your complexion that will surprise and delight you. Many say that two or three nights’ use is more effective than months of ordinary creams, lotions and other cosmetics.

With this new method you can bring out the hidden beauty of your complexion—the fresh, clear, healthy skin—the sparkling eyes, the delicate pink cheeks.

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Just what every woman has been waiting for at a price everyone can afford “BEAUTIBUST!” for real bust and neck development.

No foolish or dangerous systems, but a real and very successful natural method that will be extremely pleasant and beautiful. You can’t fail to have something of this sensational new beauty method. Everything mailed (sealed) for only $1.25. Do not lose this opportunity. It can not be repeated.

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Don’t Miss a Single Number of PHOTOPLAY during the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest starting June issue. Special six months’ subscription rate $1.25. Send M. O. or Check to PHOTOPLAY, 750 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Brickbats and Bouquets
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Drifting with Richard Dix

Terre Haute, Ind.

Occasionally you meet a movie fan who does not like Gloria Swanson. I think he has more cinema art than any other female star. She and Rod La Rocque together are perfect. No other picture pair compares with them. They are the perfect lovers.

And may I add to my list the name of Richard Dix? He is a wonderful actor. When you see him in a picture you drift off with him. One who wants to forget old trouble should go to see Gloria Swanson, Rod La Rocque and Richard Dix.

B. M.

A Plea for Reverent Handling of Fantasies

Los Angeles, Calif.

I possess many Oz books, well thumbed, showing many happy hours spent with them in my childhood. With delight I hailed the advent of “The Wizard of Oz” on the screen. After seeing it I was disgusted, disappointed and disillusioned. The beautiful fantasy of childhood degenerated into a miserable, third rate, slapstick comedy.

Larry Semon, how could you? Frank Baum, what are you thinking of? Would Frank Baum, Sr., were he alive, allow his wonderful fairyland to be populated thus by silly, scheming, slinky politicians, the whole film over-dosed by the usual Larry Semon mule kicks, mud spuds, and other obvious, cheap gags?

A woman seated next to me said, “This is as bad as that Peter Pan business.” Why, there is no comparison. Those who have read and love Barrie’s immortal fantasy realize how closely Mr. Breen clung to the original story. He didn’t, as did Larry Semon, murder a marvelous myth.

Hats off to Herbert Breen. WILMA C.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

ON THE STROKE OF THREE—F. R. O.—lame, small town inventor goes to New York, is double-crossed but finally wins fortune and girl at same time. (February)

OPEN ALL NIGHT—Paramount—Novel story but at times a bit soiled in presentation. Story of woman who grows tired of over-gentlemanly husband and seeks cave man but gets over it. (Nov.)

PAINTED LADY, THE—Fox—On a South Sea Island cruise, a painted lady meets a real he-man and through his love “comes back.” Not for children (December)

PAMPERED YOUTH—Vitagraph—A main street story of a spoiled, snobbish, high handed young man. Not so good. (April)

PARASITE, THE—R. P. Schulberg—A society drama of a divorced woman who tries to regain her husband’s love. Not much. (April)

PETER PAN—Paramount—A perfect picture of a perfect story, with a perfect cast. Everybody in America should see it. (March)

PRICE OF A PARTY, THE—Associated Exhibitors—Another story of Manhattan’s nightlife. Fairly good entertainment of its kind. (December)

QUO VADIS—First National—A picture dealing with the martyrdom of the Christians during the reign of Nero. (April)

RECKLESS SPEED—Capitol—Just a fair picture. Wealthy oil man is being swindled out of his well, but brawny son saves the day—and well. (February)
Will She Run Her Fingers Through Your Hair

-When You're 40?

By Alois Merke

Founder of the Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Ave., New York

Suppose, instead of that thick, healthy-looking head of hair—you had a bald spot. Suppose, as you grow older, the hair on the top of your head thins out and falls!

Will she be as proud of your appearance then? Will she be as happy to be seen with you? Will she take pleasure in sitting on the arm of your chair and running her fingers through your hair?

Will your friends begin to class you as old—and not a few call you “baldy”?

If your hair is thinning now, how much will you have when you’re 40?

New Hair in 30 Days—or No Cost

If your hair is getting thin and falling out, stop it right away. If you see a bald spot coming—or if you already are bald—cover it up with a new growth of hair before the spot gets any larger.

Great numbers of others have done it—easily—and at home. No one to depend on but yourself—no listening to the unscientific advice of barbers and paying for useless tonics and salves that never bring the desired results.

You can grow hair on that bald spot, you can have a new growth of hair in 30 days or it will cost you nothing! If you don’t see new hair coming—if you fail to get results—it won’t cost you a cent! That’s a guarantee, and I stand back of it. If you aren’t satisfied with results, just tell me. You are the sole judge.

Wake Up Those Dormant Hair Roots

I’ve proved that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead—but merely dormant, temporarily asleep. Ordinary methods fail because they treat only the surface skin, not the roots. You can’t make hair grow by massaging the scalp with a tonic any more than you can make a tree grow by rubbing the bark with growing fluid. You’ve got to get to the very roots themselves. You’ve got to stimulate action and life by stimulating the dormant roots that contain the life.

And that’s what my system does. It wakes up the cells that have been sleeping and inactive. It gives them the nourishment they need and stimulates hair growth. My system gets right down into the roots, right down to the cause of the trouble and goes about correcting baldness in a scientific, sure way. The fine thing about it, too, is that this treatment can be taken without the slightest discomfort or inconvenience in any home in which there is electricity.

Already my method has given new hair to hundreds of others. Men and women who were fast losing their hair—many who have not done what I said it would. And the 30-day trial won’t cost you a cent!

Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

There are few cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But since I’ve grown hair for so many hundreds of others, isn’t my method worth finding out about—isn’t it worth trying for 30 days without risking a penny?

No matter how thin your hair is now—no matter how many other methods you have tried without results, just send for the 32-page book telling about this wonderful, scientific way of growing hair. You’ll find in it, beside a complete explanation of the method, scores of reports from others which will be just an indication of what this treatment will mean to you. Just fill in and mail the coupon below, and I will gladly mail the book. It’s vastly worth your while to get the full details of the famous Merke Thermocap Treatment. Fill in the coupon today. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 395, 512 Fifth Ave., New York.
Redeeming Sin, The—Vitagraph—Nazarov romping through the role of an Apostle can't be helped.

Riddle Rider, The—Universal.—A new serial with a hero who is a newspaper editor by day and a master of detective work by night.◆◆◆

Ridin' Kid from Powder River, The—Universal.—A conventional Western melodrama revolving around the conflict between the government and the Indians.◆◆◆

Ridin' Pretty—Universal.—Just another Western—no better—no worse than the average.◆◆◆

Roaring Adventure—Universal.—Another Jack Hoxie Western, this time in the Southwest.

Romola—Metro-Goldwyn.—George Eliot's novel proves a poor vehicle for the Gish sisters.◆◆◆

Rose of Paris, The—Universal.—Another variation of the Cinderella theme. Mary Philbin is the Cinderella, and Tom Terriss the machinations of an inferior story.◆◆◆

Roughneck, The—Fox.—Robert Service's melodrama well acted by George O'Brien.◆◆◆

Sainted Devil, A—Paramount.—Rudolph Dirks once again in colorful South American atmosphere.◆◆◆

Salvation Hunters, The—United.—Unrelieved tragedy. Now-moving tale of a boy, a girl, and an orphan wolf, clawing up from the mud.◆◆◆

Sandra—First National.—A week story writely done, with some very good parts.

Silent Accuser, The—Metro-Goldwyn.—A melodrama with a dog, Peter the Great, as the star. The dog's acting is the one saving grace.◆◆◆

Silent Watcher, The—First National.—Hollywood's Frank Loesser scores again with a mordant, uneventful vehicle for Barbara La Marr.◆◆◆

Sign of the Cactus, The—Universal.—Jack Hoxie becomes a Robin Hood of the West. Nothing to get excited about.◆◆◆

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Slaughterhouse Bells—Metro—Highly amusing comedy of the ultra, modern younger set, depicting a few new tricks.◆◆◆

Seven of the Sevillies, The—Producers Distributing Corp.—An enjoyable picture of old Seville with its romances, joustings, bull fights, and woman fighters. Priceless.◆◆◆

Sleeping Cutie, The—F. O. B.—Two pals substitute in a basketball game. They know nothing about the game and their maneuvers are a scream.◆◆◆

Smoulderers, The—Universal.—Don't miss this picture. Intriguing situation of a woman of forty in love with a youth of twenty. Pauline Frederick is good, and wins her audience.◆◆◆

Snob, The—Metro-Goldwyn.—Monte Bollain directs another hit. John Gilbert is excellent as the professor and Norma Shearer is admirable as his wife.◆◆◆

So Big—First National.—A thoroughly enjoyable picture. Colleen Moore steps before the public as a comedienne.◆◆◆

This Is Marriage—Metro-Goldwyn.—A soundfu­尔 attempt to win the wife by means of a story, told in an entirely colorless flashback.◆◆◆

Speed Spook, The—C. C. Burtt.—A racing driver uses a publicity stunt to put the girl's father on his feet. Plenty of speed and excitement.◆◆◆
I have retired from the ring, the undefeated lightweight champion of the world. Through clean living, clean thinking, clean training, I have won the esteem of a host of people, and, believe me, I don't purpose to lose that esteem. In fact, I am elated beyond words that I am now in a position to make a contribution for the benefit of the public—the same public which has been so good and so affectionate to me.

All through the years of my intensive preparation and training, first for winning the world's championship and then for holding it against all contenders, I employed, in addition to physical workouts, another policy which the world has never been told of. I can tell it now. It is this: I resolved to scientific study of the human anatomy through books. I don't know if ever a professional boxer did that before. The combination of all these things, the study of the body, the exceptional methods I myself discovered and perfected as a result of my own experimenting, the invaluable experience and opportunity for observation which was mine when I trained thousands upon thousands of Uncle Sam's Doughboys in the war, has enabled me to get at the secrets of physical fitness and culture. And I am going to pass on to the public the results of my findings in the shape of "The Benny Leonard System of Promoting Physical Fitness." Whether you have ever taken physical

The BENNY LEONARD SYSTEM OF PROMOTING PHYSICAL FITNESS

culture courses, by mail or in gyms, or not, you will be interested in my new practical methods. Because my system is designed to meet the needs of each individual. I adapt it to your requirements by study of your conditions, just as I first studied my own. If, for example, you want bigger muscles, I'll give them to you. If, on the other hand, you are just the normal human being who has no desire for performing feats of strength or for large, weighty muscles, but who does want a taut, healthy body, scientifically attuned—a body of all-around championship fitness—that spry step, that sparkling eye, that deep chest, glowing cheek, firm hand-clasp, that "devil-may-care" feeling of confidence and "all's well with the world" spirit that makes for success—that wins you the respect of men and the admiration of women—if you want it all, then you'll find in my system a long, long, long-satisfied. Every living creature, no matter what his or her work may be, owes himself or herself good health and a sound body. You can get it and keep it with my system.

Send for my free booklet "NOW I CAN TELL YOU"

It is impossible to tell you about my methods in this space, so I have set down my thoughts in a fascinating booklet, entitled "Now I Can Tell You"—which tells you all about it. If you are already a physical culture fan you will find it entirely different than anything you've ever read on the subject. And, if you are not, you will find it loaded with human interest and many sidelights about my colorful career, which information alone will repay you the minute it takes you to write me to send you a copy (use this blank; mail it to me today—right now—while it's on your mind.

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Send this coupon at once.
I will answer personally,
Sixty Two percent of Washington and Baltimore Debutantes find this soap the best for their skin

Last month we published a report on 224 New York and Boston debutantes, showing the very large extent to which Woodbury's Facial Soap is preferred above all other toilet soaps by these two groups of young society girls.

In order to make our survey more complete, we followed our New York and Boston investigations with a similar inquiry among Washington and Baltimore debutantes.

The results are fully as interesting as those of our previous investigation.

Woodbury's six times as popular as any other soap

Among the entire number of Washington and Baltimore debutantes presented this season, 62 per cent were regular users of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

The Woodbury users numbered six times as many as the users of any other soap.

Among Baltimore debutantes alone, Woodbury's was nearly eight times as popular as any other soap.

There are more than 500 different brands of toilet soap on the market today.

Why is it that, with this bewildering assortment to choose from, the majority of society debutantes in New York, Boston, Washington, and Baltimore are overwhelmingly in favor of Woodbury's Facial Soap?

Why these society girls use Woodbury's Facial Soap

The answer is two-fold—because with a society girl the care of her skin is a matter of primary importance; and because of the wonderful efficacy of Woodbury's Facial Soap and the famous Woodbury treatments in helping women to overcome common skin defects, and to keep their complexion smooth, clear and flawless.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for each type of skin. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter and begin the treatment your skin needs.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special treatments. For convenience—get Woodbury's in 3- or 12-cake boxes.

FRee Offer!-Send today for the free guest-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations with new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

The Famous Woodbury Treatment for Blemishes

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear hot water, then with cold.

Copyright, 1922, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
BEHOLD Greta Nissen, late of Norway, who startled Broadway first-nighters when her blonde beauty and figure were first revealed a year ago in "Beggar On Horseback." Paramount saw her first and she will decorate "In The Name Of Love."

New Pictures
KEEPING track of Seena Owen is no easy task because of the way she flits from picture to picture and coast to coast but a camera man caught up with her in Hollywood the other day and here is the result. We like it, don't you?
A H, OUR BEBE, the pride and joy of the Paramount studios. If there's a girl who is more universally popular than Senorita Daniels or more willing to do her share of the day's work, she hasn't been detected as yet.
ONE GUESS why Billie Dove was one of Ziegfeld’s Follies best bets before she became a leading woman in pictures. Right you are. The fair Billie still is in the ascent. Wasn’t she beautiful in “The Wanderer of the Wasteland”?
MARY BRIAN flashed into film fame in the cinema version of "Peter Pan." For her brilliant portrayal of Wendy in that delightful fantasy, Paramount rewarded her with a long term contract. She now is playing in "The Little French Girl."
THIS seems to be Norway's month in our art gallery of beauty. Dorothy Seastrom is one of the glorified mannequins of "The Dressmaker From Paris." They call her "the Venus of the Snows" for short. Not difficult to gaze upon—what?
WHEN this picture of Dorothy Gish came to our desk we recalled the little ragamuffin in "Hearts of the World" and wondered if this beautiful cherub could possibly ever have been that little hoyden. She is making "Night Life in New York."
To prevent
"laundry and dishpan hands"

Women who do their own work find this method keeps the skin soft and white

How often have you asked yourself this question?
"Oh, isn't there some way I can do my washing and dishes and yet keep my hands looking nice?"

Millions of other women have answered "yes." Let them tell you how they do it.

One of them says:
"I never use anything but Ivory either in the laundry or kitchen work and for a very good reason. People have often said to me, 'Why do you always use Ivory Soap? Do you not think it extravagant?' And my answer is, 'I find it most beneficial to my skin.'"

MRS. A. J. L., Toronto

Another says:
"All these years I've been using Ivory, not having it used, and my hands are the constant source of envy from my friends. They've said to me, 'How on earth do you keep your hands so white and so soft?' My answer is 'Ivory.'"

MRS. G. M. B., Dallas

A man writes:
"This winter has been the first in many years that my mother's hands have not become painfully chapped from housework, and she attributes her good fortune entirely to the fact that she used Ivory Soap exclusively for all purposes—even for scrubbing."

W. J. G., Philadelphia

Your personal laundry

Below are listed the washable articles in the wardrobe of the modern woman. Every one of these garments requires the care and protection provided by Ivory (cake or flakes).
silk stockings * scarves
silk lingerie * dresses
silk nightgowns * handkerchiefs
silk blouses * ties
colloquial * skirts
sweaters * cuffs and collars

* The garments indicated thus should be tubbed in Ivory soaps as soon as possible after they are worn.

Ivory Flakes for Shampoo

Ivory has of course been used for shampooing ever since it was first made 46 years ago. Now many women have found that the instant, rich suds from Ivory Flakes does the work quicker and leaves the hair smooth and soft and fluffy.

Ivory Flakes

For a very special need a sample—FREE

If you have a particularly precious garment that will stand the touch of pure water, let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes to wash it with. With the sample will come also a beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," which is a veritable encyclopaedia of laundering information. Address a postcard or letter to Section 45-EF, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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PHOTOPLAY

May, 1925

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

RUDY has had another battle with his producers. Hand in hand with Natasha he walked out of the studio when the head of the Ritz Carlton company had the temerity to differ with them on the choice of a director.

We are getting a little weary. Money in itself is not artistic, but it is hardly more than a year ago that a few yellow backs looked as beautiful as Titian paintings to the Valentinos. Even Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini, if we may mention these has beens in the same paragraph without any offense, had rich patrons.

I HAVE noticed that when the artist thinks he is the better business man, the business man proves to be the better artist.

NO one person is greater than motion pictures, and the public that bestows a million dollar wreath one year may replace it with a garland of garlic the next.

ALL of which reminds me of the story of Mike Gore and Sol Lesser, that ideal combination of ancestry that hold the California franchise in First National. Sol, who is a delightfully pleasant and good natured chap, was starting east for an annual franchise-holders' conference.

"Kick about everything," advised Mike, as his partner put on his hat.

"Everything is fine—what'll I kick about?" asked Sol.

"Just kick," said Mike. "Remember it's the wheels that squeak that get the grease."

Sol looked thoughtful a moment. "Yes, Mike," he said, "you're right. But they use grease on skids also."

OUR Adela (Rogers St. Johns) has just published a novel based on life in the studios. The title is "The Skylark." Adela knows more about Hollywood and the motion picture colony than any person in the world, and if ever the anthology of that city of tragedy and comedy is written I hope she writes it. At her delightful home many of the so-called "cat parties," tea-sipping gatherings of the younger set, are held. In a letter she wrote me recently, she says:

"It makes me so darn (printer, get that right) mad when I hear people panning our whole crowd. This afternoon the gang was over to grab and tea and mess up a few rubbers of bridge, but they got so het up in a dis-cussion of babies that they ruined the game just when I had a hand that looked like a grand slam in no trumps. Leatrice Joy, Mildred Lloyd and Florence Vidor got going about their babies and I quit in disgust. You'd think Leatrice knew everything just because she had read Dr. Hoot's baby almanac, and Mildred talked as though she had as much experience as Mary Carr. They certainly are a tough gang of hell raisers, home wreckers and abandoned women."

AS I left the theater after viewing "Sally," that delightful screen version of Florenz Ziegfeld's musical comedy I overheard a dignified and matronly looking lady remark, "Delightful, but no punch—no thrill." No, and no precipice wrestling, no fistic battle, no scarlet love scene, no western bar-room shooting affray, no brutal attack on the heroine.

Just a wonderful evening's entertainment, worth anybody's time and money.

But ladies must talk, and she is probably the same one who won't miss a sex thriller, but will sign any petition for censorship.

NEW YORK is agog with the problem of immoral stage plays. Motion picture producers as a whole are so well committed to the making of pictures that will not offend public taste that we hear few complaints nowadays.

But the theater—whew! They've given the reformers real ammunition.

Channing Pollock, author of "The Fool," and other plays, put the whole question in a few wise words when he said recently:

"An immoral play is a play that is meant to be immoral. Nothing can be immoral that is seriously intended. The subject matter is nothing and the intention everything. An immoral play is one in which as much as possible is made of the opportunity to be immoral instead of as little as possible. I have never yet heard of an excuse for producing a salacious play that wasn't just as good an excuse for running a brothel."

Well said, Mr. Pollock. We thank you.

Mr. Hays, that conscientious guardian of the motion picture, tells his producers that he has no formulas for what they should do, and only one formula for what they shall not do: that they shall not offend common decency.

An hour's speech in a few words.
What is Love?

As told to
Adela Rogers St. Johns

"LOVE is as delicate as a butterfly's wing, and yet it is as strong as a bolt of lightning. It can make a frail little woman accomplish miracles, go into the world and conquer great forces and it can make a strong man a little child. The moment of supreme love is when that little, downy head rests upon your arm for the first time. When you have experienced that emotion you have experienced love." —MARY CARR.

"ALL I know of love is that welding and molding of two personalities—who grow to think alike, who react identically to any happening, who need each other's presence and are lost and adrift when either partner is away. That love blooms and burgeons slowly, but it is worth waiting for, because, like the oak in its maturity, it defies the storm. And it is the only thing I believe worthy to be dignified by the name of love." —THEODORE ROBERTS.

"JIM and I have been married twenty-seven years, and we've only been separated ten days in those twenty-seven years. I sometimes think we have become one—actually. You see, in the beginning love is just an emotion. You can keep it or you can destroy it. Love, such as ours, is founded upon kindness, upon gentle courtesy. In those years, whether on location or in a studio cafeteria, Jim has never failed to seat me at the table as though I were a queen." —EDYTHE CHAPMAN

"THE blossoming and developing of love into one of the most exquisite and inspiring instincts of life is just the history of civilization. It used to be that men and women lived together for mutual benefit derived. They continued together because of enemies to be fought—such as cold, and hunger, and wild beasts. They knew nothing of the soul-love which is founded on unselfishness and a united desire to find the best and most beautiful in life." —ERNEST TORRENCE.

Ernest Torrence

Our Romantic Actors and Beautiful Stars Have Told Us, BUT

Mary Carr

I got to Mary Carr's house sometime in the middle of the morning—every housewife knows that middle-of-the-morning time, before anything's been done but the breakfast dishes and the ordering. But Mary Carr's home shone, just the same. As I came down the hall, through the open door I spied a handsome lad with a dark, curly mop of hair, in pajamas and flannel bathrobe, attacking a huge plate of pancakes. "Love?" said Mary Carr, when she had come in with that little air of bustle that women always have in the morning. "Oh, dear, that's like trying to define electricity. Edison himself doesn't know what that is. We know love is a great and elemental force,
probably the greatest force the world has ever known, but we don’t know ‘whence it cometh.’"

We were both startled then by a flash of color through the air—and a very pretty girl of eighteen or so, in a bright colored kimono, slid down the banister and into the room, her hair flying.

"Mother—" she said, and then, seeing me. "Oh, excuse me." She vanished. Mrs. Carr smiled and shrugged.

"The house is like that," she said.

"You know—love is as delicate as a butterfly’s wing, and yet it is as strong as a bolt of lightning. It can make a frail little woman accomplish miracles, go into the world and conquer great forces. And it can make a strong man a little child."

"Mother," came from upstairs somewhere.

"Yes, John.

"Mother, where’s that blue shirt you said you’d sew the buttons on for me?"

The matter of the shirt being settled, the little “mother of the movies” who in “Over the Hill” made herself beloved by a nation, went on, as though she had not been interrupted.

"I have had seven children. Six of them are right here in this house with me. One—I lost. And this much I know. The moment of supreme love is when that little, downy head rests upon your arm for the first time. When you have experienced that emotion, you have experienced love. You know love, in your heart. As I look back over my life, that is what, above everything, means love to me."

"Above all I who have known life and love for years enough to turn my hair snowy, I would beg the youth of today not to confuse love with sex. That is a fatal error. Love, like a prism of light, is composed of many colors. Many strands make up its whole. But the things of love that endure, that are like tough fibres that will stand any strain life puts upon them, are constancy and purity."

"All real love has elements of the material; we are of earth.

"You recall the words of the song, don’t you?

‘If I were hanged on the highest hill,

I know whose love would follow me still.

Mother o’ Mine.

“That is love. It is found in many hearts, in many places, not always with mothers—that love. But it is the one love that is eternal, unchanging, divine.”

The home of James Neill and Edythe Chapman is one of those California bungalows that you dream about. And “Edy” Neill came to the door with that smile of hers that made her seem so different from the mother in the “Ten Commandments.”

“Come in, Adela,” she said. “How are you, child?”

(You see, I’ve known them since I was a kid and since they were the most popular young stage stars of the day.)

And when I told her how I had come, an expression came over her face that made me suddenly want to cry, it was so sweet.

"Why—I don’t know," she said, softly, "maybe my definition won’t mean much to you. But to myself I’d just say, ‘Fifty-fifty for twenty-seven years.’"

"Jim and I have been married for twenty-seven years, and we’ve only been separated ten days in those twenty-seven years. For fifteen years, whenever we were co-stars, on the opening stage, we went to rehearsal together every morning, played together at night, and came home and heard each other’s new parts afterwards. And we love each other more today than we did twenty-seven years ago.

I sometimes think we have become one—actually. You see, dear, in the beginning love is just an emotion. You can keep it, or you can destroy it. Love, such as ours, is founded upon kindness, upon tender consideration, upon gentle courtesy. In twenty-seven years, whether on location or in a studio cafeteria, Jim has never failed to seat me at the table as though I were a queen.

Love that survives brutality is a tragic, terrible thing.

We have never allowed ourselves the freedom or the terrible familiarity of today. We would never dream of treating each other discourteously. Don’t you see, those are the outward signs of an inward grace?

Kindness, courtesy, unselfishness, meekness, consideration, good temper, appreciation—those are the elements of love.”

She went to the window and called James Neill, and he came from his garden. She told him a lot, and he went over and put his arm about her and looked down at me benignly.

“To grow old together, and not to mind that you grow old, because you are together—that is love,” he said. “To feel each day that youth’s brief years need not be regretted, because in their ashes you have found the gold of love—that is love.

“I do not know whether love comes to us as a gift from heaven, perfect and beautiful at birth, for which we must care tenderly, within a warm and watchful heart; or whether love is built up from our own hearts, by the mutual melting of qualities in man and woman which complement each other.

“But either way, after twenty-seven years of perfect happiness with the woman I love, I can say that it is the one thing that makes life worth while. I can say it is the one thing, as a man goes down the years, that makes life still radiant and shining.

“Strive to keep love. Make the same efforts to keep it that you would to keep an honored guest. Protect it from everything evil, even from the evil within yourself. Guard it from restlessness, from discontent, from nagging and worry. Seek in it your happiness and your strength. Sacrifice everything for it. For when you have grown old you will find it is the one thing that never grows old.

“And love is a circle—it perpetuates itself. Love begets love. It is eternal.”

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]
Returning to Hollywood

Old Dr. Howe, of Rome and the Riviera, feels the pulse of the film colony, fills out a few prescriptions, and advises a little tincture of sense of humor for all hands

By Herbert Howe

I DON'T know a happy person in Hollywood.

In a land where there is every earthly reason for happiness the blue bird seems unable to peep.

In all the history of the world there was never a place where youth was so lavished with fame and fortune.

That's the chief trouble.

Hollywood is an Aladdin's dream. Penniless youth rubs a lamp and becomes rich and famous over night, only to discover that it's all a dream—the gold of no value and the fame a monster, treacherous and enslaving.

It is a city of disillusionment and futility.

It is life condensed. In the ordinary scheme of things a man does not behold the emptiness of wealth and glory until he is sixty or seventy; here youth penetrates the illusion of success-

standards at thirty and, for the most part, is at a loss for a substitute.

"You feel you should have a good time, but you don't," observed a famous young actress of unusually keen insight.

"The trouble is that there is no real friendship and little sense of humor."

A deeper diagnosis reveals Hollywood to be suffering with a malignant, cancerous complex—Envy.

The foreigners, Buchowitzki and Lubitsch, observed this instantly.

Although not everyone is personally afflicted, the air is charged with the germs.

Hollywood socially has ceased to exist. I mean as a movie colony; an individual. It is segregated into groups. There are no longer big parties encompassing all celebrities such as given in the days when Roscoe Arbuckle was a society leader. This, of course, is an encouraging sign. So much for Hollywood socially. I find it interesting only professionally.

The Revolution of 1925

RETURNING to Hollywood after eight months abroad I find it in chaos. A revolution is on. It has been on for some time, but its effect is particularly striking to one who has been an absentee.

For years the pioneers held the claims—Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand, Douglas Fairbanks, Chaplin, the Talmadges, Nazimova, Anita Stewart, along with directors with "names."

This old order is rapidly fading, and the past year has seen the greatest shake-down.

Mary Pickford now acknowledges that the crown has passed to Gloria Swanson. It's the popular decree written in the indisputable letters of the boxoffice.

Of the men, Harold Lloyd is the acknowledged champion with an income of around forty thousand a week paid by the people through the boxoffice.

Lloyd and Novarro

HARRY CARR in the Los Angeles Times quotes a big exhibitor in reply to the question, "Who else do the exhibitors look upon besides Gloria Swanson and Harold Lloyd as a meal ticket?"

The reply is an interesting analysis. The exhibitor says: "Well, among the men, we are looking forward to the future work of Ramon Novarro as being
Renee Adoree isn't taking any chances with hold-up men these days. She leaves her jewels locked up when she goes to the studio. If the scene calls for jewelry she just has them painted on. Yes, it's the latest Hollywood craze

Lillian and Pola

The Gishes have been in precarious position because of unhappy contracts. As soon as Lillian Gish is free she can just about make her own terms. I happen to have seen a few telegraphic bids for her services. Miss Gish holds a peculiar position. She has never been a great box office star, but she has gained tremendously in the last two years. Her claim for popularity rests entirely upon her ability as an artist. The public is slow to appreciate great art. Duse at her best found no audience here. It was only when she had become a tradition— a celebrity whom it was fashionable to see—that she returned, a wraith of herself, to the acclaim of the multitudes. I predict a longer screen life for Lillian Gish than for any other actress of today.

Pola Negri is another great actress, of magnetic personality, who has been handicapped because of a lack of understanding, both on her part and the company's, as to the type of stories and direction she should have. Mr. Lasky is authority for saying that her boxoffice rise has been phenomenal since "Forbidden Paradise," directed by Lubitsch.

Recruits and Regulars

Richard Dix is the most promising cavalier by far under the Paramount banner. Given good stories, he is the sure-fire, reliable program star. Jack Gilbert has come out of the abyss of trash in which [continued on page 108]
That Terrible Thorne Girl

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Part I—Chapter I

As Sylvia Thorne came down the hallway leading to the casting director's office she passed a girl walking nervously up and down, an older woman at her side. She was a thin, dark-eyed, sophisticated looking girl, with too much makeup on her hard little face.

"My Gawd, mom!" Sylvia heard her say as she passed. "I hope when they get ready to make that test they'll ask me to cry. I could bust out into tears now."

Sylvia gave the girl a quick look of sympathy. She, too, in the past, had had her hours and days of waiting, of pacing to and fro until every nerve in her body was raw with weariness and she was ready to drop from fatigue.

Well, the picture business was like that. So many, so pitifully many aspirants pouring into the hoppers of Hollywood each day—so many struggling in, so few to come out, successful, on the other side. Sylvia shivered a bit as she thought of her own modest place in the screen world; she would work with all the strength at her command to hold on to it.
"After all," she reflected with a queer little grin, "there was no real reason why all angels should have golden hair, like Jean's"

Is your home town purer than Hollywood? Main Street and Studio Boulevard are brothers under the asphalt. Start this remarkable new Kummer serial now.

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

At the battered door which gave entrance to the waiting room another girl joined her—a small, pert girl with narrow, jade-green eyes and a shock of flame-colored hair. Jean Martin and Sylvia played at housekeeping in a tiny bungalow over on Sunset Boulevard.

"Any idea what old Rain-in-the-Face wants with us?" Jean asked, as they entered the waiting room.

"Not even a suspicion," Sylvia laughed. "But it must be something important," she added as her eyes swept over the crowd of girls which filled the place—girls of all sizes, colors and previous conditions of pulchritude, but possessing one quality in common—youth. "Looks like he'd sent for all the would-be stars in Hollywood."

As she spoke a heavy-jawed, middle-aged man with greying hair and tired, sophisticated eyes appeared in the doorway leading to the casting director's private office. He stood for a moment gazing at the sea of cager young faces before him with an ironic smile. Then, with a glance at his watch he spoke.
"Ladies," he said, in a cool, incisive voice, "if you will be quiet for a few moments I will explain why I have sent for you."

The murmur of voices which had until now filled the room died away to an expectant silence. Mr. Saxton, the casting director, was not given to making speeches; when he spoke, he usually had something of importance to say.

"You have no doubt heard," he went on quietly, "that we are shortly to begin work on a new and very important production—the screen version of Francois Vernay's great master-piece, "The Miracle of Notre Dame."

There was a whisper, the merest breath, of assent. Every girl in the room knew, had known for months, that the International Players had bought the screen rights to this successful French novel and play at an enormous figure. Speculation as to who would be given the leading role had torn Hollywood into a score of hostile camps. There had been more than the usual amount of gossip, of wire-pulling, of underground politics. And because the part was one of those rare prizes for which women—some women—will barter even their souls, a throb-bing silence lay upon the room—a silence pregnant with amazing hopes. It was natural that they should be amazing, because to few, if any, of those present had such hopes presented themselves up to now.

Sylvia smiled whimsically, as was her habit when life seemed more than ordinarily fantastic and grotesque. Was Mr. Saxton trying to be humorous, attempting a little joke at their expense? If so, Sylvia thought, it was rather a drab and cruel form of humor.

"Those of you who are familiar with the story," the casting director continued, fully aware of the tenseness of his audience, "will remember that the character of Celeste is one of the loveliest, one of the most spirituelle in the history of the screen. To be selected to play the part would be an honor to any actress in America. Monsieur Vernay has decided to make that selection himself."

"Gei!" giggled a girl at Sylvia's side hysterically. "Me for gay Paree by the next boat."

"Since, however, Monsieur Vernay cannot leave France at this time," Mr. Saxton went on, "he has requested us to make a preliminary selection of those who might by any possibility be eligible for the part and submit their names to him. From this group of candidates Monsieur Vernay will choose the one he considers best qualified to assume the role. That, ladies, is why you are here today."

The casting director made an impressive pause. It was evident from his manner that he was enjoying himself. Sylvia, now wide-eyed with excitement, did not yet quite see what he was driving at, but his next words enlightened her.

"Each candidate will be required to go through a scene in the play—the same scene in each case of course—as a test. The results will be forwarded to Monsieur Vernay in Paris, for his inspection. Owing to the importance of the matter, Mr. Paul Lamar, whom I need scarcely tell you is in general charge of the production, will direct these tests himself. One of his assistants, Mr. Simonson, and his secretary, Miss Ream, are now in my office. As your names are called you will please enter and arrange with Mr. Simonson concerning a definite day and hour for your test. Needless to say it will take several days to complete them. That is all."

Before the fluttering crowd of women had time to draw their breaths he had disappeared, closing the door behind him. The faint ripple of applause which had begun with his final words died a miserable death. The occasion, everyone realized, was far too important for any such commonplace expressions of emotion.

Jean Martin clutched Sylvia by the arm, her green eyes like two large gooseberries.

"Do you suppose it's some press-agent stunt, Sylvia?" she gasped. "It couldn't be on the level. I never knew one of these contest things yet that didn't have a catch in it, somewhere. Maybe they've got the woman for the part picked out already, and are just pulling this stunt to get a lot of free advertising. I wouldn't put it past Lee Solberg. He's a hound for publicity."

"You never can tell," Sylvia laughed, inspecting her nose in the mirror of her compact. "Anyway, if it is a lot of bunk, we'll get our names in the paper. That's something. And have a chance to do our stuff for the benefit of his highness, Paul Lamar. That alone ought to be worth the price of admission. You
HEROINE THAT WILL WIN YOUR HEART

might be able to vamp him. There goes Sheila Anderson. If they're going to call our names out alphabetically, we've got some wait ahead of us. Let's sit down while the sitting's good."

She dropped to a bench, worn glassy smooth by countless eager applicants for screen honors. With a sigh Jean joined her. There were sullen flares in her restless green eyes.

"Sheila Anderson's got about as much chance to play that part as Doug Fairbanks," she grumbled. "Wonder why on earth they sent for her."

"Well," Sylvia laughed, "I don't mind telling you I've been wondering the same thing about myself, but here I am. Perhaps they want to show that Frenchman all fifty-seven varieties One man's sweetie is another man's poison, you know. There's no accounting for tastes. He might even pick you, or me."

JEAN turned and gave her companion a slow, critical stare.

"We've got a chance," she said quickly. "Have you read the book?"

"No. But I'm going to, before morning, if there's a copy left in Hollywood."

"Well—I have. Aileen Clayton lent it to me. This girl Celeste is young—very young—and sort of innocent, see? I mean she's been raised in the country somewhere, by her father, a queer sort of a nut—simple-minded, seem to me, always reading books, telling her about fairies, and miracles—things like that. So when she comes to Paris she's different, see, from the smart bunch she meets—a knockout. What they want is somebody who looks as if she'd just stepped out of fairyland and checked her wings in the dressing room in order to play a part. And at the same time, when it comes down to the big scene, a real, honest-to-goodness woman with a real passionate heart. And while I don't want to throw any bouquets at myself, or you either, Sylvia, I think we both stand a whole lot better chance than a clothes-horse like Sheila Anderson. The only miracle she'd ever believe in would be if her bootlegger brought her a bottle of real pre-war gin."

In spite of the ill temper beneath her words there was a deal of truth in what Miss Martin said. When she cared to widen the habitual narrowness of her eyes into a baby stare—to relax the lines of sophistication about her mouth into an innocent smile, she was sufficiently angelic in appearance to play very successfully the schoolgirl parts in which she specialized. Of course one does not ordinarily think of angels as having green eyes, but that was a detail not registered by the camera so long as color photography was not in fashion. The same thing was true of the quite un-angelic tang of red in her bobbed gold hair. As for her figure, it was perhaps a trifle flat and modern for an angel of the accepted, Raphael-like type, but unless we assume that people have stopped going to Heaven in recent years, there is no reason why there should not be flapper angels, too. Miss Martin, regarding herself critically in her mirror, reflected that stranger things had happened than that she might be chosen.

Sylvia was by no means so self-confident. She was not blonde and pretty, like Jean, but wistful and dark, with the warm deep tones of autumn leaves against an October Sun. There was fire in her brown hair, her eyes, but it needed the sunlight to kindle it. After all, she reflected with a queer little grin, there was no real reason why all angels should have golden hair like Jean's.

Sylvia knew she was good-looking, but she was not conceited, yet an unprejudiced observer might have detected a very rare and lovely quality in her shy, oval face, her slim, faun-like figure, which was not discernible in Miss Martin's budding beauty at all. Some, in fact, had discerned it, which was why Sylvia Thorne, at nineteen, was regularly and insistently called for by Aline Duvall, one of the International's most famous stars, to serve as a foil for her own blonde beauty in every picture she made.

And it was why Sylvia, with no influence behind her save the fact that everyone on the International lot liked her, had risen in two years from the very precarious position of an extra girl to a yearly contract at two hundred dollars a week.

And it was why Paul Lemar, in making up a list of candidates worthy of the great Frenchman's attention had taken particular care to see that Sylvia's name was one of the first to be placed upon it. He did not assume, in so selecting her, that she stood any more than a very slim chance of winning the coveted prize, but there was a poignant sweetness about the girl which made him almost wish she would.

Of course there was Marcia Dane. Had the selection been left to him—but so far as Marcia

(Continued on page 128)
RUDOLPH VALENTINO has broken with his producer again. This time it is with J. D. Williams, president of Ritz-Carlton Pictures. There was no litigation, as the break seemed to be mutually agreeable, although the rupture was accompanied by a little hard feeling. Mrs. Valentino figured prominently in this change, as she has in all Valentino's business affairs since their marriage.

Although both sides were reluctant to discuss the matter, it is known that it was precipitated by a difference between producer and star over the selection of a director for the forthcoming feature, "The Hooded Falcon." Mr. Williams objected to the selection of Allan Hale because he felt that this actor had not had enough directorial experience, but Mr. and Mrs. Valentino insisted on their choice and walked out of the studio. Joseph Schenck, husband of Norma Talmadge, and producer of all pictures made by Norma, her sister Constance, and Buster Keaton, will now manage Valentino's pictures, to be released through United Artists, and from statements which have been made it appears that Natacha will not be as conspicuous a figure at the studios as heretofore.

Although the influence of the talented Natacha will undoubtedly be felt in the production of "The Hooded Falcon" and other pictures, they probably feel that the widespread reports of Mrs. Valentino's strict management of her husband is not consistent with the career of a screen sheik, and that the picture of a devil-may-care Latin lover with a wife-manager is
rather inconsistent. The illusion must be maintained, and Natacha is probably good business woman enough to realize that Mr. Schenck is right.

"I want to make better pictures, artistic pictures," he said, when he walked out of the Paramount studio two years ago to ask the courts to declare the contract under which he was working invalid.

The courts upheld the contract but, Mr. and Mrs. Valentino upheld Valentino.

He may have been right—at that time. But I do not believe that he was right in his subsequent actions.

You remember the popular song, "They were all out of step but Jim." That seems to be Valentino’s case.

He disagreed with the director who gave him his chance in "The Four Horsemen."
He disagreed with his producers when he became famous.
He disagreed with the courts.
He disagreed with his lawyers.
He disagreed with his dancing tour managers.
He disagreed with the concern whose beauty preparations he was exploiting on the tour.
He disagreed with his new producers, the Ritz-Carlton Company.
Were they all wrong?
Maybe.
Mr. Valentino was the greatest [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]
What They Know About Each Other

WHEN our editor said: “Tell all about the men you love,” that was an exciting assignment. Twenty-five hundred words would tell all about a few of the men we love. “Find out about the women men love” was almost as exciting, because it lets us in on the tastes and requirements of our men friends. Not a bad thing to know; and now that some inquiring editor says, “What do you think of a story called ‘What a Man Should Know About His Wife’ and ‘What a Woman Should Know About Her Husband’?”

“Stars?”

“Oh, of course. Interesting screen people married to each other,” replied the editor, which narrowed it down considerably. “Before they are separated or after?” we asked.

“Don’t be cynical,” warning us against the great menace which he realizes has overtaken him in his early youth.

“If you ask me what a wife should know about her husband,” we said, “my answer will be ‘There’s nothing she doesn’t know.’ And if you ask me what a man should know about his wife, my answer will be ‘Nothing.’”

“Well, I’m not asking you. I’m asking you to ask them.”

“Who is ‘them’?”

“You suggest someone. What two screen stars are married to each other and happy?”

“PLENTY of them are married and happy, though not with each other. However, you mean happy while still married to each other! That makes it difficult. I was once ordered to do a series of reel romances; it’s the truth that the editor had to cut the series short because he found that before the stories could be published a lot of the romancers had decided to star alone. I wrote one article about Dick Barthelmes and Mary Hay. They were considered safe and sane though they had then been married only about five months. As they have now been married about five years, one seems to be taking no risk when he infers that they are going to remain that way.”

“All right, then, as a reward of merit let’s interview Mr. and Mrs. Barthelmes on the subject.”

“But think what a ‘swell’ story we could get if you’d let us interview some of those who are separated. Not only could they tell what a man and wife should know about each other, but they could tell as well what they do know. Fancy a story about two well known separators with a caption ‘What I KNOW About Howard’ and ‘What I Know About Emily.’ Yes?”

“NO. I don’t propose to be any final court of appeals. Neither is this a sensational. What I want is a story of who, a husband should realize about his wife and what a wife should realize about her husband.”

“Very well. Ask Dick—he knows.”

Dick and Mary Barthelmes have a beautiful new home on East Ninety-Second Street. It is a four story brownstone house and Mary explained that they needed all the extra rooms on account of having a daughter. Now, what would happen if they should have a second daughter?

“As far as that is concerned,” said Mrs. Barthelmes, “I shouldn’t mind living in the Woolworth Building.”

That is one thing that Mr. Barthelmes may realize about his wife, but we’re willing to wager that the world would never suspect it. Mary the mother was a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]
He's the Whole Show

After being crowned with Sennett pies for five years, Raymond Griffith emerges with a silk hat

By Herbert Howe

THIS is not a funny story.
It is not about a comedian.
I say this by special request of the subject of my article and the author of same. We wish to be taken seriously.
Stick up the label of comedian, says Raymond Griffith, and you're due for the come-back, "Comedian, huh? Well, just try and make us laugh!"
Put on the title of humorist, says the writer, and hear the egg-throwers squeal, "Bring on your wise-cracks, funny boy; we'll read 'em and weep!"

Surprise is the cream of the jest.
After being crowned with Sennett pies for five years Raymond Griffith has emerged a silk-hatted comedian, according to critics.
He views the silk hat with as much alarm as he did the pies. He wants no crown of any kind.
He's an actor. Art is the expression of self, he reminds you. If what issues forth is funny, all well and good; but he doesn't want any advance notices to cramp the freedom of his style.
If you throw a pie at him expecting a laugh, he's liable to lay you low with a volume of Aristophanes, and then who's the comic?
I know nothing that develops the height of the brow like Father Sennett's custard. Three of the best-read people in Hollywood are Mabel Normand, Louise Fazenda and Raymond Griffith.
Griffith does scorn the slapstick, he hangs it with laurel. He says the four greatest slapstick artists of all time are Aristophanes, Moliere, Shakespeare and Mack Sennett.
And he glorifies the gag with classic references.

"The best slapstick gag was pulled by Aristophanes," says Griffith. "He depicted the celebrated Clean riding through the air astride a dung-beetle as he went to consult the mountain oracle on important topics. As he flew along the beetle took vicious snaps at passing birds in such a way as to sicken the great man with fear until he could scarcely contain himself lest the beetle take a similar nip at him.

"When you recall that Clean was a personage as important to his day as Calvin Coolidge is to ours, and commanding as much dignity, you find the humor emphasized.

"That's precisely the slapstick method employed by Sennett — the upsetting of dignity by satire. Only Sennett isn't conscious of his influence as Aristophanes was or as Moliere was."

Now I ask you, is that any way for a former Keystone cop to talk? ... a slapstick comedian springing Aristophanes and Moliere on a public whose information concerning the gentlemen is limited to the vague impression that they are foreigners?

Little wonder that Mr. Griffith is deemed worthy of the highest crown the American public can bestow, namely the silk hat. Certainly a comedian who can collect laughs with all the suavity of a vestryman easing coins out of dawed parishioners deserves the same insignia of rank.

To the eye Griffith is an inconspicuous young man, below medium height, brown eyes, slight moustache, neat but not "classy."

Raymond Griffith brings to "society drama" a vigorous humor that keeps the youngsters in an uproar, and that delights the sophisticated with its subtlety.

He is elusive, as you might expect one to be who has been an artful dodger of Mr. Sennett's delicatessen objects.
It is only when you corner him and put the screws of the inquisition that his real size becomes apparent.
Louise Fazenda characterized him to me in a line worthy of Michael Arlen. "He's the kind of a man," said Louise, "who you know has a disreputable bath-robe... Lives in a room all messed around with books and papers."

It is just about as inaccurate to label Griffith an actor as it is to target him a comedian. He has been a sailor, a dancer, a writer, a director and a world traveler with a reporter's eye.
He is a neat and compact research department. He can haul down information from the garret of his mind that the ordinary man, possessing the same, would have forgotten had ever been placed there.

His conversation ranges with interest from bugs to planets, from the gentle art of scalping to the barbaric one of designing women's gowns.
His attitude toward the art of screen comedy is that of the mathematician. There is no emotion about it, he will tell you; it is pure mathematics.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]
The shrinking violet of the "film" business and his importation, Lita de Putti, whom he modestly announces as "Germany's most popular screen star." Oh, yes, we almost forgot. The violet is Samuel Goldwyn, who hates publicity like a kitten loves catnip.

"THERE being nothing more exciting to do one rainy afternoon, we sat down and recalled a few of the stars' favorite sayings: "Everything under control," comments Rod La Rocque on affairs in general. Or, in saying goodbye, he substitutes: "Hors d'oeuvre."

When Gloria Swanson earned (and she earned it) three dollars a day as an extra girl she thought it would be a swanky thing to have her picture taken in an auto, just then about as scarce as screen jobs so far as Gloria was concerned. So she had her picture taken and here it is, brand new again after ten years.

"STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP"

"I LIKE to climb trees and I love cocomants," said Betty Bronson mischievously as she looked over the shoulder of a gray-haired actor on the Paramount set where he was reading Darwin between scenes. The actor, without looking up, continued to read aloud:

"Of all the races of animals the anthropoid apes are nearest man. Their divergence from the same stock must be comparatively recent. Man is the nomadic, the apes are the arboreal branch of the same great family." Betty looked thoughtful for a moment. "Do you believe we are descended from the monkeys?" she asked.

"Not when I look at you," he said. "You destroy my faith in the theory."

"THE most interesting figure in Hollywood right now is young Colonel Tim McCoy whom Lasky hired to supply the Indians for "The Covered Wagon" and to direct them. Since that production Tim has appeared on the screen himself in "The Thundering Herd" for Paramount. He also staged prologues with the Indians for "The Covered Wagon" both here and abroad. Now he's staging one for "The Iron Horse" at the Egyptian theater in Hollywood. A big, handsome fellow, he has led a life more adventurous than any depicted on the screen. There are only two men alive today who can speak the Indian sign language, and McCoy is one of them. His Indian camp in the center of Hollywood is now the attraction for all sightseers. Although the braves cannot speak English their enthusiasm for the cinema is unmistakable. They are ever ready to pose for pictures. In fact, if you happen around there with a camera they demand the privilege.

Col. Tim has some hilarious and interesting stuff to tell about them for the next issue of Photoplay.

"Mary kay—Mrs. Richard Barthelmess—is scoring the hit of her active young life co-starred with Clifton Webb as a serious and comedy dancing team at Ciro's, a New York night club which they have made very popular.

"What's going to happen to Mabel Normand? A fatalistic little figure against whom destiny seems to have stacked the cards. Mabel today is sitting quietly in her home awaiting the next deal. What will it be? This lovable genius of comedy, who as a child sold newspapers on the streets of New York, seems cast for a role of stark tragedy in life. Harry Carr, of the Los Angeles Times, and I sat down the other day and wrote her a note. We said: "When can we see you? We are your most devoted admirers and so will not trust one another alone with you."

I'll tell you what she says next month.

"Rod La Rocque wears very English clothes in Allan Dwan's new picture. "Night Life in New York," in which he is co-featured with Dorothy Gish. Rod purchased 33 suits while in London and is now permitting them to see the light of day. By the way, Texas Guinan, famous hostess of the El Fes, a popular New York night club, has been engaged with the girls in her cabaret to do their stuff in a replica studio set of the El Fes.

That pretty little leading woman you saw in two of Jack Dempsey's pictures was Florence Lee, the wife of Teddy Hayes, who is Dempsey's secretary. She is known as one of the prettiest blondes in Hollywood. "She's a wonderful girl," Ben Lyon raves about the last pretty one he has met. "That makes me a buttcrup," Dorothy Mackaill retorts.

"Stories, stories!" shriek the producers. "There are no stories." Ernst Lubitsch is in a quandary. He would like to do "Kiki" with Marie Prevost, but Belsueo wants it screened with Lenore Ulrich, the stage Kiki.
EAST AND WEST

By Cal York

Texas’ favorite cry to her guests is: “Give me a pageant!” She will have them giving in at Famous Players studio before she’s through and the scenes should be highly entertaining as well as realistic.

Charles Ray and Director Jerome Storm are a team again. Remember those delightful rural comedies they made together for Vitaphone—“The Finch-hitter,” “Paris Green,” etc.? Then Charlie got the producer bug, that death-dealing insect that invariably attacks players, and he made some disastrous pictures. Now perhaps he realizes that those little comedies of American rural life were themselves gems of art. So he’s putting on his overalls and going back to the soil. A fine crop to ye, Charley!

Pola Negri is unquestionably one of the greatest individuals in the world today. Her entrance at the Wampas Ball was a moment for awe and thrill.

The vast auditorium was a hub-bub of spectators and stars, the latter glittering at full candle power. Suddenly—whish!—the doors opened and there stood the dynamic Pola, wrapped in ermine to her chin, with a coronet of diamonds blazing against her ink-black hair. That slow, satirical smile of hers hovered in her green eyes and about her lips as she surveyed the assemblage. She was a queen surveying her people.

But where others aim at queenliness by majestic mien and English accent Pola is the aristocrat of naturalness. Turning to some friends close-by she drawled, “Al-le! I am glad to see you, believe me.” Then she moved to her table through a hushed throng.

There always seems to be comedy in the domestic life of a comedian. Larry Semon is complaining of craft on the part of his young bride, Dorothy Dwan. He says she compelled him to buy a big corsage bouquet for the opening of “The Iron Horse” in Hollywood because her gown was spotted from the last bouquet. “Come to find out,” says Larry, “all her gowns are spotted right where a corsage bouquet should be!”

Ernst Lubitsch was talking to me about Pola the other day. “What a woman she is!” he exclaimed with a toss of the hands. “She always do just what she feel. If she want to take a bath in the finger bowl at dinner she do it.”

Constance and Norma Talmadge are worth a lot of money—dead or alive. They have been insured by Joseph M. Schenck Productions for one million dollars.

Nita Naldi’s press agent calls her the “cobra woman of the screen.” Dear, dear, how poisonous!

Very shortly after its release, the William Fox film version of “The Man Without a Country” was re-named “As No Man Has Loved.” The picture is based on the story by Edward Everett Hale, and the title change was made to avoid confusion with several smaller pictures of the same story made in recent years. Fox tried to buy up all of these older films, but the task proved to be an impossible undertaking.

The new title is taken from a quotation in the story.

A motion picture actress, unique in the annals of the silent drama in that she religiously avoids publicity, recently arrived in New York in the person of Mlle. Vilma Banky, a passenger on the Aquitania. Fellow passengers acclaimed Mlle. Banky a countless, but when newspaper men approached her for an interview she was the soul of reticence.

“It is a matter of little consequence what I do or say,” she averred. “There are too many stars now who do little but talk and I do not want to be one of them.”

Mlle. Banky hails from Austria and is said to be one of the most noted beauties of central Europe.
RUTH CLIFFORD who played little Ann Ralledge in "The Life of Abraham Lincoln" has discovered that she married an emancipator. Ruth's particular interest in life is ducks. She scoured the country for a collection. The next morning she found that hubby had left the gate open and they had all gone home. To dry the tears of his young bride, Mr. Cornelius is now building a hundred thousand dollar house of the Moorish style in Beverly Hills. However, I will not vouch for their marital peace if a villain appears with a duck under his arm to ingratiate the beautiful young Mrs. Cornelius.

TROUBLE, trouble, trouble. Hollywood is full of it. Mary Pickford engaged Mickey Neilan to direct her in a story written by Mickey. Then she discovered that Colleen Moore was doing one that appeared to be identical—or at least Mary thought so. Mickey didn't think so, but Mary and Mickey split. Now to prove he's right Mickey is producing the story out at Metro-Goldwyn with a little discovery whom he thinks may be another Mary Pickford. It was announced some time ago that Mary would have Von Sternberg, director of "The Salvation Hunters," as her director, but since the critics sat all over Mr. Von Sternberg's picture he seems to have been side-tracked off the Pickford lot. Mary is producing "The Rooney Family." It was Doug and Mary and Charlie Chaplin who hailed Von Sternberg as a genius and "The Salvation Hunters" as a masterpiece.

A ring with a bottle of perfume in it is only one of the odd features of "The Dreammaker From Paris," which includes a diamond heel and a mirror ring.

IT looks like Metro-Goldwyn was afraid of landing in poverty-row the way they are working actors day and night and cutting down expenditures. Mickey Neilan has been allowed eighteen days to make a picture. Mickey the rollicking, lei-surely, erratic artist! But anybody would have to scrimp finances who tosses away three million on one picture, "Ben Hur," that could have been made for a million easy. Meanwhile, unhappiness reigns on the Metro-Goldwyn lot. Mae Murray has departed for Paris proclaiming her misery, and Jackie Coogan seems to have thrown his baseball at them and flown.

Is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio jinxed? It was the scene of Triangle's collapse—Triangle, the producer of the finest program of all time. Sam Goldwyn nearly went broke out there, and now things look anything but rosy with Louis B. Mayer in charge.

THEY'RE smiling more than a little around the New York studios about a dinner which Dagmar Godowsky recently bought for Charles Hertzman, for Miss Godowsky now gives her erstwhile guest a black look whenever they meet. It seems that when the dark star was playing small roles out in California the papers constantly referred to her as "the daughter of Leopold Godowsky, the famous pianist." This was perfectly natural, since she was young and unknown, but finally "Daggie" grew tired of it, and it was then that she promised Mr. Hertzman that she would never again call her father being mentioned as "the father of the great film actress," she would buy Hertzman the best dinner in New York. Not so very long ago the film man brought the actress a Denver paper that contained the longed for identification of Leopold Godowsky, "father of the famous film star, Dagmar Godowsky." Dagmar bought the dinner. And she didn't know until afterwards that the dramatic editor of the paper was an old friend of Mr. Hertzman's and that he had written that particular blurb to help an old friend win a bet.

ANY number of people have had race horses, cigars and other money-consumers named after them, but Ann May, the pint-sized actress - [CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]
"On the Banks of the Wabash"

HOLLYWOOD is blended with laughter and tears. Regardless of what the ever moving and superficial critics say ... it is the most colorful place in America ... where the lady with the diamonds and the fur cloak has known hunger and talks of it nonchalantly as young Mr. Rockefeller might talk of a Baptist convention ... or Standard Oil.

And all this is apropos of Louise Dresser—one of the most popular singers ever produced in this nation, and—in the opinion of no less an observer than Jim Cruz— one of the greatest of motion picture actresses. Right now Louise Dresser is—but that would be telling the story before it starts.

Her father's name was Bill Kerlin, and he was a railroad conductor, ... beloved by all who knew him. His run passed through a section of Indiana made famous by James Whitcomb Riley and many others, including the immortal author of "On the Banks of the Wabash."

There often traveled with Bill Kerlin's train a fat, good-natured news-butch whom everybody kidded, not knowing, of course, that he was destined to make a name for himself that would be remembered as long as Indiana had a boundary, which may possibly be a long time indeed. This has something to do with the story—it being a trick born of the Irish to awaken interest in the tale that is about to be spun and to acquaint the reader with the characters he is going to love ere long the tale is told.

But let us hurry along with Louise Dresser, one of the lovingest and the sweetest, and the clearest and the clearest—and all in all the daughter of Bill Kerlin—the man who was so kind to all who traveled on his train, the flip drummer and the weary bohunk, and the world-wonder girl—just starting for the metropolis at the edge of the lake. Bill Kerlin's heart was a large room that never emptied. He lived by giving and he counted not the change each night. Bill Kerlin was a builder of monuments as it were—out of invisible granite they were built—to last—and on ... and rolling in waves of echoed kindness for generations never ending.

Bill Kerlin died when Louise Kerlin was about fifteen years old. Bill left her nothing but the whole world and a heart as big as his own. But of worldly goods he left her a voice that mocked the nightingale.

After all the unwise people have chattered in college— we each do the thing that's easiest in the end. That is ... if we can. It was easy for Louise to sing—and to starve that she might continue to sing.

That old song started Louise Dresser into her big chance on the stage: now she's one of Hollywood's favorites

In Universal's "Goose Woman," she plays a double role

By Jim Tully

It is said to be one of the best performances of the year

So Louise traveled all the way from Indiana to Boston—no doubt on a pass, her dad having been a railroad man. She had heard she might get a job there. She was greener than a lone shamrock in a north of Ireland garden. But like most green people—she didn't know it. She had to wear tights and she was bashful—and the people down Boston way were not as kind as in Indiana where she had long been known as "Bill Kerlin's daughter." Sad must be to relate it ... the girl was fired twice—and quickly—that being the way with the world when it comes to embryo great talent.

She roomed with the kindest of women—but Louise had her pride. The lady always kept fruit on the table and as if with a real intuition she beseeched Louise to partake of it ... but the girl, fearful that anyone might know of her distress, would have none of it ... for Louise's father might give the world away—but his daughter would ask no man for a crumb in that world.

The girl became ill—and a doctor was called. The good man informed Louise's landlady that there was nothing wrong with her—save the slight fact that she was nearly starved. To have none of it ... for Louise's father might give the world away—but his daughter would ask no man for a crumb in that world.

Some time after she had regained her strength she was given a job with "Peck's Bad Boy" at eighteen dollars a week and railroad fare.

Rolled a year and a half around [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]
THIS story, by Adela Rogers St. Johns, provides Norma Shearer with a dual role that reveals to the public her ability as an actress. We first see Norma as the daughter of the underworld, graduating from a reformatory school, dressed in extreme underworld fashion. In our opinion, this was exaggerated. A little later she makes a graceful entrance as the beautiful daughter of a judge. Monta Bell, the director, has made an extremely interesting picture out of this story of the loves of two girls, who lose their hearts to a young inventor. Eventually the girls meet and the underworld girl sacrifices her love for the judge’s daughter and marries Chuck, an old standby, whose one aim in life is to out-dress the Prince of Wales. Chuck was splendidly enacted by George K. Arthur. You’ll enjoy it, so don’t miss it!

THREE SHADOWS—Metro-Goldwyn

LADY OF THE NIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn

The story concerns Richard Gaylord, Jr. (Richard Dix), who falls too hard and too readily for the ladies and is subsequently packed off by his dad with a Mr. Simmons to find turidium ore in the Basque country. He finds trouble and Yvonne instead. Yvonne is supposed to be Don Julio’s girl and Don Julio, once aroused, has a terrible temper. Naturally excitement brews, raging to a neat climax with the usual satisfying closeup at the finish.

SALLY—First National

THE most delightful translation of a musical comedy to the screen that we have ever seen. Accompanied, as it is, by a very clever rendition of the musical score of the piece, it furnishes a fine evening of clean entertainment. We didn’t miss the songs with Colleen Moore playing the part, for Colleen, herself, is the song.

June Mathis, that brilliant scenario writer, to whom much of the success of the “Four Horsemen” must be accredited, wrote the screen story, and the result is a very amusing and entertaining screen narrative.

That conscientious and versatile little star, Colleen Moore, has repeated her success in her recent picture, “So Big,” and Leon Errol, one of America’s few real comedians, is just as successful in putting over his laugh provoking antics in the screen version as he was in the stage production of Florenz Ziegfeld’s musical comedy success.

Sally was a dish-washer from an East Side alley, working in the same cafe with the eccentric Duke of Cheke (Mr. Errol) a Russian refugee, who was employed as a waiter. In the cafe Sally meets Blair Blair, a rich young man about town. She impersonates a notorious Russian dancer at a gala affair at his foster father’s country estate. The proprietor of the restaurant where Sally works appears inopportune to end the masquerade. All sorts of complications arise to separate Sally and Blair, and in chagrin Sally returns to her soiled dishes and her alley. Later, however, she becomes a huge success in Ziegfeld’s Follies. The Duke plays the role of Cupid—and so all is well.

Colleen Moore’s impersonation of the Russian dancer and her dancing is remarkable work.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

SALLY
TOO MANY KISSES
THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
LADY OF THE NIGHT
INTRODUCE ME
ON THIN ICE

The Six Best Performances of the Month

COLEEN MOORE in “Sally”
LON CHANEY in “The Phantom of the Opera”
NORMA SHEARER in “Lady of the Night”
RICHARD DIX in “Too Many Kisses”
DOUGLAS MACLEAN in “Introduce Me”
TOM MOORE in “On Thin Ice”

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 118

INTRODUCE ME—Associated Exhibitors

DOUGLAS MACLEAN as a mountain climber—a job forced on him because of a series of unforeseen circumstances and because of love—does stunts that would send cold shivers down the spine of any real mountaineer. As Jimmy Clark he sees Betty Perry (Anne Cornwall) in a Paris railroad station. His friend Algy (Robert Ober) likes Betty also. Betty and her father leave for the Alps to watch the great climbing contest. Jimmy can’t get a reservation but is literally dragged onto the train by a porter who mistakes him for the real climber. At the mountain hotel the proprietor notes the name of the climber on Jimmy’s luggage and introduces him as the climber. From then on the comedy, from the time Jimmy hands Betty’s father a loaded cigar until he rolls to safety in a huge snowball, is hectic.

ON THIN ICE—Warner Bros.

NO doubt you have seen many pictures of the crook type, but this will appeal to all, for it contains all the elements of mystery, adventure, romance and action. Then, too, there’s a likeable cast. Tom Moore and William Russell share the honors for their skillful performances, but somehow Tom wins out with his pleasing Irish smile. Edith Roberts is the innocent little lady in the tangle. Rose Law, a poor friendless girl, is suddenly thrust into the limelight when a mysterious black bag falls at her feet. She returns it to the San Francisco bank, but when it is opened and found empty she is arrested and charged with theft. On her release, the gangsters, who are responsible for the crime, endeavor to learn what she has done with the money. One of them falls in love with her, reforms, and becomes a policeman. Three guesses who it is.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA—Universal

As absolute a contrast as could be found in humanity to Colleen Moore’s “Sally” is Eric, the Phantom, played by our double-jointed friend, Lon Chaney.

An ambitious spectacle adapted from Gaston Leroux’ story, a weird and morbid tale, it is nevertheless an intensely entertaining picture. Lon Chaney seems to delight in such horrible roles as the Hunchback of Notre Dame and the Phantom. Certainly, there is no one on the screen who can play such roles so convincingly.

There is not a ray of sunlight, a spark of tender passion, or a real vivid comedy relief in the whole production, and yet, the atmosphere of mystery, the tense coil of suspense, the morbid quality of the story, the lavishness of the whole production is such that we pronounce it excellent screen entertainment. In his production, Rupert Julian has carefully avoided extremeness in his depiction of horror, and for this he deserves great credit.

It is a story of a great musician, cursed with a face so hideous that he is a monster. He haunts the labyrinthine cellars of the Grand Opera, and wreaks his monstrous vengeance on managers and performers who dispute his unseen domination. Cristine Daaé (Mary Philbin) has the misfortune to inspire his love. She has never seen him, but he has made a great singer of her, and demands her love as his reward. This terrible menace keeps Cristine and the man she loves, Raoul de Chagny, played by Norman Kerry, apart. Foiled, the musician brings death and destruction, but in a series of exciting episodes Cristine is rescued. The monster plays his own requiem and dies. In spite of the horror of his rôle, Lon Chaney wins, at times, sympathy.
This interesting picture shows the terrific hardships that certain natives in Persia undergo every year in order to find pasture for their herds. Forced to travel by water and over snow-covered mountains they undergo perilous ordeals that would make other people seek a new country. The trip takes 40 days and each year much of the stock and one or more members of the tribe lose their lives.

THE DENIAL—Metro-Goldwyn

SOMewhat overdone—but fair entertainment. Claire Windsor has a dual role that dominates the play. The real action is a flareback to Spanish-American War days when Claire as Mildred loses the man she loves and is forced to marry another. Mildred's own daughter finds her mother objecting to her marriage but, in present day flapper fashion, droops. Not up to Director Henley's standard.

THE AIR MAIL—Paramount

Very much worth while in that it gives a splendid idea of what the heroic Government mail fliers undergo and also of the possibilities of commercial aviation. Melodramatic, with plenty of thrills furnished by the fliers and the crooks who try to rob the mail, but even these thrills are weak beside those of the actual flying scenes. Irvin Willat's direction and the photography are capital. For the family.

THE DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS—Paramount

Here is a picture designed and built especially for women. Leatrice Joy is the featured player, but the great attraction lies in the fourteen beautiful models who wear the most gorgeous costumes ever seen on the screen. The story, a comedy of the Paris dressmaker and her models in a small Illinois city, serves as a background. Miss Joy is excellent, as is also the comedy of Ernest Torrence.

MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES—French Spectacle

More than half of this picture should have been cut out, the rest of it edited in good American fashion and then made over. There is a slight story of a fight between Charles of Burgundy and Louis XI, but the whole thing is built up on a battle with wolves in which the fee-rooious animals refuse to bite the heroine. It is a miracle, all right, but it could be told in much better fashion.
THE HEART OF A SIREN—First National

If you are a dyed-in-the-wool Barbara La Marr fan you will like this. Barbara is far more beautiful in this than in any film she has ever made; she wears more stunning gowns, and she does better work than in some of her recent offerings, but the picture drag despite the clever comedy of Clifton Webb, and anything that drags is tiresome. Conway Tearle makes a good foil for the scintillating Barbara.

THE SCARLET HONEYMOON—Fox

The title might as well have been orchid or ombre. In the story, the daughter of an impossible family that eats breakfast in its shirt sleeves, and talks shop at dinner, loves a young South American of gentle birth and breeding. The two marry after the usual turbulent difficulties and the audience goes home believing that there is a Santa Claus. Cinderella stuff pleasingly done.

DADDY’S GONE A-HUNTING—Metro-Goldwyn

The screen version of Zoe Akins’ stage hit makes heavy drama, with Alice Joyce as the unhappy wife and Percy Marmont the daddy who searches restlessly for inspiration to paint a masterpiece. Returning from a year’s study in Paris, he has changed, so his wife takes their little girl and leaves him. She is going to marry again, but the child is killed and she and Percy decide to start all over again.

DANGEROUS INNOCENCE—Universal

Recognize the title? Can’t blame you a bit if you don’t. Did you read “Ann’s an Idiot”? Now you have it—just a slight change in the title. It is an interesting story of a very young girl on her way to India who meets and falls in love with a handsome English officer. She wins his affection. The usual happy fadeout. Laura La Plante is as cute as she can be as Ann. Plenty of enjoyment in this.

SALOME OF THE TENEMENTS—Paramount

Fifth Avenue and Broadway give way to New York’s congested East Side in this interesting Sidney Olcott production which reveals Sonya Mendel’s (Jetta Goudal’s) vamping exploits culminating in marriage with the wealthy philanthropist, Manning. Of course disaster must threaten her before the picture is ended. It does. In a note she gave a pawnbroker. But Manning settles him and all’s well.

A KISS IN THE DARK—Paramount

This screen version of Cyril Maude’s stage vehicle. “Aren’t We All?” falls into the sophisticated class of photoplays. It is a brilliant little satire, filled with amusing situations and bright titles, sure of some laughs. The photography is excellent. The directorial hand is a little heavy at times, but the work of that philanderer, Adolphe Menjou, atones for much. Very entertaining. [continued on page 101]
CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

HOLLYWOOD:
Fresh from triumphs abroad with "Ben Hur" I have returned home the same unspoiled boy.
I can say the same for Ben Hur Novarro.

BACK in Hollywood!
It seemed too good to be true. But Hollywood is never too good to be true, as I realized with leaping heart when I heard the newboy's shouting:
"HEY, POLA NEGRÍ IN FIERCE GUN BATTLE!"
"HEY, MARCHÉE-SÉY GLORIA SWANSON UNDER THE KNIFE AT MIDNIGHT!"
Home sweet home, there's no place like Hollywood.

ALICE TERRY met us at the station. I guess there were others, but it was hard to see them. Alice is that way.

As I drove past the studio a dog leaped out with six other dogs fawning about him. Ramon graciously whistled his recognition. "That," he said, "is the studio dog and his 'yes' dogs."

AS soon as I had fought off the real estate men trying to sell me Los Angeles lots and the creditors who distinctly remembered me as the young man who left town in a hurry eight months ago I dashed for Pola Negri's place in Beverly Hills to learn of the gun battle. I found Beverly Hills, once a smiling village, now smouldering in smoke.

"A boo-urglar try to break in my house," explained Pola darkly as she daintily toyed with her pearl-handled plaything.

"A what?" I gasped.

"A boo-urglar."

"He wasn't no burglar," said I. "He was a tiger hunter."

Pola first heard a step on the stair, "then a hand on the—what-you-call-er—ya, the knob of the bedroom door."

The door was locked, so the boo-urglar made for the dressing room. Pola had a vision of her chinchilla coat departing. With all the fervor of Joan of Arc hearing the voices she bounded from bed with revolver in hand and let drive at the ceiling.

Two seconds later a voice cried hoarsely from below, "Ah, shut-up."

"What you say?" shrieked Pola furiously. "Don' you tell me to shut-up!" Whang! Whang! Pola turned her machine gun loose through the window. The burglar had nothing more to say. So far as he was concerned the argument was closed. He probably realized he had the wrong address.

I don't know how many Beverly Hills residents dropped to the pavement during the fusillade or how many were shot through their windows to die in their beds.

The only one who was not disturbed was Ernst Lubitsch, Pola's director, living not far away. Mrs. Lubitsch with chattering teeth was of the opinion that the Bolsheviks had at last arrived. But Ernst, after listening a moment to the Whang! Whang! Whang! accompanied by Polish remarks to the burglar, merely rolled over with a smile. "It's only leettle Pola," he said. "Never mind, she get tired pretty soon and go to sleep."

Beverly Hills real estate took a big drop the day after the battle. An earthquake couldn't shake it down, but Pola is something quite different. However, there has been an unprecedented boom since then. Everyone realizes that so long as Pola is a citizen the town is burglar-proof. Six carloads of well-known burglars left California for Florida after the affair, and there are signs everywhere that In BEVERLY HILLS BURGLAR-PROOF REAL ESTATE! POLA NEVER MISSES!

THE most expensive lot in Hollywood is now occupied by a tribe of Indians with their tepees. The bucks are appearing under the direction of Col. Tim McCoy in a dialogue for "The Iron Horse" at Grauman's Egyptian theater.

One of the bucks is already offering his tent for ten dollars. He wants to buy beads. "He's one of us actors all right," observed M. Novarro. "Wants to slap a mortgage on his place the first thing."

At this writing the tepee remains unsold, but I understand that a Gloria Swanson and the Marquis are supposed to be considering it.

AFTER rating star values for my sensational article, "Returning to Hollywood," in this issue, I foundered into a boulevard lunch room with Malcolm McGregor and discovered to my horror just how wrong a great mind can be. There before me above the counter was the real rating of stars according to sandwiches. Thus I discover that a Pola Negri sandwich sells for seventy-five cents, whereas a Gloria Swanson will only bring fifty cents from a hungry man.

AND just to prove you can't believe anything in this magazine except what you read on this page. I'm showing myself up by printing the real star ham sandwich rating as follows:

Pola Negri sandwich 75 cents.
May McAvoy sandwich 75 cents. (You can see what "Ben Hur" did to boom May's sandwich; it used to be only sixty-five.)

Charlie Chaplin sandwich 60 cents. (Dropping from seventy-five following Charlie's breathless eloquence without publicity.)
Gloria Swanson sandwich 50 cents. (Dropped in value because of wild West impression that a French marquise can't cook.)

Clarke Bowl sandwich 50 cents. (Advertised as young and fresh.)
Barbara La Marr sandwich 50 cents. (Low price due to Western impression that a girl who has lost four husbands can't cook.)

Larry Semon sandwich 50 cents. (Very popular due to publicity catch-line, If you can't eat it, laugh it down.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106
Have you ever sat in the shadows watching your favorite star and wished wistfully, and half hopefully, that you could afford clothes like those worn by her on the screen?

Photoplay has anticipated that longing, and here is the answer: On this and the following pages, you will find illustrations of costumes complete from tip to toe, which have appeared or are to appear in the new pictures. There are several street outfits, including proper accessories and a few airy frocks for party wear.

Through the cooperation of some of the largest New York shops these costumes have been duplicated at very moderate prices for you. They come not only in these attractive designs but in a variety of colors and will save you the fatigue and disappointment of shopping or of struggling with the dressmaker.

Doris Kenyon's picturesque little frock, of crepe de chine with delightful sleeves of cool georgette, is worn in "I Want My Man."

We have had an almost exact reproduction made of it in smart navy and beige, green and beige, soft powder blue and white, lovely shades of copper and rose, youthful lacquer red and white, and the ever striking black and white.

With it you may wear a soft little hat of the new stitched suede with feather brush to match. It is faced with straw and may be ordered in natural suede color, havana, navy, bright red, pale rose, and copen blue.

The envelope purse, which continues to be the smartest thing for day wear, may be had in red, gray, black, tan, and brown. In lizard calf, pin morocco, and beaver calf.

The slippers are of blond or black satin, as you choose.

**Frock** stretched worn by Doris Kenyon—$35.00. Sizes, 14 to 20. Suede hat—$12.75. Underarm purse—$4.95. Satin slippers—$3.50

Photoplay will help you shop—see next page
DRESS LIKE A STAR
New Frocks from New Films

These three costumes as worn by Lillian Rich are to be had at moderate prices—if not in your town at least through this Fashion Department. The coat is copied from the one worn in "A Kiss in the Dark" and, together with the ensemble, has been made up especially for Photoplay readers.

The ensemble suit is an entirely new feature of this year’s style in dress and is an almost indispensable feature of any woman’s wardrobe.

This ensemble is adapted from Lillian Rich’s costume in "A Kiss in the Dark," at $49.75—sizes, 14 to 20. The coat is of natural Kasha-crine, short-sleeved dress with long tie drawn through slits of soft green crepe de chine, ivory embroidered. It comes in a variety of new shades. The velvet brimmed straw hat at $12.50 has a circular rhinestone pin (the one illustrated is 95 cents)—hat colors, beaver, navy, brown and black—in two tones or solid color. Extremely smart underarm purse of smooth green tortoise grain, $9.50. Other colors, tobacco brown, havana and gray. Leather pumps, one strap and buckle, in tan, gray, white, black patent leather and patent with tan back—$10.00. The same model may be had in alligator leather for $14.00.

This slender coat of natural Kasha is available at $29.75 in sizes 14 to 20. It comes either in navy twill and tan, natural Kasha with black borders or tan Kasha with amber borders. This coat may be purchased separately, though if worn in a harmonizing color with dress sketched beside it, it becomes a complete ensemble. The mudish black hat of felt and straw is $12.75. "Swagger" purse of lustrous black watered silk, peach grassegrain lined—$4.00:

The dress herewith pictured above, of heavy silk crepe, with the new Chanel circular skirt, is also the same price as the coat of Kasha—$29.75. There is a somewhat lavish touch of decoration to this dress. Each is heavily embroidered with gold and comes in lip-stick red and black, navy blue and red, tan shades and black; block with red, perenche blue embroidered in tan, and almond green embroidered in tan. These dresses come in sizes from 14 to 20.

This Fashion Department is for You
Take Advantage of It

The response to our Shopping service in the April issue was a big surprise. Dress like a star to fit your own purse. Its continued success depends on you. We are locating and having copied in popular prices the smartest and most practical dresses from new pictures. Whether you are a Photoplay subscriber or not, this Service is for you—take advantage of it.

The low prices quoted on the articles are due to the fact that in all instances they are stock models. In the event that your size is not available in the color you desire, your money will be refunded.
ON AN EXTRA'S INCOME

Intrigue Feminine Fancy

THESE three models, one an afternoon gown and two for street, are faithful copies of those worn in new productions. Dorothy Mackaill below at left wears a charmingly simple frock suitable for either afternoon or evening. Her scarf is a smart touch, since any evening gown without one is almost a rarity. Constance Bennett’s ensemble, amazingly becoming, has been copied at an equally amazing price. Her accessories are perfectly chosen.

Dorothy Mackaill in “Chickie” wears a girlish afternoon frock of georgette suitable also for informal evening wear. A combination of ribbon girdle, French flowers, circular skirt, and matching scarf. In white, peach, flesh, orchid, red and turquoise. Sizes, 14 to 20—$29.75. Transparent hair hat, also in pastel shades with flowers to match, $14.75. Slippers illustrated come in black satin or patent leather—$12.50. If in white, tinted to match dress, $2.00 extra

Constance Bennett’s ensemble worn in “My Son.” Remarkable value at $29.75. Dress and coat of faille and crepe de chine, misses’ sizes, 14-16-18. Women’s sizes, 36 to 44. Tan with cocoa red, navy with white or rust, cocoa and beige, black and white. Tan felt and straw hat, $14.75. “Tooled” Florentine envelope purse, $4.75. Shoes, black patent and alligator, $15.00. “Baroque” pearl necklaces, plain white or white and gun metal, $5.00 each

Let Photoplay Do Your Shopping

How to Order

Please observe the following rules:
WRITE PLAINLY. Print your name and address.
REMITTANCE. Money order, certified check or draft on a New York Bank must cover the price of articles ordered. Remittances should be made payable to Photoplay Shopping Service.
BE EXPLICIT IN ORDERING. State all necessary measurements. Be specific as to colors, giving, when possible, a second choice. For shoes include an outline of stockinged foot, for hats the head size. Be explicit.
INQUIRIES. Readers making inquiries should enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope to insure prompt reply.
ADDRESS. Photoplay’s Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, N. Y.
Rhinestone pins in animal forms are amusing and quite new. Besides those pictured here, are horses, peacocks, butterflies, alligators, etc., 95c each. Rhinestone bowknot buckles—$2.50

Purse of velvet calf with back strap and four pockets inside. In ten, gray and brown—$9.95

Adalyn Mayer in "The Dressmaker from Paris" wears this dance frock of georgette with French roses. The bodice reflects the latest idea in the return to the close-fit, and the circular skirt, while not new, has not been displaced by anything else. This model is in white, flesh, peach, orchid, red and turquoise—sizes, 14 to 30, $32.75. Slippers, plain opera satin from $6.00 to $10.00; tinted to match gown, $2.00 extra. French necklace in "Ruby," Topaz, Sapphire, Jade or gun-metal with crystal and pearls, $15.00

This odd necklace of black silk cord with pearls string on links is $6.95. The originals of these cord and pearl necklaces were fabulously expensive. The sketch is similar to one worn by Corinne Griffith.

Soft, pale gray felt hat, $9.75, comes in all popular shades such as beige, tan, red, black, etc. The deep crown and pliable brim make this hat becoming to all, irrespective of age.

These little things that count for much
Constance Bennett wearing one of her very clever frocks in "My Son." A copy of this may be had in either plain or flowered georgette. Colors: white, peach, flesh, orchid, red and turquoise. Sizes, 14 to 18. $35.00. The diaphanous cape and tunic float gracefully about the figure and are really charming in motion. Strands of "Baroque" Pearls at $5.00 each. One-strap slippers of black satin may be had also; for other costumes in rosewood, gray and patent with gray kid—$10.00.

Hat of mauve felt with pearl ornament—$9.75. May be had in all popular colors. Excellent quality and hat that would be invaluable for all-round wear.

Street shoes of tan calf skin and tattooed lizard with crescent shaped gilt buckle—$15.50. Come in darker brown also.

Black satin pumps with "silver" buckle and silver kid ornament—$12.50. Other styles: Patent with either gray or beige lizard and plain black patent with brown buckle ornaments.

Three-strap buckled slipper—$15.50. In black patent leather, tan kid with tattooed lizard, or plain calf skin.

Gloves of suede—$3.95. In gray, light, medium and dark; beige, "mole" or black.

Purse of black pin morocco—stripes and clasp of red. Lined with changeable silk moire in beige and mauve tones.

Hat of mauve felt with pearl ornament—$9.75. May be had in all popular colors. Excellent quality and hat that would be invaluable for all-round wear.
HELP! The Cross Word Puzzle Editor is swamped. Thousands upon thousands of crossworders have deluged him with solutions to the puzzles published in the April issue. What to do! What to do!

It was discovered that many persons secured a copy of Photoplay before the time—fifteenth of the month—when the closing time contest closes, so that the answers to last month’s puzzles will not be announced until the June issue.

Evidently it took some of the puzzle fans about one minute and a half to solve the puzzles, address them to the editor and look for other puzzles to solve. Then, again, it wasn’t so easy for some of the other fans. They took time to write letters and tell him just what they thought about him for serving such mental twisters. But they admitted the puzzles were worth while and they were looking forward to those published in this issue:

Of course, every person who sent in a solution claimed first prize. There is only one first prize and the judges are going to have a hectic time deciding which solution is entitled to bring home the bacon for the solver.

However, if their letters are a criterion, there are a few who will be satisfied with any old prize at all.

They admitted that they were not quite sure about some of the words and were also willing to give others credit for doing them just a little bit better than they did, but, nevertheless, “the work I put in on these puzzles entitles me to something,” as one fan wrote.

And that brings us right up to the puzzles offered this month. The editor has certainly dug up two twisters that will make the first pair seem like eating creampuffs following a diet of hardtack. They have everything that a film fan ought to know and something more—they have a few words that will send you to the dictionary.

Just remember that there is a lot of fun connected with the solving of these puzzles. Also a lot of good American money. Just as last month, the first prize will be $200 in cash. The second prize will be $100; the third, $50. Then there are five $10 prizes and twenty $5 prizes.

$500.00 in Prizes for Solutions

Cross Word Puzzle No 3.

ACROSS
3. Alberta, new star.
5. "Tol'able David."
10. That is (abbr.).
11. Noblemen.
18. Not down.
19. Observe.
20. Male star.
24. Movie Villain.
27. Another diphthong.
28. Article.
29. Scenarios.
33. Pen.
34. Some.
35. Young star.

DOWN
1. Gareth; Secretary of State.
2. Man’s name.
3. Verse (abbr.).
4. Formerly.
5. Bleat.
6. To flog.
7. Sea (Fr.).
8. Interior location.
11. Balance (abbr.).
15. Not well.
16. Name (Fr.).
17. Help.
22. Girl’s name.
23. Smaller.
25. One, only (coll.).
30. By.
31. New York Production (abbr.).
32. Caress; Male star.
of These and—One Sentence

Cross Word Puzzle No. 4

ACROSS
1. Given name of very famous and athletic star.
6. Given name of one of three sisters, all on screen under different surnames.
12. First name of title of picture made from famous stage play.
13. Given name of noted actress of European birth.
15. Direction.
16. A mountain.
19. Department of Street Cleaning (abbr.).
30. A point of the compass.
31. Surname of screen of famous male "stunt" star.
34. Interrogation.
35. Prayers.
36. A subdivision of a county.
38. The heroine of a poem by Sir Walter Scott.
39. A rapid.
41. To annoy.
42. Comparative suffix.
43. Popularized by Volstead.
45. Initiates of a Northern state.
46. Church.
47. A fixed period of time.
49. Not the younger (abbr.).
50. To drink.
52. Preposition.
53. Musical instruments.
54. To experiment.
48. First name of one of three sisters, all on screen.
49. They make them in a studio.
51. Title of aBedlams picture.
52. Part of the verb "to be."
54. A delicious fruit.
57. A shout.
58. A drunkard.
60. What a cow says for "Good morning."
61. The side at bat.
62. A garden tool.
63. Pertaining to the mouth.
65. Given name of a cowboy comedian.
66. Provokes.
67. Stops.

DOWN
1. Field flowers.
2. Without repetition.
3. One (Fr.).
4. Southern state (abbr.).
5. Sour substances.
7. A slave of ancient Sparta.
8. That sun god again.
9. An honorary degree.
10. Otherwise.
11. One who sails a pleasure boat.
15. A famous Red Sea port.
16. A note of the diatonic scale.
17. The world's greatest news association.
18. What every photoplay should have.
22. Given name of noted leading woman, wife of a director.
23. One of four brothers, all screen actors.
25. Volstead made this hard to get.
27. Negative.
29. The opposite of monosyllabic.
30. First name of charming star who uses all three of her names.
31. Downeast.
32. Episcopal jurisdiction.
33. Family name of actress recently on Photoplay cover.
34. Canonicalized persons (abbr.).
35. A she-bear.
36. To cook in shallow pan.
37. Family name of screen leading man, much seen in Westerns.
38. A kind of bread much used in Scotland.
39. Purer.
40. Tender.
41. Interrogation.
42. A preposition.
43. An Eastern state (abbr.).
44. An Eastern state.
45. Surname of screen leading man, much seen in Westerns.
46. To make an edging.
47. A pronoun.
48. An officer (abbr.).
49. A term used by editorial writers.

Contest Rules for Photoplay Cross Word Puzzles

1. The Photoplay Magazine Cross Word Puzzle Contest is a test of judgment and skill open to anyone excepting employees of Photoplay Magazine or members of their families.
2. Five hundred dollars in Cash Awards will be paid as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Award Type</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>$200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Prize</td>
<td>$100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Third Prize</td>
<td>$50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Five $10 Prizes</td>
<td>$50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty $5 Prizes</td>
<td>$100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$500</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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for the correct or most nearly completed and correct solutions of the Cross Word Puzzles appearing in the May issue; together with the best sentence in the opinion of the judges (Editors of Photoplay), using words in the puzzles.
3. All solutions must be received in New York by May tenth, 1925, properly addressed to Contest Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.
4. All solutions must be filled in in "block" or "print" letters, on the cross word puzzle design furnished by Photoplay Magazine, or on a separate piece of paper of the same size and shape. Tracings of the puzzles on plain paper may be submitted, and the rules of Photoplay Magazine are open to inspection in its various offices and agencies, and in public libraries.
5. If there is no complete set of correct solutions submitted, the person or persons sending in the nearest correct solutions, giving place to skill and judgment in composing a sentence using words in the puzzles, will be awarded the prizes.
6. In case of a tie, awards will be made for neatness, judgment, accuracy and skill; and if the tie cannot be decided in this manner, the tied contestants will receive similar prizes.
7. Time will not be a factor in making awards, but all solutions must be received at the New York office of Photoplay Magazine—221 West 57th Street—by midnight of May tenth, 1925.
8. Name and address must be plainly written on the envelope and also with the submitted puzzles.
9. Each contestant may submit as many answers as desired.
10. Any and all members of a family will be allowed to compete.
Ornamental Lamps, Well Placed

By Marguerite Henry

"Lamps have a meaning and another purpose besides shedding light," says an eminent authority on interior decoration. The shadows and lights give to a room an interesting color note and a tranquillity so essential to a harmonious ensemble.

Motion picture producers seem to be ever a few paces ahead of the rest of the world; they anticipate our very desires. To them we owe the popularity of the lamp. If the robin is a harbinger of spring, so is the producer a harbinger of the new things in home-lore and interior decoration. When milady of the silent drama enters her palatial residence, the push of a button suffuses the room with a flood of warmth and subdued resplendence. No overhead glare, no dazzling illumination to strain the eye, no harsh brilliance that reveals all defects; instead, a pleasing tonality and repose.

Just as the moon is more alluring when half veiled by a misty cloud; the sun's rays more wondrous seen through gossamer draperies; woman's charm more irresistible in diaphanous raiment, so is a home made more beautiful by lamp light. The fascination of the camp fire isn't so much the leaping flames as it is the eerie shadows they create.

Mary Pickford's tresses under the flattering rays of the lamp become shimmering gold, and by that same light, Rudolph Valentino's hair gleams a blue black.

With an overhead, all objects receive the same monotonous light, while lamps scattered here and there breathe atmosphere. A softly-lighted room is more efficacious in inducing conversation and the exchange of confidences than a quaff of sparkling wine.

A room can scarcely have too many lamps and side lights, provided they are selected with careful taste. I once knew a well-meaning woman who wanted everything in her home to be "different." It was. She had the lamp craze, and one monstrosity was a deep rose, another tangerine, a third blue, and a fourth a flowered design. The

The secret of the soft radiance of screen settings is divulged for your individual adaptation with these

Without the shade, the antique gold "florette" with its jeweled ornament sells at $30. The delicate shell-shields on the grandole, back of the davenport, can be bought for $2. They are tinted in orchid, flush, tiger-eyes, or moonstone (Coolidge grey) and shed a much softer light than silk shades. The coffee table is solid antique mahogany in Louis XVI period and costs $175.

Pliable arm adjusts light up, down, or sideways. In any color, without shade, $23

"Lamps," believes Phyllis Haver, "make rooms more livable and women more lovable."
Add Beauty and Restfulness

If you have any home decoration problems, or want to know where these articles may be purchased, write to:

A novel vallette for your favorite chair. Old ivory (without Shade) $15.50

Lewis Stone and Lew Cody find that the lamp glow stimulates confidences

This cozy boudoir is an expression of comfort, completeness, economy. The Windsor balls of metal may be finished in apple green, old ivory, blue, brick red, antique walnut, or mahogany, with a narrow line of contrasting color—$32 each. You can make your own shades and the fixtures cost but $8.50 each. The convenient commode with its spacious drawer and shelf for an irish-hut sells at $21.

rose lamp reposed on a table so small that I couldn't help agreeing with her timid husband when he said, "Myrtle, where is the lamp going with our little table?" The floor lamps were of varied periods, designs, and finishes. A wrought-iron Italian base shrieked at an English, and an antique gold Louis model declared war on them both.

When you add a lamp or two to your home, beware of following Myrtle's example. I hope if she reads my article she will forgive and benefit.

I don't mean that each lamp should be like the other, but I am simply stressing the importance of blending colors and adhering to the period of your architecture and furniture. For instance, if your walls are buff and your rug is green, one lamp might be sand-colored georgette trimmed with pale green ruffles, another Nile green taffeta embellished with a spray of light yellow flowers and green leaves. There are a world of related colors to use with the dominant tones of your room. If I can suggest a color scheme for you, write me at the address at the top of this page. The editor has secured my services simply to help his readers live happy and more beautiful lives.

If I were you I'd boycott my overhead fixtures, and revel in the convenience and comfort of having the light just where I wanted it. The bases pictured above allow you to lower or raise the shade depending on whether you are reclining or sitting erect. These are brand new patented ideas and make the lamp a thing of usefulness as well as beauty. A noted eye specialist has said that reading while reclining is not so detrimental to the eyes if you have the light close enough to your book.

Every woman admits the restfulness of reading while lying among a nest of soft pillows and munching cakes on the coffee table drawn up beside her.

Someone has defined interior decoration as the art of "Bringing together the things that belong together," and the clever woman places her lamps close to comfortable chairs.

If you make your own shade, you can afford to put the money saved into a better base. Let me tell you how simple it is to make the most... [continued on page 117]
IN CASH PRIZES

In the JUNE Issue

$5,000 for Readers of Photoplay

The most simple and fascinating picture star puzzle contest that has ever been held in an American periodical

You can win big money and have a good time, too

You just can't afford to miss the fun you will have, and the chance to win $5000 by getting in the contest which will appear in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The editors have devised the most simple and fascinating Cut Picture Puzzle Contest that has ever been held in any periodical. It isn't a contest that requires any ingenious or artistic ability, and it isn't a contest full of tricks and misleading clues. It's just a fair, open chance for everyone.

It's easy—and the fun you will get working it out beats any cross-word puzzle that was ever made. All you have to do is to paste neatly and accurately together faces of Motion Picture Stars divided into several parts, and put them together in their proper positions.

If you go to movies you see these faces every day and you stand as good a chance of winning as anyone else. The idea is unique. You don't have to know the history of every star to work it out. It will be your own fault if you don't get the big prize, or one of the many smaller prizes. Someone must get the money.

Speak to your newsdealer at once, and insist that he save you a copy of the JUNE issue of PHOTOPLAY—on sale May 15th. Or send 25c to Photoplay Magazine, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, and we will mail the copy to you.

They will sell out very quickly, and you may lose out if you're not right smart.
When Blanche Sweet isn't making pictures she is designing millinery or dresses. Her latest is a turban for evening wear. It is wound about the head and made of black tulle, which forms a fitting frame for her blonde beauty.
WARNER BAXTER has come to be so much in demand that producers have the habit of "lending" him to each other to play in important pictures.

IT USED to be Edward Burns but when that popular leading man signed a contract with the De Mille stock company it was changed to Edmund.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN wears a happy smile most of the time. That is why this is such a good likeness of the star of "Introduce Me."

IN SPITE of his name Monte Blue is another smiler. One reason is because of his latest film, "Recompense" which you will enjoy soon.
THE REASON George Hackathorne looks so serious is that he is thinking of his new picture, "Night Life in New York." Cheer up. It's not so bad.

JOHN ROCHE has been coming to the front so fast in his recent pictures that he wins a place in this galaxy of stars. He appeared in "The Lost Lady."

CASSON FERGUSON has just won a successful fight over sickness. After a year and a half he will appear with Valentino in "Cobra."

JOHN PATRICK, whose performance did much to make "Flaming Youth" flame, has won some more laurels for himself in "The Dark Swan."
CARLOTTA MONTEREY is one of the most accomplished actresses on the New York stage and one of the screen's latest acquisitions. She will appear in Richard Barthelmess' picture "Soul Fire." Very incidentally, she is the wife of Ralph Barton.
Major Lew Stone, O.R.C.

By Ivan St. Johns

I KNOW a very beautiful young blonde in Hollywood who is much besieged by members of the opposite sex—very much besieged, indeed. Having, as I do, rather a big-brother feeling about her, there are those among her suitors who arouse my ire considerably. I feel sorry for any girl, for instance, who would deliberately marry a handsome young actor.

But in this battalion is one youth of excellent family, fine education, assured income, steady disposition and pleasing personality who is liked and trusted by everyone and who is exactly the sort of man I'd pick out for my daughter later on.

I mentioned him to her one day. "Why," said I, "don't you like said youth any better? He seems the pick of the field to me."

She cocked one eyebrow at me pensively. "Mother approves of him so," said she cryptically.

It took me a little while, but I finally got it. I daresay it does rather dim the romance—excessive family approval. It is not the day of safety first, with the eternal feminine. Instead, she seems bound on breaking her neck if possible. If I had it all to do over again, and "mother" really liked me—which she didn't, I assure you—I'd conspire with her not to mention it under any circumstances lest she ruin my chances with her dashing daughter.

All of which leads me to the fact that I keep hesitating over the things I want to say about Lewis S. Stone—actor and gentleman.

Those things which occur to me, and which I would say to any gang of men in the world, have such a stable and prosaic and approval-of-the-family sound that I am afraid the female of the species will gather an entirely wrong idea from them.

For instance to say, "The one actor you can always depend on to give you something absolutely worth while in every and any part he plays"—sounds like recommending a dress because it will wear well—which my wife says is the last thing to recommend a dress to any woman these days.

To say, "The only actor on the screen who can play a gentleman as a gentleman really should be played and not a gentleman as an actor visualizes him"—sounds as though he used bandolines and wore a gardinia.

If you say, "He plays husbands better than anyone in the industry," it has the same romantic flavor as mothballs in woolen underwear.

Or, "Sheiks may come and Latin lovers may go, but Lew Stone goes on forever"—well, really, it has all the earmarks of a well-carved epitaph.

Nevertheless and somehow, I have got to pay my tribute of thanks to Lew Stone for the many delightful hours he has given me by his work on the screen, and do it without dimming in any way that fascinating, intriguing, polished, vital personality of his. There is no name today that will draw me into the box office quicker than Lewis Stone. And I believe more men of my age—which is somewhere between sixteen and sixty—feel that way than a lot of people realize.

I know that no matter how bad the story is, nor how ghastly the direction, I shall have a few moments of real pleasure from Lew's excellent acting and admirable personality. (Do you remember the drunk scene in "Husbands and Lovers"? Wasn't that a work of art?)

Lew Stone wanted to be an army officer. He was—he is—one, for that matter. And to me he stands for all that is best in an "Army man"—class, distinction, carriage, charm.

He was educated at the Bernard Military Academy, in New York, you know, and left there to go into the Spanish-America war, as a youngster. When he got back in 1900, he went on the stage—as he himself says, "for no particular reason." There were no actors among the Stones, of Worcester, Massachusetts.

[continued on page 122]
Bright Sayings of Children in Filmdom

Mickey Daniels of "Our Gang" is not only a comedian but a poet. He proved it when he wrote a farewell note to Will Rogers in verse.

At the right is Patricia Burke Ziegfeld, daughter of Billie Burke and Flo Ziegfeld. She gets her beauty from her mother and wit from both.

Once upon a time, as all children stories should start, somebody remarked that children of brilliant persons weren't necessarily bright because of such parentage. PhotoPlay determined to find out whether children of famous stars, directors and producers in the film colonies, as well as child actors, ever said or did anything to reflect their brilliance. The collection of following stories prove they do.

Mrs. Charlotte Pickford was looking at some property she planned to buy and subdivide. Little six-year-old Mary Pickford, Jr., was with her when Mrs. Pickford remarked: "The lots will sell like hotcakes."

"But sometimes hotcakes are left on the plate," said little Mary.

Pretty Mary Kornman gave director Robert McGowan the biggest surprise he ever got from any member of "Our Gang" when she asked him:

"Do chickens go to heaven?"
"What a question! Of course not."
"Why don't chickens go to heaven when cats do?"
"What makes you think cats go to heaven?"
"Because when I dug up my kitty where it was buried it was all gone."
HERE'S one Allan Hale, the heavy in "The Covered Wagon," tells on himself.

Hale had just come home from a hard day at the studio and was correcting his three-year-old son Buddy (Allan Hale, Jr.) for giving his mother a bad day. He laid it on pretty thick, and Buddy listened attentively. When he was all through the child piped up:

"Now daddy, don't try to be funny. You're not a comedian."

LITTLE Billy Reid, aged 7, son of the late Wallace Reid, accompanied his mother, Dorothy Reid, on one of her tours to help keep her from being so lonesome. They were in New York and Mrs. Reid left Billy and his governess in front of a Fifth Avenue shop while she went in to make some purchases. Billy withdrew as far as possible from his governess and stood watching the crowds on the Avenue. A benevolent old gentleman stopped and asked:

"Aren't you afraid of all the people—the men and wild women, Sonny?"

"Naw! I come from Hollywood," was Billy's scornful answer.

Mary Kornman is a little blonde beauty of "Our Gang" and she is one of the prime leaders in the fun-making crowd.

Mary Pickford, Jr., is credited with many bright sayings by those who have met the young lady. Here is her latest picture with her famous mother.

Few children in filmdom have grown to girlhood and young womanhood with the grace and beauty of William de Mille's children. Here are, left to right, Agnes, nineteen, Mrs. de Mille and Margaret, sixteen.
FROM Hallam Cooley, who plays with Douglas MacLean in "Never Say Die," comes this story about his five-year-old son, Ronny:

"Ronny's Sunday-school teacher asked him the other Sunday what loving act he had done during the week just passed. My son spoke right up without a blush and replied that he had let his mother wash his head."

Sheila O'Malley, aged four, like most youngsters, startles her dad, Pat O'Malley, on an average of once a day by her mature sayings. Pat recently reprimanded Sheila for yelling too much around the house and Sheila was very much hurt.

After a moment's deep thought she threw back her head and, with a deep sigh, exclaimed: "Oh, daddy! You don't deserve a nice little daughter like me."

LITTLE Mary Johanna Desmond, four-year-old daughter of Bill and Mary McIvor Desmond, was eating lunch one day. Her mother had been in the habit of giving her string beans, but first taking the beans from their pods before cooking them. The doctor told Mrs. Desmond string bean pods were good for the youngster, so that day Mary Jo was given string beans as they should be served for the first time. "I'm through with my lunch, mother," sung out Mary Jo, anxious to get back to her play.

"You haven't eaten your beans, child," admonished Mrs. Desmond.

"But mother—I don't like my beans wrapped up."

RUTH NAGEL, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, had been told not to put her finger in her mouth and had been severely reprimanded when she failed to obey. One day, while calling with her mother, she saw a bronze statue of a little girl with her finger in her mouth.

"Bad—bad little girl, take your finger out of your mouth," said Ruth, as she calmly knocked the statue off the table.

LIKE all other children, Joe Keaton, the three-year-old son of Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge Keaton, is very curious. His Auntie Constance Talmadge was telling Joe all about how she acted in pictures and how much fun it was. Joe became quite excited about it and then asked:

"Is Auntie Norma in pictures, too?"

BILLY BOWES, beautiful Claire Windsor's six-year-old son, is very fond of their gardener, Tom.

It was during the hoof and mouth disease, which swept the Western states and hit California hard. Thousands of head of cattle were being killed and Billy was most interested and sympathetic with the gardener's explanations of the epidemic.

Then one day, while working in the garden, Tom ran a rusty nail in his foot. When Billy saw Tom again, the gardener had his foot all wrapped up and was walking with the aid of a cane.

Billy burst into tears and ran to his mother. When asked for an explanation, Billy wailed he didn't want his friend Tom shot and he knew they would now that he had hoof disease.

[Continued on page 124]
JUST THE ROSE COLOR of this season's smart Parisian manicure

In Paris this season the very smartest women of fashion are turning to the world lovelier finger tips than ever — the nails gleaming with a new rosiness.

And Cutex has captured perfectly this rosy lustre in its wonderful Liquid Polish which in Paris itself is used more than any other liquid polish.

If you, too, are fastidious about every detail of your appearance, the deep rose petal coloring, the jewel-like brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish will delight you.

And see will every feature of this carefully perfected polish!

Spreads smoother and more evenly... Won't peel off... Makes the nails look naturally pink and glistening, not artificial and over-colored... Lasts a whole week... Needs no separate polish remover.

With it your nails look for days and days as if they had just come from the daintiest manicure. Its glistening lustre brings out the full beauty of soft smooth cuticle and the carefully shaped nail long after most polishes have begun to dim or look spotty.

To enjoy this touch of Parisian elegance to the full, use Cutex Liquid Polish with the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover for the soft even cuticle that is the basis of every correct manicure.

Cutex Liquid Polish is 35c. And it comes in three of the complete manicure sets. Sets from 60c to $5.00 at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

Mail this Coupon Today

What we send you in a 6c package

This 6c package contains the wonderful Cutex Liquid Polish and the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover — more than enough of both for six manicures — a brush, an emery board, orange stick and cotton, and the helpful booklet, "How to have Lovely Nails." Address Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th St., New York — or if you live in Canada, Dept. Q-5, 220 Mountain St., Montreal, Can.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The First Real School of Screen Acting

A REALLY sincere and rather ambitious effort is to be made to solve one of the most acute problems of motion picture production, that of recruiting a sufficient number of new faces to meet the constantly growing demands of the screen. The solution lies in the opening, in the near future, of a training school for actors and actresses at the Paramount Long Island studio, where ten young men and ten young women are to undergo intensive training and instruction for a six months term.

This is a problem to which Photoplay has called attention many times but, up to the present, without arousing the producers to the crying need of action. The present condition is bad, not only because all the favorites of the screen are growing older every day, but also because it is a fact that the motion picture public, no matter how loyal it may be to this or that player, at some stage begins to tire of seeing the same faces week in and week out and demands a change.

The motion picture public demands youth, and it is to meet this demand that this new school is projected. It is the first step towards putting on a practical basis the efforts of the motion picture industry to augment its number of artists. It is designed not only to help the motion picture profession, but also to provide a doorway through which suitable young men and women may enter the screen world. It offers to those who possess real talent the opportunity to appear in pictures without undergoing the privations and defeats which have faced the beginner.

The aim of the founders of the Paramount School Inc. embraces much more than teaching men and women how to act. It is their hope to be able to imbue the students with a lofty conception of the screen artist’s opportunities and responsibilities. In other words, the ethics of the profession will form an important item in the curriculum of this school.

The Board of Directors of this school has as its chairman Adolph Zukor, and includes Jesse L. Lasky, Joseph Hergesheimer, Daniel Frohman, Gilbert Miller, John Emerson, Thomas Meighan, and D. W. Griffith.

The present plans call for the opening of the Fall term on July 13, with graduation on December 13, a six months course.

The general plan of admission has been most carefully prepared. Thirty representatives, covering the entire United States, will receive applications, and each will forward the most suitable five to the Paramount School. These one hundred fifty will be weeded out to fifty who will be interviewed personally by Mr. Lasky or his representative.

There will be thorough instruction in all branches of motion picture acting. All the subjects will be compulsory and there will be three groups: Technical instruction, physical training, and lectures. The first group will include: composition; physical fitness; voice training; daily exercise; writing; and motion picture literature.

The physical training will include: dancing, riding, swimming, gymnastics, fencing, and driving automobiles. The lectures are to be delivered by distinguished members of the dramatic and motion picture professions, and will cover every branch of the industry, including scenario construction, direction, stage lighting, photography and laboratory methods.

The fee for tuition will be $500 for the term, payable in advance. In addition, students must be prepared to pay their living expenses at the rate of $25 a week for approximately twenty weeks. Obviously only the best material will be accepted. Instruction will be given those alone who are in deadly earnest.

WHAT West Point or Annapolis does for the patriotic young man this school will do for the ambitious screen aspirant of either sex. And those behind the idea are far-seeing. It is an intelligent way to make stars that is bound to prove successful.
"Youthfulness is the real pot of gold at the end of every woman's rainbow. Pond's Two Creams are a wonderful help to this coveted end."

MY first glimpse of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt brought a little catch to my throat.

I had heard she was very lovely — this young woman, barely twenty-one, two years married to the son of one of America's oldest, wealthiest, most distinguished families, and mother of an exquisite baby girl. But I was unprepared for beauty so compelling, so unique.

"It's partly because she's so tall," I said to my companion, "and so slender. Did you ever see such grace?"

Sunlight breaks the shadows of her almost black hair, into shimmering bronze. In the depths of her dark eyes burn the fires of golden topazes. And in the snows of her delicate skin blooms the rose of her full-blown lips, ruby-red and strangely beautiful.

"What a bouquet she lends that gown," I murmured, as Mrs. Vanderbilt moved into the room. "Its black velvet is richer for contrast with arms and shoulders of such dazzling whiteness."

"But the contrast is in the color alone," said someone in our group. "When it comes to texture, there's little to choose between chiffon velvet and Mrs. Vanderbilt's skin."

"I'm just to be a good skin," Mrs. Vanderbilt spoke seriously. "I take good care of it."

"No doubt you devote hours of every day to keeping it exquisite," my friend rejoined.

"On the contrary," cried Mrs. Vanderbilt, "only a few moments — far less time than many of my friends. It's not the time that counts. It's the method!"

"Do tell us what your method is," we queried.

"Two Creams," said Mrs. Vanderbilt, "made by the Pond's Laboratories. One to cleanse the skin and keep it fresh and firm. The other to protect and give it that 'velvety' finish you've just spoken of. I've used them for a long time and have never found any better."

It is this approval given by the women of Society who must keep their youth and beauty — for Mrs. Vanderbilt is only one of many — that is the final proof of the sterling worth of Pond's Two Creams.

The first step in following the Pond's method of skin care is a deep, thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it lavishly over your face, neck, arms and hands. Let it stay on a few moments so that its pure oils may soften the dust, soot, powder and rouge that choke the pores.

Wipe all the cream off and note the dirt it brings with it. Repeat the process. Now close the pores with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice.

This daily Pond's cleansing should follow any prolonged time spent out of doors. If your skin is inclined to be either very dry or oily, you should use it twice or more. And to overcome the dryness that forms lines and wrinkles, leave some of the cream on all night.

The second step is a soft finish and protection with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Fluff just a light film over your face and hands. It will vanish — for Pond's Vanishing Cream is greaseless. Notice now, how even the surface of your skin looks, how soft, bright and clear its tone.

And how well your rouge and powder blend and stay over this delicate foundation cream!

You should always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder, and before going out. For it protects your skin so that wind, dust, sun and soot cannot rob it of its natural oils, its bloom of youth.

FOLLOW the lead of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. Buy your own Pond's Creams. Find out for yourself that what she says is wholly true — "They constitute as simple, as effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered." You may have the Cold Cream in extra large jars now. And, of course, both creams in the smaller jars you are familiar with. The Pond's Extract Company.

FREE OFFER — Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.

MRS. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT
At Miss Gloria Morgan she spent her girlhood abroad. Since her marriage she has become a distinguished leader of the exclusive society of New York and Newport.

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS
When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Nana
That wonderful canine nurse in "Peter Pan"

GREAT shaggy "Nana, the Dog Nurse," tugged at the heart strings—albeit comically—in "Peter Pan," by his fond, whimsical manner. The actual tugging, however, was the work of George Ali, famous animal impersonator, by means of fine strings running from the eyes, ears, mouth and tail down through the forefeet and attached to Ali's fingers.

Ali designed Nana, and the construction is credited to Seidel's of New York. The face was the result of the taxidermist art, moulded to look benevolent. It could just as easily have been made ferocious. Ali cocked a finger and Nana cocked an attentive ear. He jerked a thumb and Nana wagged a joyous tail. The slow bending of another digit and Nana would roll a couple of sorrowful eyes.

The head was made of real dog's fur, the shaggy body of caracul, which buttoned up the middle. The lovable beast, filled with sacking, now lies in a heap in the Paramount wardrobe at Famous Players-Lasky's Hollywood studio. His expression now is more wistful than whimsical.

George Ali, who played the crocodile and Nana, too, was trained as an acrobat in his youth by a troupe of strolling Arab gymnasts. His non-professional name is George Edward Bolinbroke. He was brought from the New York stage especially to play Nana.

George Ali undoubtedly is a man who loves dogs—all animals, in fact—and children. It is impossible to conceive of him as being otherwise. And he must realize a wealth of joy and satisfaction from this attitude toward the natural and innocent things of life.

If he has stepped into a theater where "Peter Pan" was being shown to an audience of children, he certainly must have got a thrill. The ejaculated surprise and delight of the assembled youngsters over the curiously realistic antics of Nana certainly gave him a new perspective on the real importance of his rôle. Like all men of great imagination, Ali must have found pleasure in the outbursts of childish enthusiasm, hardly less keen than that of the spectators themselves.

And that Ali is a man of exceptional imagination is self-evident. It requires a flight of fancy, an insight into the minds of others, and a wholesome attitude toward life to blend into the gossamer fabric of "Peter Pan" an artistic conception of the faithful Nana. Nana is a character that will never be forgotten.

George Ali has achieved a subtle feat. Indeed, he must be a Peter Pan himself, for only one who is still a child in spirit could read and interpret the heart of Nana.
"In February of this year (1924) my third baby was born. Three months later found me with constipation, headaches and just dragging around—and three small children. I decided something had to be done. I started taking Fleischmann's Yeast, a cake morning and night. In a few weeks I was able to stop the use of cathartics; headaches and backaches were gone; and I had plenty of energy. I felt like a different woman." —Mrs. Marie T. Gardner, Glencarlyn, Va.

You Know Such People—

Full of a new zest and joy in living. Read their remarkable tributes to this simple fresh food.

Not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Department 5, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

"I unhesitatingly recommend that persons suffering from deficient digestion give Fleischmann's Yeast a test. I suffered from a bad stomach for nearly twenty years. The unsophisticated would remark, 'Strange the doctor cannot cure his own stomach.' "

"Since taking Fleischmann's Yeast, which I began last June, I sleep one and a half hours more and can eat 'a man's dinner' without distress. I am happy now and those around me appreciate it."

Dr. William Nealon, Philadelphia, Pa.

"I had developed acne of the face, which became chronic in spite of medical care and good hygiene. Serums, ointments, washes, drugs, diets, lotions, made me wretched without improving the unsightly condition."

"Then I consulted our family doctor, who strongly advised trying Fleischmann's Yeast, one cake before meals, three times a day. I took it regularly for six months. . . . My face cleared, I lost that thin, pale look, and was able to continue with my work at college."

Miss Rose Cooperman, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Eat two or three cakes a day before meals or with crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain.
Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Countess Marner, has finally decided that the only thing she hasn't done that she ought to do is the films. So she signed a contract with P. A. Powers

Peggy, blue-eyed and blonde, owns nearly a million dollars' worth of pearls. She plans to wear every one of them in her first picture, which is being written by Cosmo Hamilton and Anthony Paul Kelly.

Clothes were just made for Peggy to wear, according to her admirers, and she will wear a lot of them in the film which is a satire on the current fads and foibles of English society.
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Our booklet, "The Ford Plan" will be mailed gladly to anyone upon request. It carries an interesting message that everyone should read. And most of all, it will show you how you can soon drive your own car.

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A CORSELETTE
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Other Corselettes for average and slender figures from $1.00 to $25

Send for Booklet H-4

Made only by The Warner Brothers Company, 147 Madison Ave., New York; 367 W. Adams St., Chicago; 28 Cherry St., San Francisco.

For years Lou Tellegen has been called the perfect screen lover, but nobody knew just how perfect he was until somebody bared the fact that he had been married to Nina Ramona for nearly two years and that they had a baby boy, Resford, eight months old. Just for that he'll probably be known as the Screen Sphinx from now on.

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[continued from page 42]

who has lately become the wife of C. Gardner Sullivan, the scenarioist and producer, is one of the very few young women in the world who has had an elephant named in her honor.

The elephant, an enormous animal, played a large part in a picture which was written by Gardner Sullivan and directed by John Griffith Wray, the new general manager of Universal City.

On location the contrast between the mammoth elephant and the tiny Miss May was so great that it appealed to Wray's sense of humor. He christened his four-footed actor in honor of little Miss May.

Betty Blithe is one careful young woman who believes in keeping her husband out of temptation.

Her husband is Paul Scardon, the director, and his friends in Hollywood flocked around him to congratulate him upon the trip they thought he was going to make to Europe with his wife who went over there to play the title- role in "She."

"I am not going," Scardon explained, "Betty says there are so many new and pretty faces in Europe that she doesn't want me to go roaming around over there. So I'm going to stay in Hollywood."

Which, when you come to think it over, isn't such a wonderful boost for the quality of the puchritude which Betty imagines is on exhibition in California.

There's a locomotive engineer running on a jerk-water branch of one of the great railroad systems in California to whom something happened the other day that doesn't often happen to the Casey Joneses of the wild, open spaces.

One morning not long ago he and his train made their deliberate way over miles and miles of landscape which was unbroken by sign of any human habitation, yet when in the afternoon of the same day, he came back over the same route, he saw alongside the track at a spot which in the morning had been completely unoccupied a fine, new railroad station in full blast.

The station was crowded with people, a station-agent was running around evidently crowded with business, baggage trucks on the platform were crowded with baggage.

The dozens of men and women on this platform gave the engineer and his train a rousing cheer as he went back. He answered them with his whistle.

Not until he got to the end of his run did he find out that the station was a moving picture set, put up in the open spaces by one of Hunt Strom's companies and taken down the same day.

Mrs. Rob Wagner, wife of the humorist and short story writer, has become an extra. And she likes it so well that she may soon become a familiar face on the screen.

It happened like this: For weeks Mrs. Wagner and Irene Rich, who are close friends, had been trying to get together for a day's visit. And each time a day was set either work or illness interfered.

Finally Miss Rich solved the problem. She was starring for Warner Brothers in "Eve's Lover." "I'll get you a job as an extra in my picture and then, when the camera is not grinding, we can have a great visit," said the star.

Thus it was arranged. Mrs. Wagner was an extra for a day and the meeting which had been delayed a half dozen times came to pass.

The next day Mrs. Wagner dropped over to the studio to see the "rushes." They were so good and Mrs. Wagner photographed so well that the director and Miss Rich have almost persuaded the author's wife to take up motion pictures as a profession.

Careful, Rob, I know a chap who lost a perfectly good wife that way.
In that dark cellar—use your flashlight!

To light your way down those dark cellar stairs, use your flashlight! To find your favorite preserves in the jam closet ... to tend the furnace, use your flashlight! Use your Eveready wherever you have need of a safe, bright, white light that can be focused on the spot right before you. Eveready Flashlights have countless uses in and around the house, the garage, the car. Improved models meet every need for light—indoors and out. There is a type for every purpose and purse.

Reload your flashlights and keep them on the job with fresh, strong Eveready Unit Cells. If you haven't a flashlight, see the nearest Eveready dealer at once. Buy the improved Eveready Flashlights from electrical, hardware and marine supply dealers, drug, sporting goods and general stores, garages and auto accessory shops.

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FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
—they last longer

The type illustrated is No. 2634, the Eveready 2-cell Broad-beam Flashlight. Handsome nickel finish. Safety-lock switch, proof against accidental lighting. Octagonal, non-rolling lens-ring.

Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life. Keep an extra set on hand. Especially designed Eveready-Mazda bulbs, the bright eyes of the flashlights, likewise last longer.
DUAL roles are not uncommon in the pictures, but Edmund Lowe is going to do them better, and play a triple role in his latest picture, "The Best Man."

It's rather hard to explain—these three roles which Eddie will appear in—but it goes something like this:

Eddie will of course play the hero in his natural make-up. He also plays the villain—for which he dons mustache, sideburns and a "widow's peak." But in addition to these two roles, as the hero he is called upon to impersonate the villain—thus making three roles. Do you see?

THREE motion picture actors stood talking on a corner of Hollywood boulevard the other day when another actor came along and asked:

"Well, boys, how's the police business?"

The three grinned but made no answer. Yet they could if they would, for they were George O'Brien, whose father is Chief of Police of San Francisco, Tom Gallery, whose father is a Chicago police captain, and Major McCoy, who rounded up all the Indians in "The Covered Wagon." Major McCoy's father is chief of the Saginaw, Michigan, police department.

THERE are two sides to every story. I got an interesting sidelight the other day on Mrs. Rudolph Valentino from a man who works under her at the studio. No one can give you more accurate information about a person than their co-workers, and in view of the many contending reports about Mrs. Valentino, this little statement seemed vitally important to me.

"I've worked for a number of stars in this business," said the man, "but Mrs. Valentino is the most satisfactory person I ever worked for, man or woman. Business contact with her, if you are working for her, is an absolute delight. She knows exactly what she wants, in the first place. There is no indecision. Her mind is definitely and clearly made up on the point before she comes to you. Then, she knows how to tell you, in a very concise and simple and easily understood way. Having done that, if you carry out her directions, there is no possibility of any misunderstanding or alteration of opinion afterwards. If she has been wrong, she doesn't try to blame it on you. She never passes the buck in any way. I believe she is the most thoroughly efficient person I have ever seen on a picture lot."

"I don't know whether her ideas are right or wrong. That isn't the question. But for carrying out her ideas, getting them over, employing the power under her to the best advantage, she's a wonder."

THE arrival of Mrs. Ronald Colman in Hollywood was bound to cause a lot of movement and excitement in any case, but arriving as she did with a suit for separate maintenance in one hand and a lot of unfriendly comments on the other, it started a regular uproar which is still seething.

In the first place there were Ronald's devoted admirers in the film colony kne were. Those that did, had pictures of his wife permanently sojourning in the Riviera and entirely uninterested in her dark and handsome husband.

So that when Mrs. Colman actually appeared in the flesh, on the studio lot one morning, and greeted Mr. Colman with every indication [continued on page 88]
Golden Summer Nights—Glorious Silver Fox

For the moonlight ride in the open, the dinner dance at the country club, or countless other delightful summer affairs, silver fox adds to the joy of participation. It lends to well chosen apparel the magic touch of charm that has for centuries made silver fox a most treasured possession of women of means. Be guided in the purchase of fine silver fox by the Pontiac Strain Seal. It is your assurance of quality—your guarantee of genuineness.

Send for a copy of the illustrated booklet, "The Fur Incomparable," containing worthwhile information for every one interested in silver fox.

DETROIT SILVER FOX FARMS
The Pontiac Strain Organization
Fifteen Ranches and Producing Units
12-243 General Motors Building
Detroit, Michigan

A charming ensemble—attractive Eleanor Boardman—glorious silver fox! A specially posed photograph by Seely, Los Angeles

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
ERTE

ERTE, the famous designer of French fashions, has become, for a time, the director of the costume department of the Metro-Goldwyn Studio at Culver City, California. He was induced to desert his Paris and Monte Carlo studios for a few months only because he believes that the American woman is the best dressed of all the women, and that the motion picture is the world's greatest influence on style. He has never been in America before. Erté is only thirty-two, and has a charming and extremely modest personality. He is of the Russian nobility, French by adoption, and his real name is Count Romain De Tirtoff. Doubly distinguished by work and birth.
Midsummer dreams wafted to skies of cerulean blue —

Azurée

. . . a subtle blending of fragrances, interpreting the personality of its user through the alluring, elusive charm of distinctive perfume

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Three Centuries of Beauty Secrets
From the Paris House of Piver comes this dainty guide to charm and beauty — free to you if you write L.T. Piver, Inc., 118 East 16th Street, New York.

PARFUMS OF PERSONALITY AND POUDRES DE LUXE
A Mother's Duty

is to help her child keep that schoolgirl complexion

Authorities say every mother should follow this simple rule in skin care with a growing child

She's indoors one moment, outdoors the next. She's exposed to all the extremes of temperature known.

Are you giving her skin the correct care? Beauty scientists now tell us that skin radiance in girlhood is largely dependent upon the precautions taken in childhood.

Help her keep the exquisitely supple skin she has today. Remember that she can, all through life, if only a few simple rules of caution and care be followed now.

Never let a day pass without this

The secret, as experts all can tell, is in the balmy lather of palm and olive oils—the perfect blending as found in Palmolive.

As she grows older, let her use powder if she wishes. But never leave it on over night. It clogs the pores, often enlarges them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. The skin must be kept clean, the pores open and active.

Just before retiring, wash gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then apply a touch of cold cream if the skin is dry and needs it.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and youth prolonged. No medicaments are necessary. Remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil, cleanse the pores, and nature will be kind. The skin will be of fine texture. Coloring will be good.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soap in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of palm and olive oils, is as good. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form. The secret is in the oils and their blending.

And it costs but 10c the cake! Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Dell. Corp.),
CHICAGO, ILL.

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.
Here's the way a picture looks to Al Christie before he makes it—every character a checkerboard on which he moves them. Bobby Vernon in kid costume; Neil Burns in both roles; Walter Hicks and Natalie Joyce on and in a barrel; Vera Steadman in sport suit and Janie Adams in cap cowl comically as Al directs.

Truly, this shouldn't be "Ya Man's Land." At the left is a dressing room scene from the picture of that name. From left to right are Vera Steadman, Natalie Joyce, Diane Thompson and Edel Shannon. Molly Malone is seated on the dressing table.
Unlock the hidden beauty in your skin

French authority once said, “There are no ugly women—there are only those who do not know how to look beautiful.”

The most important element in the beauty of the face is the condition of the skin, and every woman has complexion possibilities only waiting to be released by proper care.

The daily use of Resinol Soap gives just this care because it helps the skin to maintain its normal activity—the basis of all skin beauty. Made of the purest and gentlest cleansing ingredients to which have been added the Resinol properties, it easily rids the pores of clogging impurities, permitting them to breathe and resist germ infection.

Its distinctive fragrance and deep color come naturally from the Resinol in contains—that same quality which makes its lather so soft, soothing and refreshing. Begin today to use Resinol Soap for your toilet and bath. Within a week you will doubtless be amazed at the new beauty in your skin.

For special irritations, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This healing ointment has also been used successfully for years for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles. Your druggist sells the Resinol products.

Resinol Soap

Making “realistic” the seemingly impossible in motion pictures is not a monopoly of American studios, it seems. Foreign producers every now and then also show extraordinary ingenuity in creating sensational effects. “The Nibelungenlied,” a classic of fable, drama and opera has been given a new virility in a recent German filming of the old story of the hero Siegfried’s battle with the dragon. The terrible dragon himself appears in awe-inspiring naturalness—a mechanical creation. In the interior of the monster are seventeen men and they operate the machinery that causes the great figure to go through its life-like motions. Suction and force pumps and bellows make it appear that the dragon is drinking water from a pool. Breathing is simulated by the expansion and contraction of the chest. The dragon crawls through ravines, lifts its head high, rolls its eyes, and shoots fire from its nostrils. Electric lights guide the crew within at their task and peep holes enable them to keep the monster on its appointed course. The jaws drip with a viscous liquid poured over them previous to filming—in the traditional manner of dragons. The drawing above represents the artist’s conception of the interior mechanism of this remarkable “prop.”
Debonair George O'Brien

Equally at home on horseback, on shipboard, in drawing rooms. He wears his clothes with the nonchalance born of certain knowledge that every last detail is correct—down to the very eyelets on his well-burnished Goodyear Welt oxfords.

Those tiny raised diamonds, like the karat mark on gold, identify genuine fast color visible eyelets, to be found only on high grade footwear.

Diamond Brand [Visible] Fast Color Eyelets preserve the smooth style lines of the upper and promote easy lacing. They retain their original finish indefinitely and actually outwear the shoe.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET CO.
Manufacturers of
DIAMOND BRAND (Visible) FAST COLOR EYELETS
ONLY THE GENUINE HAVE THE DIAMOND TRADE MARK

The Man Who Came Back

A Wm. Fox Production

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The Magic Charm of Lovely Hands

The way to a man's heart is often through soft, beautiful, well-kept hands. Nothing is more pleasing to the masculine eye; nothing speaks more eloquently of culture and refinement—and now, thanks to Glazo, nothing is easier to attain.

Instead of long, tedious buffing, you simply touch each nail with this splendid liquid polish, wait a few seconds for it to dry—and there you are, with the lustrous shell-pink nails that Fashion demands! Glazo spreads evenly, does not crack or peel, is not marred by soap and water, and needs renewing only once a week.

Separate Remover Means Perfect Results

Glazo is the original Liquid Polish. It comes complete with separate remover, which not only insures better results but prevents the waste that occurs when the Polish itself is used as a remover.

Stop at your favorite toilet goods counter today and get the Glazo package. It will mean lovely nails always, with the minimum of exertion and expense. 50c at all counters.

GLAZO

Nails Stay Polished Longer—
No Buffing Necessary
Try GLAZO Cuticle
Massage Cream
It shapes the cuticle and
keeps it even and healthy

For trial size complete GLAZO Manicuring Outfit, write name and address in margin, tear off and mail with 10c to
The Glazo Co., 28 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Why Girls Leave Hollywood

By Herbert Howe

Why do girls leave Hollywood—and why do men stick? You probably have been wondering the reason for all the girls leaving Hollywood lately. Well, her name is Norma Shearer. She's got the men wild—and the women, too—only in a different way. Mae Murray is beating it for Paris like a queen in exile, Pola Negri is going to Poland to die, and Alice Terry is returning to her husband in France. I don't know why Norma Shearer is such a deadly siren, unless it is because she isn't one. She has that mignonette elusiveness of Maude Adams. Her siren charms are as hard to pin down for analysis as the bubbles in champagne. But I've never been a piker with champagne and I don't intend to be with Norma. I'm walking right up on the stage to let the lady hypnotist practice on me. As soon as I snap out of it I'll tell you just what the sensation was. So if nothing appears next month you'll know I died in a trance and flowers may be sent to the home, from which services will be conducted.

So Read the June Issue of Photoplay
Because they are so beautifully designed, and so exquisitely made, and because they represent the last word in style, it is a subtle indication of good taste to give her an Orange Blossom engagement ring. She will be pleased, too, because it can later be matched with an Orange Blossom wedding ring of special gold, iridio-platinum or jeweled.

Sold exclusively by reliable jewelers. All styles—$12.00 and up. Write for the free style booklet, giving the interesting history of wedding rings.

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TRAUB GENUINE Orange Blossom RINGS

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At Last!  Here's a Vanitie for Loose Powder That Cannot Spill

Say “Good-Bye” to cake powder—for now you can safely carry your favorite loose powder wherever you go.

Norida Vanitie for LOOSE POWDER

That soft, caressing touch of your favorite loose powder adds a world of charm to your beauty. And now wherever you go—whether to the theatre, at a party, dance, dinner or in the office you can always use your favorite loose powder. Norida brings this wonderful convenience to you—Norida—your greatest beauty aid—has made it possible for you to carry your favorite loose powder with perfect safety.

The Powder Cannot Spill
See! You can carry your Norida Vanitie in any position—hold it upside down—yet the powder cannot spill. Simply marvelous! And there isn't another vanity case in all the world like it.

Obtain a Norida Vanitie Today!
Why use cake powder any longer? Go today to your favorite toilet goods place. Ask to see a Norida Vanitie. You will be so delighted that you will buy one immediately. The price is $1.50, in gilt or silver finishes. It comes filled with Fleur Sauvage (wildflower) Poudre, a fragrant French Powder, in the shade you use.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send for your Norida Vanitie by mail.
State if you want the Gilt or Silver finish, and whether Blanche, Naturelle, or Rachelle powder. Send $1.50 to NORIDA PARFUMERIE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

It's So Easy to Refill
When Norida is emptied, you refill it in a few seconds with the powder you like best—Not Cake Powder—but the loose, fluffy powder you use in your boudoir. Isn't that wonderful?

Norida Vanitie is a thin, dainty, beautiful, handsomely embossed, nonspilling, refillable Vanitie. The size is two inches—just the right size to carry conveniently.

Has a powder reservoir for your favorite loose powder. Just a slight turn, and your powder comes out in any quantity you wish. Sanitary—practical—economical—and you'll say it's wonderful. Buy one today. Costs only $1.50—but it's worth much more.

At All Toilet Goods Counters

NORIDA PARFUMERIE
630 S. WABASH AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.
QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of Photoplay to have questions, and every effort in this department is made to answer them. It is only necessary that you should write in this way, and that you should write a question or two. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenarios, writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.

Kitty, Long Meadow, Mass.—Hi! To one who waits long enough comes the fulfillment of his deepest wish. I always wanted to square off at the handsomest of the male movie stars and say: “You get a lot of compliments but nobody ever called you this.” I am a “honey,” you say. If you were in this office at this moment, Kitty darling, you would see me make a cake walker turn green with envy at my stratagem. Of course, I will tell you what you want to know about Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in return for this session with Master Douglas. He was born Dec. 19, 1897. He has blue eyes and light brown hair. His height and weight are like the sea. Know why? Because they are constantly changing. His eyes were inches and pounds away from the truth by the date of publication. So are honest folk misunderstood. That boy certainly does grow. Lasky Studio will supply his photograph.

M. K., Middletown, Ohio.—Ben Lyon was on the stage for five years. He has been on the screen since May, 1916. Douglas MacLean was born Jan. 14, about 1897. He has been on the screen since 1917. Yes, married.

Alice, Redondo Beach, Calif.—You don’t know whether I am singular or plural. Come hither, Alice, and let me whisper to you that I am not married, not even when my home is at Beverly Hills, Calif. Who doesn’t admire dark-eyed Anita? She has been married to, but separated from, Rudolph Cameron. Jackie Coogan’s photographs can be secured as close to before from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

L. M. S., New York, N. Y.—You are right in your conjecture that Rin-tin-tin does not handle his fan mail. I am sure that if you asked him whether Warner Bros. would send you his photograph he would say, “Yes,” William (Buster) Collier shares his birthday with the American immortal, Abraham Lincoln. He was born Feb. 12. But nearly a hundred years after the martyr President. His birth year is 1902. Not married. Why rush him into the state of (more or less) tumult?

Eleazar, Chicago, Ill.—You think my answers are “cute” and you know that I just sit back and laugh at all the guesses that are sent in. You wonder whether the day will ever come when I am the one who you am. So do I. Dear. Here is the indispensable information about your favorite actresses. Marie Prevost was born in 1896. Her height is five feet and she weighs one hundred twenty-four pounds. Nice and cuddlesome, eh? Alberta Vaughn was born June 27, 1906. Height five feet two inches. Weight one hundred twenty-five pounds. She is a favorite actor, Monte Blue, was born Jan. 12, 1900. Use your light- ning calculator, Ellie. Height six feet, three inches. One of the screen’s tallest. Weight—had to be considerable to balance that height—one hundred ninety-five pounds.

Norma S. Larchmont, N. Y.—Rockcliffe Fellowes uses his own screen name for the screen. His wife is Lucille Watson, well known on the stage. No children. He was born 1889. Height five feet, eleven inches. Brown eyes and brown hair. He has not recently made a picture in the East. I take this means of telling him that you think he is splendid.

J. A., St. Paul, Minn.—Delighted to be your “dearest” Answer Man. Mostly think Clive Brook has the “finest eyes and mouth in the world.” He was born in London, England, on the first day of the month of roses—right, June 1905. He was married when we were a little past thirty. Strictly speaking, Sept. 25, 1921. He has a daughter to whom he and Mrs. Brooke gave the beautiful name Faith. He is five feet, eleven inches tall. His eyes are gray; his hair brown.

J. E. S., Middletown, Ohio.—You are right in your conjecture that Rin-tin-tin does not handle his fan mail. I am sure that if you asked him whether Warner Bros. would send you his photograph he would say, “Yes,” William (Buster) Collier shares his birthday with the American immortal, Abraham Lincoln. He was born Feb. 12. But nearly a hundred years after the martyr President. His birth year is 1902. Not married. Why rush him into the state of (more or less) tumult?

Billie, Waco, Tex.—Barbara La Mar’s age is twenty-four. She is all like motion picture folk, a wanderer on the face of the earth. Reason, working on locations. Write Sawyer-Lubin for her photograph.

D. M., Hammond, Ind.—The story, “Sisters,” has been done on the screen. Seena Owen and Gladys Leslie played the sisters.

Inez, Seattle, Wash.—Mary Pickford’s last picture was “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.” Miss Pickford was born April 8, 1893. Harold Lloyd is married. He is the very father of a baby daughter named Gloria. Mr. Lloyd was born April 20, 1894.

Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to use a different way than other questions, to kind of classification, a stamped, addressed envelope. For a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions Department, Photoplay Magazine, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Helen, Shreveport, La.—When am I “going to lift the mask”? Are you thinking of the last Prophets’ ball at the New Orleans Mardi Gras, Helen? Great event, isn’t it? Whispered. I danced there once. Robert Frazier is six feet tall, thirty years old and married. Mr. Frazier played in “Women, Who Give” with Rene Adoree and Barbara Bedford as fellow players. He played with Pola Negri in “Men.” Is Ben Lyon as handsome off as on the screen? See his photographs, my love. He was born Feb. 6, 1901.

K. L. S., Virginia.—You and your friends want to know what has become of Ethel Clayton and want to see her again in pictures. I am not sure whether you are interested in the story that all mortal stories contain, or easily fulfilled. Miss Clayton is coming back to the screen in a production called “The Mansion of Aching Hearts,” after being in vaudeville for many months. The F. O. Studios can supply her photographs.


Agnes, Long Beach, Calif.—Write Photoplay, P. O. Box 725, Larchmont, N. Y., for the magazine containing the concluding chapter of the story, “The Studio Secret.”

M. E. D., Pulaski, Va.—You don’t want to write him but you do want to know Reginald Denny’s connecting link with the world. He is the Universal Studios. You want, too, to know whether he is married. Not that you want to marry him, if he isn’t, but just because girls are curious. Well, then, he is married. Mr. Denny was born at Richmond, in Surrey, England. The date of so immense importance is Nov. 21, 1891. He is married and has a daughter, Barbara, who is seven years old. He had a stage career in England and “The States” before adopting the screen. Yes, even a jealous old grouch of an Answer Man must admit Conway Tearle’s vast appeal to the still, but perhaps not long, skirted sex. Cursé!

Kathryn, Detroit, Mich.—You think “Viola Dana is a new girl, isn’t she? and who does she talk to?” Your middle name is Loyalty, Kathryn. Miss Dana is twenty-six. Her own name is Viola Flugrath. I do not know of her contemplating marriage at this time. But the moon, when it hangs low over Hollywood, stimulates the romantic impulse.

Midge, Geneva, N. Y.—You fell in love with Florence Vidor as Barbara Fredrick and want to know the usual facts about her. Born in 1905. Married. Has a daughter. You can get a photograph of her through the Lasky Studio. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 121)

87
A fine white powder which absorbs and neutralizes body odors

By Letitia Hadley

Women like to use powder, I think. This was reflected when I questioned 10,000 women as to their preferences in a deodorant—liquid, paste, or powder. Ninety-six per cent said they would prefer a deodorant powder.

It required the skill of one of the world’s greatest laboratories to develop a really effective deodorant in the form of a delightful powder.

Deodo has an almost unbelievable capacity for absorbing and neutralizing body odors. It does this, mind you, without searing the pores or interfering with their important functions. It is applied in a moment—rubbed under the arms and dusted over the body—and dirtiness is assured for the whole day.

And it is so delightful to use! It brings healing comfort if the skin is tender, and doesn’t stain garments, or harm them in any way.

Outside of the important daily uses of Deodo, you will find invaluable its immediate and continued effectiveness on sanitary napkins. Surely it is a boon to knew you are sweet and fresh, regardless of circumstances!

Deodo is sold at most druggists’ and toilet goods counters— or I will gladly send you a miniature container, holding a generous supply, free. Please mail the coupon today!

Deodo
A MULFORD PROCT
prevents and destroys body odors

FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!

H. K. MULFORD COMPANY

Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

Name__________________________

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City__________________________ State__________________________

Colleen Moore almost broke her neck, but she’s still smiling. She’s just like that. And why shouldn’t she? “Sally,” her latest picture, is going to be a big success. Here she is in bed with her neck and shoulders held rigidly in a plaster cast with two dollars copied after her costumes in “So Big” and “Sally.” In a note we received from her just before going to press she says: “The doctor tells me that on March 17th they are going to take me out of my plaster tomah. Harrah for Pvtat Patrick! I always freed the Irish!”

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

With the filing of a divorce complaint in Los Angeles, by Mlle. Bayne against Francis X. Bushman, comes the end of one of the screen’s great romances.

Not so long ago the grande passion of these two stars caused as much comment and excitement as the later love story of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Now has come an unhappy ending, in Miss Bayne’s action which asks that she be freed upon the grounds that Bushman deserted her.

The two were cast opposite each other in many roles, and later, when Bushman separated from his first wife and she divorced him, their wooing culminated in a most romantic wedding. At that time, Bushman was the greatest matinee idol in the country, and Miss Bayne was tremendously popular, both for her beauty and her ability. Having seen them together on the screen in countless love stories, the public hailed the marriage with delight.

There is one child, Richard Bushman, now five years old.

A yarn that seems to be delighting the dinetables at the popular film cafes concerns Cecil De Mille.

When De Mille was working at Catalina filming the water scenes of a recent production, he did his directing from his private yacht in the harbor with a megaphone.

The corps of yes men assisting in the work were located at the pier. He would shout through the megaphone when the yes men would start circling about, yelling, “Yes, chief, O. K., chief.”

This went on for some time, the megaphone booming and the yes men yessing. Finally a palpable old photocrat vacationing at the St. Catherine up the beach who had been watching this amazing business of making pictures for the first time, tottered up to the head of the corps on the pier and pointing a palmed cane toward the omnipotent De Mille, asked: “When does he walk on the water?”
Here Are the Rules of This Remarkable Contest:

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a motion picture. IT MUST BE CLEAN.

Liberty will pay $50,000.00 in Cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion in accordance with these rules.

2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and made into a serial in Liberty. By special arrangement already made, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. In addition to the $50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will pay for standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted; offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

What is wanted is an IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer, therefore, the offer is divided into two parts as follows:

PART ONE provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2,000 words or less. By synopsis we mean, tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it— the hero, the heroine, the villain, etc. For the best synopsis $5,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

PART TWO provides that you may submit your idea in complete story form (ready for publication). For the complete story another $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

5. The words “Synopsis for $50,000 PRIZE STORY” must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. If the complete story is also submitted the words “COMPLETE STORY” must be written at the top of the first story sheet and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto. (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopses submitted and $25,000.00 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story was sent with the Synopsis that wins the prize, and this complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another $25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for such complete story. If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, or if no story shall have been sent with the winning synopsis, the Publishers of Liberty will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the $25,000.00 (Part Two).

7. Upon Payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the $25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and/or the $25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both, including the copyright thereof and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producer and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most popular stars are available to produce your story on the screen as a Paramount Picture. Note these: Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez and many others. And in the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and at the direction of such world-famous directors as D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, Sidney Olcott, Irwin Willat, Wm. De Mille and others.

9. Liberty will also endeavor to make arrangements with the prominent theatrical producers—Chas. Frohman, Inc.—for the production of the winning story for the speaking stage. Liberty will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story. All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

10. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action, and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. It must be clear! You've been to the movies. You know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions. Helpful suggestions will be published each week in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

11. The Judges will consider synopses and stories by the nature of the plot, the originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, form of presentation and by the title or name of the story. Writing, English and spelling will not count in judging synopses.

12. The Judges will be a Committee of three—one appointed by Liberty, one appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and the third an experienced author. Their decision will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed “Stories,” care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters, ideas should be submitted AT ONCE! However, no entries will be received later than midnight June 1st, 1925. Manuscripts will be returned if sufficient postage is enclosed. Entries without sufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. The Publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay or non-delivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employees of Liberty or the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation or their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

16. This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.

Because of the size and the nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous. To facilitate matters, ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait! For further details in book form from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly in Liberty.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPHAY MAGAZINE.
Every advertisement in PHOToplay MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The death of Lucille Ricksen, a Wampas baby star, saddened Hollywood. Ambition drove her to work beyond her physical strength—and her mother's death, over her own sick-bed, was the final blow.

Poor little Lucille Ricksen. Seventeen years of age, if that old, envied by millions of girls because of her beauty and success. Her death was one of the saddest that ever happened in the film city.

When Lucille Ricksen's mother, after months of tireless and anxious watching beside her daughter's sickbed, suddenly slipped from the old rocking chair, where she used to sit, and died with her head buried upon that daughter's wasted little hand, Hollywood knew one of the most poignant tragedies that has ever visited the film colony, where tragedies are by no means rare.

It is a story the very telling of which brings tears to your eyes.

A year ago, Lucille Ricksen was on the crest of the wave—one of Hollywood's fortunate girls. A Wampas baby star. Jack Pickford's leading woman. Hailed by such directors as Marshall Neilan as one of the screen's best young actresses.

But Lucille wore herself out, as so many girls have done, in the quest for the illusive fame which is always, in Hollywood and elsewhere, bought at the price of such hard work and such sacrifices of strength and time and energy. She was taken desperately ill, and for months, she lay in a little apartment, battling to regain her strength, battling, the doctors said, for life.

The hours were cheered for her a little by visits from her friends, by books, by flowers, but mostly it was a long, uphill fight against the ravages of disease. And in those long hours, her real support and comfort was her mother, who never left her side for a moment.

Lois Wilson, who used to go regularly to see the sick girl, told me once that she had never seen such devotion, such cheerfulness, such smiling encouragement coupled with never-ceasing efforts, as Lucille Ricksen's mother had for her daughter.

Then, just as Lucille seemed to be gaining strength, when the doctor had actually said she might sit up for five minutes—after eight months in bed—on her mother's birthday, the very sunshine was stricken from Lucille's sky by her mother's death.

She came in as usual, to do something for Lucille, sat down in the rocking chair to rest to her, and suddenly, with a last frantic look at her child, she fell forward upon the bed, her heart worn out with the anxiety and hopes and fears of the past months.

The tired little body and mind could not stand this last blow and within a few days Lucille followed her mother.

The film colony is providing for her small brother, Marshall, who is wondering why he is left alone.
Is there a new fashion in Rouge?

Emphatically, yes! — bright colors in costumes and settings are influencing the modern woman toward a more daring and colorful complexion.

A NEW fashion in rouge? — It is here! Appearing first in Vienna but a few months since, this new mode of high complexion color has traversed that swift, mysterious route that links smart women everywhere, from Deauville to the Riviera, to Paris, to New York and Hollywood.

You have doubtless already observed, how the modern trend of fashion in brilliant contrasts of pure color, in both costumes and decorations, is exerting its positive influence on the cheeks and lips of the modern woman.

And why not? Surely amid the colorful splendor of blazing fabrics and flaring lights, the soft rose tones of the complexion's natural flush fade into a totally unnatural pallor. So that the high color produced by the modern rouge merely restores the vivacity of nature.

VIVID—The New Shade in Rouge

For many months now, Princess Pat, Ltd., always alert to the latest modes and developments of beauty's toilette, has been apace with this newest trend, in what is called the modern flare for color. Now, thanks to the countless experiments and tests conducted by the Princess Pat Chemists, a new and marvelous shade, known as Princess Pat VIVID, has been produced, which is simply a deep and brilliant intensification of nature's own rose tone—so daring that you will gleam with emphatic beauty amid the most colorful surroundings; yet so true to nature that when sparsely applied and softly blended with powder, even though you are a most conservative user of rouge, you need not hesitate to wear it. Princess Pat VIVID is the chosen shade of the ultra-fashionable in these ultra-colorful days.

English Tint, the Famous "Orange Rouge" that Changes Tone to Harmonize with Any Skin

Yet the vogue for Vivid Rouge has not by any means lessened the popularity of that other triumph, Princess Pat English Tint, whose bright orange, in the compact, changes so miraculously to rose on the cheeks and blends so delicately with nature's skin tones on blonde or brunette, whether in day or evening light. So long as there are beautiful conservatives in the world, Princess Pat English Tint will be widely popular because of its perfect harmony with all types of beauty.

Princess Pat Medium Rouge, a Softly Delicate "Old Rose" Shade

There are some types of complexion beauty so delicately childlike as to require only the softest wildrose flush, and for these Princess Pat Medium Rouge is especially recommended. Its warm, subtle tone is particularly harmonious with those dainty pastel shades of costume—not too emphatic to detract from the loveliness of the ensemble.

The Essence of Your Beauty is the Texture of Your Skin

Therefore, no matter whether your preference is for the new gorgeous and fashionable Vivid, the widely popular English Tint, or the softly delicate Medium Rouge, all of the Princess Pat shades are compact or dry rouges. This means that their base is Almond, just as in the famous Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder. Thus they are not only beautifying to your complexion, but actually beneficial to your skin's fine-grained texture as well.

The Princess Pat Way of Applying Color

Second only in importance to your choice of the correct rouge for your complexion, is the manner of applying it. The Princess Pat method has won almost as wide acceptance among beautiful women as Princess Pat rouges themselves. Apply in V-shape, the point of the V toward the rose—beginning at the temple, put the color on, slanting forward and downward to the high point of the cheekbone, then backward and downward—leaving a space in front of the ear clear of color. Blend softly, and you have duplicated nature's own design. For lasting, even waterproof, result, apply your Tint before powdering.

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd. - Chicago, U. S. A.

For Perfect Match of Lips and Cheeks

Princess Pat Lipstick

As a final touch to your beauty it is essential that the color harmony between lips and cheeks should be exact. With English Tint or Medium Rouge use Princess Pat "Natural" Lipstick; with Vivid Rouge, use Princess Pat "Vivid" Lipstick. Keeps the lips soft and pliant—prevents dryness or chapped skin.

A liberal demonstration packet FREE—

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. N-265, Chicago

Please send me your Demonstration Package. I have checked the shade I desire.

☐ Vivid (the new fashionable shade) ☐ English Tint (very popular) ☐ Medium (pastel rose)

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
WHATEVER storms may have ruffled the matrimonial seas of Charlie Chaplin and his child-bride hitherto, at present all seems to be serene and peaceful in that direction, not to say actually sunny and delightful.

While it is true that Mrs. Chaplin's mother, grandmother and other relations have left the Chaplin mansion in Beverly Hills and moved to a house provided for them on Whitley Heights, Hollywood, Mrs. Chaplin herself has not left her husband's roof, and indeed seems for the first time since her marriage to be assuming her rightful place as its mistress.

She and Charlie have given several dinner parties to intimate friends, and guests who were present declare that Charlie was kindness and gentleness itself to the sixteen-year-old wife who is soon to become the mother of his child.

THE Herbert Rawlinsons are expecting a visit from the stork before very long. Mrs. Rawlinson was a society girl from the east and has never been in pictures.

Lois Wilson wanted to see Leatrice Joy the other evening, and decided to walk a few blocks between their houses after dinner, just by way of exercise.

There was a little California fog drifting about, and when she got out on the Boulevard, Lois found it quite deserted and looking rather dark and lonesome. She hadn't gone more than a couple of blocks, until a car slowly drew up beside her, following her along the curb, and a very gruff masculine voice said, "Where you going, miss? Hadn't you better jump in and have a ride?"

Lois, trembling inwardly, kept straight on her way, saying in a voice that she managed to make haughty:

"Thank you, I prefer to walk. Please go right along."

But the car continued to follow her, and the voice said, "It's pretty dark and lonely around here right here for a girl to be out alone so late. You'd better jump in here."

Lois insists that her knees quailed here, and she almost started to run, when, glancing rapidly over her shoulder, she got the glitter of but a glimpse, that it was two policemen, both in uniform, who were offering her assistance.

"I never was so relieved in my life," she said, "and I took the ride, and when I got to Leatrice's, I phoned home for my car to come and get me."

WHICH reminds me that Leatrice is telling a rather good one on Lois.

It seems the other evening that Lois went to a very smart dinner dance at the Midwick Country Club, with one of our best known and most attractive young polo players. The dance was fashionably late in starting, and so Lois was fashionably late—or early—in getting home. When she arrived, she found to her dismay that she had forgotten her latch key, and that everything in the house was locked up, no lights on, and her father and mother apparently asleep.

Glancing at her escort's watch, Lois decided that she wouldn't wake them up, so she asked him to drive her to Leatrice's, where she knocked on Letty's window and asked if she might come in and spend the night.

"And," says Leatrice, "when I saw Lois—Lois Wilson, of all people—standing under my window at four o'clock in the morning, asking to be taken in, I wondered what the motion picture industry was coming to."

And we're printing it just to help Lois out in her worthy ambition to convince people that she's a real girl, and not some sort of stuffed or wax angel.

THERE was one scene in "Chickie" that made Dorothy Mackall feel right at home. That was the one in which she plays the part of a stenographer and takes dictation, pounds the typewriter and keeps the office force busy wondering whether she's going to get the letters out in time for the five o'clock mail.

Dorothy was a stenographer before she entered pictures and just to prove that she was a good one she made Director John Dillon dictate a number of letters to her. She didn't make a slip.
"HER'S"

He was glad he'd forgotten to return it—its lovely scent brought memory of her charm

Every Tre-Jur Compact breathes the perfume of JOLI-MEMOIRE—a fragrance that thrills the heart.
And every Tre-Jur Compact breathes the spirit of style and originality.
There's the Tre-Jur Triple—with powder, lipstick, and rouge in one delightful little case, ready for instant use.

There's the Tre-Jur Thinnest—remarkably slender and convex, designed to fit the palm.
For every need a Tre-Jur Compact—and in each the quality of cosmetic that has brought Tre-Jur its fame.
The House of Tre-Jur, 19 W. 18th St., N.Y.

At your favorite toilet goods counter you'll find Tre-Jur—a compact for every need—in a wondrously lovely box. 30c, $1

NEW: Tre-Jur Loose Face Powder, exquisite quality, delicately scented, silken set-in a wondrously lovely box. 30c, $1

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
A Liberal Trial Size of
Any Item in this
Beauty Box for 20c

My Beauty Box has caused a sensation. For years I have supplied the creams and lotions in this box to the leading beauty shops of Fifth Avenue. Women in New York's most select circles have long used these articles and paid without argument the highest prices for them. Now I have made an advertisement for a complete beauty treatment in your own home—six different articles—for which I charge only $1.00. The various items would cost separately from 75c to $1.50, and in many shops, much higher. I will send the complete six, for only $1.00, or I will send any of the separate items in a special trial size (only a little smaller than those in the box) for 20c each. Mark coupon below, either for entire box, or for the separate items you desire. If you are not delighted with them, just return what is left, and I will refund your money.

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Meyer Both Company is the largest Commercial Art organization in the world offers you a practical training, based upon twenty-five years of success. This nationally known organization each year produces and sells to advertisers over 15,000 commercial drawings. This well paid profession equally open to men and women. Home study instruction.

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Ask the Advertising Manager of the leading newspapers in your city, about Meyer Both Company—let them tell you about us. Send four cents in stamps for illustrated book telling of the success of our students.

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NOTE: To Art and Expressing Firms: Secrecy among our graduates. Write us.

The other evening at the Biltmore, Los Angeles, Mae Murray had on a red and white outfit, which made her look like an adorable Pierrot. A tight little white skirt of silk, softly pleated and reaching just below her knees, so that her exquisitely fine nude stockings and tiny red slippers showed, was worn below a tight-fitting jacket of red corded silk. Around her neck she had a very wide ruff of red gauze, and her blonde hair flared against a terrifically smart little red silk hat with a curled brim. She looked about sixteen and was quite the most attractive figure in the room.

It looks like a sure thing now that Mildred Davis Lloyd will do "Alice in Wonderland." The immense success of "Peter Pan" seems to have encouraged Harold to consent, and to promise to at least supervise the production for his wife.

Now that Miss Gloria Lloyd is beginning to creep about and take an interest in lots of things, Mildred thinks she'd like to make at least one picture—just to see how it works out.

This year at the Wampas Ball they decided to have a large gold cup, and to present it to the "Wampas Baby star who has attained the greatest popularity and artistry." All the Baby Stars appointed in the past years, since the custom of choosing them began, were to be eligible.

The Wampas sent telegrams to editors and critics all over the country, asking for their vote on the baby star who had made the most progress since her film debut and the verdict came in overwhelmingly in favor of Colleen Moore. So Colleen got the cup, though she had to get up from a sick bed, done up in a plaster cast as the result of her accident, to accept it.

We voted for her and feel the Wampas Gold Cup went exactly where it belonged.

This is to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Lou Tellegen—oh, not Geraldine Farrar, but a brand new Mrs. Tellegen, not to mention young Rexford Tellegen, eight-month-old son of the happy couple.

A most amazing thing has happened. We have suddenly discovered that Lou Tellegen and his wife, who was Isabel Craven Dilworth of Philadelphia, have lived in Hollywood for ages without anyone suspecting that they were married.

There were rumors, of course. People did say that Lou was terribly devoted to a stunning young brunette. There was speculation as to whether they were engaged. Then neighbors living near the beautiful home of the young woman began to comment upon the fact that Mr. Tellegen was there frequently, and that he seemed unusually fond of and interested in the cunning fat baby who was occasionally wheeled out by a uniformed nurse.

The secret could be kept no longer, therefore, and the news soon leaked out that the two had actually been married in New Jersey, at midnight on the day Geraldine Farrar got her divorce—way back in 1913. They kept it a secret all this time, from the public at least, even when young Rexford arrived, and when the papers once or twice
Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Makes any hair beautifully curly in 20 minutes

THE SPANISH BEGGAR'S PRICELESS GIFT

By Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop was called 'the best hair in school,' and Harvey nicknamed us that—horrid, red-haired Tom Harvey, who used to put bugs in our picture wave and angle worms in our whiskets.

Our noses despised of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave. There were Martha Brown, Helen Stahl, Betty Lenehan, all with wonderful curly hair; and while But Charity and I couldn't ever coax ours out of a straighten. As we grew older the hair name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into the boarding school. We had tried every possible method of straightening—wax, cream, and at one time even a new one—'the Dewar Process.' I was in diplomatic service, and I didn't see her again for more than six months.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that evening. I was a good deal of wasa and had not had enough of me. When the bowling vacancy came I had my hair cut before I left, but I thought that would improve my looks. Regrettably, my mistake. I permitted it to grow again and by the time we got home I was just long enough to be unmanageable.

Honestly, I was conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, nest-like hair, and mine in particular, all but me and I felt they were all beautiful, worse, pitifully bad, but I had struggled to the dance floor, and there I had beautiful girls dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eyes caught mine and, to my surprise, she smiled and started toward me.

While there was something strangely familiar about her face I didn't recognize her. It was all she's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I've ever seen. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own, strayed that, and had never been so thoroughly ashamed of my hair before.

Of course you have guessed her identity—for it was really Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine. We had been five long years since I had seen her. There was everything to talk about, but I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story." She was stopping at the hotel. We excused ourselves and rushed to Charity's room. I listened breathless while she told me this strange story:

Charity tells of the beggar's gift.

"Our house in Madrid was on a little old plaza, where I often studied about the statue. The house was always occupied, the woman, always very young and beautiful. It was on the south end of the plaza. There was all day long, sitting upon the passerby. I always dropped a few coppers in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me."

"The day before I was leaving Madrid, the old beggar called and pressed a cold coin in his palm. That was the best investment I ever made."

"He said, 'You have been very kind to an old man. Bonito (tell me) sorrento, what is it you most desire?"

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it beautiful and curl.' "Sorrentino," he said—what you wish is very simpler than I thought. Many years ago—a Castilian woman who had been a model of beauty, her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted for pupils (very hair). Her husband offered thousands of dollars to the man who would set his hair. But a Spanish girl, Pedro, the dressers. Our "Charity" was among them. The poison that converted the princess' straight, unmanageable hair into a glorious mass of curvature was not a simple one."

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Yearsago I did him a great service. Here you will find him—and tell him and tell your wish. After, sorrento, you will have it.

"You can't imagine, Winnifred, how funny it made me when I first heard it. I don't mean, of course. I never expected to look up this mysterious Pedro, but some busy, you called a cackle and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me."

"At the door of the opulent shop, Pedro, a funny, old hawk-nosed Spaniard, met me. I nervously I stammered out my explanation. When I had finished, he turned with his beautiful eyes that were full of fire, and said, "He returned with a bottle which he handed to me. "Come, Winnifred, apply at your own hair and see what it can do for you."

"I was breathless. I watched charity take a bottle from her wardrobe trunk. Tremulously my fingers lifted my hair and applied the liquid."

"Two minutes later, as I looked into Charity's mirror, I could barely believe my eyes. The impossible happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling feathery. My head was a mass of rings and waves. I thought that I must never have been more beautiful."

"That night, all the members of the party who was at the house when I returned to the bathroom, as I said, 'Get the hair-dresser and fix her hair.'"Everybody was so pleased that they shouted a song. I didn't hear it.

"I never been so happy since.

"The next morning when I awoke, hardly durst look in my mirror. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful. Then the thought came to me that I had no right to keep this great secret to myself. There were thousands of women just like me who would give money to keep my precious secret."

"So it has been made available through the Century Chemists. They have agreed to act as distributors under a most liberal offer, which places this new found beauty secret within reach of all, regardless of their financial status."

"How the golden opportunity is yours. You may have this wonder in beauty shape, or endow your hair with beauty of waves, for this remarkable Spanish Curly Fluid, called "Wavesita," will bring you beauty—"

New Wavy Bob

"Wave-Sta" solves the curling and marring problem for bobbed heads. Just a few drops when dressing your new "bob," 20 minutes' drying and proof! You have a mass of beautiful rings, waves and curls. "Wavesita" will keep your hair beautifully curly for a week or more and protect it from the damage that constant exposure to artificial heat will bring. Read the details of this liberal trial offer below.

Liberal Trial Offer

(Only One Bottle to a Family)

For a limited time we are making up a full-size bottle of "Wavesita" (Spanish Curly Fluid) at a price that is only the cost of competing products. We are making this offer in connection with our retail, to which we are not able to offer more than one order for each family at this price. If you are not perfectly delighted with results after using "Wavesita" for 5 days, simply return the unused portion and your money will be refunded.

Under the terms of our special trial offer you do not have to send any money in advance. Simply sign and mail the coupon. Then when the postman brings this remarkable beauty aid, just pay him $1.50, plus a few cents postage, and your hair worries are ended forever.

This offer may not be repeated. We urge that you take advantage of it at once. Remember, take all the risk. We are doing nothing to make your hair beautifully curl. If you do not like your luxurious, beautiful hair, you may return it to us and your money will be refunded.

CENTURY CHEMISTS

Jackson Blvd., at Desplaines Street, Chicago

SEND NO MONEY—SIMPLE SIGNED COUPON ENCLOSED

CENTURY CHEMISTS

Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send me one bottle of "Wavesita" (Spanish Curly Fluid) at a price that is only the cost of competing products. If not perfectly delighted with results, return the unused portion and your money will be refunded.

Address

Town State

NOTE: If you are apt to be out when the postman calls, you may enclose $2 and "Wavesita" will be sent to you postpaid.
VIOLA DANA, Paramount’s tiny star, makes use of an odd moment “on the lot” to remove a spot from her dainty slippers. Most certainly, she uses CINDERELLA Kid White as do thousands of other fastidious women who wish their footwear to be spotless, white and charming—always.

Sold by Better Stores—Everywhere

Guaranteed Everett & Barron Co. Product

Cinderella Kid White
Made by Everett & Barron Co., Providence

DIMPLES

It is amazing what a difference dimples make. Women appear ten years younger. Plain girls acquire a distinctive charm. Men are fascinated by their mischievous beauty. Yet dimples may be yours now, for we DOLLY DIMPLER is a simple, harmless device that quickly produces dimples. Invented by a woman! Patent applied for.

There is a complete series of sizes. Order right away and wear them everywhere. These prices are net. A plain wrapper, 15 cents; a fancy one, 35 cents. Guaranteed.

Sold only at DOLLY DIMPLER CO., 716 McDaniel St., Dayton, Ohio.

Wonderful new device, guides your hand, corrects your writing in few days. Big improvement in three hours. No failures. Complete outline FREE—Write C. J. Oosten, Dept. 19, St. Louis, Mo.

Published false stories of Tellegen’s engagement to Pola Negri, or Pauline Frederick, or May McAvoy. The reason for the secrecy was that they both felt that the news would hurt their careers. Tellegen was called “the perfect lover” by his former famous wife, Geraldine Farrar, and Mrs. Tellegen has done vampire roles on stage and screen under the name of Nina Romano. So it seemed best to them that domesticity be kept in the background. They both stayed at the Hollywood home, where they are now united as a family.

The new Mrs. Tellegen is a graduate of that very select institution, Ward-Belmont college, at Nashville, Tennessee. She is a cousin of the Earl of Craven, the granddaughter of Governor Dale, of Virginia, and the daughter of J. Dale Dillworth, multi-millionaire glass manufacturer of Philadelphia, where she was well known socially, before she began her stage career. Her first part was in “Don Juan,” with Mr. Tellegen.

May Allison came home to Hollywood the other day, after an absence of many months, to be welcomed by her family and friends with all sorts of devotion and excitement. There was a regular delegation on the Santa Fe platform when the train pulled in, and I am sure nothing but fear of what May herself would say kept them from hiring a brass band.

She came with Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Rowland—Mr. Rowland, of course, is production chief of First National—and the trio have been extensively entertained.

How long she will remain at home isn’t yet settled.

Immediately upon arriving, Miss Allison filed suit for divorce from her husband, Robert Ellis, an actor and director. They have been separated for some time, and divorce action was started once before, only to be withdrawn when Mr. Ellis succeeded in wooing and winning his wife a second time and a reconciliation was effected.

This time, however, the thing seems to be settled.

Charles MAIGNE, former soldier, writer, director and husband of Anne Cornwall, petite screen leading lady and Wampas Baby Star, had a rude jolt the other day.

He was spinning down Hollywood boulevard in his car and just ahead a woman driving...
The May issue begins

GLITTER

A VIVID NEW NOVEL OF YOUTH

By

Katharine Brush

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

Arthur William Brown

We feel we are indeed fortunate in being chosen by Katharine Brush to present her first work of novel length. This begins our new program for a number of outstanding novels each year.

She has woven a Gobelin tapestry of strength, color and charm... she has tinted it delicately with humor and pathos... she has brightened it with the golden thread of romance and adventure's ruby red.

Besides the generous first installment of this novel, the May issue contains a glittering anthology of burlesques, sketches, poems, jokes and epigrams. On April 3rd, step up to a news-stand and invest thirty-five cents in the most entertaining magazine you ever read. Its name is

College Humor

A STORY OF LIGHT HEARTS AND HEAVY HIP-POCKETS
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John Golden made eight million dollars on his stage play and then sold the movie rights to them for half a million dollars to William Fox. No wonder he is camera shy. But Madge Bellamy finally induced him to pose for this picture.

Another car signalled for a left turn. As Maigne started to pass her, she changed her mind and turned to the right. Their fenders grazed.

"Why the blanket-s-blank don’t you go where you signal?" yelled Maigne, frantically trying to avert a real smash.

"You mind your own business, Charlie Maigne," shouted the feminine driver.

Then Maigne looked up. The woman driver was Miss Cornwall, his wife.

After an absence from the screen of a year and a half, during which time he won a game fight for health, Casson Ferguson will stage a come-back in a heavy dramatic role in Rudolph Valentino's "Cobra." This picture will also introduce a new Nita Naldi, for she has reduced her weight from 140 to 125 pounds and has adopted an entirely new personality. Ferguson's many fans will undoubtedly gladly welcome him back, as he is a splendid actor and had a large following at the time of his enforced retirement.

George Edwin Joseph, New York attorney, seems determined to get that $25,694, for which he obtained a judgment against Pauline Frederick, and the beautiful screen actress seems equally as determined not to pay it to the man she says "mixed love with law." Joseph's latest move is to ask the court for a lien against "Pretty Polly's" estate in Beverly Hills, which he charges she has transferred to her mother's name without actual sale in an effort to avoid payment.

Youth is certainly having its fling at the Paramount Hollywood studios these days. Many months ago, even before Betty Bronson of "Peter Pan" fame was brought from obscurity to become a world-famous figure, Jesse Lasky decided there was a crying need of new faces on the screen and new blood in the industry and he is evidently keeping his pledge. Mal St. Clair, still in his twenties, has just been signed and is Paramount's newest and
Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming wonderful teeth without knowing it... you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.

"Off Color" Teeth
how to overcome them —give them dazzling whiteness

This simple, new method removes the stubborn film that hides the natural beauty of your teeth.

ten years ago dull and dingy teeth were seen on every side. Today they are becoming a rarity. Note the gleaming smiles you see now wherever your eyes turn.

Please don't believe your teeth are "different"; they are naturally off-color and dull. You can correct that condition remarkably in even a few days.

Modern science has discovered new methods of tooth protection and tooth beauty. Millions now employ them. Leading dentists advise them. In fairness to yourself, make the test offered here.

**Do THIS—Remove that dingy film; it invites tooth troubles and ugliness**

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film.

That film is an enemy to your teeth. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles and decay now are traced to this film. Old-time methods could not successfully combat it. That's why tooth troubles were on the increase, and ugly teeth the order of the day.

**3 times daily—then note the difference**

In Pepsodent dental science has discovered two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle the film, then remove it.

Now what you see when that film is removed—the clearness and whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

**Old methods of cleansing fail in these results.**

Harsh gritty substances are judged dangerous to enamel.

Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method. It marks the latest findings in modern scientific research.

**It will give you the lustrous teeth you wonder how other people get. It will give you better protection against tooth troubles. And, too, against gum troubles: for it firms the gums.**

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Use it three times daily—morning, evening, at bed time—then note the remarkable difference in your teeth.

**FILM the worst enemy to teeth**
You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube
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Only one tube to a family.

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18K White Gold Ladies' Dinner Ring set with a sparkling brilliant, blue-white diamond. **15 DAY PRO\_Trial.** Try it anywhere at our prices. If you are convinced that it represents exceptional value, pay $1.00—otherwise return and your dollar will be sent back immediately.

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FREE—A complete catalog of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry. Ten months to pay or return.

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**Best Way To Remove Superfluous Hair**

The Dr. Everett Quick & Easy Safety Razor has its patented feature that prevents you from cutting yourself, a feature that makes this the easiest, surest, quickest, and safest way to remove superfluous hair. The "Everett Way" is clean, healthy, safe, and pleasant.

Illustration slightly enlarged

---

**FOR THAT THROBBING NERVOUS HEADACHE**

massage the temples with cooling, soothing

**MENTHOLATUM**

**Write for free sample**


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The new, low price on this beautiful necklace gives complete assurance to the wearer; to tell another is to exhibit a justifiable pride.
Millions of women—whose hair is beautiful to-day—will have scraggly, stringy, scantly hair tomorrow. Will you be one of them?

Find out, to-day, what danger threatens your scalp. Simply look for Nature's 3 signs of warning. Then follow the Wildroot treatments given on this page.

Your druggist or department store has Wildroot Hair Tonic and other Wildroot products.

Here are the warnings:
1. If your hair is too oily—beware!
2. If your hair is very dry—beware!
3. If you find dandruff—beware!

Wildroot Co., Inc.
Buffalo, N.Y.

Will your hair stay beautiful?

Yes—if you heed nature's 3 warning signals.

1. Is your scalp oily?
Shampoo the hair once each week, using the following treatment:
Rub a tablespoonful of Wildroot Taroleum into the scalp with your finger tips. Apply warm water, and let the snowy, antiseptic lather absorb the oily dirt. Rinse thoroughly, and follow with cold water.

When dry, massage the scalp with Wildroot Quinine Hair Dress.

2. Is your scalp dry?
Once every other week, give yourself this treatment: Remove dandruff from scalp by applying Wildroot Hair Tonic. Then gently massage a tablespoon full of Wildroot Taroleum into the scalp. Cover your head with a hot towel for five minutes. With more Taroleum and warm water, shampoo the hair. Rinse well, and follow with cold water.

3. Have you found dandruff?
Two or three times a week (in severe cases, every day), apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the scalp. This should be done in the most thorough manner, parting the hair so as to reach every spot on the scalp— and massaging gently with the fingers. Finish by dressing the hair with the tonic, one strand at a time.

The Shadow Stage
[Continued from page 47]

Love's Bargain—F. B. O.

It is quite unusual to see a picture that deviates from the regular happy movie ending. But in spite of the seemingly unhappy ending you'll find this interesting. A theatrical producer assists a young actor toward the stardom goal. Soon after they are married, he learns of her love for a former friend and likes the good husband that he is. They reach freedom. Marjorie Daw and Clive Brook head the cast.

Parisian Nights—F. B. O.

If you like Apache stories you'll like this one from beginning to end. Again we have Lou Tellegen as the rough Apache stealing his way into the heart of Elaine Hammerstein, an American sculptress. Lou becomes Elaine's model. Renee Adoree, a Apache girl, loves Lou and because of his sudden coldness starts a feud between the Panthons, which Lou heads and the rival faction, the Wolves. Needless to say, you know what happens.

Scar Hanan—F. B. O.

While the story is no different from the usual run of the Westerns, credit must be given to Yakima Canutt for his clever horsemanship. "Scar" Hanan is determined to get the man who killed his father. He obtains a position on a ranch and from all indications he

Wildroot
Hair Tonic

When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.
is on the right track. Through the aid of old friends of his father's he succeeds in his undertaking. The boys always like these.

**THE BOOMERANG—Schulberg**

We didn't hear one person laugh during the showing of this picture so it must have been dull for a comedy. It was even dullest than that. It was a case of great expectations gone astray. We anticipated that Anita Stewart, Bert Lytell and others in the cast would give lots of good entertainment. They didn't. It's a story about a doctor who turns psycho-analyst and mends broken hearts. He loses his own and finally closes his sanitarium to find it.

**BREED OF THE BORDER—F. B. O.**

There being a lot of horses needing exercise, "Lefty" Flynn decided to be a good fellow and give them a chance to earn a blanket and an oat banquet, so he commenced work in a Western story as "Circus" Claus, quick on the draw, a whiz on a horse, and as slick a thinker as ever inhaled ozone. Of course there's a profligate sheriff, the girl who sells as her innocent father is accused of a crime, and a band of bandits. "Circus" makes everything beautiful in the cut and dried fashion. Three cheers for Santa Claus.

**THE STAR DUST TRAIL—Fox**

"LILLIJOY" (Shirley Mason), popular dancer coveted by the wealthy John Benton, marries Warding, an actor. Whereupon Benton does the "snake act in the Garden of Eden" by inspiring pernicious scandal stories. Warding loses his job and leaves his wife to seek his own salvation and living. He goes from worse to worse. Benton tells Sylvia about his new love and she is going to divorce him and marry Benton when he is injured in an accident and she spurns Benton for her husband. Terrible is right!

**THE MANSION OF ACHING HEARTS—Schulberg**

It is too bad that so many producers resort to obscene themes in order to try and put their pictures over. This is the sort of a picture people should not go to see. Producers would then realize that the public has long since discarded pictures of this kind. The story is so thin and ragged that it proves an unsuitable comeback for Ethel Clayton. Decidedly not a family picture.

**GALLOPING VENGEANCE—F. B. O.**

An impossible Bob Custer Westerner. A Texas Ranger is commissioned to find an Indian Chief who is being held captive by a gang. A young boy, easily led, falls into the company of the gang. In a brawl he thinks he kills a man. His sister protects him when questioned by the Ranger. She helps him escape and then we have the Ranger cleaning up the gang, the Indian Chief set free, the dam bursting and the confession of the leader of the gang. Oh yes, the Ranger and the sister fall in love. Not so good.

**RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox**

We were looking forward to this latest Tom Mix vehicle but for some reason or other we were disappointed. Perhaps we expected too much. The popular novel by Zane Grey had plenty of action but not so with the picture. Of course Tom can always be relied upon to prove himself the hero and save a young lady, who in this case happens to own a ranch and is robbed by rustlers. Fine photography.

**PLAYING WITH SOULS—First National**

Gets away to a good start but comes an awful cropper along about the second ditch. A youth embittered by parental neglect de-

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for the best review of THE SKYROCKET. Write the publishers for particulars.
Prevent this

MANY diseases that bring premature old age are traceable to teeth. Dreaded rheumatism, heart disease and other ailments that ruin health and beauty can be directly caused by tooth infections.

Prevention of tooth decay is vital to health and beauty. Cleanliness is the most effective method.

Use Colgate’s—

It removes causes of tooth decay

GOOD TEETH are as necessary to good looks as pretty eyes and a lovely complexion. And good teeth are more necessary to good health than they are to beauty.

Today dental science, through preventive dentistry, is trying to save teeth from decay—to prevent infections that may destroy your health and happiness. Colgate’s Ribbon Dental Cream is closely allied with this move for better teeth and better health.

“Washes”—does not scour

Colgate’s is a preventive dentifrice—safe, effective, and pleasant to use because of its delightful taste. It removes causes of tooth decay by the gentle “washing” action of its non-gritty chalk and tasteless soap. These are the two ingredients that authorities say are most important in a dentifrice.

Of course there are no curative claims for Colgate’s. No tooth paste or powder can cure. That is a dentist’s function. Colgate’s keeps your teeth clean, and cleanliness is the best preventive measure known.

Colgate’s is free from grit and harsh drugs. It is sensibly made, sensibly advertised and sold at a sensible price—25c for the large tube, at your favorite store.
WEST COAST

(Mexico is not included in this list unless otherwise noted)

BUSTER KEATON STUDIOS, 1025 Elmwood Way, Inactive.

C. D. C. FILM SALES CO., 9620 Sunset Blvd.

Revere Esson has completed "Flying the Planes" with William Holmes and Dorothy Devore.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 116 La Brea Ave., Inactive.

CHRISTIE STUDIO, 6801 Sunset Blvd.

Walter Hiers is working on "Tender Feet." Bobby Vernon is working on "Harra Bottoms."

Neal Burns is working on "Why Restate?".

CICIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO, Culver City, Calif.

Work has not started on any production. The following have been signed by Cecil B. De Mille, Leander Joy, Florence Vidor, Lilian Rich, Vera Reynolds, Leonard Burns, Robert Edeson and Rod La Rocque.

Associated Exhibitors: "Keep Smiling" with William Banks and Annie Cornell.

Robert Kane Prod. Paramount release--Henry King directing "Any Woman" with Albert Terry and Ernest Gillen.

F. B. O. STUDIOS, Melrose & Corbin Sts.

Walter Quigley directing "The Face Makers" with Alberta Vaughn and George O'Hara.

Tom Buckland is directing "The Face on the Air" with Ed Gorman.

Arthur Rossen directing "Yellow Fares" with Bostin, Taggart and Kathryn McGuire.

Del Andrews directing "That Devil Quemado" with Fred Thomson and Gloria Hope.

C. Gardner Sullivan Prod. "If Harrison Fall" with Margaret Low, Belle Bennett and Jean Hersholt.

FINEARTS STUDIOS, 1390 Sunset Blvd.

A. S. John is working on "Fares, Please." Lloyd Hamilton is working on "Waiting."

Lige Comly is working on "Night Hawks."

FIRST NATIONAL PROD., United States.

Irv Cummings directing "The Desert Flower" with Colleen Moore and Lloyd Hughes.

Samuel Goldwyn Prod. Inactive.

Carmine Griffith Prod. An award has completed "The National Anthem" with Carmine Griffith, Robert Iveson, Frank Miltone, Hamilton and Malcolm McGregor.


Constantine Talmadge Prod. Sidney Franklin directing "The Man She Bought" with Constantine Talmadge.

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.

J. G. Brenster directing "Everlasting Whispers" with Tom and Will and Alphonse.

Rowland W. Lee directing "Haven" with George O'Brien.

John H. Ford has completed "Kinds of the Turf" with Henry W. Walthall and J. Farrell MacDonald.

John Ford directing "Lightnin" with Jay J. Hunt, Emmett Flinns directing "Seventh Heaven." Flinns not noticed.

W. s. Van Dyke directing "The Outlaw" with Mark Smeath.

THEODORE HENDERSON PROD, 1136 Gower St.

John P. McCarthy directing "Drifters" with Elsa LeBaron and William Buell.

LASKY STUDIO, 1320 Vine St.

James Cruze directing "Welcome Home" with Lois Wilson, Warner Baxter and Lila Cragmore. Edwin Walsh will soon start production on "The Wanderers."

Mai st. Clude directing "Are Parents People" with Betty Bronson, Florence Vidor, Adolphe Menjou and Herbert Rawlinson.

Howard Higgin directing "In the Name of Love" with George O'Brien and Ricardo Cortez.

William de Mille directing "Young Wives" with Jack Holt.


METRO, GOLDWYN, MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Calif.

Josef Von Sternberg directing "Eclipse" with Conrad Nagel, Rene Adore and Paulette Duval.

Frank Borzage directing "The Circle" with Edward Hawthorne, Malcolm McGregor and Robertson Hallet.

Edmond Goulding directing "Sun Up" with Conrad Nagel and Lucille La Verne.

Marshall Neilson directing an untitled production with Elly O'Neill.

Hobart Henley directing "Nothing to Wear." Cast not named.

Reginald Barker directing "The Desert Queen." Cast not named.

F. Valdo directing "Here I Stand" with Rason Ewy, Marv McAlary, Carmel Myers and Kathryn Keye.

PICKFORD-FAIRHAVEN STUDIO, 7100 Santa MonicA Boulevard.

William Beaudine directing "Little Annie Rooney" with Mary Pickford.

Donald Crisp directing "Don Q." with Doris Fairbanks, Mary Astor and Jean Hersholt.

HAL ROACH STUDIO, Culver City, Calif.

"Our Sons," has just completed a "Westerner under the direction of Bob McGowan.

Lee McCarley directing "Bad Bill Brodie" with Charlie Chase.

SAGENET STUDIO, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Eddie Clune directing "Rashful矩阵" with Ralph Graves.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Calif.

Edward Laemmle directing "Spook Ranch" with Hoot Gibson and Helen Ferguson.

Edward Nogdick directing "The Titans" with House Peters.

William A. Seiter directing "Where Was I?" with Dudley Digges.

William Seiter directing "The Tender" with Laura La Plante.

"The Denon" with Jack Hawke and Lola Todd.

VITAGRAPH STUDIO, 1708 Talmadge St.

David Smith has completed "Baree, Son of Kazan" with Anita Stewart.

WARNER BROS. STUDIO, 5842 Sunset Blvd.


George Hill directing "The Limited Mail" with Vera Reynolds and Monte Blue.

Berman Raymader directing "Below the Line." with Richard Dix.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES, Fox Studio, 10th Ave. & 45th St., New York City.

Will Nick directing "Once a Peddler." with Glenn Hunter and Edna Murphy.

WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO, 357 Hiresdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Whitman Bennett directing "Children of the WhiteWidow." with Lionel Barrymore, Johnnie Walker and Marguerite De La Motte.

IN EUROPE

METRO-GOLDWYN CORP.

In England--Production will soon commence on "Mary of Navarre." Rex Ingram directing with Antonio Moreno and Alec Terry.

R. C. SAMUELSON.

In England--Production has started on "Stee." with Betty Blair and Carlyle Blackwell.

CHANGES IN TITLES

F. B. O.

"Mock Marriage" will be released as "If Marriage Fails."

FOX PICTURES

"The Man Without a Country" has been changed to "As No Man Has Loved."

RENAUD HOEFLAN.

"Crossed Words" will be released as "Private Affair.

VITAGRAPH.

"In the Garden of Charity" will be released as "Tales of Passion."

BUSINESS NEWS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.


Lippert Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 443 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Office of Americ, Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1340 Broadway, New York City.


Paule Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producing Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1353 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

B. P. Schurberg Prod., 1630 Broadway, New York City.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

W. L. Griffith Prod., 1475 Broadway, New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Keystone Building, 5th Ave. and 55th St., New York City.

Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.
He's the Whole Show
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

If you feel this is a cold and calculating viewpoint to entreat towards the Great Art of the cinema, I invite you to study the methods of the humble Leonardo da Vinci, who painted by mathematics. While painting the face of Christ, a creation of abstract and complex emotion, Leonardo was often interrupted by summons to fix the plumbing in the Duchess's bathroom.

Griffith's ability as a creator of comedy has been acquired by studious experience; his talent as an actor is an inheritance. His family for five generations specialized in producing actors and sailors. His great grandfather had two sons, one became an actor, the other a sailor. His grandfather had two sons, an actor and a sailor. His father had but one son, Raymond, who felt it his duty to uphold the family tradition, and so he became both a sailor and an actor.

Griffith has the elusiveness of Maude Adams concerning his background. He prefers to keep it well back and out of focus. This reticence is due partly to business instinct and partly to sensitiveness. He's both practical and sensitive.

As a boy playing in "The Witching Hour" he lost his voice. His part required that he scream out each night at the threat of a beating. On the fatal night he ran and covered, as the direction demanded. The audience heard a piercing shriek from the boy as he cringed before the whip. That was all. The terror on the boy's face was the terror of realisim; he was stripped dumb. He could not speak a line after that scream. He has never spoken a line from the stage since then. His recovery was so gradual that he could not speak above a whisper for years, and he has never recovered the full carrying power, which the stage demands.

Forced to abandon his stage career he became a dancer, appearing in exhibitions and working as an instructor at the Grand Central Palace in New York. This led to his return to the stage as a dancer in vaudeville. There he encountered a company of French pantomimists. Seeing and appreciating only to know this actor, despite a weakened voice, he joined them and toured Europe for a season. What an incomparable training for the screen that was!

There are interludes, vaguely sketched, when he sailed before the mast absorbing life with the salt, when he rode the rods absorbing life with the clinders.

When Griffith left Sennett's a few years later he was a master mechanic of comedy. He could "gag." He could time his business to a second. He knew to an inch how much footage a scene should have to get the biggest laugh. In addition to being an actor who knew how to point and time his work so that the right gesture came at precisely the right time and with the right meaning, he was qualified as a director and a scenario writer.

During odd moments he wrote four original stories for Douglas MacLean, assisted the late Thomas H. Ince in putting life in productions where there was none before and acted in a few dramas at Goldwyn until enthusiasts likened him to Barrymore.

His real triumph came with "Miss Bluebeard" and "Forty Winks" for Paramount. The night after "Forty Winks" was released his name commenced popping up in lights all over America. There was no stopping the exhibitors and their electricians. It was an absolutely spontaneous ovation—with fireworks. As I said at the outset, Raymond Griffith isn't just a comedian—he's a whole show.

He found her at last!

"FAIR STRANGER—I know who you are," he smiled; "you are a rose disguised as a Beautiful Lady!"

She was beautiful and radiant indeed, for she had learned from Madame Jeannette how to select the proper shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder and to apply it correctly for youthful beauty.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is used the world over by women who find that it meets every requirement of beauty, protection, and purity.

**Mme. Jeannette's Beauty Treatment**

First, a bit of Pompeian Day Cream to make your powder cling and prevent "shine." Next, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder to all exposed portions of face, neck and shoulders. It will give your skin that lovely effect of rose petal softness. Lastly, just a touch of Pompeian Bloom to bring the exquisite glow of youthful color.

**Shade Chart** for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Beauty Powder:

**Medium Skin**

The average American woman has this type of skin, and should use the Naturelle shade.

**Olive Skin**

This skin generally accompanies dark hair and eyes. It is rich in tone and should use Rachel shade.

**Pink Skin**

This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin, and should use the Flesh shade. This type of skin is usually found with light hair, or red hair.

**White Skin**

If your skin is quite without color, use White Powder. Only the very white skin should use White Powder in the daytime.

At all toilet counters 60c. New thin-model compact $1.00. (Slightly higher in Canada.)

Pompeian Beauty Powder

"Don't Envy Beauty - Use Pompeian"

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PHILANTHROPIC NOTE

A pitiful case was recently called to my attention, that of the Harried Lloyd family. Harold is a hard worker, he has a wife and baby to support, and his income is just forty thousand dollars a week. This is the biggest income ever made by any individual in motion pictures. It's unfair to Harold; the income tax threatens to send him, the wife and the kiddie over the hill to the poor house.

There's only one solution, Harold: Buy the United States—the cost is less than the upkeep.

HARRY LANGDON is the big coming comedian of the pastry-flingers’ art.

The first to offer him a heavy contract was Harold Lloyd, another boy who binges a wicked custard.

Lloyd was willing to back Langdon in productions starring the latter. Both comedians have been making unprofitable pictures. Langdon's in two reels is already on the market, while Lloyd's in six reels is still in production. The canny Welshman, Mr. Lloyd, figured that if the two were working on the same lot such conflict could not occur.

As I explained above, Harold not only has to buy shoes for the baby but airplanes and postman's uniforms for the U.S. government.

Where do we all be if Harold's income were cut? That's something to think about, as Mr. Brisbane would say.

SEVERAL of my colleagues can pick star winners as well as I can, but I consider myself the only one who can pick motion picture companies that are going to win.

My method is simple. I always judge the studio by the doorman. If the doorman is smug, arrogant and corresponding important, I know the producer is-so gullible.

Bruised and battered from a reception at one of the picture canneries where I once committed free megie I stumbled weak and wistful towards Warner Brothers, where the reception accorded me was so courteous that I nearly broke down in sobs.

The Warner Brothers are experimenting in the policy of treating directors, actors and newspapermen as though they were equals. As a result they get directors and actors at salaries where other companies fail and from newspapermen they earn such valuable space as herein with the Harried Lloyd family.

This is a policy that was pursued rather successfully by the late Thomas H. Ince, and which is still being pursued without serious detriment by that hospitable rock of Gibraltar, the Paramount-Pathé organization.

The Warner Brothers go even so far as to ask advice of "No" men. They shamelessly admit that they don't know an awful lot, which is an awful lot more than most producers know.

They have the youngest, liveliest veteran in pictures as production manager, Benne Ziedman, who frankly says that he can't make every picture a success, so for gossakes come over and tell them what's wrong.

I know another young man who for a good many years has been humbly seeking advice from the humble. I predict that he will be heard from one of these days. His name is D. W. Griffith.

It pain me in view of my sympathy for the Warner Brothers to have to expose their most profitable star. But I'm as ruthless as Pola Negri; when I learn anything I feel the public should know I rush to the window screaming, no matter who tells me to shut-up.

The star to whom I have reference is Rin-tin-tin, hailed by critics as the Salvini of the kennels. Critics have regarded Rin-tin-tin with which he registers hate, despair, anguish and sex. When Rin-tin-tin looks up with that sexy expression, like Romeo toward the balcony, he is not seeing a Juliet, he's seeing—

dead cat!

A stuffed cat hangs in front of the camera. The camera is moved back and forth. When the cat comes toward Rin-tin-tin he registers despair. When it dangles within sniffing distance he puts over passion as a noble ever did by gazing at his salary check. I'm not trying to depreciate the art of Rin-tin-tin. I'm merely revealing the trick for the good of producers working with non-canine actors, who, for all the tricks of gynecine tears, emotional music, et cetera, cannot register emotion as sincerely as Rin-tin-tin gazing upon a dead cat.

"On the Banks of the Wabash"

[Continued from page 43]

JUST as though she had said no word he a-keed brusquely, "Can you sing?"

She answered, "Yes, sir!"

"Let's hear you," was the prompt rejoinder.

When the cat comes toward Rin-tin-tin he registers despair. "Sing 'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me.'"

The heavy man watched her with narrowed eyes. When she had finished he said no word. After a while, the sudden gutturral utterance came from him, "Huh!"

Then...

"Let's hear you sing, 'My Gal Sal.'"

The girl sang that sentimental ditty for the prince of sentimentalists and men. When she had finished, many people stood looking at the door. The heavy man merely grunted, "Huh, Huh!"

Then...

"Can you sing 'Wabash'?"

The girl replied, "Oh, yessir. It's my favorite."

"Well, let's hear you sing it."

The girl sang it tenderly, with the sadness of remembered joy in her voice. Her face creased once, twice, then three times as the heart of that old-time song whispered to hands—oblivious of the glorious young female in front of him... of the gazers at the door of the clanging of street cars on Madison Avenue. The girl, a star, about to sing Trilly sang with the voice of the Indiana lark she was...
“Through the sycamores the candle-lights are gleaming
On the banks of the Wabash far away.”

There was a tense silence when the echoes of the
weirdly beautiful song floated out of the
room and down the hallway. The chair
creaked loudly while the heavy man turned his
back on the girl . . . the arch-sentimentalist
ashamed. Putting his heavy pudgy hands to
his forehead and pressing his fingers above the
eyes as if to ease the pain there, he granted,
“God, kid, you can sing!”

Then he turned about swiftly, “What’s your
name?”

“Louise Kerlin.”

“Where you from?”

“Evansville, Indiana.”

“What did your father do?”

“Railroad conductor.”

“What road?”

“Evansville and Terre Haute.”

“Daughters!”

“Miss Kerlin, huh! I know him.
Greatest guy in the world. Heart bigger’n
the Masonic Temple. I used to be a
news-butch on his train. He was God’s white man.
Dammed . . . you can sing.

And the rest was lost in guttural mumbles, as
he turned heavily in his creaking chair and
reached for the telephone.

“This you so—so—Dramatic Editor
Tribune . . . so—so—Say, Bill
this is Paul Dresser . . . my kid sister’s here
in my office, she’s nuts to go on the stage
—he can sing like the devil . . . she’ll go on at
the Masonic Temple Sunday night. Give her
some space—name’s Louise Dresser. Thanks,
Bill . . . see you soon.”

He hung up the receiver.

“Now, Kid . . . I’ve given you my name.
. . . I hope it helps you . . . it won’t hurt you
. . . you’re my kid sister. I’ll be proud of you,
. . . and none of my family’ll give it
away. I’ve got a young brother who’s making
good as a writer under our right name—
Theodore Dreiser. I’ll put ‘em all hep
. . . your dad was a great guy.”

There are those who claim that Theodore
Dreiser is the greatest novelist America has
ever produced. He is at least among its very
greatest writers. He has left one of the finest
and most human portraits in any language in a
magnificent tribute to his brother called “My
Brother Paul.” But he did not tell all con-
nect with Paul. For instance . . . when
the great-hearted three hundred pounder died.
Louise was first at his bedside. It was Louise
Dresser who folded up his street clothing for
ever; keeping her hand in his trouser
pockets she took out all of earthly goods that
Paul Dresser possessed—a lone penny. It was
no wonder that Paul Dresser loved Bill Kerlin.

Something should be said of this immense
man’s kindness through the years to the girl he
called Louise Dresser, and who has carried his
name with honor. Bill Kerlin could not have
looked after Louise more gently than did Paul
Louise Dresser needs no introduction to the
theatrical world. She was a New York star for
years, first with the Shuberts, and then with Freiman.
She has co-starred with DeWolf
Hopper and has also starred in leading vaude-
ville circuits, and with Henry W. Savage.

Always fond of the widow of Bill Kerlin, she
bought on Mother’s Day a magnificent home for
her in California.

She entered pictures in 1923 at the earnest
solicitation of Pauline Frederick. She appeared
with Miss Frederick in “The Glory of Clemen-
tina.” She next appeared in “Burning Sands,”
then “Enter Madame,” “Prodigal Daughters”
—and several more pictures, then “Ruggles
of Red Gap,” her first picture under the direction
of the master, Joe Cruze. Five or six other
pictures followed and then two more under the
direction of Joe Cruze, who has pronounced her
one of the finest actresses on the screen.

It is a long jump from that of a singer to be-
ing a great emotional actress, that is, it would
have been if Louise had not been always great
emotionally the first attribute of actor
or actress without which they are hollow indeed.

Your teeth are only as
healthy as your gums

The gums are the keys to health. You
must keep them firm, strong and healthy
or your teeth will begin to loosen and
eventually come out. This is one of the
penalties of Pyorrhea.

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pockets form and generate poisons that
drain through the whole system, causing
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them sound, firm and pink. Furthermore,

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the mouth fresh, clean and wholesome.

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favorite dentifrice, at least start brushing
your gums and teeth once a day with
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Sex and Sophistication

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There has been as radical a change in directional style as in stellar. Two pictures changed Hollywood profes-

I LIVE TO SEE—"

By Dale Fuller

I'm using up my motion picture lives.

The very thought of it makes me turn pale.

I'm Stroheim made me die in "Foolish Wives.

Lee Cody strangled me in "Souls for Sale.

They cut me down just like the well-known weed,

Yet in my heart a hope—a faint hope—speaks.

Although I died again in Stroheim's "Greed,

I live to see the fade-out in "Three Weeks."

Returning to Hollywood

(Continued from page 31)

he was consigned for so long and, with a few good pictures, has made mountainous strides. He is another contender for a place in the peaks.

Raymond Griffith has arrived unquestionably because he is not only a great comedian but also a star with the ability to create his own pictures. Like Loyd and Chaplin, he's practically his own director.

Harry Langdon in the slap stick line is knocking them over. Both Loyd and Griffith tell me he is a sure long-distance winner.

Colleen Moore has had everything in her favor and she has made the most of it. She's driving at maximum speed.

Corinne Griffith, of supernal personal loveliness, has been unfortunate recently in her vehicles. She's the aristocrat of exhibition, commercially in appeal to Elsie Ferguson. She should be robbed in stories appropriate.

Tom Mix—he's the genius of the screen, according to Raymond Griffith, for the reason that he invariably hits the mark he aims at.

Richard Barthelmess is another star-producer who fought his way to independence and made good. As a result, his name over a theater insures not only a fine performance on his part but a finer picture than most of the machine companies can produce.

Barbara La Marr got off to a bad start with "Sandra," and the life of a temptress is short at best.

Norma Shearer is a signal discovery of the past year.

There are a score who are moving steadily upward: Alice Terry, Marie Prevost, Ronald Colman, Rod La Rocque, Adolphe Menjou, Ben Lyon, Irene Rich, Bessee Love, Mary Philbin, Virginia Valli, May Allison, Jetta Goudal, Constance Bennett, Aileen Pringle, Eleanor Boardman, Clara Bow, Vera Reynolds, Monte Blue, and —— (fill in the blank yourself).
War in Hollywood

Ever so often there is the apparition of the motion picture industry in the grip of a giant combine. Just about the time this seems a reality the roof blows off the studios, the doors and windows fly open and precious talent is spilled all over the place.

The motion picture industry cannot be cornered because it does not deal in stable products such as wheat and beef. It deals in ideas and personalities. There is no absolute way of gauging what the market will demand next year, no earthly way of preventing you

A motion picture had brought a panic, with the revolution of directors ensuing.

The exhibitor who listed Harold Lloyd and Novarro in the lead among male stars stated that until recently there were only two directors whose names meant anything to the boxoffice, D. W. Griffith and Cecil B. DeMille.

This year marks the rise of Ernst Lubitsch. He is the master of the Hollywood school, the smiling little Michaelangelo of the art, and his style is being furiously studied.

"Direction, as less than acting, has fallen into grooves," confesses King Vidor. "Two things have happened of which producers and directors do not seem aware. First, the level of intelligence is higher—the cross-word puzzle bears that out. Second, the picture audience today is thoroughly screen-wise and refuses to be thrilled by old familiar treatment and situations.

"Pictures are too literal. We who make them are forgetting that what contributes most to the success of a picture is what the audience brings with them—imagination—and we go on telling stories in words of one syllable."

As I say, Lubitsch and Chaplin have been the pace-setters. Among the progressives who are hitting fast strides in the wake are Herbert Brenon, King Vidor, Victor Seastrom, Frank Lloyd, Clarence Brown, Monta Bell, Frank Borzage.

D. W. Griffith recaptures his own incomparable peak with "Isn't Life Wonderful" and should hold it with the financial staff of Paramount in his grip.

Rex Ingram scored with "Scaramouche" and is rapidly mending his dramatic weakness. Fictionally he is peerless.

De Mille will awaken new interest as a supervising producer.

Herbert Brenon's success with "Peter Pan" revealed unsuspected resources in him, and James Cruze is a boxoffice bell-ringer of another type whose name, our exhibitor states, is beginning to magnetize the crowds.

Eric Von Stroheim seems incapable of telling a story in less than twelve volumes. When he can realize the limitations of time and space he will be victorious.

The inclination of the public toward that which Hollywood terms "sophistication"—in reality, merely an honest, intelligent interpretation of life—has left Hollywood gasping. They always thought sophistication meant something dirty. They are discovering that sex has nothing to do with it.

There will always be a market for the dime novels, the thrillers, the Elinor Glyn primer stuff and the Horatio Alger. But there is also a great market, an increasingly great market, for pictures such as Lubitsch and Chaplin have delivered.

With more directors of their skill and honesty the cry against salaciousness will be stopped saying to quarters where stable rats are on the sniff for dirt.

The trouble has been that directors made vile and vulgar use of sex as panders to the boxoffice. Lubitsch and Chaplin treat the subject so delicately that it is but a motif in the pattern.

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Pert Rouge

Jobyna Ralston’s Diary April 27

It’s flattering, of course, but it’s an awful strain to be asked to help with the arrangements for so many affairs. One day it’s a children’s party; the next day it’s a luncheon or tea; and then comes a shower for the bride. I’d be a wreck but for the Dennison Gala Book. It’s the source of all my party ideas, but I get the credit. Thank you, little book.

The Bagdad of Phantasmagoria

Hollywood remains a spectacle as fantastic as Bagdad of magic. There are stories too strange to believe outside the pages of “The Arabian Nights.”

Unnoticed in the crowd that made a path of cheers for Lillian Gish on her appearance, here were Francis Ford and Cleo Madson, recalling their ovations a few years ago.

Barbara Tennant works as an extra in support of Alice Joyce, once her star rival.

Katherine MacDonald steps in for a few brief years and walks out with a quarter of a million. Ayes Ayres turns a similar trick. While Nazimova, who once received a check for ten thousand dollars each week now lives in the servants’ quarters of the mansion over which she was formerly mistress.

“Their lives are changed, but their characters aren’t. They ask why I delayed coming back for so long,” says Nazimova ironically. “After the failure of ‘Salome’ I couldn’t come back at any salary or in any part.”

But Nazimova was born an actress. Life to her is drama, and she relishes as much a role in the garret as one in a palace. She knows that the next act may find her again in the drawing room.

So moves the phantasmagoria that is Hollywood. A magic lantern show of passing shadows, as fascinating as roulette, as gay or as tragic, it’s all according to you.

Paul Nicholson loves a shower bath about as well as the next man, but when Paul was scheduled to take a shower in "Chickie," which First National has been making in the Biograph studios in New York, he learned that a bath at home and a bath in the movies are entirely different. Paul was to make the scene the first thing in the morning. Being adverse to bathing on a full stomach Paul went without his breakfast.

But Director John Dillon was very busy on other things that day. "Just sit down a minute, Paul, and we’ll soon be ready for you.”

Paul sat. The minute turned into hours and pretty soon the whole company knocked off for luncheon. Dillon told Paul that the bath scene would be the first one shot after luncheon. So Paul went without luncheon. But instead of taking it the first thing after luncheon Dillon found nothing else to do. The weary minutes passed into hours and the gnawing pain Paul felt didn’t cheer him up a bit. Finally five o’clock came. Paul’s face brightened as Dillon walked towards him. "I’m sorry, Paul, but I guess we’ll have to take that scene in the morning. Please be here bright and early so there won’t be any delay.”

Paul said he never ate a heartier meal than his dinner that night.
What They Know About Each Other

[continued from page 38]

role new to us, for Mrs. Barthelmes looks not more than fifteen years old, and though we knew there was a daughter, we never realized it till we saw the infant with our own eyes. We don't mean that the way it sounds, for she has Dick's own eyes. Joseph Hergesheimer was invited to luncheon the day we were there, and we knew full well that none of us would hold a serious discussion while he was present. He is far too humorous. One wants to sit back and listen and relax.

The luncheon was progressing satisfactorily for everyone including the cook. Only we were nervous, for we couldn't forget the last words of our editor, "Get your man," adding to this "—and your woman," which made the assignment three times as difficult.

But Mr. Hergesheimer is an understanding soul and he sensed the situation. So, as soon as it was time to light a Corona Corona, he lighted one and went upstairs to the library. "Now, don't spare them," he said; "make them unspeakable souls." And they did; or, as the movie title says, "They came clean." Now, wouldn't you think that Richard, with those eyes of his, like unfathomable pools of black velvet (we mix an excellent metaphor) and that beautiful, high, Byronic forehead would be the romantic one and Mary the practical one? Well, it's entirely reversed. This is what Dick opened the combat with:

"A man may never be truly happily married until he realizes that she is just an ordinary human being. I love Mary because she is a da-a-darn fine girl."

"He respects me," mocked his young spouse. "He makes me feel like Handy when Peter Par informed her that he loved her like a dutiful son. He has no romance in his soul! Now I shall start off by explaining that though Dick isn't perfect—"

"No?" queried Mr. Barthelmes, in apparent consternation.

"Oh, no," said Mary, firmly. "You know, only last week you—"

"All right," said Dick, hurriedly. "Go on, where you left off with Dick isn't perfect. Motion carried." "Well, though Dick isn't perfect, he still seems to me exactly as he did the first time I saw him. I'm a romantic soul. It makes life's pathway easy."

"And it? You live in 'The Enchanted Cottage.' And when was the first time you saw Dick? And did you fall in love with him right away?"

"Honolulu, and yes!"

"What a perfect place to meet!"

"Oh, we didn't meet there. You misunderstood me. I was there with father, and one night he took me to a movie house. I put my hair up because I had on my very first long skirt. It was there that I saw my future husband for the first time."

"I'd bet it was in 'Snow White and the Seven Swans.'" Richard has never lived that down.

"Yes, it was in the 'Valentine Girl,'" with Marguerite Clark. He looked terribly young, but I was terribly young too, so I fell in love with him. I've been in love with him ever since; and if every girl who marries for love would say to herself when a man is evaporating, as all men are bound to be, 'This is the same God-like creature who made the whole world for me just yesterday,' he would always hold his place in her heart."

O.K., how we revel in talking to a girl like Mary. With those ideals life can never be dull for her. Every night is Christmas Eve when you're in love with love. We know!

And did you fall in love with Mary the first time you saw her? Do you, too, know the joy of dwelling in the 'Enchanted Cottage'?

Society never winks at this weakness

What qualities must a woman have to be a social success—beauty, grace, culture, wit? Society appreciates these—those but it has never yet closed its doors to the woman who lacks them. The seeker after social popularity may be utterly without distinction in a dozen ways—in features, family, personality; she may even lack discretion. Yet social success may be hers!

But there is one thing that puts her under a tremendous social handicap:

One thing without which no woman can live up to a man's ideal of her—perfect personal cleanliness!

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that perspiration odor and moisture have kept more women from a coveted social position than any other one thing. Yet how many women fail to see when they fall short?

If girls and women—yes, and men, too—could only understand that soap and water cannot counteract this disagreeable thing! Special measures are necessary to keep the underarms always dry and odorless.

The one perfect precaution now regularly used by 3,000,000 people is the underarm toilette—Odorono!

Oodorono, you know, is the original corrective of all perspiration odor and moisture. It was formulated by a physician and is now used in hospitals by physicians and nurses who know its antiseptic qualities and scientific action.

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Such a little thing and yet it means so much! Adopt the underarm toilette now; have for yourself the ease and comfort of mind its regular use means. Get a bottle of Oodorono at any toilet counter; 35c, 60c and $1 sent by mail postpaid.

Send for dainty sample set

I will send you 3 generous samples for the complete underarm toilette—Oodorono, Creme Oodorono (for odor only) and Oodorono Depilatory, together with booklet of information on perspiration problems. Complete sample set, 10c; any one sample, 5c. Mail coupon now.

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(See page 8 for full particulars regarding Contest)

This special offer is made to avoid disappointment. So many of our readers complained last year because the newstands were sold out and in many instances we were unable to supply back copies. Your subscription today will insure your receiving every copy during the Contest. Just send money order or check for $1.25 and fill out the coupon below. Do it today.

"Of course not. A man couldn’t love anyone he didn’t know, could he?

"Let me tell you that you’re all wrong, and we have the poets back of us to prove it. Who ever loved that loved not at first sight,” we quoted. “Christopher Marlowe, for one, said that.”

"Now, see here," said Dick, "it all depends on what you call love. I saw Mary dancing in the Midnight Frolic, the Ziegfeld Roof Show. I thought that she was such a cute little thing that I made a point of finding out all I could about her, but it was months after that before we knew each other. Then we played in ‘Way Down East!’ But you know, there never has been to me any glamour about the stage or the screen. I married Mary because she, herself, in person, was so sweet. I love her more today than I did then, because I know all about her and she is never even than I thought she was."

"That last honeyed speech makes it sound brutal for me to tell you that you don’t know me at all. What a man should know about his wife is ‘nothing.’ What a woman should know about her husband is ‘everything.’ God gave woman intuition, her defense and to man he gave strength. Woman is better equipped of the two.”

"I never heard you talk like that before," said Dick, "supposingly ‘One of the many things you don’t know about your wife,’ we said."

"After all, it isn’t clothes nor looks that makes a man easy to live with. I mean if he isn’t possess of the grandest virtues, it wouldn’t matter if he looked like Adonis or Apollo, would it?” said Dick. "Wouldn’t it? Well, it wanted me. Just let my eye be filled all the time and I won’t demand too much of the standard virtues."

"Beauty covers a multitude of sins," acquiesced Mary.

"Hitch your motor car to a star," we paraphrased, "a star garbed in romantic habiliments, making love beneath a life-like moon."

"But you know as well as I do," asserted Dick, "that unless a star is exceptionally well-balanced, or perhaps I’d better say extremely careful, he is going to act in private as well as in public. You wouldn’t like that, would you?"

"Yes, a man should act! No woman could live with them if they were just natural all the time. You never heard me say ‘Be yourself,’ did you?"

"And damned be him who first cries ‘Hold, enough,’” we quoted as referee.

"Well, I can’t say that marrying a star is any different from marrying anybody else,” said Dick gently. "The question should be ‘Is he a star?’ but ‘Is he the right sort?’"

"You mean ‘the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves’;” said Mrs. Bartholomew.

Now all this whilst we had all been talking about disposition and compatibility of temperament and love at first sight, and acting and stars, we had been avoiding the main issue. What we wanted to say was, "Just how much should a wife know about her husband’s vagrant love affairs and just how much should a husband know of his wife’s wanderings along the romantic paths of the primrose—" But when we got to that point we feared that Mary and Dick, especially Dick, would fly to cover. Both of these charming young people have a horror of sensational publicity, for they have learned ‘Put not your trust in interviewers.’

Furthermore, though we had all been beating about the bush and ignoring it, no two married people can have had more conflicting reports issued concerning the marital vicissitudes than Dick and Mary. They knew it. I knew it, but tacitly ‘we’ did not know it.

But Shakespeare, or was it Bacon, once said, 'Screw your courage to the sticking point and then go ahead.' So we did.

"Do you think a woman should forgive a man if he wanders?” we asked.

"Wanders?” said Dick. "Wanders where?”
"Well, wanders most anywhere. Where do people wander?"

"I know what you mean, and my answer is that I should prefer a man who was polyandrous to one who was merely a Pollyanna."

"Oh, Lady, Lady. Thank you for the e words. So should I. No woman never really wants a man unless other women want him too, and the greater the danger of losing him the greater the charm."

"Yes a wife should overlook her husband's divergences but she never should let him know that she knows. A man is so happy when he thinks he is being clever and covering his tracks when as a matter of fact he might be playing hare and hound, the trail is so plain."

"Is that truly the way you feel about it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! But, as I said, a woman should carefully conceal the fact that she is forgiving anything. In the first place every man hates a martyr and in the second place it is not wise to appear to condone too much."

"And do you believe in the single standard?" we asked of Dickinson, meaning, of course, do you believe that a woman is entitled to as many flirtations as she allows her husband. But Dick took it in a different way. He always has been a serious sort of person, even when he was a little boy. Now, you see how long we've known Mr. Barthelmess. So he replied, "Yes, I do believe in the single standard. I think a man has no more right to stray from the straight and narrow path than a woman has, and I shouldn't expect a woman to forgive me if I did. Don't you agree with me?"

"Well," said little Mary, "Betty Blythe said once that when her husband and wives were together with a third party they should speak only in parables. Now, do you know what any of those things called parables in the Bible mean? No, neither does anybody else. So here is my answer: 'Stay me with flagons and comfort me with apples when I am sick of love. For whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge.' That's perfectly clear, isn't it?"

But we also happen to know that once when we asked Betty what she thought a girl should look for in choosing a husband, she replied, "I wouldn't live a day with a man who couldn't realize that I might see many men who would interest me for the moment far more than he might do at the same moment."

This doesn't sound like a parable to us: but perhaps we don't know a parable when we see one.

If you choose carefully

RAIGAUD'S aids to beauty, fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden, have always enjoyed a demand among women who choose carefully. They have wanted that consistently superior Rigaud quality.

You can buy no better rouge than Mary Garden Rouge. Mary Garden Lip Stick, Face Powder, Toilet Water, Talcum and Body Powder are likewise distinguished for their excellence.

Now they await you in their new attire: Face Powder in a new round box with puff; Compacts are very thin. Complete assortments at all department and drug stores. See them.

These are the prices

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Product</th>
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<tr>
<td>Face Powder in round box</td>
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<td>Rouge or Face Powder</td>
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<td>Compact in the new small metal case</td>
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<td>Lip Stick, slide metal case</td>
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<td>Toilet Water, 2½ oz.</td>
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<td>Body Powder with large puff</td>
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Sole Distributor
Geo. Borgfeldt & Co.
111 E. 16th St., New York

Parfumerie Rigaud
16 RUE DE LA PAIX
PARIS
My Hands
Ever Soft and Young
By Edna Wallace Hopper

I am a stage star. I wash my hands 20 times a day in all sorts of water. You who wash dishes, clothes, etc., don’t attack the skin as I do.

Yet my hands are soft and smooth. They are girlish hands. They form one of my chief attractions.

I spent 25 years to find a lotion which would do that. I tried numberless kinds—almost everything that experts submitted. But I have only lately found my ideal.

Now I offer it to all women, as I do with every great help I have found. I supply it to all druggists and toilet counters under the name Edna Wallace Hopper’s Youth Hand Lotion. It is made in the laboratory which evolved it, exactly as I use it. I ask you to try it. I want you to try it. Buy it at night and see what a change comes by morning. Apply it whenever your hands touch water which may harden or dry or chap them. Use it to keep your hands looking as young and soft and tender as your face.

I will mail you a sample of my Youth Lotion free if you will send this coupon. Do that, for your own sake. Learn the best that I have found in many years of searching. Chip coupon now.

Trial Free
Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.
I want to try Youth Hand Lotion.

FRIENDLY ADVICE
From
Carolyn Van Wyck

HERE it is again, the visitful little inquiry prompted by an anxious heart: “How can I make the one I love, love me?”

Significantly, it comes from a woman. Always from a woman or girl. Men have written me for advice but it has been as to what colors are becoming to their type or how to become a social favorite. Never have they said, “I love a girl. I want to win her. Tell me how.”

What shall we deduce from this? That love for others is a minor part in men’s lives? There is no new deduction. The youngest reader of these chats of mine recalls what the poet said, “Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart.” But we must not blame him too much for that. The struggle for existence, for getting on in the race of life, has been so strenuous as to consume most of his time and energies. Then man is a little shy about the sentiment he entertains. He is not so much inclined to talk about it as woman is.

But the query, “How can I make the one I love, love me?”

A great poet answered that more than a century ago. He said: “God creates the love to reward the love.” That is sometimes true. It is often true. But not always.

Men differ, but there are a few attributes that they have in common.

First, they are grateful for comforts afforded them. One of my first recollections is of seeing a young man much about our home. He was very good looking, dark-eyed, with Byronic curls and a fine mouth that was sensitive yet firm, and a strong jaw which every man should have as a basis for his face and the symbol of a character that is capable of resistance. I knew vaguely, and after a while definitely, that the young man’s objective in calling was to hold quiet chats with my lovely young cousin. Occasionally I strolled through the room and lingered to play about his feet. He was kind but disregardful of me. I recall that while I tried to see my round face in the fleckless polished mirror of his boots my cousin tossed him a cushion for his back, drew a window shade so that the sun would not shine in his eyes, and he said, “You make me very comfortable, my dear.” Yes, they are married and happily so.

There is one hint about how to make the man you love, love you. A man likes to lounge in an easy chair. He hates draughts. He enjoys a fire in the fireplace on a cool day. Consider his comfort. A good home dinner contributes to it. It is a wise girl who, instead of clamoring to be taken to a cabaret, invites Jim to dinner at her home. And if he wishes to dance, to do so to the strains of the home victrola.

Another trait is that most men, as they themselves say, “Hate to talk mush.” Don’t expect the coveted he to talk much about his love. Indeed, most couples are not engaged long, if at all, in these days of 1925. The young man makes a few calls or many. He discusses love in a more or less impersonal way. Then, one morning, he telephones, or one afternoon his call, and says, “I’ve decided to go down to the church or the city hall and get married.”

Don’t fail, anxious little one, to give him at least his full share of compliments.

And give him time, some required more than a day in building. Few fall in love at a glance, or in a week or two.

ALICE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Time will elongate your figure, little Alice. I think your mother is right. There is plenty of time. Much water drinking is a reliable clarifier of the complexion. I advise dark colors for you. Dark blue, dark green, dark brown, with occasional excursions into the hennas and russet shades to match the russet of your eyes.

DOROTHY, FREDERICK, VA.

Yes, I think that hour too late. Let time take care of your proportions, Dorothy. Only, watch your diet and be sure to be active meanwhile. The darker shades of blue are your best colors. They may be relieved by combination with lighter shades of blue. Modesty and a sweet disposition are always attractive. A few, well modulated voice is a great charm.

GLADYS, POLAND, ME.

My poor child, if you are in love with a young man who is manifestly in love with another you can only wait and hope that some day he may admire you more than he does her. There is a chance that she may not reciprocate his affection, in which case you may benefit by the ancient truth which is often caught in the rebound.

L. B., COROPOLIS, PA.

You should look well in dark blue relieved by touches of light blue, as a scarf, for day wear, and, for evening, in blue or white. Remember the accepted French proverb that a woman is safe in dressing up to her eyes or hair and that she must take into consideration, in either case, her complexion.

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

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

—The Editor
Is this the End of Falling Hair and Baldness?

Our experience shows falling hair and baldness most always due to Infected Scalp Oil (Sebum). Now usually overcome. Hair actually grown on 91 heads in 100.

Written Guarantee to Grow Hair This is a direct offer to grow hair on your head. An offer backed by written guarantee, given by your own drug or department store. If we fail, it costs you nothing. Over 800,000 men have made this test in the last two years.

Science has recently made amazing discoveries in hair treatment. We have proven that while 4 in 7 are either bald, or partly bald, at 40, only about nine in a hundred need ever be bald. Hair roots seldom die from natural causes. They can be revived. We have proved this by regrowing hair on 91 heads in 100.

Highest authorities approve this new way. Great dermatologists now employ it—many charge as much as $300.00 for similar basic treatment.

Baldness is a symptom of a disease. It is most frequently a symptom of infection of the scalp oil (Sebum).

Infected Sebum

Sebum is an oil. It forms at the follicles of the hair. Its natural function is to supply the hair with oil.

But it often becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp; clogs the follicles and plugs them. Germs by the millions then start to feed upon the hair. Semi-baldness comes first; then comes total baldness. But remove that infection and your hair will usually return. We back this statement with a money-back guarantee. Hence it is folly for anyone with falling hair not to make the test.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
SLENDER At Last!
How Wonderfully It Feels!

PREMIUM women in society, business, and the theatre, give unqualified approval to Dr. R. Lincoln Graham's prescription, "Slenderlast! How wonderful it feels!" write hundreds of grateful women.

Dr. R. Lincoln Graham says more than 3000 letters, all of which are correspondent's genuine testimonials, to the effect, that without any annoy-
ing or disagreeable sensations, it is now possible to regain and retain the slimness desired by so many young people.

Dr. Graham's Prescription is Harmless
Neutroids, the prescription developed by Dr. Graham, famous stomach specialist, merely reduces the yeast cells in your stomach. This process is similar to that of the best diet in the case of fat. Neutroids have the opposite effect on your heart and prevent the formation of blood clots. They prevent the bloating feeling, nausea, headache, blood pressure and all the ills of obesity—and reduce you to your desired weight. Neutroids do not harm the food, whether or not it is digested. You can be harmless. Neutroids do not affect the action of any prescription, but will greatly increase its efficiency.

Written Guarantee Eliminates Risk
Dr. Graham guarantees Neutroids to give satisfactory results and that his prescription may be taken with safety by anyone. If you want to re-

No More Wrinkles
You can have a firm, wrinkle-free complexion with Parisian Flesh Food, Makers Men and Women of 50 look 25

FREE Remarkable Bust Developer
Renews youthful firmness, revives beauty marred by time, illness or neg-

FREE Skin Whitener

Flora, Elmwood, Wis.
Yours is a delicate type of what I have no doubt is beauty. If your friends are right in saying that you resemble your own father, you have strong claims to it. I recommend the adoption of delicate perfume, as violet, for your peculiar fragrance. And the lighter shades of rouge and lipstick. More makeup is admissible in the evening than by day.

Dorothy, Oakland, Calif.
Whether one hundred twenty-four pounds are too many for a girl of twenty I cannot say, unless she tells me her height. If you are five feet six inches tall, for instance, they would not be too many. Your coloring requires the same soft, gentle style of dressing as a darling assessed bru-
nettes. Browns, dark and light blues, greens, flame and orange shades are all yours. White is becoming to your type. Black is not, I should say. Your face needs more color. I saw you twenty years ago in the ballrooms of the age and woe.

If there are wrinkles and dark circles about your eyes there is some depletion of your vitality. You say you are not well. You are careful that there is plenty of fresh air in your bedroom. Do you eat balanced meals, not too much meat, and enough fruit and vegetables? Do you walk every day? Do you breathe deeply?

The chance remark of your employer is suf-

FREE Skin Whitener

The chance remark of your employer is sufficiently acknowledged by a smile and "Yes, doesn't it?" His remark of appreciation did not call for a conversation. "I wish you many happy returns of your birthday" is a sufficiently hearty greeting to a business associate on a natal day.
Presto Chango Valentino

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

sensation in the history of the screen. He is a capable actor, a very charming gentleman. But he is far from a business man, although he is convinced that he possesses those qualifications in addition to others with which he is so richly endowed.

I know that over a year ago the Paramount Company offered him not only all he said he was lighting for, a chance to make his own pictures in his own way, his own stories, continuities, director, in short, his own productions, but they offered him many times the salary his contract called for. They offered him over five thousand dollars a week. And still he refused.

Why? I am sure I do not know. And sometimes I wonder if he does.

Later he compromised and went to work.

Valentino has been highly advised. He has been swayed by absurd and silly influences. He was a screen sensation rather than an established success.

The public stood by him loyally during his first break with Paramount but his first two pictures since his return to the screen, "Mon-sieur Beaucaire," and "The Sainted Devil," have not proved sensationally successful, although Mr. and Mrs. Valentino had entire supervision of them.

Mr. Schenck is one of the very best producers in the business, and it might be well for the Valentinos to permit him to manage their business affairs so that we who pay our money at the box office may have more photography and less publicity.

Ornamental Lamps Add Beauty

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

elaborate plaited shade. First of all, see that the frame is the right size, neither too large nor small for the base that is to hold it. Measure the circumference and height of your shade and buy that amount of material for your outer lining and the same for your inner. Three times the circumference of your frame will allow enough material for a nicely plaited shade.

Every instructor uses a different method, but I believe this to be the simplest. With odd bits of narrow silk or taffeta, turned so the edges won't fray, bind your frame tightly and neatly. Make the binding heavy and firm enough so that you can sew the material on it. Now cut your inner lining to fit half of the frame and pin the top on the outside. The fourth side must be pulled so taut that no wrinkles are visible. Now sew the material to the bound wire in an overhand stitch, and closely cut the remaining material away. Repeat with the other half of the lining.

Then sew the material to be plaited on the bottom of your frame in thumb plaits. Sew each plait as you go along and gauge them accurately. There is no need to pin the plaits. After the bottom is sewed, pull the top very tightly, and the plaits will fall in their natural position.

Now cut the outer lining in half and pin each section to the frame. Then French seam the sides. Don't be afraid to measure very closely, because the success of these linings depends on how tightly and neatly they fit. Sew on the frame, stretching away all wrinkles, and over the stitches with trimming. As to the trimming, every girl will have her own idea, and that is the easiest and most enjoyable part of making anything. I hope you'll all SHINE when it comes to making lamp shades!

Make the dream of your shadow hour come true!

"Vanity cases used 3000 B. C."

SCIENTIFIC excavations in the ancient city of Kish, so we are told by a news dispatch, show that women carried vanity cases forty-nine centuries ago. Why did not the luxuries of that old civilization spread to the rest of the world? Why were the delicate and pleasure-bringing things of life buried and hidden away for so many ages?

Without the printed word, information could hardly be spread to other countries, and the knowledge of events and things could scarcely be preserved. Today, if a better rug is produced in Kurdistan, it is soon advertised for sale in American magazines. If a better necklace is made in China, a printed advertisement will shortly describe it and quote the price on the other side of the globe.

Advertising publishes the secrets of good things from one end of America to the other. The newest and best products of forty-eight states are told about, fully and truthfully, wherever the public press is read.

Read the advertisements and you keep from being buried like Kish.

Advertisements tell you what is best to buy — where to get it and what to pay for it
**Cast of Current Photoplays**

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**FREE**

**Make This Seven-Night Beauty Test**

Are you troubled with backheads, free pores, enlarged pores, tan, numbing, windburn? Is your skin either dry, rough or too oily? Watch in your mirror the wonders the pink cream-cake I send will work upon your complexion—in only seven nights. This test has delighted a million women. It is free.

**Won't you try this daintier way of applying cream nights and mornings?**

Women write me the most grateful letters about this "pink cream-cake".

"I use it in preference to cold cream. It leaves the skin so clean and soft—and no backheads." And other letters say: "I am aware that one needs ferron where winds are sea-salt and the drying effect of salt water! The ice cream-cone in a trip on your "Just wonderful. It cleanses all the cold cream I've used." It cleanses the pores and freshens the skin," "It has made my skin so beautiful and good base for powder.

An Improvement in Applying Cream

**MAKE THE FREE TEST**

My dear, I might quote you endlessly from letters like these, including many from celebrated stage and film beauty. The seven night test you will receive will be equally grateful, I am sure. As a foundation cream, which never causes your powder to look "spotty" you will also prize it.

This dainty, fragrant, pink complexion cream-cake is called "SEM-PRAY." You simply smooth its cool surface over your face. Next gently massage the skin. Then wipe off those precious-to-youth, natural complexion oils—which heat, wind and range each day-also are replaced. Your skin is clean, clean! and soothed and refreshed.

If you prefer to purchase a cake today, "Just any SEM-PRAY" any toilet goods counter. They will have it. Otherwise, please let me mail you my "accompaniment cake." A small sample of cream-cake, care of SEM-PRAY Joe-a-la, 525-P Turner Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich., will bring it.

**Just say SEM-PRAY**

**Dare you lift your arms?**

In a few minutes, a smooth, dainty underarm may be yours! Magic? No, Del-A-tone—the old, reliable, scientific preparation for removing superfluous hair. Quick, sure and harmless. Leaves the skin soft and smooth.

For fifteen years Del-A-tone has been used and recommended by physicians and beauty experts for safely removing unsightly hair. Apply in smooth paste; rinse off, and marvel at the delightful difference in your appearance. Insist on

The Depilatory for Delicate Skin

**DEL-A TONE**

Removes Hair At drug and department stores and sent prepaid in plain wrapper for 50 cents.

THE SHEFFIELD COMPANY
555 Lake Shore Drive Chicago, Ill.


**THE PHANTOM of THE OPERA**

Universal—From the story by Gaston Leroux. Scenario by Elliott J. Clawson. Directed by Rupert Julian. The cast: The Phantom (Irish), Lon Chaney, Cristine Daniel, Mary Philipln, Raoul De Chagny, Norman Kerry; Florence Papillon, Snitz Edwards; Simon, Gibson Gowland; Philippe De Chagny, John Saliptho, Carlotta, Virginia Pearson; The Persian, Lord Edmund Careve; Mammo Valerii, Edith Yorke; The Prounter, Anton Vavorka; Joseph Bouquet, Bernard Siegel; La Signor, Olive Ann Acon; Rihard Eduard, Mr. Meme; Leo J. Bonar, Bevanl, Valenti, John Miljian, Martha, Grace Marvin; M. Richard (Manager), George B. Williams; M. Monchonmiun (Manager), Bruce Covington; Retirina Manager, C'esare Grassva.

**LADY of THE NIGHT**—Metrop-Goldwyn—From the story by Adele Rogers. St. John, Claude Gillingwater, Elmer Treece; The cast: Directed by Monte Bell. The cast: (Molly-Florence), Norma Shearer; David, Malcolm McGregor; Oscar, George K. Arthur; Judge K. Bonning, Fred Emestion; Miss Carr, Darl Fuller; Chris, Lew Harvey; Gertie, Betty Morrissey; The Sharper, Ariel Howlink; Molly’s Friend, Gwen Lee.

**TOO MANY KISSES**—Paramount—From the story by John Monk Saunders. Scenario by Gerald Duffy. Directed by Paul Seeman. The cast: Directed by John Ford; Mr. L. D. Richard Dix; Yvonne Hurja, Frances Howard; Julio, William Powell; Gaylard Sr., Frank Carrier; Mr. Simmons, Joe Burke; Mannor Hurja, Albert Tobacco; M. Kay Funker; Flapper, Alvey Mills; Pete, Paul Panzer; The Village Peter Pan, "Harp" Marx.

**INTRODUCE ME**—Associated Exhibitors—From the story by Raymond Cannon and Wade Boteler. Directed by George J. Crone. The cast: Jimmy Hughes, Douglas MacLean; Herbert Baker, Robert Ober; John Perry, E. J. Ratcliffe; Blanche, Elizabeth Risdon; Wode Boteler; Betty Perry, Anne Cornell.

**ON THIN ICE**—Warner Bros.—From the story by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Mal St. Clair. The cast: Charles "Chuck" White, Tom Moore; Rose Lorr, Edith Roberts; Dapper Crawford, William Russell; Dr. Paul Jackson, John Chichester; Woodrow, Mildred Natwick; North; Female Forger, Gertrude Robinson; Gunsther; The Texas Kid; Gunsther, Jimmee Quinn.

**THE RAGMAN**—Metro-Goldwyn—Written by Willard Mack. Directed by Eddie Cline. The cast: Tom Kelly, Jackie Coogan; Max Gutter, Leslie Goodwins; Lydia Yeemanns Titus; Mr. Bernard, Robert Eedson; Mr. Kenper, William Conklin; "Dyna- mite," By himself.

**THE DENIAL**—Metro-Goldwyn—From the play the "Square Peg" by Lewis Beach. Scenario by Agnes Christie. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: Millie, Claire Winford; Lyman, William Heines; Jones, Edward Connolly; Donald Lake; Ricksen; Bob, Robert Agnew; Rona, Emily Fitzroy; Effie, Vivia Ogden; Arthur, Bert Kohne; Grace, Billy Eugene.

**THE AIR MAIL**—Paramount—From the story by Byron Morgan. Scenario by James Hamilton. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: Peter, Kermit Runde; Alex, Sandy Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Peter Rendel, George Irving; Jim Cronit, Richard Tucker; Bill Wade, Guy Sunshine; Scotty, Bessie Lavin; Lenor, Jack Byron; Minnie Wade, Mary Brian.

**THE DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS**—Paramount—From the story by Helen Herron Tarbell and Howard Hawks. Scenario by Adele Helliron. Directed by Paul Bern. The cast: Fiji, Letrice Joy; Augus McGregor, Ernest Torence; Bibie Brown, Alan Parn; Joan McGregor, Mildred Harris; Arlen Stone, Lawrence Gray; The Mayor, Charles Crockett; The Mayor’s Daughter, Rosemary Cooper; Jfin, “Spec” O’Donnell.

**THE MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES**—Societe Francaise d’Editions de Romans Filmes—From the novel by Henry Dupuy-MAxwell. Scenario by M. Antoine. Directed by Raymond Bernard. The cast: Robert Cottetouer, Romuald Joube; Jeannette Fouquet, Yvonne Serry; Louis XI, Charles Dullin; Gb, Mano, Paul Doutch; Yvonne, Jeanne Finney; Lisette, Florence Auer; Duchess of Chastain, Ida Darling; Maxim, Clifton Webb; Emmaude, William Riccardi; Lady Calvert, Florence Perry; Mike Rayte; Marie, Katherine Sullivan.

**THE HEART OF A SIREN**—First National—From the play by William Hurl-MAxwell. Scenario by Fred Adame—Maxwell. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Isabella Ecekonora, Barbara La Marr; Gerald Reyford, Conway Tearle; John Strong, Harry L. Jackson; Tom; Mrs. Hurl-Maxwell, Gary Finney; Lisette, Florence Auer; Duchess of Chastain, Ida Darling; Maxim, Clifton Webb; Emmaude, William Riccardi; Lady Calvert, Florence Perry; Mike Rayte; Marie, Katherine Sullivan.

**SALOME OF THE TENEMENTS**—Paramount—From the novel by Anna Yezierska. Scenario by Sonya Levien. Directed by Sidney Olcott. The cast: Sonya Mendel, Jettta Goudl; John Maugan, Godfrey Tearle; Jacob, R, Harry L. Jackson; Bernard, Gary Finney; Lillo, Lazar Mendel; Heiden; Armond Bernard; Master Fonguet, M. Mau- Fig; De Chauteau, Gaston Modot; Philip the Good, M. Mailin; Tristan the Hermit, Philippe Heriat.

**DADDY’S GONE A-HUNTING**—Metro-Goldwyn—From the play by Zoe Slick. Scenario by Kenneth H. Clarke. Directed by Frank Urson. The cast: Presented by Pat Disney and Palacet, Percy Marmont; Edith, Alice Joyce; Janet, Virginia Marshall; Olga, Helena D’Algy; Oscar, Ford Sterling; Greenough, Holmes Herbert; Denis, David Pickavant; Chief, Captain; Smith, James Barrows; Benson, James Macel- her; Mrs. Wethers, Martha Mattox; The Smiths, Charles Crocket and Kate Toncray.

**DANGEROUS INNOCENCE**—Universal—From the novel by Pamela Wayne. Scenario by Lewis Milestone. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: Ann, Anna; Laura La Plante; Anthony Seymour, Eugene O’Brien; James Gliechert, Jean Hersholt; Capt. Rose, Alfred Allen; Sewardar, Milla Davenport; Muriel Church, Hedda Hopper; John
The Famous Nestle 'LANOIL'' Home Outfit for Permanent Waving Makes Straightest Hair Naturally Curly

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL IN YOUR HOME

Send for our FREE interesting booklet TODAY

A Few Pleasant Hours Bring Thrilling Results

SUPPOSE you try the LANOIL Process in your hair. With our well-known arrangement for its free trial, you can lose nothing, while on the other hand, success (and the usual result IS charming success), means freedom to you forever from slavery to nightly crimpers and hot curling irons. It means a head of lovely hair that of itself forms waves and curls and teases little ringlets. It means that for the first time in your life you will be able to work or dance in warm rooms, walk in the misty night air, bathe at shore or mountain-side, and all the time, enjoy that delightful sense of confidence and pride in your hair, so familiar in women born with naturally waving hair.

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“RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE”—Fox—From the novel by Zane Grey. Scenario by Edifred Bingham. Directed by Lynn Reynolds. The cast: Tom Lewis; Bob Castor; Milly Erne, Beatrice Burnham; Frank Erne, Arthur Morrison; Bert Erne, a child, Seecel A. Johnson; Lee Williams and Judge Dyer, Warner Oland; Metge, Fred Kohler; Herb, Charles Newton; Slack, Joe Kicense; Jane Witherspoon, Mabel Ballin; Richard Tall, Charles Le Moyne; Bern Venter, Harold Goodwin; Bert Erne, Marlan Nixon; Fayarkin, Dawn O’Day; Odding, Willfred Lucas.

“PLAYING WITH SOULS”—First National—From the book by Countess de Chambrun. Scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by Ralph Ince. The cast: Brizette, Jacqueline Logan; Maggie, Mary Astor; Amy Dale, Belle Bennett; Mathew Dale, Sr., Clyde Brook; Mathew Dale, Jr. (Age 20), Buster Collier; Louise, Jessie Arnold; Mathew Dale, Jr. (Age 12), Don Marmon; Mathew Dale, Jr. (Age 9), Helen Dogan, Actress. Director Jouve, Joseph Swickard; Bank President, Charles Malies; Margo (Age 8), Jane Wray.

“GOLD AND THE GIRL”—Fox—Story and scenario by John Stone. Directed by Edmund Mortimer. The cast: Dan Preston, Buck Jones; Ann Donald, Elinor Fair; Bert Colton, Bruce Gordon; Claude Peyton; Greer, Lucien Littlefield; Sam Donald, Alphonse Ethier; Boco, Played by “Pal”.

“The MIDNIGHT GIRL”—Chaplin. —From the story by Garrett Fort. Scenario by Willfred Xoy and Jean Conover. Directed by Willfred Xoy. The cast: Anna, Lila Lee; Don Harris, Garth Hughes; Nina, Doloris Cassinny; Mrs. James Schuyler, Charlotte Walker; Nicholas Harmon, Bela Lagos; Natalie Schuyler, Ruby Blaine; Victor Delby, John El; Walker, Louis; William Harevey; Joe, Sydney Paxton; Manager, N. Salerno.

“TAMING THE WEST”—Universal. —From the story by B. J. Bowser. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: John Carleton, Hoot Gibson; Byrill, Marcelline Day; Terence Teverson, Monty Folkard; Nat R. Carleton, Edwin Booth Tilton; Old Man King, Herbert Prior; Frosty Miller, Francis Ford.


“BAD COMPANY”—Associated Exhibitors. Story by J. C. Brownell. Adapted by George V. Hobart and E. H. Griffith. The cast: James Hamilton, Conway Teare; Giorio Waring, Madge Kennedy; Peter Ewing, Bigelow Cooper; Teddy L. Mont, Lucile Lee; Darron; Dick Reynolds, Charles Emmett Mck.

$5,000 in Prizes

Read on page Photoplay’s big contest page 58 of this issue.
Questions and Answers

HELEN, ALAMEDA, CALIF.—For personal photographs of the objects of your ardent admiration ask the Mack Sennett Comedy Productions for Ralph Graves'; Lasky Studios for Betty Compson's; Paramount Studios for Richard Dix's; United Studios for Lewis Stone's; Harold Lloyd, 6642 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, for Harold's.

J. M. P., TEXARKANA, TEX.—Rod la Rocque's name is pronounced as rod in fishing rod, la in "O" and Rocque as "rock." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born Dec. 12, 1910. Lasky Studios keep his photographs in their strong box. Write them for the combination. Hast! I'll tell you. It is a quarter.

D. B., MARIETTA, GA.—The marriage of Norma Talmadge and R. J. Douglas is a fact that we have reported. The Vita-graph Studios can supply a photograph of him.

J. M., APEX, COLO.—Marguerite Clark lives in Louisiana. She may or may not return to the screen. It depends. She was born on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, in 1887. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios are the custodians of Ramon Novarro's photographs.

R. D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Virginia Valli is an American. She was born Jan. 19, 1902. Adolph Menjou is an American. He was born Feb. 18, 1910. Pola Negri is a Pole. Born in 1897. She has been married but is divorced. Anita Stewart has completed "Never the Twin Shall Meet" and "The Boomerang."

Delle, St. Louis, Mo.—J. Warren Kerri- gang was born July 25, 1889. What kind of an actress do you mean, Delle dear? The Vita-graph Studios can supply a photograph of him.

Jessie, Brookyn, N. Y.—Am I a sheik or an old man? Dearest Jessie, I will mount any witness stand in any court in the country and convince any honest jury that I am neither. One who is looking over my shoulder spoils everything by saying that there is more of the sheik in every human of any age. Ah! another age collector! Well, here they are. Colleen Moore, born Aug. 19, 1902. Nita Naldi, April 25, 1899. Aileen Pringle is about twenty-eight.

Betty, Chicago, Ill.—It was Pierre Gendron who played the role of Monte Blue's grown-up son in "The Lover of Camille." Enclose a quarter in your request for the photograph of any screen player.

LITTLE PRAIRIE FLOWER, VALLEY CITY, N. D.—The South, famous for its grace of speech, has a rival. A sweet, gracious little person near the northern border of our vast land. She thinks I am "not too young for you, sound experienced and not too old because you are too puppy. You are just right." I am not surprised to read that you have brown eyes. They are the eyes of tender sentiment. Eugene O'Brien's latest picture is "Dangerous Innocence," from the story "An's an Idiot." A recent picture in which he appeared with Norma Talmadge was "The Only Woman." I hereby announce to you and to the world that I think they are "the perfect lovers of the screen."

Anita, Long Beach, Calif.—Eugene O'Brien was born in Boulder, Colo., Nov. 14, 1888. He has dark blue eyes and golden hair. He is six feet tall. Not married. Says his mother is his sweetheart.

Hilda, Danville, Va.—Pleased to oblige, Miss Hilda. Here are the height and weight and age of each of the trio of your favorites. Colleen Moore, five feet four inches, one hundred ten pounds. Born Aug. 19, 1902. Antonio Moreno, five feet ten inches, one hundred seventy-five pounds. Born Sept. 30, 1885. Lew Cody, height five feet, eleven and a half inches. Weight one hundred seventy-eight pounds. Born Feb. 22, 1885.

CONTINUED

It's a daughter's right to know—and a mother's duty to tell her

MOTHER and daughter. It is one of nature's closest kinships, yet how often is there a gulf between? The responsibility is chiefly that of the older woman. When apart from her daughter, she is full of good resolutions, planning to speak frankly. But when they are together she finds it increasingly difficult to approach delicate subjects, made still more delicate by the old-fashioned custom of avoidance.

What a relief it would be to have at hand in convenient form accurate information bearing on the ever-present problems of health and cleanliness which affect all woman-kind. Information concerning the safe practice of feminine hygiene. Information on the dangers inherent in the use of poisonous compounds—dangers familiar to every nurse and physician.

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Major Lewis Stone, O.R.S.
[continued from page 63]

I remember him so well as leading man at the Belasco, in Los Angeles, where he played opposite Marjorie Rambeau at one time. I remember his "Prince Karl" in "Old Heidelberg" as well as any piece of work I ever saw.

He went from there to New York with the original "Bird of Paradise" company, playing opposite Laurette Taylor. He made a big hit in New York. He had success after success to his credit. But he always yearned for California, I told him.

In 1917, he left the stage to become an infantry instructor at Plattsburg. And I think those were the happiest days of his life.

He loved it. At the close of the war, he was an infantry, cavalry and artillery instructor with the rank of captain. When, recently, the officers were given a chance to take military examinations to make application for their commissions, Lew Stone successfully passed the examinations which resulted in granting to him the official rank of major in the Reserve Army of the United States, which he now holds.

And there is something about him that suggests it—the military carriage, the manliness, the force, the cool and seeing eye, the quiet manner.

I am not, myself, a drizzling fan about Michael Arlen. I enjoyed "The Green Hat" but I cannot forgive him for the consequent influx of verandah headgear—so few women look well in green hats.

Still, I don't feel, though I admit he can write, that he is a literary renais-
sance all by himself, the way a lot of Hollywood intelligentsia seem to do.

But one thing he can do. He can draw a man who is aristocratic, and make you like it, better than anyone else I have ever read.

And when I read about them, I find I am apt to visualize them as Lew Stone has. So that must redeem him forever from the type that "mother" would approve of, because mother certainly can't approve of Michael Arlen. She may read him, but she certainly can't ap-
prove of him.

Gradually, in such pictures as "Inez from Hollywood," "Husbands and Lovers," "The Lost World," "Saramouche" Lew Stone has won a place that is more than based than many a star's. And the exhibitors know it.

Personally—personally. Lew is exactly like any of his screen characterizations. He has sense of humor. He likes sports of all kinds.

He is opinionated, but he makes you like that, too. He has a gift of conversation, but he is apt to be rather silent. I think he is a little too indulgent about most things, and he is one of the few actors who simply can't be bullied by directors, producers, stars or anybody else in the world.

He is married to a former leading woman of his, Florence Oakley, and he has two charming little daughters—Virginia and Barbara.

Those Charming Studio Bungalows

Every time we go out to the lot of the United Studios in Hollywood we see a new bungalow, or at least that's the way it seems. Norma Talmadge started it. Then Rudy Valentino followed suit and finally Marion Davies built one of her very own. Now it seems almost every star has dressing rooms in the bungalows. The movie people are very bucolic—almost as bucolic as the New York studios, but more so. And almost every studio has a swimming pool in its bungalows.

Just what will happen to the bungalows when the stars leave it (if they ever do) United Studios is always a fascinating study. Mike Leve of United Studios. One thing seems sure, the stars can't take them with them if they do leave. We'll show you photographs of them inside and out next month.

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We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also a Shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.
What Is Love?
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

I think Ernest Torrence was a little embarrassingly right about it. He squirmed just a little, though he didn’t often talk about such things. Then he said, “The blossoming and developing of love into one of the most exquisite and inspiring instincts of life is just the history of civilization, that’s all. It used to be that men and women lived together for mutual benefit derived. They found each other by the process of sexual selection, and continued together because of enemies to be fought—such as cold, and hunger, and wild beasts. They knew nothing of the soul-love which is founded upon unselfishness, self-sacrifice and a united desire to find the best and most beautiful in life.”

“Any love today that is purely selfish, purely a matter of social or financial gain, is a reversion to the brute, not an advance of culture or civilization. It should not be called love.

“There is one test for love. If it centers around thoughts of home and children, it is a good love—it is a real love. Not otherwise. For that is why love was given man, developed in man—as a protection for mankind and a divine method of propagating the race.”

As a character actor, I have been cast in any part but that of Romeo. But that hasn’t prevented me from being in the ‘blissful state’ for twenty-two years of married life.”

Ruby Lafayette is over eighty, and she looks rather like Whistler’s famous painting of his mother. A story-book old lady—dainty and frail and fragrance of crushed rose leaves.

She smiled up at me timidly, but she was quite sure about her answer—surer than anyone else had been.

“Every morning when I awake,” she said, “I repeat these words, ‘God I love.’ More we cannot ask, higher we cannot look, further we cannot go.” They were written by a woman who was one of the great religious leaders of all times, and they are true.

“Love is the wellspring and the keynote of all happiness. It is the principle of creation. Any love that we feel here is either a reflection of that love, or a base counterfeit of it.”

“There are many kinds of love—love of life, love of man and woman, love of nature and of the beautiful, love of friendship, love of children, which is the greatest and most enduring of all in life, and which has helped me over seemingly insurmountable obstacles.”

She went to her table and got a worn, old black book—The Book of Books, it has been called, and she opened it and painted with a trembling old finger to some words: “Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.”

“That,” said Ruby Lafayette, “is the most beautiful definition of love ever written. If anyone wants to know what love is, they have their answer. It says, too, ‘Love never falleth.’ No one has ever described love so perfectly.

And I think maybe she is right.


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Bright Sayings of Children in Filmdom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

Little Suzanne Vidor, Florence Vidor’s five-year-old daughter, is most proper, it would seem.

The Vidor’s and Jack Holt are neighbors and Suzanne and little Tim Holt are great pals. A steam roller was working on their street and both of the children were fascinated—if somewhat afraid—by the steel monster.

At noon, when the men had stopped work and were eating their lunch, Tim proposed a call on the roller and its crew.

Suzanne fully refuses. I should say not. I’ve never even been introduced to those men.**

Barbara Denny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denny of New York City, has accompanied her mother on a trip to Catalina and Mrs. Denny didn’t prove any too good a sailor.

This worried Barbara greatly. She tried to cheer her mother but with little success.

When they reached their hotel, Barbara excused herself and visited the curio shop in the hotel lobby. On her note her father had given her for spending money.

When she returned the note was gone but in her hands she clutched an ornamental paper knife.

“Here, mother,” said Barbara. “Here’s a nice little paper knife to open all your bills with.”

Thomasina Mix, Tom Mix’s daughter, isn’t three yet but she does a lot of thinking on her own.

Her mother decided she was old enough to give up saying “Now I Lay Me” and learn “Our Father” for her prayer, but Thomasina strenuously objected. She simply didn’t want to pray to “Our Father.”

When pressed for her reason the child explained:

“You see,ummy, I’m mad with him. He sent those people across the street two little twin girls. I was a good girl for ever so long and he hasn’t even sent me one—a baby brother or sister—to play with. I’d much rather say ‘Now I Lay Me.’”

Jane Novak’s six-year-old daughter, Virginia Newberg, is in the fourth grade, and sports the grades below. Glancing at her old first reader she read: “Does the mamma see the kitty?”

“Isn’t that the dumbest thing you ever heard?” she asked.

LISTENING while her mother read a story proposed for Miss Novak’s use on the screen, she said: “Mamma, you know very well that’s for a flapper. It isn’t your type.”

Noah Beery, Jr., better known in Hollywood as “Pidge,” nine-year-old son of the famous character actor of the same name, is a great student of the art of make-up. He misses no opportunity for first-hand knowledge from his father and his Uncle Wallace, both of whom are experts.

One afternoon Mother Beery, Father Beery and “Pidge” were enjoying the cool breeze in the shade of the patio at the rear of the Beery hill-top home. Beery has the natural feminine aversion to crawling, creeping things. So when a giant spider sidled up to her chair she implored Noah Sr. to step on it. But “Pidge” intervened flatly. “Better not kill that spider, Dad,” he interjected. “It might be Lon Chaney in make-up.”

Mr. and Mrs. William de Mille were entertaining Cecil B. De Mille at a large reception and their younger daughter, Margaret, was attending the affair. Just as a joke, Mrs. de Mille introduced the young lady to her father. Miss de Mille accepted the introduction with the following conversation:

Mrs. de Mille—“Miss de Mille, may I present Mr. William de Mille, the director?”

Miss de Mille—“I am very glad to know you, Mr. de Mille.”

Mr. William de Mille—“Are you the daughter of the famous director?”

Miss de Mille—“No, I am his niece.”

Little Betty Holt, daughter of Jack Holt, has a little playmate who lives across the street from the Holt home. Mrs. Holt was cautioning the child about using care in crossing streets.

“Be sure to turn your head and look carefully both ways to see that nothing is coming before crossing the street, dear,” warned Mrs. Holt.

“But, mother,” said Betty, “I don’t see why I have to turn my head both ways. Haven’t I got an eye on each side of my head?”

Mrs. Florene Ziegfeld, Jr. (Billie Burke): “I am tired of my bob. I think I’ll let my hair grow long.”

Florence Patricia Ziegfeld (aged eight): “Don’t you dare, mamma. We’ve two automobiles. We don’t want any old ‘horse and buggy’ about the place.”

HERE’S another one about little Billy Reid, son of the late Wallace Reid. He has an adopted sister, Betty Reid, aged five. Both children have their birthdays in the same week. Among the many gifts they received were a pair of beautiful silk socks each from their grandmother. Then along came another pair of socks for Billy through the mail.

Shortly after the visit of the mailman Mrs. Dorothy Reid heard violent sobbing upstairs. Rushing up to see what was the matter she found Betty in tears.

“What’s the matter, dear?” asked Mrs. Reid.

“Oh,” sobbed Betty, “Billy got two helpings of socks and I only had one.”**

Alan Crosland Jr., son of the famous director, engaged in the following dialogue with his father, Alan Jr.: “When I grow up I want to be something that wears a uniform. I might be a policeman.”

Anxious father: “You don’t want to be a policeman and use your club on people.”

Alan Jr.: “I could be a garbage man.”

Anxious father: “You don’t really want to carry smelly things around town.”

Alan Jr.: “Well, I can always be a movie director.”

Gloria Swanson, aged about four years: “It’s always hurry, hurry, and rush around in this world. I wish I was in heaven.”

Claire Windsor’s seven-year-old son, Billy BOX, looking up from the table after his mother had chided him for being late, said through his tears: “Mamma, no one would ever know you looked so sweet when you got off the train from your job.” He was making a joke, of course.

Billy begged to be taken from a private school and placed in a public one. He explained: “I want to go to a public school so that I can learn to fight. You can’t tick a girl or a boy that is just like a girl.”

He returned from his first day at public school with both hands bandaged. He had been learning to fight. He said: “Now cut off this d—d hair and I’ll be a man.”

Mickey Daniels impressed himself indelibly upon Will Rogers when the latter showed up as the cowboy in the play “Tom Sawyer.”

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**You, Too Can Have An Appealing Beauty**

My Shadow Love

I AM in love with a shadow. An exceedingly lovely shadow to be sure, in fact; a very jewel, that might be likened to the lovely face of a poet describes in the cloud-sometimes; or those an artist sees in the veil of mist that hang over a mountain stream in the early morning; but still a shadow.

Just a shadow, yet I would not exchange my shadow love for that of anyone; not even for that of a father, who has a tiny image of himself, to worship; or a little angel, that bids fair to become the girl her mother was, to adore. For I had a sweetheart once; a human symphony in which the fires of a thousand sunsets were blended with the rhythmic sound of tropic seas, pulsating against the sands of mystic isles. The light of all the loves that had ever been danced in her eyes; the haunting sweetness of all the love songs ever sung echoed in the tones of her voice. I loved with a fierce, consuming passion, then—she was taken away. I lost her.

How I have groped about the world for years, in which days were ended like a blindman seeking that which I never hoped to find, is another story. But now I rejoice. Dreams have come to pass—I have found her shadow.

Flesh and blood could never take the place of the only real love of my life now. For I have grown older and more critical; the delicate rose petals of youth once broken can never be replaced are mine no longer; but that which flesh cannot do, strangely enough, a shadow can.

I saw her tonight. The smile I loved so well graced the lips I used to kiss; the translucent light of the moon cast a mantle of mystery over the form that will live in my heart forever. I was again a gamin, plying with the light heart and dancing feet of youth. Hot, young blood coursed through veins, that have withstood the fires of more years than I would like to name. Once more, I was the Prince Charming that all men are, at least once in their lives. And all because of a shadow.

I wonder how many were lifted up from the sordid path of everyday; transported to a land where fancy may roam at will, where hearts may beat as fiercely as they may; where crusty old brothers become Sir Galahads and faded spinsters the quintessence of all things fair. I wonder how many hearts are made a little happier; how many cares made a little easier to bear. How many spirits made a little more joyous, by the magic of the silver screen. I wonder.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.
Questions and Answers

[Continued from page 127]

ROSE, NEW YORK, N.Y.—San Francisco is George O’Brien’s birthplace. The year was 1900, and his height is five feet eleven inches. In 1925, he married Nita Naldi, the actress, who was born in Castellaneta, Italy. New York is Nita Naldi’s birthplace. Madeline Hurlock is in the Mack Sennett comedies. She was chosen one of the Wampas Baby Stars of 1925.

A. Y., Calexico, Calif.—Pauline Starke is single. She lives in Los Angeles, Calif. Is that all you want to know, A. Y.?—Still, your queries are direct and cover the vital points.

PACIFICA, FALLS, QUEBEC, Can.—I am glad to inform the Lonesome Man regarding Pola Negri. She was born in Yanova, Poland. For photographs of her it is necessary to write the Lasky Studios, enclosing a quarter—twenty-five cents in American money.

GEORGE, NORFOLK, Va.—Ethyl Clayton, having made an excursion into, indeed a long stay, in vauville, is returning to pictures. “The Mansion of Aching Hearts” Mary Miles Minter was born in 1901. She is preparing to return to the stage on which she had a distinguished success as a child actress, notably in “The Littlest Rebel.” May McAvoy was born in 1901. How old is May, George? Ben Lyon was born the same year. Gloria Swanson’s weight is one hundred twelve pounds. Her first husband was Wallace Beery.

MIDDY, BEDFORD, Ind.—Rather a nice name, “Know Everything,” say I. What wouldst? Desperately interested in Ricardo Cortez, eh? Then I will fill your heart with joy by answering truthfully that he is not married. Yes, it must have been hard for one so attractive to run the Leap Year gauntlet. He’ll be all right, if he is careful, until 1928. Both Red Roque and Ben Lyon played in “From the Cliffs.” Um! Wonder whether Mr. Cortez will like being called “Ricky”?

G. H., LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—Carol Dempster, whom you have admired since you saw her in “One Exciting Night,” was born Jan. 16, 1902. She is not married.

MRS. B. S., ST. LOUIS, Mo.—You can obtain a copy of Photoplay by writing Photoplay Publishing Co., 730 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and enclosing a quarter.

Pitures, Ariz.—You think I “must be terribly handsome.” O, Bubbles! Well, I might admit it. But if any company ever tried to engage me to play a sheik. One of the many mistakes of the business. You think Ben Lyon is “the cutest boy in the movies” and then turn right about and ask for details about another male cutie, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Inconstancy thy name is young woman. Master Fairbanks was born Dec. 9, 1906. His eyes are blue, his hair is black, his height is increasing so fast that I dare not record it. If I did he might have shot up two or three more inches before this magazine reaches the stand, for his rate of growth is something like an inch a week—or less.

Nita, FULLERTON, Calif.—Ford Sterling has been in pictures since 1912. He was long with the Keystone comedies. His present association is with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Edmund Lowe’s affiliation is still with the Fox Studios. [CONT’D ON PAGE 142]

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

An interview with a Fifth Avenue Hairdresser:

“My Secret—A touch of henna in the shampoo for the hair of blonde or brunette, to bring out all its natural lustre.”

The beauty code of Paris and the social world of New York acknowledge him a master of his art.

“Madame desires?—” Her bow was perfect.

“Tell me. What do you use that works such miracles with the hair? How do you give it such freshness, such life, such lustre? What is your secret?”

“My secret? It is hardly that. It is known to every woman who makes of beauty a cult. It is simple. A touch of henna in the shampoo.”

“Henna?” I confess I was surprised.

“Ah, Madame,” he said, quickly, “I know what you think—what many think. But in every art are refinements. Some misuse them, but the artist gives them their subtle values. So it is with henna. The artist puts just a suggestion of its warmth in the shampoo, and with it touches madame’s hair. The effect is magical.”

“That is beautifully said, monsieur.” I could not help exclaiming, “but the color of the hair—does it change?”

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A jolly good joiner!

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A hand-made French rouge of silky texture that takes powder with smooth ease. A dainty box of rosy health, in two delightful shades:

There’s BRIGUE (naturelle) for fair and sunny skins, and RONCE (rasp-berry) for either blonde or brunette.

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Pogi Rouge

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Distributors of Civic Perfumes
563 Fifth Avenue, New York
That Terrible Thorne Girl  
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

Then, too, since coming to Hollywood, Sylvia had gone with a somewhat different crowd from that with which Jean Martin trained. Through Jean Julliard, who was a woman of great innate refinement, despite her start in life on the burlesque stage, Sylvia had met a great many of the better class of people in Hollywood—hard-working, sober workers of both sexes, and this had prevented the two girls from seeing as much of each other, even though they were living together, as they otherwise would. But it had been definitely agreed between them, when Sylvia moved in that they would do as they pleased. If Sylvia wanted to stay at home, and Jean wanted to go out, there was never any conflict about it: merely a division of the same road, and to some extent the same meals, they lived quite independent lives.

But there had been times, when Sydney Hanley, and, and Jean sat in the living room until all hours, that Sylvia wished her friend would show more discretion. Not that there was anything wrong about it, except that they had not lived together so many free-living-days, there were chances, Sylvia thought, that it might be just as well not to take. Still, Jean was a dear, and Sylvia rather feared that something might happen, for thing she was sure, there was nothing that any one could say against Jean Martin's morals. Through this maze of reflections she presently heard the sound of her own name being called from the living room. The girl who had been in the living room a minute later was in Mr. Saxton's office. Her stay there was brief; she was instructed to appear the following afternoon at ten o'clock for a film test, it was for a part ready for her test at a noon. Would she make it a point, Mr. Simonson asked her, smiling, to be on time?

"Foolish question number one thousand and what have you," she grinned. "Was anybody ever late for a test with Paul Lamar?" Then she went out the side door, to find Jean waiting for her in the hall. As they went toward the car that was waiting, the administration office came hurrying after them.

T E L E G R A M for you, Miss Thorne," he said, making his car stop. "You haven't been here for a long time. "I hope somebody has left you a million," Jean said, as they passed into the street.

"Swell chance," Sylvia laughed, glancing through the car windows. "but there's a nice boy from my home town coming to see me this evening.

"That sweetie of yours you've been telling about—the one who wants to marry you?" "Yes. Howard Bennett's his name. He says he's tired of being a bachelor."

"Well," Jean replied with a laugh, "the only way to get a bachelor to have any freedom now a days is to get him a job."

"Like your friend Sydne Harmon, I suppose," Sylvia remarked, demurely.

Miss Martin gave her a quick, darting look. "With you, maybe."

"Well, you know perfectly well that you can't speak of it. I don't doubt when he was courting his wife he hadn't a moment to call on his own. Now he's free as a bird—like most married men. We'll talk about these days. Are you and this Bennett lad engaged?"

"No—not exactly. He's asked me a lot of times, but I haven't said I would."

"Then what? Do you fancy him?"

"I suppose I do—in a way. He's young and good-looking, and I've known him all my life."

"What's the matter with him, then? Hasn't he anything to offer you?"

"Loads of it. Back home where I come from his father owes about half the town—and has a mortgage on the other half, I guess."

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Sylvia made no reply to this and the two girls walked on in silence.

Sylvia didn't believe that Sydney Harmon admired her particularly, although he always insisted that she should accompany Jean and himself on their little excursions, and occasionally she had accepted. But whether the suave Mr. Harmon liked her for herself, or merely wanted her along as a sort of smoke screen to hide his flirtation with Jean, she had never been able to determine. He had been impartial enough in his attentions, on these few occasions, but now that his wife had come back from the past, Sylvia had reluctantly stayed at home. She had no wish to incur Mrs. Harmon's animosity.

And she thought Jean a good deal of a fool to give people a chance to gossip about her. Of course Sydney had always been like that, fitting from flower to flower in the garden of life, and Isobel Harmon, who was a quiet and self-contained woman, paid little attention to his "flirting," as she called it, but just the same, Sylvia was determined to keep her skirts clear.

It was not until dinner was over, and the two girls were dressing for the evening, that Jean again referred to Mr. Harmon.

"He likes me a lot," she said, defiantly, although some mood of self-defense had come over her, "and he's an awful good sort of an egg, but I guess I'll have to cut him out."

"I would, if I were you," Sylvia told her.

"I'm no prude, Jean. You know that. And I wouldn't say this if you hadn't brought the subject up; but it seems to me a mistake—your letting Sydney come here. Not that I think there's been anything wrong," she added quickly, as she saw her friend's eyes begin to harden—"if I had, I don't mind telling you, I'd have moved out long ago. But you know what a place we live in, Gainsborough. And Mrs. Harmon is an important woman, with a lot of important friends, so you see—"

"Hells bells! Jean interrupted, stormily. "You sound like one of the Eliza books. Isn't considered any crime nowadays, is it, for a married man to have women friends? Go about with them? Especially if his wife happens to be several thousand miles away? Don't suppose she sat around and twiddled her thumbs those three months she was in New York, do you? I'll say she didn't."

"Then why?" asked Sylvia, quietly, "have you decided to cut him out?"

"I'll tell you why!" Jean Martin stood poised in the act of getting into an evening gown, her slim, half nude figure tense with excitement, her eyes like thin jade slits. "Because the
The new smooth effect

“F"or the new smooth, close-lying style of dressing the hair, Stacomb is invaluable,” says Bianca, Yolanda, who played the Queen to John Barrymore’s “Hamlet.”

Millions of women today know this new, safe way to keep their hair soft, lustrous and fashionably smooth!

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No dieting or exercising. Be slim as you wish. Acts like magic in reducing double chin, abdomen, thighs, thighs, arms and shoulders. Large breasted, thin superfluous fat on body.

Sold direct to you by mail, postpaid, on a money-back guarantee. Price 50c a cake or three cakes for $1.00; one to three cakes usually accomplishes its purpose. Send cash or money-order today. You'll be surprised at results.

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easy and natural steps. As a result, his father, Stephen Bennett, was accounted a very rich man, and Howard and his sister, Margaret, would some day share between them a very large fortune.

It caused no rejoicing in the Bennett family when Howard, the year after his return from college, began a whirlwind courtship of Sylvia Thorne. The girl was on a visit home, then, after her first year in Hollywood. It was true, as Sylvia had told Jean, that Howard and Howard had known each other since childhood, but Sylvia had been Mary McKenna in those pre-movie days, and although her father, Jim McKenna, was the proprietor of Millersburg's leading, and only, bookshop, and a far better-read man than any of the Bennets, he moved in a different plane, socially. When his daughter Mary had been a snub-nosed youngster in short dresses, and Howard Bennett a freckled-faced youth in knickerbockers, it had been quite all right for them to attend the same Bible classes, coast down Main Street hill together, go to the same public school. But when Howard went off to Swarthmore, and Mary, after the death of her mother, to keep house for her father in the flat over the book-shop, the social gulf began to widen.

It was not until Mary came back as Sylvia Thorne, with something of a reputation as a screen actress, that Millersburg in general and Howard Bennett in particular realized what a beautiful swan their ugly duckling had become. They had seen her on the screen—she was one of the town's celebrities now, even though the parts she played were far from stellar ones—but Mary, or rather Sylvia, herself, took the place by storm. Before her stay of two weeks was up Howard had asked her to marry him, and when the elder Bennett heard that she had refused he was almost as angry as he would have been had she accepted.

"Damned little up-tart!" he grumbled. "My boy not good enough for Jim McKenna's daughter? What does she think she is—a queen? Just because she's got a job in the movies? Howard always was a fool."

His anger, however, had not prevented Howard from urging his suit most audaciously, not only during Sylvia's stay, but afterwards by letter, nor from making this second trip across the continent in order to persuade Sylvia to reconsider her decision and allow him to place the engagement ring he had ready for the occasion on her finger. As Sylvia had said, Howard was "set in his ways," like all the Bennetts. To make him want a thing it was only necessary to let him think he could not have it. And he wanted Sylvia very much indeed. For the matter of that, so might any man. There were several in Hollywood who did.

He rose as the train slid into the station, straightened his excellent shoulders beneath the twill of his coat. It was a well-cut coat, fashioned by an exclusive tailor, and gave to its wearer a suggestion of Fifth Avenue New York. The fluffily-haired girl who followed him from the train gazed admiringly at his smartly groomed back and wondered if he was some new and, to her, unknown star in the screen firmament. Yet Howard Bennett did not particularly suggest a movie star, but rather the "smart young college boy," with a pleasant but by no means over-intelligent face, small eyes, a stubborn and rather weak chin.

He had wired Sylvia not to meet him at the train; the taxi driver would have no difficulty in finding her new quarters. He was glad that she had taken a house; on the occasion of his last visit she had been living in a two-room apartment and he had been obliged to do his wooling in taxicabs and restaurants, or at the bathing beach. Now, with a comfortable place in which to meet, he felt confident of his ability to persuade her to give up the screen as a means of livelihood and take the place in Millersburg society to which his money would entitle her. There was another girl at the bungalow, he knew, but he hoped she would have the good sense to be out.

When Sylvia opened the door for him he
First Aid to Beauty and Charm

There was a significance in his words that Sylvia did not fail to grasp, although she felt sure that he, and not her father, had supplied the reason. It was merely to have been able to fathom, Mr. McKenna had never showed much enthusiasm over Howard as a prospective son-in-law.

"Take him, if you love him, Mary girl," he had said on the occasion of Howard's first proposal. "But I'd as soon see you go on with your work, so long as you're happy in it. Plenty of time to think of marriage." Sylvia remembered his words now.

"He always misses me most around Christmas," she said. "I wish I could be home then. But I'd cheer him up. But I'm likely to be thinking of the tests for "The Miracle of Notre Dame."

"Why not?" Mr. Bennett leaned forward, too. "It's possession of one of Sylvia's ends. The touch of her smooth, slight fingers gave him a sudden thrill. She was so infinitely lovely and desirable; he adored to hold her in his arms, cross her slender, fragrant body against his breast.

Sylvia made a great many men feel that way, although just why neither she nor they quite knew. Sylvia had never experienced the sensation, thought it arose from her amazing combination of physical charm and mental innocence. In his rather large experience of women he had found that the moment a woman begins to use her sex appeal consciously she becomes the pursuer instead of the pursued, and men become wary of her, put through the gauntlet.

Howard Bennett, blazing with the impatience of an unsatisfied dream, decided that the question he had come so far to ask might just as well be asked now. He turned to Sylvia, pressed a warm, moist kiss upon its palm.

"Dear," he whispered, "you know why I have come three thousand miles to see you. I don't need to tell you, Sylvia. I have written it to you a hundred times. Why not give up all this movie nonsense and come back to Millersburg with me as my wife. I can live without the movies; you—dear—I have learned to call her Sylvia—and, hang it all, I'm tired of waiting."

Sylvia sat quite still in the moonlight. She did not even draw away her hand, so that Mr. Bennett, still in possession of it, repeated her ardent kisses. She should have been thrilled by them, but she felt quite cold. She was startled by the thought that with no certain idea of the future she had found that the moment a woman begins to use her sex appeal consciously she becomes the pursuer instead of the pursued, and men become wary of her, put through the gauntlet.

"I HOPE, dear," he added, "that this Holly- wood crowd hasn't been teaching you bad habits."

Sylvia regarded him tranquilly, smiling her whimsical smile, without the slightest trace of even annoyance. It was the one quality about him that she did not like—this smug suggestion of virtue on his part—that this was in constant danger of corrosion, that she had noticed anywhere. Impossible to tell it from a brand new Underwood, either in appearance, durability, or quality of work.

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See for yourself! Try the typewriter ten days. You must be satisfied on the entire transaction or I con- tract you today. Get our big illustrated catalog and full particulars.

FREE TRIAL COUPON---

Mr. Bennett did not think that it would be the part of wisdom not to continue the argument, although his convictions remained unchanged. Sylvia was too much of a child to appreciate the evils which might arise from a marriage without experience. She would be better off with a mother, instead of a father."

"Well," he laughed, "they've got a traffic cop at Main and Water Streets now, and a new picture theater right across from the hotel, and my sister's engagement in Philadelphia, and that about lets me out, so far as news is concerned."

"And Dad?" I haven't heard from him for two weeks.

"Fine. I was talking to him the day before I left. He sent his love, and said he hoped you'd be coming home before long."

A Perfect Typewriter

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said, with a queer little smile, not at all humorous.

"Well, why not? Millersburg isn’t a bad little place. And you can get to New York inside of two hours. We’ve got plenty of money cars, all sorts of—you’d be the first lady of the town. As for the old house, you’d love it. My grandfather built it, you know, and I was born there. I’d like my children to be born in it too. Thrills are all very well, Mary, dear—we could have those, too—but life isn’t made up of just—thrills. Not the way I look at it. Home, position, children, those are the things that make real happiness. You’ll never find it in this movie game, no matter how successful you are. The people in it aren’t like—home folks. They’re wanderers, drifters, leaves blown by the wind, here today and gone tomorrow. Nothing behind them—no traditions, no background. And as for fine words, well, maybe you can’t believe all you see in the newspapers, but just the same I’d rather live among simpler, more wholesome people, like those back home. And I believe you would, too."

"I wonder." Sylvia started out at the little garden, all gold and black in the yellow moonlight. Life, in the world of the screen, was much like that—gold and black—highlights and shadows—but—beautiful. In Millersburg, such places, it was all dull and drab. Howard’s enthusiasm had failed to move her; she drew away her hand. "Wanderers—dirters," he called the people picture. Well, maybe it took more courage to wander, even to drift, on the ocean of life, than it did to tie up at safe moorings in some stagnant little town, living soft and warm and comfortable, growing fat and dull and uninteresting.

"I’m afraid I can’t see it the way you do, Howard," she said presently. "Not now anyway. I have a big chance ahead of me this month. I’m not going to tell you what it is, because you’ll see all about it in the papers. But as for leaving Homer and going back home with you, it’s out of the question now."

"Is that final, Mary?"

"Yes, Howard. I’m afraid it is."

Mr. Bennett rose, began to pace up and down the little tile-paved porch.

"Look here, Mary," he asked suddenly. "Is there anybody else?"

"No," Sylvia shook her head gravely. "Nobody else.

"THEN I’ll tell you what I’ll tell you. This chance you’ve been telling me about is over. You may think differently when it is."

"Don’t count on it, Howard. I shouldn’t want you to think that I’d marry you because I failed in pictures. I wouldn’t. And I haven’t failed. I’m making a good income. The trouble is you like one kind of life and I like another. Maybe it’s because I’m young. She slid from the swing and stood in the moonlight, a rare, golden butterfly.

"I don’t mean I’m crazy for parties—things like that. I suppose I’m ambitious. I want to live—really live. Do things. Be keen about doing them. Whether I succeed or fail. What you offer me is comfort—safety—freedom from striving—any sort of striving. All I’d have to do is to go out with you to look pretty and spend your money. It isn’t good enough, Howard. At least not for me. As for you, when you got tired of it, as you surely would, you’d run off to New York in search of—thrills—new women. You may not think so now, but you would. And I’d be left high and dry in that big house in Millersburg, keeping up the Bennett name and traditions. If I had children I suppose I’d make the best of it—live for them. If I didn’t, I’d just shrivel up and die, and that would be the end of me.

"They’re all tied up in their eyes. Her lips parted, her breasts rising and falling tumultuously beneath their thin covering of silk. Howard shivered as he felt the physical shock of her loveliness. "Why don’t you cut loose from Millersburg—forget about your money—come out into the world with me? It would be such good fun—fighting together."
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Freckles Removed
Secretly and Quickly

No matter how freckled, muddy or blotchy your complexion may be, it is naturally clear and white.

One jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream will prove it to you. Freckles fall, sallowness vanishes away under the magic of this cool, fragrant cream. It has a double action. Freckles are gently bleached out and at the same time your skin is whitened, softened and refined. Safe, harmless and can be applied secretly at night. Used the world over for 15 years.

Fair skins constantly grow worse unless something is done. Freckles are caused by strong summer light which tends to a age and wrinkles the complexion as well as discolor it. You've heard it said that blondes "age rapidly." This is the cause.

Costs Nothing If You Are Not Please
You were not born with freckles—why put off removing the milky white skin that nature gave you? Stillman's Freckle Cream is a money refunded. Two sizes, $1 and 30c at druggists and department stores.

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Stop Gray Hair Before it Shows
My Trial Offer Tells How

The best time to stop gray hair is when it starts, before the graying streaks excite comment. It's an easy matter—why not know you how. Just let me show you.

Fill out coupon, mail it. For a free trial bottle of my famous Hair Color Restorer. Test on a single lock of hair. Watch the silver threads go.

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Miraculous?—No, simply the efficient action of a scientific laboratory preparation. I invented my restorer many years ago when my own hair turned prematurely gray. It meets my exacting requirements as it will yours.

Coupon Brings Proof
Fill out and mail the coupon, I'll send you my Special Patented Free Trial Outfit, containing trial bottle of my restorer. State the natural color of your hair. If possible, enclose lock in your letter.

When test proves to you that Mary T. Goldman's is and what it does get a full-sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me.
CLEAR SKIN QUICK BY NEW Method!
The Secret of a Soft, Velvety Skin for Anybody; No Longer Any Excuse for Blemishes
YOU can be beautiful, attractive, charming. Yes, you can! Stop fretting! The secrets and tricks of good skin and hands are simple! All it takes is hard work and the right stuff to make it happen. You will be amazed at how quickly your skin can transform with the right care.

Two weeks before, his visit had been a short and not very satisfactory one; Howard had persisted in the belief that she was going to change her mind, up to the very moment of his departure. It had been difficult to resist him at times; she had finally sent him away with the promise of an engagement for a very short visit home as soon as the picture in which she was working was finished, and give him his answer then, since he refused to accept it, now. Howard was sure that in his mind that no sensitive girl could possibly resist the combination of wealth, position and security he had to offer her, he had gone back by no means satisfied with the impression that he had received from the Sydney Harmon, a keen admirer of Sylvia's charm. His name only served to whet his own eagerness, to stimulate his own admiration.

Competition acted for Sylvia and, not having arranged matters better had she tried. His last words were characteristic of him.

"You're going to marry me eventually, you know, Miss!...

Sylvia was looking at that, as she pulled on her hat, started down the corridor with its long row of deserted dressing rooms. As she turned the corner a boy from the administration office, Mr. Hirsch, had come rushing up, placed a slip of pink paper in her hand. Sylvia glanced at it listlessly; it was a message to the effect that Mr. Solberg, vice president of the company, and unlike Mr. Hirsch in New York its executive head, desired to see her at once.

"What's the excitement, Jimmy?" she asked, acting as though she was not at all taken aback by that.

Sylvia must not have thought it possible for her to get a glimpse of what was taking place in the affairs of her life. She had not been with her father in New York for weeks, and a good many things had happened in her father's business. A contract for a famous artist had been arranged, which was to lead to the other wing of the building. Sylvia's contract, in all probability, Sylvia re- flected, crumpling the slip of paper into a tiny pink ball. It had but two weeks to run. She could not think of selling it at any price. Now that Aline Duval was going to Europe, was going to be out of the way, the colder seemed unlikely, so long as Paul Lamar liked her work. And during the last two weeks Sylvia had been out of his way to compliment her.

It was not until she stood on the threshold of Mr. Solberg's office that she realized that something more important than the renewal of a contract demanded her attention. Mr. Solberg had tipped back in his chair, the irretrievable unlighted cigar between his teeth, was regarding her quizzically.

"And with him were not only Paul Lamar, Mrs. Hirsch, and Miss Duval, but a Mr. Solberg's Office of the International chief publicity director, and the studio manager, Mr. Kling. They all stared at her in so curious a way that Sylvia flushed and her hands went to her breast in a gesture, a frightened gesture, such as a child might have used on beholding its first Christmas tree, very simple and natural, very compelling. Mr. Solberg took his cigarette from his mouth.

"Sit down, Miss Thorne," he said. On the lot he called her Sylvia, but it was clear that the occasion was too formal for that. Sylvia sank into a corner chair. Was it possible—was it really, actually possible?

"Miss Thorne," Mr. Solberg went on, taking a slip of yellow paper from his desk. "we have just made an agreement with Monsieur Vernay, the International Chief publicity director, and the studio manager, Mr. Kling. They all stared at her in so curious a way that Sylvia flushed and her hands went to her breast in a gesture, a frightened gesture, such as a child might have used on beholding its first Christmas tree, very simple and natural, very compelling. Mr. Solberg took his cigarette from his mouth. "Sit down, Miss Thorne," he said. On the lot he called her Sylvia, but it was clear that the occasion was too formal for that. Sylvia sank into a corner chair.

"I'm not a bit surprised, Sylvia," he told her, laying a hand on her shoulder. "You have something—a great charm—that isn't lost in the camera. I think you and I are going to make a very wonderful picture."

She looked up at him gratefully, struggling for her feet. "You and I. It was like him to know—"

The door was opened, and the man he supposed to be there to suggest that she, with all her inexperience, could work not only under him but with him. Coming from one of the really big men of the screen it was as though he had grasped her hand, his large hands like June roses. "With you to direct me," she whispered, "I feel I could do anything."

The thing that he intended to say, implying as it did a huge confidence in her own ability, and for an instant she regretted her words, but—it did not matter. Nothing mattered now. She listened to Mr. Solberg in a daze as he outlined plans for the nation-wide pitlility campaign which would be launched, with a view to making the personality of this new star known in the homes of every picture fan in the country. The circumstances surrounding her selection—the competitive tests—were in themselves superb.

Mr. Solberg was rather to say a grasp the fact that within a few days the photographs of herself for which Mr. Solberg was now arranging would stare at her from every newspaper of importance from coast to coast. She was about to become a celebrity. Her features, her story, would soon be as familiar to the public as those of presidents, and prizefighters.

But Sylvia, who had always talked of herself as a woman's work, and disliked the things she ate, the books she read, the clothes she wore, would all be carefully chronicled for the benefit of a curious. Before long people would recognize her, in public places on the street.

It was all too wonderful to be so quickly grasped.

"We will arrange a new contract in the morning," said Mr. Solberg. "I'll come and see you, I suppose,

"I quite understand," he told her, a look of kindly comprehension in his fine eyes. "You certainly have a lot to think about. And there's one man, I know Sylvia said, "I always feared the feet on the ground, even if your head is up amongst the stars. You won't let success bewilder you—will you—I'm sure of that?"

She shook her head, gave him a queer, sidelong glance.

"I'd rather walk, if you don't mind," she smiled. "I was going to think—"

"I quite understand," he told her, a look of kindly comprehension in his fine eyes. "You certainly have a lot to think about. And there's one man, I know Sylvia said, "I always feared the feet on the ground, even if your head is up amongst the stars. You won't let success bewilder you—will you—I'm sure of that?"

Sylvia walked home, thinking of air—and red peppers and the corner she saw Pola Negri roll by in her big, high-powered car, a serene, diminutive and altogether ador- able figure—one of the great personages of the world.

Sylvia, however, did not stop to think that none of the people she passed had any idea that she, too, was about to enter the ranks of the elect—that this slim girl in a rose- colored chiffon coat, with her few inches the most talked-of woman in Hollywood.

She went to tell Joan the great news, but she was entered the house she found herself_dreading the task. The girl's hopes had been so high, and Sylvia had hoped with her, being too modest to believe that she herself would ever face such a chance. It would be a blow, she knew that Joan had been so careful of late that even her little affair with Sydney Harmon had gone by the board. Sylvia found her in the living room, gave her an impassive kiss.

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TO BE PREPARED IN A FRACTION OF THE TIME.

You may have no idea how much your bob can be improved with a "tiny tint." Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a look that is original, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. Kent Co., 606 Raisner Ave., Seattle, Wn.
NEW Youth-Giving Belt Reduces Waistline—Quickly

Instantly makes you look inches thinner and years younger and actually massages away fat every second while you wear it!

HERE'S a new easy way to get rid of that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat without any effort on your part! A new kind of belt has been perfected which actually takes off fat in an easy, gentle way—just like an expert masseur! The moment you put on this new self-massageing belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 4 inches! At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and other internal troubles generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy, and look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

Reduce the Way Athletes Do
The Weil Reducing Belt is made of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber. It is so constructed that, as you wear it, every breath you take and every move you make causes a constant gentle automatic massage to every inch of the abdomen. It works for you every second, day and night, and reduces much more rapidly than any ordinary massage.

The Weil Belt is molded in a kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jokesters because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. It is highly indorsed by its healthful principles by physicians, everyone obtains satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question.

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Write at once for full description and details of the Special 10-day Trial Offer being made to The Weil Company, 925 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

The Weil Company, 925 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.
Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientic Intestinal Belt and also your special 10-day Trial Offer.

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Coo Coo turns a dead party into a picnic. Young and old, millionaires or play with this delightful game. Coo Coo puts your party into parties, large or small. A thousand facades for fifty cents—at your dealer or direct.

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Leeds Bandelettes in a minute's time transform you to a coming coquette. Leeds Bandelettes are worn by society's best Harbor girls. They defy detection—stay securely in place. At an errand by mistake, you can follow the dictates of fashion. Send for brochure Catalog of all Hair Styles—It's FREE.

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Are you making the great mistake so many women make—thinking that because you are not bothered with perspiration moisture that you need not be concerned with an unpleasant odor?

Creme Odorono destroys every trace of odor without checking perspiration. Apply any time or before going out. Effective for all day or evening. Can be used as often as desired—absolutely harmless.

Creme Odorono is delightful to use, vanishes instantly, and leaves the skin soft and fragrant. Contains no grease or color and will not stain. At all toilet counters, 25c.

Free Sample

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45 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me free sample tube of Creme Odorono.

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is now more than ever the key-note of success, both in social and business life. Now-logged and knock-kneed legs and old and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-legs and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Work at night. My name is "Leg-Straightener." Model A. U. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will amaze you from first application and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model B is not for old-fashioned gaiters or braces, with knee-bone projection, hand to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven results, sold and recommended for the last three years in Europe."

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I SN'T there some one man in the world that you want to help; that you want to see succeed; that you want to see get out of the rut; that you want to see in business for himself, even in a small way instead of worrying about his weekly envelope at a mere job?

If you do, the greatest thing in the world that you can do for him is to buy him a copy of OPPORTUNITY in which he will find scores of definite opportunities that are awaiting him. It costs only fifteen cents at all newsstands. If your dealer is sold out, send twenty-five cents, and we will send the magazine to him, or to you, for three months on this special offer.

It is the greatest magazine for ambitious people that has ever been published because it doesn't merely preach—it points to definite chances to make money, and instead of being merely inspirational, it shows him just how to do it.

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Gentlemen: I choose the opportunity plan, for which you will kindly enter my subscription for Opportunity Magazine for 3 months, effective with the next issue.

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THE E. L. EIDEMAN
The Muscle Builder

WHAT IS A BOHUNK?

A BOHUNK is a man who knows the right thing to do and then declines to do it the opposite. Sometimes we...
"SHE GETS $50 A WEEK NOW"

"And I'm glad to pay it to her, for she's a real business woman. She came here as a typist—just like a score of other girls. I barely knew her name until someone told me she was studying at home in spare time with the I. C. S.

"That girl has a future," I said to myself, and I began watching her work. She improved so rapidly that we was the first girl I thought of when I began to look around for an assistant."

Why don't you study some special subject and prepare to earn more money? There's no surer way to do it than by studying as home in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools.

The I. C. S. has a number of courses especially arranged for women. Some I. C. S. women students are making as high as $35, $50, $75 and $100 a week as private secretaries, artists, expert letter writers, pharmacists, assistants in chemical laboratories, high-priced sales executives, office managers, advertising writers and in Civil Service and Banking. Mark and mail the coupon and we'll be glad to send you interesting descriptive booklets telling what the I. C. S. can do for you.

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Without cost or obligation, please send me your 48-page booklet, "How Women Are Getting Ahead," and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X.

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Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools, Condicton, Montreal, Canada.

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Only $5.00 A Month

You, like thousands of others, will find it astonishingly easy to learn classic dancing at home with this wonderful new method. No obligation; learn at your own leisure. "Dancing for Every Body," S. J. Cargill, writer and editor of "The Dancing Page," said of it. No previous experience necessary. Write for free, illustrated Circular and Catalogue.

FREE OUTLET
Complete studio outfit including costumes, gymnastic records, dancing box, and slipper are sent absolutely FREE with your lesson.

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More than all else, well-defined eyebrows and luxurious lashes create the beauty and expression of your face. The slight darkening, the accentuation of line and shadow, is the secret. "MAYBELLINE" makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The improvement will delight you. Maybelline may now be had in either solid form or waterproof liquid form. Both forms are absolutely harmless, being used regularly by beautiful women in all parts of the world. Either form may be had in Black or Brown. 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Trust this out now as a reminder. MAYBELLINE CO., 4708-26 Chicago Bldg., Chicago.

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A WEEK in Hollywood, California, with all travel and hotel expenses paid, is the unique offer made by Cosmopolitan Book Corporation for the best review of "The Skyrocket," Adela Rogers St. Johns' novel of motion-picture life.

The contest is open to all readers of "The Skyrocket" except professional critics, reviewers, and writers of any kind, and those connected with the publisher's organization. The reviews must not exceed five hundred words and must be addressed to Contest Editors, Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, 110 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. The contest closes on the night of May 31st. Only reviews received by that time will be considered.

Arrangements will be made for the winner to spend a day at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. He or she will be entertained at the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, and will be admitted as a visitor to various motion-picture studios without charge. The trip may be taken at any date convenient to the winner.

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Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbershops, Eternally.

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Mercurized Wax 95c at drug stores and toilet counters everywhere.

PTASY RUTH MILLER doesn’t wear many or much (whichever it is) clothes in “Lorraine of the Lions,” a new island picture in which she and Norman Kerry are working at Universal City. But there are compensations in everything, and if she had worn more clothes she would not now be the sole proprietor of a first-class lion cub.

You see, when she was engaged for the part she was given a contract under whose terms she was to be “fully clad from a point four inches below the shoulders to a point three inches below the hips.” That looks all right on paper, but when she reached the massive jungle set in which she was to do most of her troupings it was seen that her resemblance to an island lady would be enhanced if certain changes were made in the geography of her garments. So she consented to a modification of the terms of the contract and in the picture wears next to nothing at all. The last thing that Julius Bernheim, then manager of Universal, did before he resigned his job was to give Patsy a nice, gentle little lion cub in token of his appreciation of her willingness to sacrifice a few square inches of costume for her art.

WHEN Lady Diana Manners came to this country to appear in the stage version of “The Miracle” there came with her another beautiful young Englishwoman, Edith Thornton, who had no more experience in pictures than Lady Diana had had on the stage—simply none.

But in her case, as in the case of her titled countrywoman, it was proven again that beauty can often write its own ticket. For this same Miss Thornton, who when she left England did not know the difference between a Cooper Hewitt and a camera line, has not only become a motion picture star but a part-owner of the productions in which she appears. The other owner is Charles Hutchison, best known in the films as “Daredevil Hutch,” an actor whose death-defying stunts in serials used to thrill the small boys of the country, but who is now at the head of his own productions of five and six reel pictures. He now directs his own pictures and alternates these with pictures starring Miss Thornton, who has become Mrs. Charles Hutchison.

They first met in England two years ago when Hutchison was abroad making a series of thrillers. Part of one of these pictures was photographed near Stratford-on-Avon, and in the curious crowd that had assembled to watch Daredevil Hutch and his motorcycle do their stuff was Lady Diana Manners and the dark-eyed, raven-tressed Edith Thornton. Not until Miss Thornton came to this country with Lady Diana did she and Hutchison meet again. One month later they were married and now the little English wife of the former University athlete is a star.

WE knew it was bound to happen. Frances Marion is going to produce her own pictures. Ever since she wrote her first scenario we felt that Frances must eventually become a picture producer. Her love of work, her great ambition and unlimited energy couldn’t find any outlet big enough. And Frances knows pictures from every angle—from the ground up, one might say. She can write film stories, she can tell how and what is needed and not needed in bringing the best picture out of a story, and she knows nearly all there is to know about the inside workings that go to make for successful production and distribution.

Some of her best work recently were the adaptations she made for “Abraham Lincoln,” “The Eternal Flame,” “Within the Law,” “Secrets,” “The Lady,” “East Is West,” “Sonny,” “Potash and Perlmutter in Hollywood,” “Cynthia” and many others. Her first pictures will be released in the fall through the Producers Distributing Corporation.

WHEN they asked me would I, I put my hands on my trusty forty-four-fours and easy and said: “A thousand a day and every now and then a tip.” And that’s why I’m back in the movies.” Texas Guinan was doing the talking. She was just telling in her graphic way how she happened to be engaged to show her famous El Fey club in Alan Dwan’s picture “Night Life in New York.” The club will be reproduced in the film and Texas will play her part of ho-tess. She will park her guns with the property man and the only shooting will be done by the cameraman.

We dropped into the Hippo room to see Baby Peggy make her vaudeville debut and came away satisfied that if she is ever lost to pictures, this stage will get a mighty good actress. But the thing that left the deepest impression was the child’s perfect normality. There isn’t any of the fluffiness or precocity usually associated with stage children in

All Hafed, a Persian farmer, sold his acre to go out and seek his fortune. He bought the farm found it contained a diamond mine which made him fabulously rich. All Hafed overlooked the great opportunity at his door to go far ahead in search of wealth,—which illustrates a great truth.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?’

If you do it is an almost certain indication that you have talent, a talent which few possess. Then don’t follow All Hafed’s example and look farther for fortune. Develop your talent,—your fortune lies in your hand!

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If you like to draw you should send this free book before deciding your life’s work. It tells about illustrating as a highly paid, fascinating profession and about the famous artists who have made it. Free advice, help, expert criticism, a great many very interesting letters from successful artists will be found in this book. It is yours for asking it. Just tear out this ad, write your name, age, occupation, and address in the margin, mail it in with six cents in stamps, and we will send you your copy of the book. Just look it over when you are thinking about it.
Questions and Answers

[continued from page 127]

ELIZABETH WASHINGTON, D. C.—“Long Live Photoplay, the King of the Magazine.”

A big toast for a little girl. Thank you, Chicago. Gloria Swanson's birthplace. She began her career with the Essanay. Wallace Reid was her first husband. Herbert K. Sromb was her second. She gave her own name. Gloria, to her little daughter who was born Oct. 7, 1920. Miss Swanson was born March 3, 1900.

SANDERSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.—“You say you are a natural question box and just must know certain things.” When will I put my picture into the magazine so that you and the other girls can see what a good-looking sheik I am?” I hesitate because I fear that even after seeing it you girls might think Rudolph Valentino or Ramon Novarro. Thomas Meighan handsome. I might not survive the blow. Colleen Moore was born at Fort Huron, Mich., Aug. 9, 1902. Write United Studio for her photograph. Pelo Negro's photographs can be obtained through the Lasky Studios. Dorothy Gish through the Paramount Studios, and Clara Bow by way of the Warner Bros. Studios.

LUCY, LODI, N. J.—“Bolledy (Age) is twenty-five. He is connected with the Warner Bros. Studios.” Ricardo Cortez is at the Lasky Studio when not on location or resting between pictures. Vera Reynolds is of the witching age, three years more than sweet sixteen and one year less than sweet and twenty. Right? She is nineteen. Her photograph can be obtained through the Warner Studios.

M. A., SANTA FE, N. M.—“A brief description of that adorable actress, May McAvoy.” Follows: She is blue-eyed and dark-haired. Height four feet, eleven inches. Weight ninety-four pounds. The place of her birth was New York City. The year was 1901. Write Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios for her photograph.

L. E., VICTORIA, TEX.—Clive Brook was born in England. He is married and has a daughter. Recent pictures of his were "The Winner," "The Unknown," and "A Night Before Sunrise." For his photograph write the Ince Studios. As to Charles E. Mack, recent pictures were "America," "Youth to Sell," "The Lost Chord," and "Bad Company.

BLOODY, WALTHAM, MASS.—“Your favorite movie star, Mae Murray, is associated with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. All right? What, Blondly!”

BRIGHT EYES, TAYLORVILLE, ILL.—“If you have lost sight of your favorite, Robert Walker,” it is because he returned to his first love, the stage.

M. M. F., ST. LOUIS, MO.—“Alice Terry has blue eyes and reddish brown hair—the kind that poets call bronze. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 9, 1887. Thomas Meighan's birthplace was Pittsburgh, the date April 9, 1879. Constance Talmadge is a product of the town which has been called 'the city of churches and babies.' Yes, Brooklyn. She was born April 19, 1900.

If you lack this one thing—

Many of your friends have lost it—many others are losing it—and if you lack this one thing—

But it's no use dwelling on the unpleasantness of being over-weight. Every woman hates it. Every woman fears it. Yet, it is so unnecessary!

Sleenderness can be acquired easily and pleasantly. For many years Marmola Tablets have brought the health and vigor of a slender figure to thousands of men and women. No desire for extra activities—just Marmola Tablets. Try them.

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STOP Skin Troubles!

Do you suffer from skin troubles? Do you long for relief from that irritating itch? What would you give for a cool, clear, velvety skin? Then try the famous formula

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D.D.D. is the invaluable salve that has a record of 25 years of success in relieving skin troubles. The action of D.D.D. is quick and prompt, will not interfere with normal life. No irritation. No stinging. A real skin friend. Send now.

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Trial Bottle Free

Write today for free trial bottle of D. D. D. Property, mailing your name and address. Send 25 cents to cover postage and insurance.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES FOR PHOTOPLAY

will be found on page five below the table of contents.

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$10 to $30 a week. BEAUTICIAN positions, for men or women, free training. THE PERFECT LEGS FORMS. No resort without the PERFECT FORM LEG FORMS.

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140 N. Mayfield Ave., Chicago, I1.
A Stage Career
Can Now Be Yours

NED WAYBURN—the Man Who Developed Every Law, Ann Pennington, Marilyn Miller, Fred and Adele Astaire, Fannie Brice, Charlie Greenwood, Oscar Shaw, and Many Other Internationally Famous Stars—Will Show You How!

IF you have ever longed for a career as a stage dancer, NOW is the time to start your training—
for the opportunities were never greater—the salaries never higher than are offered in the theatrical world today.

Success CAN be yours. No matter who you are—whether you have had previous experience, or don't know one step from another—IT IS NOW POSSIBLE to be trained under Ned Wayburn's marvelous method of training, to master the essentials of EVERY type of stage dancing without need of waste of money, effort, or time.

Ned Wayburn is world-famous as the man who started the biggest school of dancing in the world, and who has trained over 10,000 students. He has produced more stars than any other school in the world.

However, Ned Wayburn's method is for the woman who has it in her to be a star, and for the girl who is capable of being a dancer.

Mr. Wayburn's method is not for the girl who wants to learn to dance, and then go on to another line of work.

The Wayburn Method is for the girl who can, or can hope to, become a financial success as an expert dancer, and for the girl who wants to be a star.

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1. You master popular tunes in the shortest time with a Conn saxophone; exclusive features make it the easiest of all wind instruments to learn. Simplified key system and improved mechanism give you quick mastery. Beautiful tone wins instant and constant praise. For utmost saxophone star use and endorse the Conn as supreme.

2. Free Trial, Easy Payment on any Conn saxophone. Write for details, mentioning this advertisement.

3. Full particulars on the finest saxophone and saxophone accessories available. Write for details.

4. Included in the magazine, this current book gives the information and advice of the man who has trained over 10,000 students to be stars.

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*Write to us for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and our helpful book, “The Care and Feeding of Infants.”*

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An upward glance, a spirit of mischief, a 'come hither' look —

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Kodak Film—the dependable film in the yellow box.

The film that gives the same results from roll to roll, so that you can rely on it.

Kodak Film excels on every count—speed, latitude, uniformity—and each is of picture-making importance.

Use Kodak Film, the dependable film in the yellow box.
In so dainty a case—

Would one expect a 
Vanity quite so complete?

A NEW double-vanity, light and bewitchingly dainty.
Petite enough to tuck with ease into your small purse or hand-bag. Yet it carries your Rouge, your loose Face Powder and a convenient double-faced mirror!

Yes, a compartment for loose face powder! See—ingenious "powder pockets" release just enough powder on the puff each time you open the case.

Rouge compact, too. And a double-faced mirror. On one side a detail mirror reflects any part of your face. On the other side a reducing mirror reflects your entire face at a glance.

Exquisitely fashioned of nickel-silver, its cover an artistic cameo-effect—this Djer-Kiss Rouge-and-Loose-Powder Vanity awaits you at shops which feature the newest aids to beauty.

Djer-Kiss

ROUGE & LOOSE POWDER

Vanity

Djer-Kiss

In so dainty a case—

Would one expect a Vanity quite so complete?

A NEW double-vanity, light and bewitchingly dainty. Petite enough to tuck with ease into your small purse or hand-bag. Yet it carries your Rouge, your loose Face Powder and a convenient double-faced mirror!

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ROUGE & LOOSE POWDER

Vanity

Re-fill with Djer-Kiss Face Powder, for no other powder is quite so soft and fine.
Switch to IPANA for 1 month!

Keep your gums firm and healthy when and while you brush your teeth. Counteract the effects of a diet that is undermining the health of your gums

WHY is there such an increase of trouble with the gums? Why is a "pink toothbrush" so prevalent? In spite of the best daily care, why is it that gum troubles are making so much headway?

The dentists’ answer is something like this:

Healthy gums are the foundation of good, healthy teeth. Good circulation is the life of healthy gums.

Nature intended that rough, fibrous food, slowly chewed, should massage the gums and keep the circulation vigorous.

And what happens? Our diet is soft. Our sauces are creamy. We eat quickly, nervously, thoughtlessly. Our food tastes good—oh yes—but it does not stimulate the gingiva, it does not massage the gums; it does not rouse a healthy circulation of blood in the gums.

Now, habit and custom prevent most of us from choosing our food for the benefit of our gums. The principles of Horace Fletcher, excellent as they are, would not be acclaimed as much at a dinner party as they are in a laboratory.

But what you can do easily is to stimulate your gums, to revive their circulation when and while you clean your teeth.

Why IPANA is so helpful to the gums and to the teeth

If you are troubled with tender gums, go to your dentist. Ask him about IPANA. To 60,000 dentists we have personally demonstrated it. They used several hundred thousand samples, last year alone. The dentists know its value.

Not only does IPANA cleanse teeth safely, but it tones and strengthens weak and understimulated gum tissue.

This it can do because of the presence of ziratol, an antiseptic, hemostatic, used by the profession to allay bleeding and to restore gum tissue to its normal tonicity.

Make this trial of IPANA for one month

IPANA is an aid to the dentist, not a substitute for him. Ask him about its properties, its fine cleansing power, its delicious taste. Then switch to it for one month. See for yourself how good, how effective it really is.

Despite the coupon on this page, the simplest and best thing to do is to get a large tube at your nearest drug store. The ten day tube can only start the good work. A full size tube, which will last for a hundred brushings, will show you the start of firmer, harder, healthier gums, and a clean, sweet and wholesome mouth.

What great dentists say about the necessity for stimulation of the gums.

Undoubtedly the nervous strain of modern life, and our national habit of eating too quickly, are contributing causes. But as you see from these excerpts from the leading journals of the dental profession, our gums are weak and subject to diseases because the food we eat does not give them proper stimulation.

From an authoritative textbook:

"The mouth is the mill of the alimentary canal. The consumption of fibrous food, thoroughly chewed, should be encouraged. We have abandoned hard foods for mushy materials which give no exercise."

From a New York lecturer:

"All are agreed that our habits of rapid eating, combined with soft or predigested food, deprive the gums of the stimulation they are intended to receive."

From the Daily Mail:

"Civilized life carries with it many disadvantages and one of the most pronounced is the tendency of our teeth to early decay. The reason is partly to be found in the universal use of prepared foods and methods of cooking."

From a professional paper:

"A diet demanding very little from our masticatory apparatus has a degenerating effect upon the teeth. Pyorrhrea is a disease unknown among races subsisting on coarse foods."

So, you see, what is necessary is stimulation. Modern food won't give it to you naturally. Read this page. There is a way to supply the lack, and to keep yourself free from the troubles which follow in the train of a "pink toothbrush."

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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Personalities of Paramount

Thomas Meighan

Some stars draw the crowds without creating the slightest public affection for themselves. Tom Meighan is different. People think of him as the sort of friend they would like to have come visiting their home. “We don’t merely respect him, we love him!” Tom Meighan’s widest fame dates from “The Miracle Man.” Plenty of folks have never missed a Meighan picture since. Judging by box office records his army of admirers is ever-increasing. Some men seem made to play Big Brother to people. They have strength and heart, enough and to spare. Perhaps it is this feeling coming out in Tom Meighan’s pictures which has made them so successful.


Paramount Pictures

How the finest pictures are made

They are made by a very highly developed organization. This means that if a star or director needs a certain story translated, say, from the Russian, then its picturization in a series of scenes sometimes thousands of miles apart, enacted with a supporting cast hand-picked from the entire dramatic sphere for the occasion, that all this, and often much more, will be done.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation makes the one demand that each picture be denied nothing in the making that is necessary to its complete artistic and popular success.

On a large scale this demands enormous investment and the deepest confidence of theatres and patrons alike.

The greatest asset any director or star can have today is an association with Paramount wherewith to ride to bigger things. And the greatest asset you have, as a fan, is that you can’t go wrong when it’s a Paramount Picture.

“If it’s a Paramount Picture it’s the best show in town!”
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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

Vol. XXVIII  No. 1

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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Win Your Share of the $5,000 in Cash Prizes

Order your copy of Photoplay for July in advance

Addresses and working programs of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 134
AT A COOL AND CHEERFUL PLACE
You'll find a wonderful girl in a real American pose—at the soda fountain
When thirsty remember her.

REFRESH YOURSELF/ FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"Fine Clothes"

JOHN M. STAHL, with an array of such successes as "Why Men Leave Home" and "Husbands and Lovers" behind him, has produced another delightful comedy drama in "Fine Clothes." On the stage it enjoyed a long run under the title of "Fashions for Men." Its central figure is the simple-minded Peter who, because he can see nothing but good in any one, finally takes the evil out of the hearts about him.

Percy Marmont plays Peter. On the right are Alma Rubens and Lewis Stone, the other principals. Louis B. Mayer presents the picture.
"Chickie"

"CHICKIE" is the love story of a little stenographer who dreamed and hoped some day to say good-bye to a typewriter and revel in the luxury of a beautiful home provided by a millionaire husband. And while eligible millionaires are few and far between, Chickie was attractive. But then, of course, the only man she ever could love came along to stand between her and her dream.

Dorothy Mackaill plays the title rôle and John Bowers is featured with her. They are seen below.
AIR HAWK, THE.—F. B. O.—An air thriller with Alf Clapp and Patterson. Story doing some wonderful stunt flying. (February.)

AIR MAIL, THE.—Paramount.—A high-flying story of thrilling adventures in the government air service. (May.)

ANOTHER SCANDAL.—Hodkinson.—A daring story of a grass widow who tries to steal away a husband. Sophisticated or cheap, it all depends upon the viewpoint. (January.)

ARIZONA ROMEO, THE.—Fox.—The story is weak and silly but you'll enjoy it because of Buck Jones. (April.)

ARGENTINE LOVE.—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels brilliant in this South American romance. Story follows hackneyed formula, but excellent work of the cast makes up for deficiencies of plot. (February.)

AS MAN DESIRES.—First National.—A colorful and romantic melodrama of the South Sea Isles. (April.)

BAD COMPANY.—First National.—Madge Kennedy and Conway Tearle should know better than this. (May.)

BANDOLERO, THE.—Metro.—A cumbersome and druggy tale, over tided, with superb atmosphere and a strong bull fight climax. (December.)

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.—Ince.—Once again there is a lovely Southern gal in desperate love with a handy Comes Northern officer. The direction insists on making Florence Vidor's Barbara super-sweet. (December.)

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY.—Associated Exhibitors.—Just a fairly entertaining film with the great Chicago fire of 1671 incidental to keep the hero and heroine united. (February.)

BATTLING ORIOLES, THE.—Pathé.—Brisk, amusing in many places, but a bit tiresome. (January.)

BEAUTY PRIZE, THE.—Metro.—Vola Dana is a winner of a batting girl contest and finds herself involved in a lot of excitement. Just fair comedy. (December.)

BELOVED BRUTE, THE.—Vitagraph.—A Western story concerning the widespread exploits of the hero whose strength so fascinates the girl he loves that she capitulates. (January.)

BOOMERANG, THE.—Schulberg.—It might have been funnier if it was. Anita Stewart and Bert Lytell head the cast. (May.)

BORN RICH.—First National.—The younger set to the fore again. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor are the husband and wife in the inevitable triangle, which is happily broken up. (February.)

BRASS BOWL, THE.—Fox.—A series of mysterious adventures interwoven with a fascinating romance. Edmund Lowe plays a dual role. (January.)

BREED OF THE BORDER.—F. B. O.—Just one of the Westerns with Litty Flynn as the quick- drawin', hard-ridin' hero. (May.)

BROKEN LAWS.—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid's new picture sounds a caution to indolent mothers. For parents and children alike. (April.)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Preferred.—A propaganda picture to the death with punishment with George Hackathorne excellent in the leading role. Depressing. (April.)

CHAMPION OF LOST CAUSES.—Fox.—A story of a clever crook. But — and entertaining. (April.)

CHARLEY'S AUNT.—Producers Dist.—Don't miss this. Syd Chaplin becomes a perfect screen comedian. (April.)

CHEAPER TO MARRY.—Metro-Goldwyn.—A matrimonial drama along the gold-digger type. Amusing. (April.)

CHEAP KISSES.—F. B. O.—This is C. Gardner Sullivan's first production. The story, although about the Jazz age, is quite different from others. It is amusing and enjoyable. (January.)

CHRISTINE OF THE HUNGRY HEART.—First National.—A dull and episodic treatment of the neglected wife theme. (January.)

CHU CHIN CHOW.—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another spectacular production that doesn't amount to a row of pins. (April.)

CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS, THE.—Paramount.—Not an impossible variation on what the average photoplay built upon a mother-love story. This is Virginia Lee Corbin's first grown-up role. (December.)

A special service to its readers, Photoplay Magazine inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

Photoplay readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

Photoplay has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of Photoplay in which the original review appeared.

CLASSMATES.—First National.—This time Richard Barthelmess has for his leading lady Madge Evans, in her first grown-up role. The average screen follower will adore Richard as a West Point cadet. (January.)

CLEOPATRA, THE.—Vitagraph.—From the novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of "If Winter Comes." Percy Marmon and Marguerite de la Motte are especially suited to their roles. It is an interesting and appealing character study. (December.)

CLOUD RIDER, THE.—F. B. O.—Dandy realistic-to-goodness aeroplane stunts in this picture. (April.)

COMING THROUGH.—Paramount.—A pleasing Tom Sawyer vehicle. Cast good, action splendid. (April.)

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.—Hepworth.—You'll enjoy this picture better if you stay at home. It's the world's worst. (March.)

COURAGEOUS COWARD, THE.—Capital Prod.—Wealthy man's son goes to the wide open spaces to remove his yellow streak, and does. Children will enjoy it. (February.)

CURLYTOP.—Fox.—Shirley Mason frots through a good natured role in a wicked Limehouse district. Tiresome. (March.)

DADDY'S GONE A-HUNTING.—Metro-Goldwyn.—A lurid story of domestic unhappiness played by Alice Joyce and Percy Marmont. (May.)

DANCERS, THE.—Fox.—Nothing out of the ordinary. An Englishman returns to his childhood sweetheart only to find her a victim of the jazz craze. (March.)

DANGEROUS FLIRT, THE.—F. B. O.—Intriguing little drama spiced with a dash of the risque. Every man is guilty in this one. (February.)

DANGEROUS INNOCENCE.—Universal.—Adapted from "Ann's An Idiot." Nice light romance with La La La Plante. (May.)

DANGEROUS MONEY.—Paramount.—This is Bebe Daniels' first starring picture. Just another flabby film story with William Powell, the scoundrel who just can't get his comeuppance. (February.)

DANTE'S INFERNO.—Fox.—This is a queer mix- ture of a modern story with Dante's immortal effort interwoven. Briefest, with Charlie Chaplin and Bathing Girl Shades of Dante! (December.)

DARK SWAN, THE.—Warner Brothers.—Not a world beater. Another variation of the ugly duckling with half-sisters in love with the same man. (Feb.)

DAUGHTERS OF THE NIGHT.—Fox.—Wily and improbable melodrama. Two brothers run away from home. There's a villain, a fire, a chase, parental forgiveness and happy ending. (February.)

DEADWOOD COACH, THE.—Fox.—Tom Mix roasts, rides, climbs, leaps and loves his way through this rousing melodrama. You'll like it. (April.)

DENIAL, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn.—Claire Windsor doubling as mother and daughter in a heavyweight story. But there's a good Spanish-American war sequence. (May.)

DEVIL'S CARGO, THE.—Paramount.—One of the best pictures of the year. It is so well done, it is sprinkled with good comedy relief. (March.)

DICK TURPIN.—Fox.—By far the best thing that Mr. Mix ever did. (April.)

DIXIE HANDICAP, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn.—The old racing thrills moulded into a melo-racer-thriller intended to stimulate the most blasé. (March.)

DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS, THE.—Paramount.—Fashion show with dream-count sum-beautiful models. Leatrice Joy is featured. (May.)

EARTLY BIRD.—The.—C. C. Burr.—Johnny Hines at his best. Many thrills and more laughs is this fastmoving comedy, which centers around a milkman and the daughter of the milk-truck magnate. (February.)

EAST OF SUEZ.—Paramount.—Pola Negri does not measure up to her previous screen effort. An intriguing story, splendid sets, good cast and excellent character definition. Not a family picture. (March.)

ENTICEMENT.—First National.—Be sure to leave the children alone. A story of a girl's trust in a strange man. (February.)

EXCUSE ME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A rollicking comedy filled with plenty of good laughs in a novel setting—transcontinental railroad. (April.)

FEST SET, THE.—Paramount.—A bit soggy. A novelist and his wife have drifted apart. The husband introduces a girl of the streets into their midst. Usual ending. (February.)

FIRE WORKER, THE.—Universal.—A capable cast makes this picture thoroughly entertaining. Reginald Denny does some thrilling automobile racing. (December.)

FEET OF CLAY.—Paramount.—Cecil B. De Mille's third film with Vera Reynolds, in her first big role. Hectic, and apt to disappoint. (December.)

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WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS IN SEPTEMBER, 1925

Three treats for Picture Patrons!

The IRON HORSE

One year in New York with a Superb Cast of Leading Players

and

a Regiment of United States Troops and Cavalry; 3,000 Railway Workmen; 1,000 Chinese Laborers; 800 Pawnee, Sioux and Cheyenne Indians; 2,800 Horses; 1,300 Buffaloes; 10,000 Texas Steers.

A JOHN FORD Production

AS NO MAN HAS LOVED

A soul-stirring spectacle based on EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S

"The Man Without a Country"

A record-breaker at the Central Theatre, New York

A ROWLAND V. LEE Production

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Another New York hit that has swept the Nation, setting new high marks for its entertainment powers.

A HARRY MILLARDE Production
DANCERS' SUCCESS Due to Remarkable Training Method

INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN STARS OWE MUCH OF THEIR SUCCESS TO NED WAYBURN, WHOSE AMAZINGLY SIMPLE METHOD OF DEVELOPING STAGE DANCERS HAS MADE HIM THE MOST FAMOUS, MOST SOUGHT-AFTER THEATRICAL PRODUCER IN THE WORLD. WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET DESCRIBING METHOD AND COURSES IN DETAIL.

EVELYN LAW! Ann Pennington! Marilyn Miller! Fred and Adele Astaire! Charlotte Greenwood! Eddie Cantor! The Dolly Sisters! Oscar Shaw! What an aris-tocracy of stage success these names are! Yet they are but a few of the hundreds of stars whom Ned Wayburn has developed and helped up the Ladder of Success.

Having staged the best editions of "The Folies," and "Midnight Frolics" at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, and over 500 other Broadway Comedies and Headline Vaudeville Productions, Mr. Wayburn knows not only what the stage and other theatrical producers want, but exactly how to prepare his pupils to meet modern stage requirements in the quickest, easiest way.

Previous Experience Not Needed

All the useless study, labor, unnecessary expense and waste of time have been done away with. Mr. Wayburn's one motto is RESULTS. And to ees these results, the method he has evolved is one that for thoroughness, practical value, variety and extent is unequalled—not even approached—by any other school of its kind in the world. The fact that you have had no previous training or experience means absolutely nothing. Every pupil who enrolls at the Ned Wayburn Studios is looked upon as a potential future star.

EVERY TYPE OF DANCING TAUGHT—Including Musical Comedy, American Tap, Step and Specialty (Clowning) Acrobatic and the new Ned Wayburn American Ballet Technique which includes "Toe," "Classical," "Character," and "Interpretive" dancing. Also Balletrope and Exhibition Dancing, including Argentine Tango, etc.

All courses include Foundation Technique, Ned Wayburn's new method of Limbering and Stretching—and practical lectures by Mr. Wayburn on Stagecraft and Showmanship. In addition, every pupil is given special instruction on "How To Make Dance" to the "New Wayburn Way"—none of which is to be had in any other school.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET—FREE

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NED WAYBURN Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.
1841 Broadway, Studio 66, New York City At Columbus Circle (Entrance on 66th Street) and 11th Ave. 44 M. to 10 P. M. (Except Sat. Eves. and Sundays) Tel. Columbus 3500

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Overcomes Weakness and Organic Aliments of Woman and Men. Develops erect, graceful figure, being antithesis of a weak, round, flabby figure. Aids in developing a firm, strong back. Restores confidence and self-respect. 30 Day Free Trial.

Not Sold in Stores—Made to Measure—Takes work easy and walking a pleasure. Replaces sunken shoulders; reduces enervation of internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens the spine; corrects slouching; develops lumbar, chest and butts; relieves backache, curvature, nervousness, rup-ture, constipation.

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HOWARD C. RASH, Prov., Natural Body Brace Co. 320 Race Building—SALINA, KANSAS

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Just what every woman has been waiting for at a price everyone can afford, "BEAUTIBUST!"

BEAUTIBUST for real bust and neck development. No feelers or danger of danger. A real tried and very successful natural method that will be extremely pleasing and beneficial. You can't Fail! (If you follow the simple instructions mailed (sealed) for only 50c. Do not miss this opportunity. It is worth $100.

BEAUTIBUST CO., 911 PL. LEONINGTON, BALTIMORE, MD.
IE WHO GETS SLAPPED—Metro-Goldwyn.—A remarkably fine picture. Leon Chaney does the best work of his career as the famous clown. (January.)

HONOR AMONG MEN—Fox.—Another romance of mythical royalty, built from Richard Harding Davis' 'The King's Jewel.' Edmund Lowe plays the lead. (December.)

HOT WATER—Pathe.—Harold Lloyd still continues to furnish fans with laughs. This time he's a married man with a nagging mother-in-law. If you have one of these you'll sympathize with poor Harold. (January.)

HOUSE OF YOUTH—Producers Dist. Corp.—Story of 'flaming youths' of today. The hero and heroine quit the wild life to open a farm for poor kids. (February.)

HUSBANDS AND LOVERS—First National.—A delightful little story of a married couple. The couple is superbly done by Lewis Stone and Florence Vidor. (January.)

IDELE TONGUES—First National.—Action interesting, but the plot is dull. (February.)

IF I MARRY AGAIN—First National.—Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes make this romantic hodgepodge worth seeing. (April.)

INEZ FROM HOLLYWOOD—First National.—Title wins half the battle. A story of sex and life in this story of a screen vamp. (May.)

INTRODUCE ME—Associated Exhibitors.—Another good reason why Douglas MacLean is rapidly becoming one of our most popular comedians. Fine entertainment. (May.)

ISLE OF VANISHING MEN, THE—Adler.—Life among the cannibals, which is considerably more interesting than the usual movie novel. (March.)

ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL?—United Artists.—A Griffith production that approaches perfection. You live the struggles and hardships of a family of Polish refugees settled in Germany after the war. (February.)

JIMMIE'S MILLIONS—F. O. A trolley picture. Richard Talmadge fights, runs and climbs buildings throughout. (April.)

KISS IN THE DARK, A—Paramount.—Sensational stories that sometimes misses fire, but that isn't the fault of Adolphe Menjou. (May.)

LADIES OF THE NIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn.—A well-told story of the two social worlds with some good comedy. Excellent acting by Norma Shearer, who plays a dual role. (May.)

LADY, THE—First National.—This mother-love story proves Norma Talmadge to be a great emotional actress. It is sure to last till April. (March.)

LAST LAUGH, THE—U. F. A.—One of the greatest character studies ever produced. (April.)

LAST MAN ON EARTH—Fox.—Stay away from this picture. It is a complete waste of time. The title tells the story but not boldly enough. (Feb.)

LAUGHING AT DANGER—F. O. A.—The much talked of 'death ray' is just one factor in Richard Talmadge's fight for the girl. Action and athletics galore. (February.)

LEARNING TO LOVE—First National.—Consecutive stories of how many lovers learn the various ways to capture a husband. Good comedy. (April.)

LET 'ER BUCK—Universal.—Hoot Gibson swaggers through this as a bo-ham of the great outdoors and the hero of the hour. (March.)

LIFE'S GREATEST GAME—F. O. A.—This title fits Emory Johnson, immortalizes our best players. Full of hokum melodrama but the baseball atmosphere has its interest. (December.)

LIGHTHOUSE BY THE SEA, THE—Warner Bros.—Rudy Rumminger plots the adventures of Revenue officers by subduing the keeper and his aids. But Ted Tin-Tin and all is saved. (March.)

LOCKED DOORS—Paramount.—In which the husband unsealably agrees to a divorce when his wife falls in love with a young gallant. Theodore Roberts is at his best. (February.)

LOST CHORD, THE—Arrow.—A sobbing melodrama based on the story by Sir Arthur Sullivan. (June.)

LOST LADY, THE—Warner Bros.—A drama story. Irene Rich gives one of the finest performances of her career. (April.)

LOST WORLD, THE—First National.—A spectacular production introducing pre-historic animals. Cleverly done. (April.)

LOVER OF CAMILLE, THE—Warner. —Taken from Sacha Guitry's drama of a famous panromatic clown and his unhappy love for "the lady of Camille." In the films it somehow borders upon satcharine sentimentality. (January.)

(Continued on page 15)

WHY SHOULDN'T YOU, TOO, HAVE A GLOWING, HEALTHY BODY?

BENNY LEONARD'S HOME-COURSE FOR PROMOTING PHYSICAL FITNESS

I WONDER why so many people think that only athletes are supposed to keep in good physical condition. Why shouldn't YOU—whatever or whoever you may be—have the blessings that go with a glowing, healthy body? If your work keeps you confined indoors—or if it doesn't give you the chance to exercise your muscles and limbs properly, you are unknowingly bringing on untold ailments; you are making a pitiable, flabby weakness of yourself.

DO YOU FEEL PEPPY?

Right this minute stop to analyze your condition. Do you feel bright and strong and sparkling: have you that springy step, that clear eye, that keen, peppy ambition that only a sound, singing body can furnish? If you haven't—you and I are going to become better acquainted right away. For I have been making a very scientific study of the human body, both through experimental work with myself and through a painstaking study through books by the greatest authorities.

I've Trained Thousands

As you may know, I trained my own body from a frail, "skinny" lad to physical supremacy that won the lightweight championship of the world. I also trained thousands of American men in the Army during the World War. As a result of all this, I have developed a system of physical culture that every man, woman and child in this country can use in the privacy of their own homes with much profit to themselves.

Personal Attention to Everyone

I study each person's individual condition and adapt my methods to your own requirements. My system is unique—there is nothing else like it. It eliminates all possible harm of over-exercise. If you value feeling fit, if you want to make good in your present occupation or avocation, you should begin at once a regular system of home training under my personal instruction. I'll send you my book that tells you all about it—it's FREE—send for it NOW—this minute.

BENNY LEONARD Undefeated Lightweight Champion of the World

Send for Free Booklet—Use Coupon

“Now I Can Tell You” is my booklet; it’s filled with interesting reading. It has dozens of photographs and accounts which you have never read before. Whether you are a boxing fan or not, or a physical culture “bug” or not, you’ll find the booklet well worth sending for. I’ll send it to you FREE, just mail me the coupon printed here for your convenience and the book is yours. Don’t put it off, send it NOW—while it’s on your mind.

BENNY LEONARD 123 W. 31st St., (Dept. 12C) New York, N. Y.

Sounds to me that your booklet, entitled "Now I Can Tell You" must contain some mighty interesting reading matter. Will you please send me a copy? Enclose 10c (either stamps or coin) to help cover costs of getting this book out and sending it. There's no obligation.

Name...

Street...

City...

State...

Entire contents of this advertisement copyrighted, 1925.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Saw “Peter Pan” Twice

Yeadon, Pa.

My sister, brother-in-law and I went to see “Peter Pan.” A week later I took a girl friend and saw it again. It is the only picture save one that I have been of “fool” enough to see twice. The other was “The Covered Wagon.”

R. L. B.

Aren’t You Sorry for Him?

Nelleville, N. J.

Why you bear so heavily on the worth of “Peter Pan” in your March article is a mystery to me, an ardent picture lover. It was beautiful in a sense, yes, but what is there in it to impel a man to see it three or four times? Truly it was the first picture in a long time that caused me to actually rue the money it cost me to see it. I saw it at the Brandroid Theater in Newark, N. J., and when that charming little sprite, whose work I admit was good, was frantically appealing to a mature and bored audience for backing in her belief in fairies she received but a few halting, half-hearted handclaps, and I know I broke out in goose pimples all over at the foolishness of it all. Don’t try to say I didn’t see it in the right light and that I came in the negative. It just was not a picture for intelligent, grown-up people whose minds no longer dwell on the habits and desires of fairies. Many agree with me. I wonder if you would use your influence to have that ideal and much beloved actor’s pictures (Wally Reid shown again on the screen. They would sell.

Harry J. Hokanson.

Appreciation Frankly Spoken

St. Paul, Minn.

The complimentary letter for Elsie B. Middle West, Ohio, prompts me to indorse her good wishes for 1925, and to add a bit more comment on it.

Some five years ago, when first class theatrical attractions ceased to come here with former regularity, I turned to the screen for entertainment. Also to the various magazines relating to the same. Desiring the best, I soon eliminated all but one. The choice easily was PHOTOPHAY. This is not endorsed by blame, it is a matter of fact for several reasons.

The editorial page is frank, constructive and broad in its views. I like it immensely. Such editorials stimulate and sharpen one’s angle on things.

Reviewing new pictures is truly a real service. I find yours coincide with ideas of high grade entertainment. The discriminating public, no doubt, like myself, appreciates dependable criticism rendered, and, I will add, the courage to print such opinions as you voiced on “Reid.” The Golden Bed when I recall the advertisements put forth of these and other similar features.

More power to you and your associates which I venture to state is shared by an enthusiastic family of readers.

E. M. Nottinger.

Two Minute Thrill in a Poor Picture

Washington, D. C.

Having seen “Sandra,” let me say that I entirely agree with PHOTOPHAY’s review of it. It is an abominable picture, with only one redeeming feature. That was a closeup. If you want to pay your money for a two minute thrill that closeup in “Sandra” will give it.

The scene whereof I speak is close to the beginning of the picture, and is not of Barbara La Marr but of her leading man, Bert Lytell. He is in a boat waving and smiling at his screen wife, Barbara. Fans, it was so beautiful it made we want to jump out of my chair. Mr. Lytell certainly had “it,” as Elinor Olyn would say.

I always agree with PHOTOPHAY’s reviews and find the brief reviews of current pictures most helpful.

Alice Pendleton.

Speaks Out for Richard Dix

Long Beach, Cal.

I certainly do like PHOTOPHAY magazine, but of Richard Dix, Claire Windsor and Lois Wilson? I think the best pictures I have ever seen have been of Mr. Dix in “The Call of the Canyon,” and “Manhattan.” Mr. Dix’s last picture “A Man Must Live,” was very good, but he would have shown to better advantage with Lois Wilson.

I agree with every word of Miss Margaret Fraser, who wrote “Why Mr. Dix Is Hollywood’s Bachelor.” I think she hit the nail on the head.

Here’s wishing the best of good luck to PHOTOPHAY and Richard Dix.

Marilyn Barden.

He Knew Herb When

Los Angeles, Cal.

I have just finished reading the last issue of PHOTOPHAY and haven’t finished chuckling with glee over Herb Howe’s “Close-Ups and Long Shots.” In my opinion the fan letters, Herb’s page, Studio Gossip and the picture reviews are the best part of the magazine. The story of “Wally” by Herb Reid by his wife was very touching.

Perhaps I am particularly interested in Herb Howe because he came from the same town I did. As it isn’t very large and one’s business is everybody’s business, I can remember how some people used to shake their heads about him and wonder where he would eventually land. Their prophecies were far from right. More power to Herb and may he ever write “Close-Ups and Long Shots.”

An actress named Corinne Grant also lived there. She arranged to have us taken through a studio and allowed us to be present while they were taking a picture. I wonder where she is.

There has been such a difference of opinion about “Monsieur Beaucaire” and “The Sainted Devil” that I cannot resist speaking my word. Beaucaire was wonderful, but the other was such bosh that I nearly went to sleep over it. I may be hopeless, but I can’t get excited over Valento. Give me Ramon Novarro every time.

H. B. G.

Advice to D. W. Griffith

Milwaukee, Wis.

You will pardon this brief intrusion into your very busy moments and accept my appreciation and congratulations for your “Open Letter to D. W. Griffith” which I have just read.

This letter is a result, no doubt, of what you consider to be your duty to the motion picture industry, and to the public. And you have expressed what countless thousands have been thinking about for months, though we did not have either the authority or the medium of expression, to say nothing of our lack of vocabulary.

Mr. Griffith has that “something” which the picture industry needs and, therefore, the world needs. It is his duty to himself, to the industry and to the world, to come back and offer that which is his and ours as well.

Mr. Griffith has reached a goal; but far better that he had never attained it than to sit back and try to exist on that which he had already attained.

Leland Lawrence.

Another Wally Reid Appreciation

Atchison, Kan.

I want to thank you for the article and pictures of Wally Reid in the March issue. We fans who watched him from his beginning years miss his wonderful face from among the others.

What pleasure he gave to the world! I wish that at each anniversary of his death you would publish his picture. Then, too, please tell us often of Mrs. Reid and Billy and Betty so that we may keep in touch with them as the years pass.

Mrs. E. H. Redmon.

Thanks, Mr. St. Johns

Erie, Pa.

I want to thank Mr. St. Johns for his splendid article in PHOTOPHAY about John Gilbert.

A man not afraid of his convictions, and who does not hesitate to tell them to the public, is espe- cially when he feels that by so doing he may open the eyes of the blind to the unusual talents of a struggling artist, deserves the approbation of all who do not find it pleasing to the ear.

There are a great many of us who have long been loyal to, and hopeful of, the eventual recognition of Mr. Gilbert’s talents. But it is hard through the pen of discriminating and suspicious critics like Mr. St. Johns that the wedge can be driven and results accomplished.

We are so glad that at last one of our favorite actors has won his deserts.

Keth Jackson.

LETTERS
FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPHAY are invited to write this department to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive.

We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we’ll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer’s full name and address.

Brickbats
& Bouquets
Tom at the Top of the Ladder

New York, N. Y.

When it comes to personality on the screen today, Thomas Meighan takes the prize neither the man who writes his stories, nor the director, nor the scenario writer nor the cameraman—nobody deserves the credit for the fact that Tom is on the top of the ladder and sitting tight—but Tom himself.

I would advise Mr. Meighan to try some original story, something that the public knows about, and see if he will not get more praise than he does for the cenzerosed books that have been handed him. There is no one on the screen today that gets the poor stories that Meighan does.

Try to get better stories, Tom. I would hate to see you drop out of sight.

A FAN.

We Like You for This

Chicago, Ill.

Of those who air their opinions so freely, to the detriment of this or that star, I want to ask, isn’t it kinder and far better to live by the rule, “Speak well or not at all?” These young people are selling their time and their talents to some producer who has perhaps failed in judgment when he starred them in certain pictures that were not suited to their particular personalities.

R. BURT.

Watch This Column

LON CHANEY, MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY head a cast of 50 principals, with a background of 5,000 others who appear in the various beautiful scenes in the Paris Opera House, around which the play revolves. LON CHANEY plays “The Phantom” and MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY the lovers whose pathway is made so difficult by the man of mystery.

The story is by Gaston Leroux, the celebrated French writer, who chose the magnificent Paris Opera House as the center of a series of mysterious happenings caused by the mad musical genius. Most of the action occurs on the night of the opening of Gounod’s “Faust” and to make the production faithful and impressive, we have not only reproduced major portions of the theatre but have used an entire opera company, with well-known operatic stars, a huge orchestra and complete ballet of 250. So that it is a play within a play.

LON CHANEY, as “The Phantom,” has another “chance of a lifetime” role and I haven’t words to describe how ably he has met the issue. I may say the same thing of Rupert Julian, whose directing has been superb. Watch for “The Phantom of the Opera” and mention it to your favorite theatre.

REGINAAL DENTY will soon be seen in “Too Many Women,” adapted from the popular novel by Elmer Davis. It gives DENTY a splendid chance to show his ability and his wholesome personality.

Meantime don’t forget to see HOOK GIBSON in “The Saddle Hawk”; “Smoldering Fires” with PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE; MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY in “Fifth Avenue Models,” based on “The Best in Life”; EUGENE O’BRIEN and LAURA LA PLANTE in “Dangerous Innocence,” based on the popular best-seller, “Ann’s An Idiot”; VIRGINA VALLI in “Up the Ladder,” from Owen Davis’ Broadway stage hit.

Carl Laemmle

(To be continued next month)

Send for our “Phantom” Magic Package which comes without any cost to you. Also send for our new booklet illustrating “The White List,” Universal’s Pictures.

Address Dept. B

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave. . . . . . New York City
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

MY HUSBAND'S WIVES—Fox.—A silly story of a young girl who marries her school-chum's ex-husband.

NARROW STREET, THE—Warner Brothers.—You'll get plenty of entertainment and good clean fun out of this story of a simple office clerk who rose to general before the death of the husband of the magistrate's daughter. (March.)

NAVIGATOR, THE—Metro.—Buster Keaton is at his fantastic best way through six thousand feet of film. (December.)

NEVER SAY DIE—Associated Exhibitors.—When a fellow is only given three months to live and carries his friend's sweetheart that they might inherit the fortune and then doesn't die—there's trouble. Another amusing Douglas MacLean effort. (December.)

NEW LIVES FOR OLD—Paramount.—Fine entertainment and well directed and fine photography. (April.)

NEW TOYS—First National.—A comedy of married life. Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay (Mrs. Keaton) are the married couple. (April.)

NO GUN MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Lyle Flynn is the only redeeming feature. It will please the young boys, though. (March.)

NORTH OF 36—Paramount.—Gripping drama of pioneer adventure. Features a great cattle drive. (February.)

OIL DOCTOR—Universal.—The story of a hypochondriac who later becomes a daredevil and wins his nurse. (January.)

ONLY WOMAN, THE—First National.—A trite story of a young girl forced into a loveless marriage with a wealthy, Norman Taurog's acting is adequate. (January.)

ON THE STROKE OF THREE—F. B. O.—In a small town seventy years ago, a double, double-bolted but finally wins fortune and girl at same time. (April.)

ON THIN ICE—Warner Brothers.—Gungetters, bank robbers and policemen. A crook story well acted by Tom Moore, William Russell and Edith Roberts. (May.)

PAINTED LADY, THE—Fox.—On a South Sea Island cruise, a painted lady meets a real he-man and through love "comes back." Not for children. (December.)

PAMPED YOUTH—Vitagraph.—A main street story about a rich, high handed young man. Not so good. (April.)

PARASITE, THE—B. P. Schulberg.—A society drama of a divorced woman who tries to regain her husband's love. (May.) Not much. (April.)

PARISIAN NIGHTS—F. B. O.—Latin Quarter stuff in gay eatery with Apaches and such-like to keep things going. (May.)

PETER PAN—Paramount.—A perfect picture of a perfect story which is all a perfect. Everybody in America should see it. (March.)

PLAYING WITH SOULS—First National.—The story of a girl who marries the bad. He doesn't, but the picture does. (May.)

PRICE OF A PARTY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Another story of Manhattan's night life. Fairly good entertainment. (April.)

QUO VADIS—First National.—A picture dealing with the martyrdom of the Christians during the reign of Nero. (April.)

RAG MAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Jackie Coogan—grown child—stars in an appealing and amusing picture. (May.)

RECKLESS SPEED—Capital Prod.—Just a fair picture. William Boyd is being weeded out of his best, but brassy son saves the day—and well. (February.)

REDEMING SIN, THE—Vitagraph.—Nadine O'Connor as the hero. Role of an Apache can't be handed much. (April.)

RIDGE RIDE, THE—Universal.—A new serial with a hero who is a newspaper man by day and mysterious "Riddle Rider" at night. The usual serial stuff with action galore. (January.)

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox.—Considered one of the most artistic and picturesque stories ever filmed. (January.)

RIDIN' KID FROM POWDER RIVER, THE—Universal.—A conventional Western melodrama revolving around the feud between cowboys and cattlemen. Too much mystery for a conventional plot. (January.)

RIDIN' PRETTY—Universal.—Just another Westerner—no better—no worse than the average. (April.)

ROARING ADVENTURE—Universal.—Another Jack Hoxie westerner—no better—no worse. (April.)

ROMOLA—Metro-Goldwyn.—George Bliot's novel proves a poor vehicle for the Gish sisters. Elaborate Florentine settings, but little human interest. (February.)

ROSE OF PARIS, THE—Universal.—Another variation of the Cinderella theme. Mary Philbin is again a beauty amid the machinations of an inferior story. (December.)

ROUGHNECK, THE—Fox.—Robert Service's latest, directed by George O'Brien. Plenty of pep and punch. (February.)

SADDLE HAWK, THE—Universal.—How a she-broder made good as a cowboy, if that means anything to you. (April.)

SAINTED DEVIL, A—Paramount.—Rudolph once again in colorful South American atmosphere. Of course, there are the ever-present vamps. Involved and poorly told. (February.)

SALLY—First National.—A scintillating and beautiful version of the popular musical comedy, with Colleen Moore as the delightful, dancing heroine. (May.)

SAFETY OF THE TENEMENTS—Paramount.—How Sons of the East Side captured the heart of a young girl. Good acting, stuff, with Jette Goudal in the leading role. (May.)

SALVATION HUNTERS, THE—United.—Unrelieved tragedy. Slow-moving tale of a boy, a girl and a huge,商化墙, crawling up from the mud. (May.)

SANDRA—First National.—A weak story wretchedly told. Bad acting and directing make this an unsatisfactory vehicle for Maureen O'Sullivan, Margaret Gogol. (May.)

SCAR HANNAH—F. B. O.—The usual Western, with Yakima Canutt, rodeo star, exhibiting some wonderful feats of horsemanship. (May.)

SCARLET HONEYMOON—Fox.—A light and genial comedy that won't destroy your faith in Santa Claus. (May.)

SIGN OF THE CACTUS, THE—Universal.—Jack Judge becomes a Robin Hood of the West. Nothing to get excited about. (March.)

SILENT ACCUSER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A melodrama with a dog. Peter the Great is the star. The dog's acting is the one saving grace. (January.)

SILENT WATCHER, THE—First National.—How we Pennylinc life is depicted. Gloria Swanson is no Bessie Love and Hobart Bosworth in a picture vivid with life. Is a story of a youth's loyalty to his employer. (December.)

SKILLING SACKAL—F. B. O.—Story of a woman cook, quick on the trigger and vamphig enough to save the hero from the electric chair for a crime he never committed. (February.)

SHEN OF SEVILLE, THE—Producers Distributing Corp.—A delightful picture of old Seville with its romances, jealousies, bull fights, man fights and woman fights. Precilla Dean proves herself one of the screen's best actresses. (January.)

SLEEPING CUTIE, THE—F. B. O.—Two pales substitute in a basketball game. They know nothing about the game and their maneuvers are a scream. (March.)

SMOKING BELL—Metro-Goldwyn.—Monta Bell again directs another hit. John Gilbert is excellent as the Professor and Norma Shearer is admirable as his wife. (January.)

SMOULDERING FIRES—Universal.—Don't miss this picture. Intriguing situation of a woman and a horse. One of this year's best serials. (March.)

SNOB, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Monta Bell again directs another hit. John Gilbert is excellent as the Professor and Norma Shearer is admirable as his wife. (January.)

SO BIG—First National.—A thoroughly enjoyable picture. Colleen Moore steps before the public as a screen star in this story of mother-love and sacrifice. (March.)

SO THIS IS MARRIAGE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another zesty serial with a hero who is a microscopic bug but who becomes a hero. (April.)

SPADE SPOOK, THE—C. C. Burr.—A racing driver uses a publicity stunt to put the girl's father on his feet. Picture of speed and excitement. (January.)

STAR DUST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—Another bad joke on poor little Shirley Mason. (May.)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPHAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
New Discovery
Clears Body and Face of Objectionable Hair

Science has taken a rare old Oriental secret and perfected a remarkable soothing balsam that eases out superfluous hair in a jiffy—and at the same time checks its growth!

Hair on chin, on cheeks, on arms, on legs can now be removed—without the danger of having it grow back again heavier than ever before. Nothing like this extraordinary method has ever been known. It is safe, scientific, absolutely effective the first time it is applied. Beauty experts recommend it. Women heartily acclaim it. In fact, it is proving that unsightly, objectionable hair is unnecessary.

What Is This Method?

Women who have vainly tried for years to get rid of objectionable hair on the face and body are surrounded. What is this new method, they want to know? How does it achieve such marvelous results— not only lifting out the hair quickly and gently, but actually retarding its growth?

The process represents the newest, most scientific and correct method for destroying superfluous hair without electricity, without ordinary depilatories or "surface" methods that remove the hair temporarily, and often stimulate an even heavier growth of hair. The product itself is made of the finest Oriental bal- sams and is as easy to apply as a cold cream. The whole process is quick and simple, and not at all unpleasant.

There is nothing messy or disagreeable about this new method—no bad odors to be tolerated—no painful pulling or pulling of the hair. It is wonderful—the very discovery you've been waiting for! Get rid of that unsightly hair at once. You can, in the privacy of your home.

Free “The New Way to Destroy Objectionable Hair”

The whole fascinating story of this new method, what it is, how it works, what it will do for you, is told in this interesting little book, illustrated with actual photographs. We will be glad to send you a copy absolutely free and without obligation. See for yourself how easily, quickly and inexpensively superfluous hair troubles can be removed! Send for your copy of the free book TODAY! F. C. IRWIN, M. D., Dept. K-246, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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You may send me free and without obligation, your interesting little book, "The New Way to Destroy Superfluous Hair."

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Special Six Months' Subscription Offer

So that our readers need not miss a single issue of Photoplay during the $5000.00 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest we are making a special six month rate of $1.25 per year. (See page 88 for full particulars regarding Contest)
Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Five Hundred and Twenty Girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr tell why they are using this soap for their skin.

Why Woodbury's is unique in its effect on the skin

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

Woodbury's had helped them to overcome faults in their complexion, and to gain a clear, smooth skin. The remainder said, for the most part, that Woodbury's simply agreed with their skin better than other soaps.

The following are characteristic phrases used in describing the effect of Woodbury's in ordinary cleansing:

"The only soap that really agrees with my skin and doesn't dry it up."
"Keeps my skin soft and clear and leaves a feeling of freshness."
"Doesn't seem to irritate my skin as some soaps do."
"Seems to give me good color in my cheeks as no other soap can."
"Found that it made my skin clearer, my color brighter."
"Has worked wonders with my skin."
"My mother uses it," or "Mother suggested it," were answers commonly given in telling how the girls had come to use Woodbury's.

Seven girls reported that their physician had recommended Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Their reasons, in their own words

Three hundred and fifty girls gave the purity of Woodbury's Facial Soap as their reason for using it, or spoke of its mild, non-irritating effect on the skin. Fifty-two girls told of specific ways in which

Woodbury's had helped them to overcome faults in their complexion, and to gain a clear, smooth skin. The remainder said, for the most part, that Woodbury's simply agreed with their skin better than other soaps.

The following are characteristic phrases used in describing the effect of Woodbury's in ordinary cleansing:

"The only soap that really agrees with my skin and doesn't dry it up."
"Keeps my skin soft and clear and leaves a feeling of freshness."
"Doesn't seem to irritate my skin as some soaps do."
"Seems to give me good color in my cheeks as no other soap can."
"Found that it made my skin clearer, my color brighter."
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ELEANOR BOARDMAN has come to the rescue of flapper roles by bringing to them intelligence, sincerity and humor. By remaining true to her individuality she has become one of the most distinctive actresses in pictures, as some of her recent work bears witness.
HE'S the most beautiful child in Hollywood is Billie and looks just like his mother, Claire Windsor. Casting directors have been casting longing eyes at him but one look at that firm little chin would tell any one that the decision on his career will be made by no one but Billie.
SHE only played one small extra bit in pictures. And yet she is one of the most discussed girls in Hollywood. She played a leading role in one of the big pictures of the year, but when the film is released you will not see her in it. Can you guess who she is? Yes, Lita Grey, otherwise Mrs. Charles Spencer Chaplin.
A LARGE and loyal following will welcome Theda Bara back to the screen. It should be a triumphant return for the Theda of today is even more beautiful and a more gracious personality than the exotic actress of several years ago.
THERE is no more capable actress or no more beautiful woman on the screen today than Pauline Frederick and no finer acting has been seen this year than Miss Frederick's in "Three Women" and "Smouldering Fires."
"THE Man of the Hour"—John Gilbert. While he will not take the place which Valentino has made his own, there is no denying the fact that this young star has become more popular and more discussed than even Rudolph.
JANE WINTON'S way to the pictures led through the Ziegfeld "Follies." One of the younger actresses of the screen, she is making her way starward with remarkable rapidity. Recently she has been seen in "The Golden Bed" and "Dangerous Money." Incidentally, Philadelphia claims the honor of being her home town.
Specialists advise simple care for your skin

EXPERIMENTS are all right in laboratories, where failures are expected as a part of the day's work. But your complexion is too precious and too delicate to risk. Where its care is concerned, it is well to take the advice of unbiased men of science.

Dermatologists like Dr. William Allen Pusey* and health authorities like the Life Extension Institute tell you the scientific truth when they say that the first requisite in the care of the skin is cleanliness, that pure soap and warm water are the best friends your complexion has; that soap's function is to clean, not to cure; that you cannot "nourish" your skin with soap or oils or "skin foods." Their advice is worth following. Any other kind of advice may be seriously open to question. Cleanliness is fundamental. A skin that is not clean cannot be beautiful. The use of soap is necessary for perfect cleanliness.

And pure soap is harmless to your skin. Ivory's purity and mildness are universally known. For Ivory is pure. Ivory contains no medicaments, coloring matter or strong perfumes. It keeps your skin clean without harm. It keeps its promises to the letter.

The safest, gentlest and most effective cleansing treatment you can give to your complexion is to bathe it once or twice daily with Ivory Soap and warm water, following this with a thorough rinsing and a dash of cold water. Then dry with a soft towel. If you have a very dry skin, rub in gently a little pure cold cream. Do not expect the oil in any soap to act as an emollient, for oil mixed to make soap ceases to be oil and becomes soap.

If you have been persuaded to experiment with more elaborate treatments, accept this simple, natural way and see if your complexion does not improve.

Procter & Gamble

*Author of "The Care of the Skin and Hair"

IVORY SOAP

99 3/4% Pure  It Floats
Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

I AM unable to award the sappy sub-title prize this month because I could not decide between “Man and Maid” and “The Supreme Moment.” Elinor Glyn’s name on the former is supposed to drag in the old gals and Sam Goldwyn evidently depended on Ronald Colman to entice the young ones. Elinor’s sub-title, “What Do Such As You Know About Love?” is the best comedy line of the month, but the supreme moment for me was “The End.”

CONWAY TEARLE doesn’t seem to care what sort of a picture he appears in so long as the $3,500 a week comes in. He has appeared in several independent productions recently that do no credit to the screen reputation of this popular and clever actor. Some of these so-called independents cast about for a name or two to bolster up a weak or questionable story, and are willing to pay big salaries for a few weeks’ work so that these names may head a cast of comparative unknowns. It doesn’t do the actor any good and it isn’t playing quite fair with the public.

ONE of those super-souled reformers now advances to the front of the platform and accuses the motion picture of ridiculing his beloved dry laws. If anyone ever made them more ridiculous than the heavenly guides that sneaked in prohibition as a Constitutional amendment under the guise of a war measure, without sufficient provision for enforcing it, we would like to know it. “The motion picture shows Americans drinking cocktails in their homes,” cries Brother Reformer. Sure they do, and don’t they? Why be an ostrich all your life? There isn’t a hundred per cent dry community in 48 states. If your mirror doesn’t show you what you want to see, you have two alternatives—smash the mirror or change your face.

OUR European producers have been complaining for years that while American pictures are sold broadcast all over their continent, our theaters do not give them an even break. They will have no cause to complain about the receptions being given “The Last Laugh,” one of the most perfect pictures, if not the most perfect picture, ever made, and “Quo Vadis.” Tune in on both whenever they come to your theater. If a good picture is made in Timbuctoo, American audiences will pay for it.

MY favorite aversion is the man or woman who writes me letters accusing motion picture folks of indecency and dares me to print them in Photoplay, but not daring to sign their own names. Skunk letters, we call them in the office. We feel like apologizing to the waste paper basket when we dispose of them.

A MEMBER of the New York Assembly has introduced a bill to make hypocrisy a criminal offense. He goes a little too far, but there is a lot of truth in what he says: “Professional reform today is a well paying business. All a professional reformer needs is a highly moral appearing, narrow and sanctimonious issue, a well oiled cash register, and a congregation of boobs, and he may immediately declare dividends on his nefarious business. It’s as easy as bootlegging.” There are very few professionals who are not on salary. They are selling ideals and missions, but Mr. and Mrs. Good are paying for them.

A REMARKABLE incident that illustrates the power of the motion picture, and its influence on current plays and novels, happened recently. One of our largest publishing houses offered a book manuscript to a producer who submitted it to the Producers and Distributors Association. Mr. Hays reported that it could not and should not be filmed.

“All right,” said the publisher, “modify the manuscript so that the motion picture rights can be sold and we will publish the book in that form.”

A DOLPHE MENJOU, I’m surprised at you. A few years ago a nice bit in a picture was a boon, but now you’re unhappy because your producers do not seem to be able to adapt their organizations to your special ideas about your parts. Like others, you are a type, and you may thank Charlie Chaplin for discovering your particular place on the screen. Even stars of greater fame and experience, folks like Pickford, and Fairbanks, and Meighan, are finding it extremely difficult to get parts that fit them, so why raise Cain because they cannot please you every time? Have a little patience. Parts like the one you had in “A Woman of Paris” do not grow on every scenario. Don’t let the electric lights get you. Sometimes fuses blow out.
Americans at Holly-

The foreign invasion has been checked by Americans with tomahawks and tepees, and Will Hays at last can point to happy homes in Hollywood

By Herbert Howe

ALTHOUGH my veins beat a tom-tom to blood that’s Algonquin, and though I’ve hit the trail half way round the world with the great-grandson of an Aztec warrior, I knew little of American art and etiquette until I took a tepee for a week alongside that of Mr. and Mrs. Redpipe, fashionable leaders of the Shoshone fast set on Hollywood Boulevard. I now smoke a pipe of peace as fluently as an Abdullah.

I don’t mean to boast intimacy with these aristocrats. It’s much harder to break into Indian society than into movie.

Indians don’t give a nickel for publicity, but they are porcupines for the camera. The first day I visited their camp I carried a camera, and word was instantly relayed from one of the smartest tepees—decorated with red horses and blue suns—that Mrs. Redpipe would list pose with me. I replied that to pose with Mrs. Redpipe was a suppressed desire of my life that had baffled many a psychoanalyst. I was not to be outdone, you see, by the gallantry of the poetic brave who greets a returning friend with, “Since you have been away all has been as night with me, but now that you are here once more, the sun again shines in my heart.”

Furthermore, Mrs. Redpipe is an artiste who rates second only to Pola Negri, having three scalps less than that noble Pocahontas from Poland.

Mrs. Redpipe announced through a lackey that she would be ready in a minute. I waited an hour—all woman, the squaw.

Certainly no movie star ever took greater pains at toilette.

“It was this way,” explained Mr. Redpipe. “Everything an Indian woman wears means something.” And since every little bead has a meaning all its own she has to be darned careful how she beads. Recalling the disturbance Betty Blythe caused with one syllable in “The Queen of Sheba,” I earnestly prayed that Mrs. Redpipe would have a lot more to say. I didn’t want her sallying forth at our first meeting saying something to upset her husband.

Daddy Redpipe measures six feet three in moccasins and he used to specialize in ripping the covers off the covered wagon settlers.

As I departed from the Redpipes another Indian came tomahawking out of his canvas bungalow grunting, “You like picture with my wife, Mrs. Run-Behind?”

The first American families are striking now. Chief Redpipe, of the Shoshones, has come to Hollywood to practice the art.

HOLLYWOOD has been invaded in turn by Latins, Greeks, Germans and Japanese, Englishmen, Yankees and Poles, while the last to arrive at the camera’s call are the first Americans.

Although they flashed out of the bushes in the earlier pictures, the Indians never became residents of Hollywood until “The Covered Wagon” arrived. Now the tepees of these unrouged redskins attract more attention on the boulevards than the mansions of the pale-skin stars, suddenly grown paler with fear for their artistic scalps.

The Chief picks 'em by weight. His estimate of Dorothy Dwan is “Spring broiler,” proving that Americanese is not unknown to the red man.
Arrive wood!

Will Chief Frying-Pan prove a hotter lover than Sheik Valentino?
And will Mrs. Run-Behind win the race over Squaw Swanson?

I pointed to the sun, which was getting low, and expressed my polite regret that Madame was running too far behind that day.

These Indians of the Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes of Wyoming made their screen debut in "The Covered Wagon," with such success that Lasky engaged them for "The Thundering Herd," and now has plans for filming "The Vanishing American," as well as other pictures of Indian background.

When "The Covered Wagon" was shown in Hollywood the Indians, after much persuasion, consented to appear in the prologue.

"When I finally induced the chiefs to come," says Colonel Tim McCoy, their friend and director, "the squaws announced darkly that they had heard all about Hollywood and that they intended to come right along, with their papooses."

And so it is that Will Hays can point at last to happily married folks in Hollywood.

Colonel McCoy also prevailed on them to appear with "The Covered Wagon" in London and Paris. But he only succeeded after sitting with them in solemn council for three days on the Wyoming reservation.

Years ago Buffalo Bill took some Sioux Indians abroad, and things did not go so well. In the stern councils at which Colonel McCoy appeared, an Arapahoe chief, Yellow Calf, recalled what happened to the unfortunate Sioux.

"Some die on big boat on big ocean," said Yellow Calf.

"White man took dead Indian out of boat into water. Indian no can go to Lopsy hunting ground."

All was off. The Indian soul was stricken at the thought of being tossed into depths from which there was no hope of hitting the trail over the milky way that leads to the hunter's paradise.

Yellow Calf had other ominous information:

"My boy, White Rock, he go to school," continued Yellow Calf. "And he tell me this England where we go it little small island way out in ocean. Big boat travel many day. Pretty soon he can see no land behind and no can see him land ahead. This England little small island. Mebbe boat travel in straight line and no hit him. Mebbe boat miss him, go on and pretty soon fall off edge of earth."

Though betraying no visible sign, the Indian councilmen went cold before the spectacle, just like Columbus' mariners did.

Then Colonel McCoy, who has spent his life with them and holds their deathless devotion, called aside old Goes-in-the-Lodge, eighty years of age, and, clasping his hand, said:

"Am I not your brother, I, High Eagle?"

"You are my brother, High Eagle," replied the old Indian.

"Did I ever talk crooked to you?"

"No, never talked crooked."

"Ever lead you into danger?"

"No, my brother."

"Well, then, does not Yellow Calf make foolish talk?" asked McCoy. "Now I tell you something. Goes-in-the-Lodge, Indian is just like little boy. When locomotive first come Indian thought it devil blowing fire out of its nose, and Indian ran away. Now he ride all over with it. Then came automobile, and Indian afraid. When I first take you in elevator you were afraid, too. Thought it was cage like in jail. Now you want to ride in cage all time. Is this not true what I tell you, my brother?"

The old man pondered a moment, the love of his brother in conflict with his fear of the un-
When Mary Pickford toured the country as a child actress, she "lived in her trunk." We wonder if she ever thought she would have an entire bungalow for a dressing-room? This is her studio home. It contains a living room, dining room, kitchen, business office, dressing room and wardrobe room.

Just a few leaps from the set where he works and Douglas Fairbanks can plunge into this bathing pool. On the side are the steam room and the shower. The room is tiled in green.

Mary's dressing room combines both luxury and comfort. Here is her make-up table, set in a curtained nook that is flooded with sunlight.
Ever since their school days, Norma and Constance Talmadge have been room-mates. Now they share the same bungalow at United Studios. Norma takes a last look at her make-up before walking from her dressing room to the set.

It looks like somebody's country home, but it is really Marion Davies' bungalow at the United Studios. The left wing contains a dressing room and bath. In the center is a living room panelled in Circassian walnut. On the right is the dining room and kitchen.

Marion is photographed in her dressing room with the lady who rules the waves.
At right—Notice the studio lights placed on both sides of Valentino's dressing table. He can test his make-up before going in front of the camera. He also uses his dressing room as a gymnasium.

Rudolph Valentino has a complete six room house at the studio which serves as both dressing room and business office.

See if you can count the number of perfume bottles in Pola Negri's dressing room. Pola has a bungalow at the Lasky studio which is small but luxurious.
YES, Mister De Mille

By Faith Service

In Hollywood there were wars and rumours of wars.
Dramatic Daniels came to daily judgments.
Tales of terror were abroad concerning one Cecil B. De Mille commonly referred to as "God."
They told this story of him: One day, "in the beginning" Theodore Roberts and James Neill were told to report on the lot in their respective characters of those, by this time well-known movie actors, Moses and Aaron. They were told to be on hand at 9 a.m. God spoke and it was so. They obeyed the Jovian mandate—and at four in the afternoon they were still on the lot, still in make-up. Moses had smoked all of his black cigars. Aaron had used up all of his patriarchal patience. Finally they hailed a passing supernumerary and said, "Will you please tell God that Moses and Aaron are waiting?"
On the lot in Hollywood De Mille had a "whispering chorus." The function of this celestial body being to say "Yes, Mister De Mille," to whatever the deity might do, be the doing right or wrong, good or bad.
If by some hideous misplacement of the tongue, they should falter and say "No, Mister De Mille" they would be flung, so many Lucifers, into the nether darkness of the Unemployed.
When God is ready to direct a scene an envoy, a sort of herald, goes before him and announces, portentously, "Mister De Mille is about to speak," or, "Mister De Mille is ready to direct."

Does He look upon a leading lady with a benevolent eye, said lady swoons in seas of sensuous delight. Does he gaze upon the same lady with malevolence, she does a fading lily then and there. Strong men quake before him and the very gelatin melts if it fails to come up to expectations. He is the lord their god.
While in Hollywood these tales of terror came to me. Came to me, too, the day when I was summoned into the Presence.
I determined to show what stuff I was made of. How uncowed was my spirit. How unbowed my head. How gallantly I had been made in his image. It would be, I thought, a case of Greek meeting Greek if not god meeting god. I would be firm. I would negate. I would, in brief, be contumelious and disagreeable.
I embarked for the Studio where the Audience was to be granted me.
I waited half an hour in an anteroom sedulously stoking the coals of courage.
Presently and ominously enough a nice appearing youth appeared and said, with a prefatory bow, "Miss,—we are ready."
I was led along dark passageways to a door resembling the studded arcos of a monastery. There was, somehow, a confessional air about it. I thought, "how godlike." It wasn't quite—quite human.

[continued on page 133]
I can't imagine a more difficult position for a young man to be placed in than to become the husband of the most-talked-of woman in the world. It would be hard enough if they had lived in the same country, had the same circle of intimates and acquaintances. But to be "sprung" on an unsuspecting and devoted throng of admirers, brought overseas to be introduced to the intimate circle of loyal and loving friends, would put any man to a test calculated to prove his mettle.

That is the test to which Gloria Swanson's friends and devotees have been putting the young Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye. It is stating it mildly to say that he has faced the ordeal gallantly and come through with flying colors.

"That chap a Frenchman?" was the comment of one of Gloria's friends after meeting the Marquis. "I'll tell the world he's an American to his hip pocket! Henry's all right."

That tells the story. He rings true, this young aristocrat who leaped into fame overnight by marrying the Queen of the Screen. They call him "Henry," the ones who have been fortunate enough to meet him on the plane of good-fellowship. And those who have had this privilege are mostly the very ones who were prepared to polish up the old hammer and start the anvil chorus ringing through the good old welkin (whatever that is) if it had turned out that their Gloria's new husband wasn't a regular fellow. If he had shown one sign of losing his head, got off on the wrong foot only once—wow! But he has come through apparently unconscious that anybody was watching him—and everybody is calling him Henry.
The answer to the question everybody is asking: "What sort of a chap is this Marquis that Gloria married?"

They are a loyal lot, these personal and professional and studio friends of Gloria Swanson's. Their loyalty is not inspired, either, by the fact that she earns more money than any other woman in the world—close to a million a year in real dollars. It is based on her personal charm and friendliness, the indefinable quality that makes people like one whether they want to or not. They are the ones, these friends of Gloria's, who have had the opportunity to size up the Marquis, for he has sensibly refused to be lionized and has declined the flood of social invitations from all the mere acquaintances, near-acquaintances and would-be acquaintances of his wife. And the friends—well, they knew they liked his wife, but they weren't at all sure they were going to like him—until they met him and talked to him. Then—

Why, even the newspaper reporters have fallen for "Henry." When these hard-boiled birds admit that a chap has come clean, put it down in your little book that he's there. The Marquis is of medium height, athletic build, and blond. Not at all the tall, dark and haughty figure of the traditional nobility. I am inclined to think the Irish in him is predominant, for he wins you at once with that frank, ready smile and easy manner. That laugh of his is natural and infectious, and more than once I have seen him laugh Gloria out of her troubles when she was sore beset by a multitude of worries and worried by a score of people intent on talking business with her. Rarely have I ever met a reader wit, and never have I found him at a loss for a come-back with the group of writers and picture acquaintances with whom, because of her work, Gloria and he spent most of their time while in New York.

In France he is considered a very wealthy man. The ancestral estates at La Barre bring him in a generous income, and he inherited a fortune that puts him beyond financial worries and enables him to live up to his position.

I'll say that Henry's American debut is exactly what might have been expected, if pedigree, environment, training and personal achievement count for anything at all. They do count, when they're the real thing. We've had so many self-elected heroes wished on us here in America, so many press-agented noblemen of dubious titles and still more dubious morals, that it's a natural inclination to bunch the lot and say that all aristocrats are fakers, or worse. But every now and then a real aristocrat comes along, like the Marquis James Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye, and we meet him, and like him, and revise our ideas of European aristocracy. We even forgive him for marrying Gloria!

There's nothing dubious about this young man's aristocratic pedigree. There are records at the Chateau La Barre, his family's ancestral home in La Vendée, in western France, that show they were there as far back as the year 1271, when Philip the Bold was king. The title which the present Marquis bears came four hundred years or so later, when his ancestor, who served Louis XIV as Ambassador to the Court of Her Majesty Maria Casimira, Queen of Poland, was rewarded by Le Grand Monarque with the marquisate called after the name of the ancient city of Falaise.

Being a Marquis meant something in France in the sixteenth centuries. There is only one higher rank below royalty, that of Duke. The Dukes were the kings, in reality, of the little kingdoms which were consolidated into what is now France; they reigned over their provinces and chose one of their number as king.

Next came the Marquis, the word being derived from the old French word "marche," meaning the border between two countries. Then in order of precedence come count, viscount, baron, and chevalier.

Half a dozen historical costume-dramas might be written around the adventures and romances of the Marquis' family. In the thrilling action of the French Revolution they played their part in the rising in La Vendée, where the first organized resistance to the Revolution took... [continued on page 168]
—And A Woman

A short story that proves that love can break or make a man

By
Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by
Harley Ennis Stivers

HOW true, how true!" thought Gale Norcross as he continued his abstracted patrol of Cedar Street.

Two men, walking faster than himself, had just passed him and a fragment of their conversation had floated back over their shoulders.

"—and a woman wrecked his life," one of the passers-by had said.

Gale had not heard whose life was wrecked or how the disaster had been accomplished but he did not need to know that. The phrase "—and a woman," was plenty. It was the keynote of life. Enough said. A woman was at the bottom of every man's tragedy.

Gee, look at Helen of Troy, whose face was responsible for prosperity; in so many Grecian navy yards; look at Cleopatra, who ruined Caesar. Antony and a nameless asp; and, in more recent times, pause and consider Gale Norcross himself, still smarting from the slings and arrows of an outrageous Colleen.

The last case was probably one of the most conspicuous examples of inconsistent and maddening feminine heartlessness in all history. Why, she had deliberately thrown Gale over for a man whom she scarcely knew, an absolute stranger in town, a man about whom no one had any information except what he furnished himself.

Well, Colleen Crosby would have to answer for one thing—she had made a bootlegger or a hi-jacker out of Gale. He wasn't quite sure which of the two lucrative and adventurous careers he would choose, but it would be one or the other. A short life and a merry one, mates. Hard liquor, bad women and barbershop harmonies for a brief space and then death with the brogues on, a bullet through the heart of a lonely devil lying in the ditch at the cross roads where the reeling trucks from the border had been ambushed, a pathetic crumpled body with the rain washing clean the upturned, pallid face. Perhaps someone would see and, understanding, would say, "Poor boy, he wasn't really bad—just reckless after a woman killed his soul."

It was only a sketch but it pleased him. The tone of it harmonized well with the all-pervading gloom of his innermost being. The outline was satisfactory; he would fill in the details at leisure.

Hogarth Beeman had crossed the horizon of Gale's happiness only a scant week before. He, Beeman, had appeared before the gates of the city and taken the feminine guard by storm.

With good reason.

Hogarth Beeman had everything that lures the lamp of the roving squaw privateer. He had good looks, golf legs, an engaging smile, a carefully rehearsed and tested "line" and a certain dignity in public that made every tiger cat and kitten in the jungle want to lure him into a corner somewhere and make him be himself. Hogarth was of a fascinating age—in the early thirties, not too old for the high school seniors and yet old enough so that even the middle-aged matrons could picture themselves on a honeymoon with him in case John or James or George should die during his next attack of acute dandruff. Hogarth was every bit as poisonous as that chap "dangerous Dan McGrew" who got shot once and sometimes two or three times every night in dozens of cinema palaces all over this broad, with a few constitutional exceptions, land of ours.

And Hogarth had one other, and clinching, allure. He hailed from Hollywood where he was actively engaged in the scampering tintype industry. That tells the tale, doesn't it? Could any woman resist him?

He wasn't an actor. Hogarth was even better than that. But of course you know yourself what the name of Hogarth H.
years, invariably —

But battle hardly announced Sylvia

That was the real reason why the fighting was so fast and fatal on the slopes of Hogarth Hill. He had scarcely announced who he was when the civil war broke out. For a week hardly anybody had a friendly word for anybody else and the battle royal was conducted bloodily according to the Marquis of Kilkenny rules.

The chances are that Colleen had never intended to enter the championship contest. She “just went along for the ride.” But her very indifference was probably what attracted the visiting Apollo’s attention.

It had happened at one of the weekly dancing parties at the club. Gale never took Colleen to the parties—it was a sort of assertion of masculinity to “stag” (all “the gang” did that)—but he always danced with Colleen a good many times and invariably took her home.

But the day in question, Gale, in the (assumed) spirit of male indifference, arrived late to find the battle over. And he had never dreamed that a campaign had been contemplated. Hogarth Beeman had already danced three straight dances with. Colleen and the other women had begun to talk about it.

Colleen and Hogarth were together out on the verandah when Gale, all unsuspecting, went to ask for a dance. They were having a sherbet.

Colleen was one of those curious girls whom it is impossible to describe, especially impossible if you happened to love her. She was a mood in bodily form. Even immature as she was she had a buoyant not easily distinguished or beautiful of feature she gave an impression of loveliness that was like a mist with moonlight on it. She was rather small, exquisite in all her suggested contours and dark in coloring. Beyond that it is foolish to attempt details. The way she stood, the way she held her head, the way she moved her arms, her voice, all those things were Colleen. And they were all attributes of life, movement. Perhaps when she is still, voiceless, in her casket she will have no charm. Until then her laugh, her speech, her slightest gesture will be the focus of the arrested attention of all beholders. And none of them will be able to tell you exactly why. Gale, who should have known her features well from having studied them intensively, found that his memory failed to call up a serviceable portrait of her when he was away. It was rather a curious thing that even photographers recognized the impossibility of reproducing her volatile beauty and took slightly out of focus negatives that conveyed an impression of her rather than any exact details.

She sat animately listening to Hogarth Beeman’s speech. Her attention was so vivid that it was like a vise that held firm upon a piece of steel.

“You’re just the type,” he was saying as Gale came up. They were sitting on a wicker divan and the visitor’s arm, resting on the back of it, touched Colleen’s shoulder. “The impulsive flapper-ingenue is going out and Hollywood is clamoring for an intermediate type—something with the allure of youth and yet a little of the danger of the sophisticated woman.”

“Colleen, may I have the next dance?” Gale had interrupted bluntly. Compared to the even flow of language which had perished from Mr. Beeman’s lips his speech did sound like the noise made by a fish out of water, even to Gale himself.

Before Colleen could answer, the visiting celebrity spoke for her. “Miss Crosby has the next dance with me.”

“Then next.”

“Miss Crosby is dancing a straight program with me.”

Gale looked to Colleen for confirmation. She hesitated and said nothing. After all it was a lot of fun to have two men quarreling over her dances, one of them a real undeniable grown-up.

Gale turned and walked away. If that was the way she felt about it—

And she did dance every dance that evening with Beeman.

Gale, standing in the stag line, watched for a while, considering in his mind many and varied forms of justifiable homicide. But he felt that he was getting conspicuous finally, so he went home to toss and turn the whole night long.

At daybreak he fell asleep so utterly exhausted that he failed to hear his alarm clock when it went off at seven and in consequence did not arrive at his place of business until noon. Gale was studying to be a bank president and this, his first job, was in an extremely minor capacity with the Continental National Trust Company, an institution of which Asa B. Crosby, Colleen’s father, was the head.

Somebody seemed to be annoyed at Gale’s late arrival—the same thing had happened before, he transpired—and the bank headed down the path to destruction by severing its connection with the incipient financier. Gale did not doubt for an instant that Colleen was at the bottom of this misfortune, too. Doubtless she had, at breakfast, asked for his, Gale’s, head on a charger.

It was when he was walking down the street after his enforced retirement from the world of finance that he had determined upon a life of criminal adventure. The question was which, bootlegging or hi-jacking? Gale tossed a coin, one of two in his possession.

Destiny said, “Bootlegging.” But an unexpected difficulty rose up in his path. Gale did not know any bootleggers. This made him one of twelve men in the United States, just enough for a jury. Further, he doubted if he had money enough to get acquainted with one in the conventional manner. He thought seriously of drinking himself to death but he had rather large and expensive ideas on the subject. He imagined it would take several cases of
adamant liquor to do the trick, whereas, actually, the chances were that a short pint of approximate beer would have been sufficient.

The reason why Gale was so embarrassingly insolvent, or, rather, the other one besides Colleen, was because he was one of the most poisonous amateur radio bugs within a range of seven counties. It costs money for all those wires and dials and batteries and bulbs and thing-a-ma-jigs that draw sweet music and static out of the air throughout the land, and Gale had just finished building the most super-heterodyne ten-bulb sleep-destroyer in the city. He hadn’t even got it properly adjusted yet and had never given it a real trial.

Now he probably never would. Once it had been a thing of life, almost human, responding emotionally to the world’s faintest whisper. Now it was merely a mess of wires.

The career of crime languished. There didn’t seem to be any practical books on the subject and when Gale had surreptitiously borrowed his father’s revolver and had figured out a way to disguise the license number on the family sedan on the evenings he should be making the run to the border, there wasn’t anything further to do until somebody with capital commissioned him to stock up his cellar with rare wines and cordials.

In the meantime Colleen continued to tread her path to glory only dimly conscious that her footsteps crossed the grave of a broken heart. In the heat of battle who can pay attention to anything unless it explodes? Not until she was actually engaged to Hogarth Beeman did she wake up to the fact that she had ruined one citizen of the republic and made of him a vicious outlaw. Perhaps she would not have known it even then if Gale had not returned, by parcel post, the practically new necktie that she had knitted for him and the half-dozen handkerchiefs with the embroidered initials on them.

The actual announcement of the engagement was a blow that very nearly stilled Gale’s heart. Seeing Colleen around with his hated rival had been bad enough, to hear of the romantic “rushing” with which the out-of-town man had dazzled the starry-eyed banker’s daughter had been worse, because it left his mind a prey to nameless suspicions, but to know that before all the world she was tagged as Hogarth Beeman’s intended, that killed the funny persistent little ray of hope that had been keeping Gale alive.

Why, she really meant it! Hogarth Beeman was not much of a hit with the other men in town, either. For one thing he had stepped on the toes of a good many before he had finally chosen Colleen to be his own particular flower. But even those whose women folks had not been affected by the plague were mildly hostile without knowing exactly why. He just wasn’t a man’s man. That, of course, is probably not necessarily a drawback in a place that seems to be becoming a woman’s world. Anyway, Hogarth never knew that he was not popular with the men because he did not have time to associate with them.

If it had not been for that vague [continued on page 115]
Mary Is Looking For Pictures

Help Her With Your Ideas and Suggestions

By Mary Pickford

characterizations do you like me best? What suggestions have you for my future photoplays? (Remember, though, this is not a request for original manuscripts or stories.)

Write me frankly your best answers to these questions. The Mary Pickford Company will pay $50 for the most helpful letter; for the second best, $25; for the third best, $15; and for the fourth best, $10.

Of course, we cannot sit down and make screen plays to order—we do not think for a moment we are as clever as that. We have to take the best stories available and use our best judgment. And we cannot "manufacture" a picture. Love and joy must go into each screen story—and I believe that I must feel this thoroughly myself, for it is the inspiration that must enter into every successful production.

Perhaps it will be of some guidance to you to tell you why I have selected certain stories in the past and to give you some of the qualities that have endeared my rôles to me.

"Poor Little Rich Girl."—Because of the mother's neglect of her child. Because this condition does exist in the United States and is therefore more valuable because it is real. Also, it was my first opportunity of playing a child through-out a picture.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."—Because it was a character loved by millions. Because it offered clean and wholesome entertainment and painted a phase of New England life.

Well, for a number of reasons. Here are some of them:

To begin with, some of the world's best literature and the stage's best drama is not at all suitable for screening. And, furthermore, the screen has been drawing from these sources, and has largely exhausted them, in the past fifteen years.

Our problem, then, is to decide what is suitable for screening from the remaining material and from this, to find what will entertain and delight the general public.

This is a real problem, as any producer of pictures will tell you. It's a problem wherein we welcome help, for the cooperation and support of picture-goers is greatly appreciated by producers. It is a very risky thing to invest so much money and time and energy in a story on one person's decision. And it is encouraging to know that picture fans are interested in forthcoming productions and to hear their opinions on them.

This, then, is an appeal to the readers of Photoplay Magazine for assistance.

What type of picture would you like to see me do? In what

M A R Y P I C K F O R D

is asking the readers of PHOTOCPLAY MAGAZINE to tell her what kind of pictures they want her to play. It is not a scenario contest. It has always been Miss Pickford's policy to reflect the best in public taste in her pictures. So she wants letters from her friends telling what type of rôles they like to see her enact. She asks you to be honest in your opinions. Suitable rewards will be offered for the best letters. Read her article and then send your letter to her at her home "Pickfair," Beverly Hills, California.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

"Stella Maris."—Because it offered my first opportunity of playing a dual rôle and doing character work, which is always a keen pleasure to me. Because I could end one of the characters unhappily and not sacrifice the desired happy ending.

"Pollyanna."—Because of its wide popularity and its bread-and-butter philosophy.

"Daddy Long Legs."—Because it offered comedy and at the same time, pathos. Because an unwanted and unloved girl (representing all the orphans everywhere in the world) rose to the heights of her ambition through her own efforts.

"Dorothy Vernon."—Because it welded together yesterday and today. Against the feudal background of Elizabeth's court it offered the portrayal of a modern-spirited girl, together with many dramatic and interesting complications and situations.

"Tess of the Storm Country."—Because of the marvelous character of the girl, her religious fervor, her practical common-sense, together with her unselfish devotion to another girl's child, but lacking the bathos and
Will Hays has invited the public to register at his office their complaints and suggestions for improving the movies.

YOU, TOO, CAN WRITE COMPLAINTS!

Uplift the Movies in Your Spare Time!

Sounds too good to be true, doesn’t it? Nevertheless, it is true and that is the wonderful thing about the Will Hays Open Door Committee. It opens a new field of opportunity to every man, woman and child in the country—a field hitherto closed to all but critics, censors and professional reformers.

Mr. Hays invites YOU, Mr. and Mrs. General Public, to send him suggestions for the improvement of the movies. YOU can play the fascinating game of finding the answer to what’s wrong with the pictures.

THINK OF IT!

Easy Work—Pleasant Hours!

Become a highbrow by panning pictures. No education or experience required. You don’t have to know anything about motion pictures—in fact, the less you know the more you can complain.

Why let another fellow seize this big chance? Sit down tonight and tell Mr. Hays what is the matter with the movies. Tell him how you would improve the screen.

For the cost of a two-cent stamp, you can get into the greatest game in the world—the all-American game—panning the movies.
This is Wynn's idea of a busy morning at the Hays office since the inauguration of the Open Door Committee

**CLIP THIS COUPON!**

**Mail It Today!** It is only the work of a minute. PHOTOPLAY's patented system requires no thought or physical exertion on your part. Mark with a cross the features of the movies that are most displeasing to you. Be frank! Be honest! Don't shout, he hears you perfectly.

Now slip the coupon into a plain envelope, slap on a two-cent stamp (don't forget the stamp) and mail it to Mr. Hays. He is waiting to hear from you—and you—and you!

**Mail the Coupon TODAY!**

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**FREE COMPLAINT COUPON**

MR. WILL HAYS, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please eliminate from the movies the features I have marked with a cross (X) below. Also register my complaints with the producers without any obligation on my part.

- Hokum triangles
- Professional reformers
- Dark-brown sheiks
- Knobby-kneed bathing girls
- Good bad men
- Bad good men
- "The Salvation Hunters"
- Misunderstood wives
- Wayward grandmothers
- Great open spaces
- Wayward grandfathers
- Powdered cowboys
- Dress mart dramas
- Elinor Gil's fantasies
- Nick o' time rescues
- Grand Canyon living rooms
- Cow pictures
- Censors
- Off-screen acting
- Rod La Rocque's tailor

Name..........................................................................................................

Address....................................................................................................

Size of hat-band.........................................................................................

What I want................................................................................................
SPIRITUALITY must be closely akin to the essence of youth, for Betty Bronson, famous over-night for "Peter Pan," has been selected for the rôle of the Madonna in "Ben Hur.”

This is the second big plum the youthful star has landed in her short picture career.

During the hectic sojourn of the "Ben Hur" troupe in Italy, all of Europe was searched for a suitable actress for the rôle of the Virgin Mary, but none could be found who came up to the popular conception of the spiritual beauty of the Madonna.

With the return of Fred Niblo, the search was taken up here. The dramatic world was thoroughly combed, as were the colleges and high schools around Hollywood. Then Betty Bronson was selected.

It was Fred Niblo who registred the only dissenting voice against the selection of Betty Bronson for the rôle of the Madonna. Mr. Niblo didn’t think that Miss Bronson fitted the part, but the studio authorities overruled him. It is said, too, that the assistant director filmed the scenes in which Miss Bronson appears.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is stirring up as much merriment with his marital affairs as he ever did with his comedies. Since rumors of differences between him and his girl-bride, formerly Lita Grey, the quips have flown thick and fast. At a film affair in the East a song was announced entitled: "My Lita Grey Home in the West." When Baby Betty, aged five, appeared on the stage at the Wampas ball as a Wampas baby star, some one asked, "Who’s that baby?"

"I dunno," came the reply from another, "Probably Charlie Chaplin’s next wife."

A T the present writing, Mrs. Charlie Chaplin is living with her mother, at the new home which recently became hers in Whitley Heights. The big house in Beverly Hills, with its staff of silent Japanese servants, proved too much for the sixteen-year-old bride, and so she moved over to be with her mother.

Charlie comes to call upon her now and then, and they seem to be as friendly as possible—friendly, one would say, but not what might be called intimate.

The stork is expected by Mrs. Chaplin before many weeks have passed.

BESSIE LOVE and her mother were having difficulties translating a Spanish menu during their visit to Havana.

"What’s Spanish for artichoke?" Besse inquired of Richard Barthelme, who had lingered to visit at their table.

"Cactus," answered Dick. But he says he really knew better.

ARE John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte married? All Hollywood believes they are, but the two most interested parties steadfastly deny it. "Not yet. Simply engaged." This is their answer to reporters and friends alike.

But the colony is finding their denials rather hard to swallow, especially in the face of the fact that one John Eleuth Bowerox, native of Indiana aged 34, and Beatrice La Motte, native of Minnesota and aged 21, took out a license and were married in San Bernardino on December 12.
He isn't a handsome dog, but Dorothy Mackaill loves him just the same. And when he caught cold at the draughty studio, she saw to it that he got his medicine every hour.

Now, strange as it may seem, John Bowers' real name is John Bowersox and Indiana is his birthplace while Marguerite hails from Minnesota.

When confronted with this damaging piece of evidence, Bowers still admitted his engagement and denied his marriage.

"The other Bowersox is my nephew," explained the actor. "He married a Miss LaMotte. I'll produce them if you don't stop pestering me."

But he hasn't produced the said nephew and his blushing bride.

No, not yet. Strange coincidence, don't you think?

R A Y M O N D H A T T O N is a season seat subscriber for the Friday night boxing bouts at the Hollywood Stadium. He can always be seen (and heard) in the same ringside seat.

At one of the fights recently the announcer was introducing one of the boxers in a most laudatory manner.

"This is the boy that had Mickey Walter, world's welterweight champion, on the floor," impressively shouted the announcer.

"Yes, yes, go on. Then what happened?" yelled Hatton.

The abrupt ending of Charles H. Duell's suit against Lillian Gish proved once more that the man who tries to mix hearts and dollars—in an effort to win both—finds the answer to be Trouble.

The judge dismissed the suit, ordered Duell to stand trial for perjury, and announced that the court would move to have him dismissed as a practicing attorney.

In addition to the judge's ruling, Miss Gish's attorneys announced that she is to receive the sum of $125,000 from Inspiration Pictures.

Duell seems to be laboring under the illusion, and tried to prove, that he was engaged to the young star of Inspiration Pictures, but no one else knew it.

Certainly not Lillian.

At the time Duell was laying siege to Lillian's hand he had a wife, Lillian Tucker, a former actress.

Later Miss Tucker secured a divorce in the Paris courts.

H OLYWOOD STADIUM.

He will charge desertion. This is Barbara's fifth marriage and she won't promise that it is to be her last.

H OLYWOOD STADIUM.

Hale Hamilton has been away for a season of vaudeville. But popular actors can't stay away for very long and so Hale is returning to have a part in "The Manicure Girl" with Bebe Daniels and Barbara's new husband, John Bowersox.
As soon as Lillian Gish's contract with Charles Duell was declared null and void, every producer in the business sought her services.

Lillian finally signed with Metro-Goldwyn. She will receive five thousand dollars a week and twenty-five per cent of the profits. Which isn't so bad for a girl who never has made any great effort to produce box-office pictures.

We were lunching at the Montmartre on the Boulevard one day and not far from our table was Charles Spencer Chaplin sitting in solitary splendor—as is his custom.

Larry Semon had just returned from the east, where he had signed a contract to do a series of two reel comedies.

Into the Montmartre came Larry and, spying Charlie, he walked over to the table and sat down.

Slapping the melancholy Chaplin on the shoulder he said: "Well, Charlie, now that we've both arrived, what's it all mean anyway?"

We couldn't hear Charlie's answer but whatever it was Larry never turned a hair.

Mildred Harris has been married twice within the year, both times to the same man. On November twenty-ninth she eloped to Mexico with Terrence McGovern. The wedding was kept a secret until April, when Miss Harris and Mr. McGovern made the bond doubly sure by going to Greenwich, Connecticut, and having another ceremony performed. Miss Harris divorced Charles Chaplin in 1920 after a brief and unhappy married life. This time she has not picked an actor for a husband. Mr. McGovern is in the real estate business in Florida.

When an irresistible star meets an immovable bachelor, what happens? Matrimony, of course. This means that all signs point toward a wedding in which Lillian Gish will play the leading role with George Jean Nathan as support.

Jetta Goudal has moved over to the Cecil B. De Mille studio to make life interesting to everybody there. Also, she is planning suit against Famous Players-Lasky. It seems that Famous had a contract with Miss Goudal which was suddenly called off. At least, that's her complaint. As for the company, it says Miss Goudal was too temperamental.

Ben Turpin may retire from the screen. And back of his announcement is a story of remarkable devotion. For a long time, Mrs. Turpin has been in poor health. Recently she suffered a stroke of apoplexy which left her nervous and weak. With Ben away at the studio, she endured such agonies of loneliness and fear that she dreaded his going. She hated being left in the care of servants.

And so Ben is going to give up his job of making people laugh. He's going to stay home.

The month's prize for publicity goes to Vitagraph for the following publicity item: "In Vitagraph's 'Baree, Son of Kazan', Anita Stewart, making her debut as a Vitagraph star, has the support of a superior cast."

In what year did Anita first begin working for the Vitagraph company? And does the press agent mean that the cast is superior to the star or to the picture?
TOM and Tony and the ship's passengers aboard the "Aquitania" had a good time just before sailing for Europe on the Cunarder. Tom rode Tony all around the deck for the benefit of the news photographers and then gave a luncheon for the press. Mrs. Mix and Thomasina went along, of course. They want to make a tour of the world, but probably will not finish off Europe before Tom and Tony have to come back and go to work.

PRISCILLA DEAN and Mrs. Tom Mix met in an elevator at the Hotel Biltmore during their brief visit in New York.

"How long are you going to be here?" inquired Priscilla.

"Well," answered Mrs. Mix, "we're going to be here a week. We wouldn't stay so long only we've got to rest the horse."

And that's what they think of New York.

CARmel MYERS, daughter of a rabbi, is at last free of all marital entanglements, for her final decree of divorce has been signed and Isador Kornblum, attorney and song writer, is no longer her husband.

The hours of destiny continue to pursue the Liza cherub of the screen, little Minta Schenck. Fatty announced that the Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher was to officiate at his wedding to Doris Deane. The Rev. Brougher announced differently, advising Fatty to go get a civil marriage. Fatty hurried over to Judge Summerfield, who agreed to oblige with the ceremony that evening. But that evening Mrs. Summerfield announced that the judge had a date which would prevent. Little Fatty then ran over to Judge Crawford's office with an appeal so pathetic that the judge was moved. Guests were invited and the wedding cake was blazing with candles (fit being Fatty's birthday as well as nuptial day).

Suddenly, like a bolt from heaven—or would you say the other H—came a cable from Paris announcing that Fatty's wife didn't approve of him marrying Miss Deane. It seems that the cruel Mrs. Arbuckle No. 1. formerly Minta Dufree, considered it indelicate for Fatty to marry before the divorce decree had become final. And Fatty, thinking he was already a single man, gently swooned among the candles of his birthday cake.

However, it was only a matter of two weeks before the decree was final and Fatty was permitted a new lease of life, love, etc.

FATTY ARBUCKLE tells me that he is so crushed with debt that he must be vouchedsafe the same consideration as given a cat—nine lives in which to pay up.

Under the property agreement with Minta Dufree, his former wife, he is to pay her twenty per cent of all his future earnings, with a minimum fixed at two hundred a week.

Joseph Schenck, the producer, backed Fatty through his tragic trial to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars. Fatty declares it was just the case of another good Samaritan. since Mr. Schenck knew there was little hope of repayment. It was Mr. Schenck, too, who made it possible for Arbuckle to start over again, by directing his old friend, Buster Keaton, in comedies.

MARY PICKFORD and Mickey Neilan had a heated difference over a story which Mickey wrote and which he was to direct for Mary. Departing the Pickford studio for his own camp ground, Mickey announced that a little discovery by the name of Sally O'Neall would play the role (continued on page 90).
"There is perhaps no truer phrase than the one that says 'Little things are the most important,'" so says Cecil B. DeMille, whose career as a producer of Paramount Pictures ended with "The Golden Bed."

Shoes cover but a fractional part of the human body—and yet they have again and again defeated the ambitions of persons who felt their deficiencies in character and breeding adequately covered by the larger, more showy articles of clothing.

Particularly is this the case with women because style precedents set such strict boundaries as to the path of good taste. Feminine gown fabrics are so delicate, so different in colors and tints, as to make it obligatory for the woman who cares to watch her footwear that it does not throw out of gear the effect of charm for which she strives.

That word "charm" is a magic one in motion pictures. It means a quality of personality which smoothly and without friction works itself into your favor. You can't have "charm" if any part of your costume is out of key. And if a young lady comes to me perfectly dressed, but with wrong shoes, or with right shoes that are scuffed at the toes or run down at the heels, I am inclined to scratch her from the eligible list. For if she is careless in regards to her shoes, when so careful otherwise, the lack betokens a careless, scattering mind which cannot hope for sufficient concentration to gain universal public favor.

I do not at all limit the necessity for carefulness in the shoe wardrobe to the woman who seeks success in motion pictures, or preference in society. Certainly the shoe responsibility of the business woman has an equal importance. Men long ago learned the sales value of a good shine. Women in business, however, have a harder prob-

For boating or street wear nothing is smarter than kid pumps.

C. B. DeMille and Jean Macpherson correct to the last detail. Note the sensible street shoes—Goodyear Welt Laced Oxfords.

The charming black "turn" slipper shown above has a delicacy in fabric and pattern suitable for evening wear—even in such a gorgeous spectacle as "The Golden Bed".

Cecil B. DeMille depicts his characters by their footwear.

The charming black "turn" slipper shown above has a delicacy in fabric and pattern suitable for evening wear—even in such a gorgeous spectacle as "The Golden Bed".
However, let me make it plain that the problem cannot be solved by wholesale shoe purchases. One of the poorest dressed women I know has no less than 200 pairs of shoes. She thinks that if she pays a lot for them and buys dozens of them at a time, her problem is solved. Not so. Certainly a woman should have the correct shoes for every occasion, but she should know why they are correct, and what care she must take of them to keep them good-looking.

Motion picture actresses, of course, have to study their shoes very carefully in order that they may fit accurately into the part to be portrayed. It would benefit many women to watch current photoplays and notice the footwear chosen for various feminine delineations. Note, for instance, in my production, "The Golden Bed," how the flirty and the working sisters, Lillian Rich and Vera Reynolds, are differentiated by their shoes. Note in "Feet of Clay," if you please, the charm that can exist in the shoes of the business woman.

There are other of the smaller items of dress that need be carefully watched—hats, gloves, neckwear.

But in the house you wear no hat, and wear gloves but seldom.

Your shoes, however, are always with you! They deserve more attention than the average woman devotes to them.

No story of this kind is complete without the horrible example, so here it is.

A certain star had attained an eminence at which she thought she could do just about as she pleased. She thought laziness was a sinecure of wealth and position. She forgot that a lazy swimmer can't keep his head above water.

First her clothes commenced to look dowdy and her hair unbrushed. Each day her director noted these little things. He refrained from remarks until she came on the set with a pair of shoes slightly run down at the heels. Then he burst forth. "Heel and hell differ only by one letter. Let's don't have the latter," he exclaimed, looking at her feet. She never did and she's no longer lazy.

She had learned her lesson well.
The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

PROUD FLESH—Metro-Goldwyn

There are at least four good reasons for seeing this picture. One is Harrison Ford who, as Don Diego, gives a perfect example of fine acting in a rôle which might easily have been overplayed. Another reason is Eleanor Boardman. Not content with winning laurels in her previous pictures she has gone out to pluck herself a bigger armful in her portrayal of Fernanda. Then there is Pat O'Malley as a rough diamond of the same name, and the fourth reason is some of the best titling that has been done this year.

The story opens with the San Francisco fire, later going on to show how a sophisticated young woman chooses between the Old World culture of Spain and her love for Pat O'Malley. It was translated to the screen with rare judgment by King Victor.—M. S.

CHICKIE—First National

Sympathetic direction and consistently good acting lift this picture above the average tale of the poor working girl who makes the fatal mistake. Poor Chickie, a stenographer, falls in love with a law clerk who encounters her on a wild party and misunderstands her.

Their love story runs close to the line of tragedy, for the hero and Chickie are separated by another woman and Chickie, apparently deserted, is courted by an evil fellow. She is obliged to pay for her night of forgetfulness and the hero, finally returning, learns of her unfortunate plight.

Miss Mackaill's performance is one of genuine pathos, while John Bowers is splendid as the hero. John Francis Dillon offends neither good taste nor good drama in his treatment of the theme. Others in the excellent cast are Gladys Brockwell and Hobart Bosworth.—A. S.

MADAME SANS GENE—Paramount

Here is a motion picture answer to the croakings of the cynics. In it Gloria Swanson sets herself squarely in motion picture history as a great actress and the Paramount company earns unstinted credit for the manner in which it has screened this fine stage classic of Sardou and Moreau. Filmed against authentic backgrounds of the French revolution, perfectly costumed, wonderfully cast and acted, and edited with rare judgment and finish, the entire production is a credit to motion pictures and reflects unlimited credit on the organization that produced it.

Primarily "Madame Sans Gene" (Madame Devil-May-Care) is a comedy, but as it is produced on the screen it is one of the finest educational pictures ever made. In it Madame Rejane made one of the great triumphs of her notable career, and the great rôle was a fitting wedding present from her company to Gloria. The only member of her supporting company with whom we are familiar on the American screen is Charles De Roche, who plays her husband, Sergeant Lefebre, who becomes a Marshal of France. Emile Drain, probably the foremost portrayer of the rôle of Napoleon in the world today, is magnificent, and the producers were not afraid to contrast their star with some of the most beautiful women of the French stage.

Sans Gene was a laundress in the days when Napoleon was a struggling lieutenant of artillery. The revolution made the washwoman a duchess and her experiences in trying to conduct herself in the French court are terrifying and amusing.

This report would be incomplete without credit for the splendid work of Forrest Halsey, who adapted the story, and Julian Johnson, who edited the picture.—J. R. O.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

MADAME SANS GENE  CHICKIE
SOUL-FIRE  WIZARD OF OZ
PROUD FLESH  THE FOOL

The Six Best Performances of the Month

GLORIA SWANSON in “Madame Sans Gene”
RICHARD BARTHELMESS in “Soul-Fire”
HARRISON FORD in “Proud Flesh”
DOROTHY MACKAIL in “Chickie”
NAZIMOVA in “My Son”
CHARLIE MURRAY in “Percy”

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 130

THE WIZARD OF OZ—Chadwick Pictures

If you don’t take the children to see this they’ll never forgive you.

Nothing quite so funny as Larry Semon in the rôle of the Scarecrow has happened in a long time. The Kansas cyclone is bound to give everyone a thrill, and the biggest grouch in the world will get a laugh out of Larry’s antics with the lions. Dorothy Dwan as the lovely Princess Dorothy is rescued from all the terrible mishaps which threaten, and is finally installed in her rightful kingdom, where Bryant Washburn scatters sunshine as Prince Kynde.

All the characters that Montgomery and Stone made famous are there, including the Wizard and the Tin Woodman, played by Charlie Murray and Oliver Hardy, with a lot of clever new business to add to the merriment.—M. S.

SOUL-FIRE—First National

The harder the rôle, the better Richard Barthelmes plays it. In “Soul-Fire” he drops light comedy and minor heroics and presents the best character study he has undertaken in a long time. And it was no light task, this job of making a young musical genius both sympathetic and understandable to movie audiences.

“Soul-Fire” is the picturization of a symphony written by its hero. Its four episodes follow the symphonic form. The story opens with Eric Fane studying music in Italy. His father wants him to return home and go into business, but the boy rebels and sets off for Paris, at the instigation of a dazzling older woman. In Paris, he writes cheap, successful music, but becomes thoroughly disillusioned. The next episode takes place in Port Said, where the genius goes down to the dregs, only to be rescued by an unfortunate woman and shipped off to the South Seas.

The episode in the South Seas, where the boy finally finds his “great music,” is one of great lyric beauty. The romantic scenes between Barthelmes and Bessie Love have real poetry, and both the star and Miss Love rise to heights of greatness in their acting.

Director John Robertson’s production has color, feeling and charm. Moreover, he has been most successful in suggesting music by pictorial forms. The photography is not only beautiful but it has imagination.

Carlotta Monterey makes her screen début in “Soul-Fire” and gives a vivid and striking performance of an adventuress. Helen Ware also contributes an excellent characterization.

“Soul-Fire” is the best Barthelmes picture in a long time.—A. S.

THE FOOL—Fox

WITH more imaginative treatment and with a finer regard for its human possibilities, “The Fool,” written by Channing Pollock, might have been another “Miracle Man.” It is merely a faithful transcription of the stage play. Harry Millarde erred on the side of caution. Still the strength of the story and the hold that it has on the emotions of its audiences make the picture an unusual one.

It is too bad that much of “The Fool” is monotonous. But Mr. Millarde is a director, not an evangelist, and “The Fool” needed the exhorting voice of a spell-binder like D. W. Griffith.

Edmund Lowe merits the highest praise for his acting of the rôle of the minister. He plays sincerely and without affectionate. Mary Thurman also contributes a good bit as a modern Magdalene.—A. S.
THE CODE OF THE WEST—Paramount

The attractive scenery, an exceptional cast and a spectacular forest fire make this very satisfactory as entertainment. Taken from the story by Zane Grey, this, the romance between a jazz-hearted city flapper and a Westerner, has been well handled by William K. Howard. Constance Bennett and Owen Moore give creditable performances.—M.B.

DECLASSE—First National

DECLASSE is French for out-of-luck. It is also an adaptation of Zoe Akins' play, which comes to the same thing. The story of an Englishwoman, the innocent victim of a scandal. To live she pawns her pearls and eats at a pearl per meal. The languid plot is illuminated by Corinne Griffith, who gives a sensitive performance. Clive Brooke also does good work. Refined entertainment for refined adults.—A.S.

THE WAY OF A GIRL—Metro-Goldwyn

PROVING that original ideas are always welcome. It begins like a cartoon comedy with the characters, in miniature, hopping about the typewriter of the scenario writer. At basis, the picture is just a flaming youth story, but the novelty of its presentation and the work of Eleanor Boardman, Matt Moore and William Russell make it splendid entertainment.—A.S.

ADVENTURE—Paramount

THE picture is all the title implies—and a little bit more. You will get your money's worth in this picture. The well-chosen cast also makes it worth while—Pauline Starke, Tom Moore, Walter McGrail, not forgetting Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, who furnish excellent comedy relief as well as being the villains. Notice the resemblance between Gloria Swanson and Pauline Starke.—M.B.

THE CHARMER—Paramount

DOLGA NEGRi gamely tackles a poor story and plays it as gallantly as though it were a masterpiece. Her gay spirits soar far above the hokum comedy and her sincerity overbalances the triteness of phony dramatic situation. As a Spanish dancer she comes to the U.S. and is snared by the pitfalls of cheap movie situations. Miss Negri gets her only assistance from TRIXIE FRIGANZA in an amusing comedy rôle.—A.S.

MY SON—First National

HERE is cause for a celebration with confetti for Nazimova's return to the screen. Oddly enough, after a career of strange pretensions and exotic posings, Alla does her best acting in this simple offering. It is the story of a Portuguese mother who tries to save her son from the dangerous influence of a rich little flapper. Jack Pickford, as the son, also gives a glowing performance.—A.S.
PERCY—Associated Exhibitors

His mother called him Percy (Charles Ray) and raised him that way, too. Yet he enjoyed a downfall starting with "ginger ale" with a kick and cigars. After which he went out campaigning for his father to be elected senator and forgot about it to proclaim himself the spirit of aspirin looking for a headache. Charlie Murray gives a great comedy performance. That young fellow is coming along.—D. H.

WAKING UP THE TOWN—United Artists

We thought the combination of James Cruze and Frank Condon as the authors of the story, with Jack Pickford and Norma Shearer as the leading characters, would result in one of the finest pictures ever made. Perhaps we expected too much, for this turned out to be just an average picture, with a good cast, a few laughs and a movie director's idea of the end of the world.—M. B.

I WANT MY MAN—First National

Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon proving again that true love conquers all. Supposed to be an adaptation of Struthers Burt's novel, "The Interpreter's House," but there's nothing much left of the original but the names of the characters. The blinded war hero almost marries the other girl, but all ends happily. It marks the return to the screen, after a regrettable absence, of May Allison.—M. S.

HIS SUPREME MOMENT—First National

Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman in a picture which gives both a chance to show what they can do. But Colman doesn't do it. The action carries them from New York to South America and back again. Blanche, as a dancer, refuses to marry her young mining engineer until they have put their love through tests. Beautifully colored stuff but dreary through lack of story.—M. S.

SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET—Paramount

It opens with a scene in which a swell society girl leads a noble cowboy astray. But then, alas, somebody leads the plot astray and it wanders all over Rand-McNally. Orville Caldwell makes quite a hit as the betrayed hero, while Dorothy Sebastian is an alluring sinner. And there is the lovely Alice Terry as the good influence. Not up to Henry King's standard. Leave the children home with grandma.—A. S.

CONFessions OF A QUEEN—Metro-Goldwyn

No, not the queen of a chorus, but a real honest-to-goodness stately queen as portrayed by Alice Terry. As usual, Lewis Stone gives another striking performance, this time as the king "whose heart is bigger than his realm." Perhaps you may be misled and think this is on the "Graustark" type. It isn't—it has been modernized. Amusing. Leave the children home.—M. B. [continued on page 115]
The Photoplay Medal of Honor
For the best picture released in 1924

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920
“Humoresque”

1921
“Tol’able David”

1922
“Robin Hood”

1923
“The Covered Wagon”

What was the best motion picture of 1924?

The ballot boxes of the fifth annual voting contest to decide which picture of 1924 is most worthy of the Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal are now open to the two million readers of Photoplay.

The decision of conferring this reward, which is looked upon as a supreme distinction in the motion picture world, rests entirely with the readers of Photoplay.

This is your opportunity to encourage better pictures by giving proper recognition to the producer who, by his vision and his faith in the public, has tried to give you the best in story, direction, acting, settings, continuity and photography. The vote that you cast in this contest is your way of expressing your appreciation and approval of the picture-makers who are constantly striving to bring the screen to a high and worthy artistic level.

Photoplay Magazine awarded the first Gold Medal of Honor in 1920. Each year the contest has assumed an increasing importance and the announcement of the result of your votes is an event of importance in the film world, as it most accurately reflects the best in public taste.

In its four past contests, Photoplay Magazine had every reason to be proud of the decision of its readers.

For 1920, the Medal of Honor was awarded to William Randolph Hearst for his great story of mother love, “Humoresque,” produced by Cosmopolitan. The Medal of Honor for 1921 went to Inspiration Pictures for “Tol’able David,” a finely told story of American boyhood, starring Richard Barthelmess.

Douglas Fairbanks won the Medal of Honor in 1923 for his masterful and spectacular production of “Robin Hood.” Last year the award went to Famous Players-Lasky for its great picture, “The Covered Wagon,” which was directed by James Cruze.

What picture presented during 1924 do you consider represents the most significant advance in picture-making? Register your vote by filling out the coupon on this page. Mail it to Photoplay’s editorial offices, No. 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and see that your coupon reaches this office not later than October 1, 1925. Photoplay will also be glad to receive short letters explaining the reasons for your choice.

In order to give all the pictures an equal chance, the voting is delayed six months after the close of the year so that voters in all parts of the country will be able to see the films released late in the year. Remember, the ballot boxes close on October 1st, 1925, so be sure that your coupon is registered before that time. In case of a tie, equal rewards will be made to each one of the winners.

The Photoplay Medal of Honor is solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is being made, as were the other medals, by Tiffany & Company of New York.

Below, to refresh your memory, is published a list of fifty pictures released during 1924. Of course, your selection need not be limited to this group. Show your appreciation of good pictures by voting early.

This announcement, with the coupons, will appear in three successive numbers of Photoplay Magazine, including this one.

Fifty Pictures Released in 1924

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<th>Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot</th>
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<td>Editor Photoplay Magazine</td>
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In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1924.

NAME OF PICTURE

| Abrahama Lincoln |
| America |
| The Arab |
| Babitt |
| Barbara Frietchie |
| Bramwell |
| Black Oaken |
| Broadway After Dark |
| Captain Blood |
| The Chechenos |
| Classmates |
| Cathleen |
| Dante’s Inferno |
| Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall |
| The Enchanted Cottage |
| The Fighting Cardinal |
| Forbidden Paradise |
| Girl Sky |
| He Who Gets Slapped |
| Hot Water |
| In Old Hollywood with Potash and Pernhutter |
| The Iron Horse |
| Janice Meredith |
| The Last of the Camille |
| Millionaires |
| Manhandled |
| Manhattan |
| The Man Who Came Back |
| The Marriage Circle |
| Merton of the Movies |
| Monsieur Beaucastel |
| The Navigator |
| North of ’90 |
| Not One to Spare |
| Peter Pan |
| The Red Lily |
| The Sea Hawk |
| The Side Show of Life |
| The Signal Tower |
| The Snob |
| So Big |
| Tarzan |
| Tessa of the D’Urbervilles |
| The Thief of Bagdad |
| Those Who Dance |
| Thy Name Is Woman |
| Three Women |
| Wanderer of the Waste-land |
| West of the Water Tower |
| Wild Oranges |
| Yolanda |
Now They’ll Get “Acting Continuity”

THE gyroscopic camera dogs the footsteps of Bebe Daniels. This new British invention, employed so effectively in “The Last Laugh,” was first used in this country in the production of “The Manicure Girl.” The invention permits the cameraman to follow the player from one room to another, thus obtaining an effect of continuous action. The gyroscope neutralizes the motion of walking so there are no jolts in the film. The camera is operated by an electric motor which does away with cranking. Frank Tuttle, director, and Roy Hunt, cameraman, are the interested observers of the experiment.

Maybe you remember some years back when a huge gyroscope was exciting scientists with the prospect of its holding on a monorail a train going 100 miles an hour. Well, though it was a failure there, the gyroscope, as adapted, is going to be a boon to pictures. It will give a continuity to screen acting that will cut out a lot of hard work—keeping straight various parts of the action that later had to be spliced together—and the actors will be able to go through their parts with better understanding.
That Terrible Thorne Girl

Frederic Arnold Kummer's great story of Hollywood tragedy and romance

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

What has happened so far

SYLVIA THORNE has come to Hollywood from New York and is playing small parts for International. In Hollywood she meets Jean Martin, another girl who is playing minor roles, and they go housekeeping together in a small bungalow. Jean goes about with a rather fast crowd while Sylvia prefers the quieter, hard-working men and women of the screen. International calls together its younger actresses to make tests for the leading role of a great new picture, "The Miracle of Notre Dame." Francel Vernay, its author, is in Paris and will select from scenes forwarded to him, the actress he thinks best qualified to play Celtic. Jean and Sylvia are among the girls making tests. Jean is going about with a young art director, Sydney Harmon, while the latter's wife is East visiting. Sylvia expositulates with her, tells her that Mrs. Harmon may make trouble. Meanwhile Howard Bennett, a wealthy young man from Sylvia's home town, comes on from Pennsylvania and wants Sylvia to marry him and give up "this movie nonsense." She is hurt that he can regard her work so lightly. Tells him she is hoping for the great chance to play in "The Miracle." He is annoyed, tries to tell her what evils lie in the path of an actress, wants her to go back home and spend her life being Mrs. Howard Bennett. Sylvia refuses to make a decision until she knows definitely about "The Miracle" and Bennett goes back home. Meanwhile Jean has been going about more and more with Harmon, who is drinking a great deal. Mrs. Harmon come home. Sylvia warns Jean that there will be trouble and begs her to give up seeing Harmon. One day Sylvia is called into the office of Mr. Solberg, vice president of International, where the heads of the company are assembled. They tell her she has been chosen to play the role of Celtic, they want her to go East for a few weeks for publicity purposes before work on the picture begins. Sylvia goes home to tell Jean, who is at first terribly disappointed that she herself has not been chosen, then rallies and congratulates her friend. That night Jean complains of being ill. Sylvia in her night gown is taking care of her about one o'clock when there is a knock on the door and Sydney Harmon comes in. He is very drunk. Sylvia vainly tries to get him to leave but he will not. He falls asleep, she wakes him, desperately trying to get him away without being seen. He finally says he will go if she will first give him a kiss. In terror she allows him to kiss her. While Harmon is holding Sylvia close to him in a drunken embrace she suddenly realizes that a man and two women are looking at them. "When you've finished saying good night to that girl, Sydney, there are a few things I should like to say." It is Mrs. Harmon.
It was this quality, in fact, which had brought her so swiftly to the little bungalow on Sunset Boulevard the moment it was reported to her that her husband's car was parked in front of it at half-past one in the morning.

She had been reading until quite late, and wondering how much truth there was in Sydney's tale of a poker party at the club, when her two informants burst in. One of them was "Wally" Pickering, a rather effeminate little scribbler, technically known as a "gag man"; the other was Sheila Anderson, a violent creature of whom it had once been not inappropriately said that she was the sort of a girl who, if any man invited her to "walk home," would be apt to make him do the walking, instead. Sheila had a flaming temper and a swift tongue, and—she had been one of the contestants for the rôle of Celeste in "The Miracle of Notre Dame."

Now that Sylvia had won that coveted prize it was scarcely to be expected that Miss Anderson's feelings toward her would be friendly. One of the penalties that Sylvia had paid for her success was the envy, in some cases the open hatred, of the fifty or more candidates she had defeated. And Wally Pickering was Sheila's "boy friend," eager to do anything in his power to win her tempestuous regard. Their car was at the door; they were only too ready to accompany Mrs. Harmon in the rôle of witnesses. To discredit Sylvia meant far more than the satisfying of a feeling of envy—it meant, most likely, another choice of a woman to play the part of Celeste—a choice which Miss Anderson believed in her heart should have fallen—might still conceivably fall—upon her.

She explained to Mrs. Harmon, as they drove off, how she and Wally had been passing the bungalow, had seen Sydney's car drawn up before its door; she did not, however, deem it necessary to say that Mr. Pickering and herself had been watching the place for an hour, in the hope of making that very discovery. The car was still there when they arrived; with the feline instincts for which she was noted Sheila had disdained the front door, had led her companions to the rear of the house, anticipating an excellent view through the glass doors.

She had not anticipated, however, any such luck as to find one of these doors wide open. The silhouette afforded by the other brought them quickly into the house.
Sylvia, in a wisp of negligee as damningly enticing as sin, stood clasped in Sydney Harmon's arms; his lips crushed hungrily into the hollow of her throat. A pretty picture, indeed. No wonder Mrs. Harmon had told her husband, with biting irony, that when he had finished his goodnights, there was something she had to say. What she said was crisp and to the point.

"You needn't come home tonight, Sydney," she remarked frostily. "If you do, I sha'n't let you in. My lawyer will see you in the morning." Then she had marched out, tight-lipped, followed by her delighted companions.

Sylvia was a girl of more than ordinary courage, but the words sent a quick spasm of fear through her, left her speechless, rigid, as though transixed by an icy spear. Then she made one attempt to explain what she knew must seem beyond explanation.

"Mrs. Harmon!" she gasped; "oh—wait—please!" But that lady had already vanished in the shadows of the porch, without deigning to turn her head. Although Sylvia did not know it, Isabel Harmon had heard a good deal about her husband's visits to the bungalow, since her return from New York. had, in fact, been puzzled in her efforts to determine which of the two girls it was, that attracted Sydney there. Now she felt that she knew.

As for that philandering young gentleman, who should have done the explaining—have flung himself into the breach and saved Sylvia from the wolves while there was still time—he had remained silent, staring stupidly at his wife, his brain still befuddled by the liquor he had consumed. Sylvia gazed at him scornfully, contemptuously, as she might have gazed at some poisonous reptile.

Then she pointed to the window.

"Quick!" she exclaimed—"tell her! Tell all of them, before this lie gets spread about! And tell them the truth, as I shall!" Mr. Harmon staggered out, hazily, his footsteps sounding uncertainly upon the tiled floor of the porch. Sylvia closed the door. If she only had not opened it—yet it had been her only avenue of escape. Had the whole scene been rehearsed in advance, she reflected bitterly, it could not have been more perfectly arranged for her destruction.

SINKING limply into a chair she took quick stock of the situation. Three persons knew the truth—three persons could tell what had happened in such a way as to exonerate her completely. She was one of the three herself, but the other two, Jean and Sydney—Sylvia refused to believe for a moment that they would allow her to suffer for what was in no way her fault.

Her own story was simple enough—her return from Mrs. Allison's party to find Jean ill—her going into the kitchen in her negligee—and little else—to prepare Jean a hot drink—Sydney Harmon's enforced entrance, drunk—his refusal to leave, without kissing her, and her disgusted consent, in order to get rid of him at last, thus avoid a scandal. All this seemed clear and reasonable, but—would it be believed? Probably not, without corroboration, since any woman, caught in a similar situation, might offer such an excuse. But she had Sydney to attest the truth of her story—no doubt he had by this time already done so—and Jean. Of course everything would be explained. She got up and went to Jean's door, which was closed.

Was the girl awake? If so, it seemed strange that she had remained in her room, with such exciting events taking place outside.

Very softly Sylvia pushed open the door, switched on the lights.

With a shock she realized that Jean was asleep—or pretending to be. There was the aspirin she had taken, of course—the fever—the hot water bag at her feet—the closed door. And Mrs. Harmon had scarcely raised her voice above a biting whisper. As Sylvia stood in the doorway, undecided whether or not to awaken the girl, Jean turned and stared with blinking eyes at the light.

"What's the matter?" she asked, sitting up in bed and gazing curiously across the room. "Anything wrong?"

"Everything's wrong," Sylvia replied dizzily, perching herself on the arm of a chair.

"What do you mean? Hasn't Sydney gone yet?"

"Oh, yes—he's gone. But he was drunk, you know, and insisted on kissing me before he left. While he was doing it—or trying to—his wife and two other people came in—"

"Came in? How?"

"The porch door was open. I was going to run out if he didn't leave—"

"My God!" Miss Martin swept the hair from her eyes with a quick nervous gesture. "You—you mean to say Sydney's wife saw him kissing you? With witnesses? And you dressed like that?" Jean Martin was wide enough awake now, and her large prominent eyes became greener and narrower momentarily as she realized the tremendous consequences which might flow from the events of the evening. It was characteristic of her that in marshalling these consequences in her mind, she did not fail to perceive instantly, and in their full value to herself, three exciting possibilities. If Mrs. Harmon should divorce Sydney, he would be in a position to marry her—something he had claimed he would certainly do, were he but free. She had very excellent reasons for desiring, even for insisting, that he should marry her. That was possibility number one.

Again, if Sylvia, as a result of the events which had just taken place, should lose the position to which she had been so recently elevated—should not play the part of Celeste in "The Miracle of Notre Dame," the part would again be open. Which was possibility number two.

And possibility number three was simply this—that Jean.
Miss Martin shrugged her creamy shoulders, her eyes now mere jade slits.

"What happened last night was damned unfortunate, Sylvia," she said softly, "and I sure do regret it, but I don't see it's any reason why I should stand in the middle of the Boulevard and throw dirt at myself, just to get you out of a hole. I'd do anything in reason, but when it comes to telling the world my life's history, just because Sydney happened to crash in here last night all lit up like—"

"Just a minute, Jean," Sylvia interrupted coldly. "The point is this—I've got to tell Mrs. Harmon my story—let her know that it's you, not me, that Sydney's interested in. If I don't, she won't believe the truth about last night. And Sydney's got to tell her the same thing, too. It's the only way this affair can be explained. You must see that."

And then, quite suddenly, Jean Martin showed her teeth.

"If Sydney is cad enough to admit anything that will hurt my reputation," she hissed, "I'll say he is a damned liar—and you, too. Get out of your mess the best way you can, but don't try to dump the blame on me. I won't stand for it."

In her sudden, vindictive anger she suggested a spitting cat.

Sylvia gave her one long, white look, then went out of the room. She knew, without further argument, that so far as Jean was concerned, she could expect no help. Unless Sydney Harmon stood by her, told his wife the truth, she was lost. It seemed incredible that Mrs. Harmon should bear her any ill will—should wish to ruin her by the absurd assumption that Sydney had ever been anything more to her than a mere acquaintance, and yet, she was assailed by the grimmest doubts, now that she had seen what Jean's attitude would be.

To exonerate her, Sydney would be obliged to involve Jean—of that there was no possible escape. Would he do it? Would he admit to his wife, to the world, that it was Jean, and not Sylvia he had come to see—had been coming to see, from the first? That, no doubt, was what Mrs. Harmon wanted to know, but—would Sydney tell her, at the expense of a woman for whom he at least pretended to care? With sudden horror Sylvia realized that if neither Jean nor Sydney came to her help, her own story would sound like a cheap and rather contemptible effort to throw the blame for what had happened upon her friend.

She crossed the living room to her door, her chin rather proudly lifted, a gleam of defiance in her eyes. An early morn might have entered the arena in the same spirit. But when she stood before her mirror a whimsical smile curled the corners of her mouth, and her ever-ready sense of humor came to her rescue.

"Off with her head, cried the Duchess," she quoted from "Alice in Wonderland." Sylvia had always been an extravagantly fond of "Alice in Wonderland." But in spite of her brave attempt at gaiety, it was a long time before she went to sleep.

CHAPTER VI

It was perhaps a very good thing that Sylvia could not hear the stories which were being told about her the next morning, in dressing rooms, on street corners, [continued on page 135]
$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes!

RULES OF CONTEST:

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize</th>
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<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>$1,500.00</td>
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<td>Second Prize</td>
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<td>Third Prize</td>
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<td>Twenty prizes of $50 each</td>
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<td>Twenty-five prizes of $25 each</td>
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</table>

2. For four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) Photoplay Magazine will publish cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures will appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. $5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Be sure that your full name and complete address is attached.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of Photoplay Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in Photoplay Magazine and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of Photoplay Magazine may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of Photoplay Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of any one connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the first five prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with Photoplay Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newstands on or about August 15th.

Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Second Page Following This Announcement

SUGGESTIONS

Contestants should read and study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators by which the contest puzzle pictures may be identified and prizes won.

Contestants will note that identifying numbers appear at the margin of the cut puzzle pictures. These numbers may be copied upon the cut portraits, with pencil or pen, so that, in pasting or pinning the completed portrait, it will be possible to show the way the cut pieces originally appeared.

As no solutions may be entered before the fourth set of puzzle pictures appears, it is suggested that contestants merely study their solutions together until the conclusion. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

There is no distortion of portraits. Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.
ERTE, the little dressmaker from Paris, has agitated Hollywood almost as much as Big Bertha did Paris.

He was imported by the Metro-Goldwyn studio presumably to bed the Shum ague but started in by plunging the unfeathered sex. He says we in our kampus klothes are blots on the aesthetic real estate, and foretells the era when we'll be swishing around in pussy willow taffetas.

The monodques are now glued on the Metro-Goldwyn studio to see What the Fashionable Man Will Wear. Visiting the lot, I herewith give a preview of Bull Montana trailing about in an ostrich negligee trimmed with real wine spots, Mickey Neilan lounging languidly in a peignoir while touching the tip of a roguish slipper to the rear of the nervous coon bootblack, and a fascinating glimpse of black crepe things on Von Stroheim as he rushes screaming from the business office pursued by an executive in Mother Hubbard furiously brandishing a production cost sheet.

Erte is right. His prediction parallels the one I made on the bobbed hair subject. If the women keep on shilling theirs the men are bound to let theirs grow. There's got to be some distinction to save the world from seeming non-sextarian.

Scott Fitzgerald's idea of justice: A hungry film producer cast on a desert island with only two cans of raw film.

FLOWERS in the deep tangled mystery of Hollywood:


CORINNE GRIFFITH: An aristocrat lost in the wilderness. A Scent of Araby in the Mojave. Quintessence of femininity, attar of sex, for the connoisseur.

MABEL NORMAND: Comedy playing tragedy, directed by Fate. The heart of the world in pain. Love of neighbor crucified by neighbor. An Inevitable. A genius.

LILLIAN GISH: The triumph of mind over matter. Where the Will to Greatness equals Genius.

GLORIA SWANSON: The Will to Success directed by Fate in a felicitous mood. The new Pollianna—with a Paris label.

MARY PICKFORD: The New Cinderella who outwitted the witch and stuck for the ball.

BESSIE LOVE: Purity that equals sex attraction. A constant discovery. A Peter Pan who never grows up to stardom—praise to le bon Dieu.

THE latest whoop from producers is, "Now we're going to make hokum—it gets over."

And what else, dear Buddha, have these pundits been making? Hokum is a word with which they deprecate their own products. The scene of a mother cat carrying her kittens up into the hayloft is called hokum by hokum producers, and it is hokum when they do it. But when done by an artist, as it was by Charles Ray in "The Girl I Loved," it becomes art.

The producers who are afraid of going over the heads of the public are those who couldn't do so if they stood tiptoe on their self-erected platforms.

HOLLYWOOD is the most exciting of foreign cities. There's always a war on. That's why I returned from Europe. You can't depend on the regularity of revolutions in Russia, but you can in Hollywood. Junk peddlers one day are film producers the next, and vice versa. Raymond Griffith, the sage of comedy, has a motto which reads: "Always be nice to the office boys, but never mind the bosses—they're going.

EVERY so often my Hollywood friends tell me I'm not bad, and why don't I write something. "We mean," they gulp. "something like scenarios or original something?"

They even want to know why I don't act, since I know so much about it and am the romantic Latin type like Bull Montana and etc.

I can only explain this curious phenomenon by pointing out that the heavenly order in Hollywood is precisely the reverse to that of the little world outside. In Hollywood, stars may come and stars may go but astronomers stick forever.

I love revolutions, but with my peculiar aptitude for sitting I prefer to participate from the bleachers.

I'm aware that three good pictures will make a great star, as witness—Gloria Swanson. I'm also aware that three bad pictures will ruin a star, as witness—(kindness forbids).

Besides, an unknown fate made me a "No" man, and a No man has about as much chance in Hollywood as a snowman in the place where one producer told me to go.

Two Turning Points of History:

1. Columbus discovers America. Result: Europe has been invading Hollywood ever since.

2. 1920, Mary and Doug discover Europe. Result: Hollywood has been invading Europe ever since.

I RECENTLY declared that the gauge of an actor's character is the manner in which he digests criticism. Jack Holt finds joy in the following review of "The Thundering Herd": "Picture great. Jack Holt and Lois Wilson seem hardly necessary; the buffaloes are wonderful." Jack has been in pictures ever since Noah picked the original stock company with saving for the screen, and he'll doubtless survive the next blessed flood, already overdue in Hollywood.

IN line with the above, Ramon Novarro's contribution for the month concerns a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]
BEBE DANIELS found time, in spite of busy days at the studio, to help you with summer clothes suggestions. The cool costume of figured chiffon which she is wearing will defy sultry days while combining all the essentials for correct street wear. It is an exceedingly becoming ensemble suit, with georgette coat. The misses' sizes are 12 to 18, women's sizes 30 to 44. The colors in which it is developed are: red, black and white dress with black coat; orchid and blue dress with blue coat; beige and brown dress with beige coat; blue and rose dress with blue coat. Price $37.50.
Bebe Stars in a Shopping Serial

By Grace Corson

TIME—Five o'clock.
PLACE—Paramount Studio.
GIRL—Bebe Daniels.

One of the secrets of Bebe Daniels' success is the enthusiasm with which she works, dashing from one stellar rôle to another at top speed and being keenly interested in each. After finishing a long day's work in the studio she stopped only long enough for a cup of tea before turning to her new rôle—the star in PHOTOPLAY's shopping serial. And she was eager to begin.

"It's great fun," she said, "this business of acting in a Shopping Serial for PHOTOPLAY readers. I hope they like the first of my purchases as well as I do. Isn't it adorable?"

PHOTOPLAY'S Shopping Service,
221 West 57th St., New York, N. Y.,
will be glad to purchase for you
articles shown on these pages.
See Page 67 for details

PHOTOPLAY's Shopping Service, 221 West 57th St., New York, N. Y., will be glad to purchase for you articles shown on these pages. See Page 67 for details.

Bebe referred to the negligee she was wearing, which fully lives up to her description, and which is shown above. It is a graceful design in crepe de chine, with georgette sleeves and feather trimming. Developed with the side closing, which is charming on most figures, it looks rather expensive, but Miss Daniels said proudly that the cost is only $14.75—which makes it one of those rare bargains we all love to discover. It comes in sizes 36 to 44, and may be had in a range of colors that includes Copenhagen blue, rose, orchid, pink or turquoise. The mules in black satin, lined with rose, blue, peach, orchid, gold or green, may be had for $4.00. With ostrich pompons in shade to match lining they are $5.50.
Upper left — Straw with nose veil and pin of rhinestones in animal or bird shape. $8.75. Comes in beige, lipstick red, almond green, navy and black.

Upper right — Multicolored embroidery in silk foundation over black, navy, orchid, copper or green. $5.00.

Center — This picture hat of hemp or straw with bow at back is bound with grosgrain and may be purchased in all popular shades for $6.75.

Lower left — Straw and felt, ornament of cut felt. $8.75. All popular shades.

Lower right — Straw sport hat, watered silk ornament, $5.50. All popular shades.

At right — A blouse ensemble — A slip with separate blouse with embroidered emblem, excellent for all day wear or sports. The Chanel neckline and pleated skirt are smart features. It may also be had in Jersey. Price $9.95. Sizes 34 to 44. Colors: Spanish red, Lanvin green, tan, white, gold.

Above — Flowered tunic blouse worn by Miss Daniels with a plain colored slip to match — of rayon silk and comes in navy, black, tan, apricot, green, gray or copper with flowers in harmony. $2.55. Sizes 36 to 46. By adding a plain skirt you have a most effective and inexpensive dress.

This Chanel model was adorable on Bebe. The collar, long blouse and inserted pleat in skirt are all cleverly designed for comfort and grace, and give the smart effect of boyish simplicity. In original Botany flannel, $25. Colors: White, French gray, delft blue, almond green, sandal and copper rose.
Useful or Ornamental but always Essential

This dainty lingerie set is copied from Bebe’s own and may be had in white, flesh, maize, pale blue, orchid or pale green, of crepe de chine, with net and medallions of Irish lace. The set consists of step-ins, brassieres lined with fine soft net, and round garters edged with net. Price for set, $5.00

Top—Jeweled tasseled vanity case—powder and rouge compact, bill compartment, lipstick. Black, terra cotta, jade or brown. $5.00. Center—Striped moire purse. $2.95. Gattentop: black, navy blue, tan, brown. Below—Purse, striped moire lined with beige. Four pockets and mirror. $2.95. Black, brown, tan and blue. Flexible bracelet, sterling silver—brilliant and "emeralds," or "sapphires." $7.95. Tiny hat ornament of chiseled stones, cornel or other shape. $2.95

These two "tub" dresses of broadcloth are invaluable for summer days. Bebe says she can’t get along without them. Left—White broadcloth with drawn work and squares of color, which come in numerous combinations, such as green, orange, blue or rose on white; also green, rose or yellow dress with white squares. Hand made. $3.50. Sizes 16 to 46. Right—A slim little tub dress of striped broadcloth in popular shades, for $3.95. Sizes 16 to 46.

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ADDRESS: Photoplay’s Shopping Service, 223 W. 57th St., New York City, N.Y.

Shoes at top—blood satin braid trimmed. Price $10.00. Sizes 3½ to 7. Also in grey braid trimmed with grey braid, patent vamps with blood satin backs with dark blood braid. At right—Chiffon silk bolero, all silk or lisle tops. $1.95 pair. All smart shades. At left—"Bobbed hosiery," all smart shades. $9. Bellow—Slippers of black woolen satin. Spike heel. Sizes 3½ to 7. Black only. $10.50
A Honeymoon Home
Built by the wages of Evil

Mrs. Wallace Beery has cause to be glad that her husband is notorious the world over for his screen devilry.

As a carpenter, Wallace is a good actor. But as a wife, Mrs. Beery is all she should be—a sympathetic nurse. What could be more convenient for the wife of a movie fighter?

The home life of our leading "menace" is singularly serene. The new Mrs. Beery (formerly Rita Goldman) finds that, as husbands, villains are the most docile of men. Their house is one of the newest show-places out in Hollywood.
A Portrait Interpretation of D. W. Griffith

An allegorical painting of D. W. Griffith by Warren A. Newcombe, who is associated with Mr. Griffith and an artist of note. In describing his painting which hangs in Mr. Griffith's office, Mr. Newcombe said: "In the upper right is a light. I originally thought of this as a sunlight arc in the studio which, combined with the stand for the director and the cameramen, would be the important point of a portrait of Mr. Griffith. This light then unfolded to me an idea which, as you see, is used as a symbol of Love, Victory, the Handwriting on the Wall, Tolerance. The light as the symbol of the Handwriting on the Wall in the temple of Belshazzar, shown in the scene in the upper right, comes from Mr. Griffith's 'Intolerance.' In the ray of light you will see a mother over a cradle, which expresses the Mother Love of the World, as brought out in 'Intolerance.' An expression of great human love is found in the furthest beams, almost at Mr. Griffith's feet, in the love of the Chinese for the white girl in 'Broken Blossoms.' The girl is dead but the love of the Chinese lives and he worships in adoration at her bier. Leading in a curved design from the source of light is Paul Revere. There victory is brought out as in 'America.' Following from the light of Victory is the Ku Klux Klan, incidental of the Civil War, and 'The Birth of a Nation.' This completes the purpose of the light, but the symbolism continues in the other figures, taken from 'Way Down East,' 'America' and 'Dream Street.' The cameramen are Billy Bitzer and Hendrick Sartov, who have been with Mr. Griffith for years. The canvas is four by five feet and the color scheme is blue."
Add Charm to Your Home with

"The Lady,"
besides showing
Norma Talmadge
at her best,
has a real idea
that you can use

By Marguerite Henry

All of us, even those who qualify as "sweet sixteen,"
remember the day when wicker furniture was cheaply
made, and could be purchased in only one shade—a
disappointed yellow. Persons of taste did not take
readily to it, and there was a conservativeness in the air that
drowned upon so radical an innovation. But home furnishing,
at that time, was hardly an art, and badly made as it was, even
the first wicker furniture was justified in
attempting to compete with the crude,
heavy settees and
rockers with which the "parlor" of the
late nineties were littered.

But in this present
age of smartness and
keen attention to detail, furniture is as
well designed and made as a woman's
gown, and artistically lined, substantially
built wicker furniture
has its place in the homes of the wealthy
and cultured just as
much as has Sheraton,
Jacobean, or Italian
renaissance. Cheap
wicker, like cheap
period furniture, is, of
course, always with
us. Every product
has shoddy imitators.

But the better grades of
fibre suites are designed and
built as carefully and
as substantially as the
best in wood. Neatness
and smoothness of finish,
with no rough or raw sur-
faces to catch
m'lady's
chiffon hose
or her satin
 gown, charac-
terize them.

Wicker fur-
niture has
merits pecu-
liar to itself
alone. There can be no substitute. First of all, it
offers that physical comfort on warm summer days
that nothing else can. It is cool and restful. It
suggests repose after a muggy day at the office or
after the wear and tear of an exhausting tour
through the shops.

But psychologically it has even greater value.
While offering comfort and relaxation to the body
it also presents like attributes to the eye. Its
colorful tints, its absence of heavy wood, its grace
and simplicity suggest airiness and buoyancy. Did
you ever sit in the artificial twilight of one of the
old-fashioned "parlor," with their drawn shades
and clumsy, stuffed furniture you will understand
the contrast. The air was cool, it is true, but it was
a musty coolness; the gloom seemed unnatural—
better this, perhaps, than the sizzling out-of-doors
—but mentally it was all very depressing.

Color and light in summer are not necessarily

Substantial fernery, elliptical in shape.
Length 30 inches, diameter 15, height 28.
Price, $19

Artistic cage and stand,
complete with feet cups,
$36.50. Height 71 inches

The veranda scene at Monte Carlo where Norma Talmadge as The Lady first discovers
that her husband is untrue, and we home-lovers discover the graceful hand-woven fibre furniture
so appropriate for the home or the sun parlor.
Beautiful New Wicker Furniture


Depressing. All nature at this season is full of color and life. Colors can be so selected as to be in tune with the season — so as to be both pleasing and restful. And fibre furniture admirably conforms to this purpose.

But fibre furniture should be good — or there should be none at all. It does not pay to buy cheap fibre furniture, for in the end the supposed bargain always turns out to be an expensive proposition. That need not, however, deter those of us who have only a modest purse. Good wicker furniture is not expensive and this is another pleasing aspect to consider.

The furniture pictured on these pages is all hand-woven, and can be had in any one-toned, two-toned, or three-toned hues that will harmonize with your decorative scheme. Here are just a few of the most effective combinations: Antique copper with red and black, silvertone blue with lavender and black, reseda green with lavender and rose, apple green with gold and black, Tampa with green and black. The upholstered seats are gay with brightly colored chintz, cretonne, tapestry, damasks, and hand blocked linen, or the more neutral-toned velours.

There is nothing more suggestive of summer-time and refreshing coolness than wicker sofas and chairs, and yet fibre furniture is by no means confined to the patio, the outdoor porch, or the sun parlor. I have seen many smaller homes made attractive with the entire living room, dining room, and boudoir furnished in reed. There is now a wide selection to choose from.

If you have any home decoration problems, or want to know where these articles may be purchased, write to: Interior Decorating Dept., Photoplay Magazine, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Coffee table with washable imitation marble top. Diameter and height 18 inches. $20.50

What Is Norma Shearer's Charm For Men?

In Hollywood there is one hyphenated label for all attraction that's profitable in male or female.

With wine it is different; there is the "Vin Ordinaire" and there is also Champagne.

By Herbert Howe

Besides, she was dressed in red, and all the draperies of her house were red. She hastily urged me to the dining-room to prove that it also was hung with red. The light above the stairway was red, she pointed, and the Oriental coat flung over the balustrade was red, and the curtains of the Romeo and Juliet balcony, they also were red.

No lady wears red, she meditated; a lady wears geranium or flame or flamingo, but never red. Hers plainly was an abandoned case.

I suddenly recalled that a mystic had warned me of red. He said that red set up a commotion in the soul. I felt an alarming commotion as I looked at Miss Shearer, for, as I have indicated, she was in red.

"Clothes are very difficult with me," her fingers made vagaries on the divan, but her accents were crisply definite. "I like to feel at home in clothes, and I do not feel at home in clothes that a lady wears—on the screen."

The dash above indicates an almost imperceptible stoppage of breath, which is a significant punctuation with her.

She speaks in little gusts that carry a tang, refreshing, falling just short, as they do, of the oppressive windiness current to enthusiasm.

She speaks English well—clipped as the English speak it, yet not quite, for she is Canadian.

If there is a feeling of irritability toward the English it is chiefly due to their accent. We can forgive any foreign accent on the American save the English. It seems so intentional.

Miss Shearer's just eludes the primmness of our Puritan fathers, for whom, of course, we will never forgive the English. I mean, breathlessly, the screen.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 177]
In Paris and New York
smart women are using
this Liquid Polish

Just the smart Parisian rose color - Spreads smoother - Dries quicker - Won't peel off - Lasts a whole week!

THE greatest authority on the manicure perfected this bewitching finish for the nails. Correct, fastidious in every detail, yet the quickest, simplest way of polishing the nails.

A liquid polish so perfect that in Paris — the home of sophisticated toiletries for lovely women — this product, Cutex Liquid Polish, is sold more than any other. So perfect that in America it is more used than all other liquid polishes combined.

It gives a deep natural brilliance water will not mar. Its rose-petal coloring and jewel-like brilliance bring out the full beauty of smooth soft cuticle and shapely nails long after most polishes have begun to dim or look spotty.

If you are fastidious about the appearance of your nails, you will be delighted with the complete Cutex manicure. A full sized bottle of Polish is 35c and you will find it in three of the complete Cutex manicure sets. Sets from 60c to $1.00, at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

What we send you in new 6c package —
This 6c package contains the wonderful Cutex Liquid Polish and the famous Cuticle Remover, more than enough of each for 6 manicures; a brush, emery board, orange stick, cotton, and the helpful booklet "How to Have Lovely Nails." Address Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th St., New York—or if you live in Canada, Dept. Q-6, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

I enclose 6c in stamps or coin. Please send me a Cutex Introductory Package for 6 manicures.

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As Mrs. Livingston Fairbank of Chicago sees it

"Today women are better groomed, just as they are healthier and more efficient than ever before. Their skins, particularly, are kept clear, fresh, youthful. Pond's two delightful Creams are responsible for thousands of lovely complexions."

Mrs. Livingston Fairbank

One may always recognize Mrs. Livingston Fairbank's winsome smile in her box at the Chicago Opera. One sees her at the Twelfth-night Balls which mark the height of the social season. And her Sunday evening musicales, at which one meets and hears a distinguished company of artists and musicians, mingling with the music-lovers of Society, are occasions of rare delight.

Mrs. Fairbank had just returned from Palm Beach when I encountered her on the Boulevard one March morning.

"How could you leave blue sea and magnolias for this—dust, soot and gales?" I asked her, gesturing at the atmosphere.

"They're disastrous to one's skin. But you seem to thrive!" I added. "You're like a Dorothy Perkins rose this morning. Did Palm Beach teach you a new secret?"

"When you've lived in Chicago as long as I," laughed Mrs. Fairbank, "you'll know you can have a perfectly good complexion—even a lovely one—right here, in spite of unfriendly elements."

"What do you do," I begged her, "to keep so unblemished in the midst of soot and dust?"

I just use Pond's Two Creams," she answered, "the very same two that I found so many of my friends were using. A simple method—requiring only a few moments each day." And then she told me how: Every day, and more frequently than once if you have been out a great deal, cleanse your face, neck, throat, arms and hands with Pond's Cold Cream. Let it stay on a few moments. Remove every vestige with a soft cloth which reveals how much dirt the pure oils of this delicate cream have brought from the depths of your pores. Do it all over again. Now close the pores with a dash of cold water or a light massage with ice.

If your skin is dry, use more Pond's Cold Cream after cleansing, before retiming, and leave it on all night. Your skin will be softened, yet toned to elasticity, too. And how white and soft your hands! If your skin is oily, Pond's Cold Cream will free the pores from all accumulated oils.

The complementary step in the Pond's Method of skin care is to smooth over the skin of your face, throat and hands a gossamer of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a soft even-toned finish, a new lustre. It protects it—damping the power of wind and sun to coarsen and burn, of soot and dust to mar the fineness of its texture. And it keeps the soft whiteness of your hands! Now, too, your powder and rouge go on with smoothness and blend with natural charm. So always use it before powdering and before going out.

Try Pond's for yourself. The unfailing results which have commended this method to Mrs. Fairbank and the loveliest, most perfectly groomed Society leaders everywhere, will also endear these Creams to you.

Free Offer

Mail coupon for free tubes of these two creams and a little folder telling how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. F
147 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

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Mrs. Livingston Fairbank

of a Chicago family whose wealth and prominence date from pioneer days. She is a leading favourite in Chicago's most exclusive social set, because of her social charms and her lovely lyric soprano voice.

Together, the music-room of her apartment at 599 Lake Shore Drive, which commands a superb view of Lake Michigan, on her dressing table, Pond's Two Creams.

Among the other women of distinguished position who have expressed enthusiasm for the Pond's method are:

Her Majesty, Marie, The Queen of Roumania; The Lady Diana Manners; Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt; Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop and Mrs. Marshall Field, Sr.

The Two Creams Society women are using today.

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He's the Original

Collar Ad Model

Huntly Gordon shyly admits
to this distinction

By Ivan St. Johns

ELL, girls and boys, the truth is out at last. And it ought to cause quite a ripple, if I mistake not.

You know the expression, "handsome as a collar ad"? Of course you do! I've even known girls who cut out the stunning young Greek god who appears in magazines and street car ads, and have him framed over the bureau. And in small towns the sheik who looks like the collar ad man usually gets the job at the soda fountain in the drug store and his pick of the girls.

And, who do you think was the original model for those pictures—the indifferent, blond young man with the steely blue eyes and the square-cut jaw? Since, there have been several others, some of whom are now in Hollywood, but who do you think was the first collar ad model to make the girls' hearts flutter?

None other than our own Huntly Gordon, now one of the most prized leading men in motion pictures. It came out rather reluctantly, the fact that for several years he was the model for a famous manufacturer of men's collars. He's a modest, genial and altogether charming man, and he scratched his head and looked a little sheepish while he was confessing to me, and called all his dogs about him to form a sort of helpful background.

He rather suggested that maybe I'd better not mention it—but I explained to him that for years and years, hundreds and thousands of women all over the United States had admired him anonymously, and had cherished his picture and compared their youthful swain with his artistically reproduced likeness. I thought it was only fair to tell them the truth at last—to let them know that the man of their dreams really existed in the flesh.

He got brick red at that, so we talked dogs for a while and he felt better. He knows about dogs. He has a Scotch terrier that worships him, and a lively young Boston bull, and a shepherd dog, and a couple of just dogs. He seems to like them best.

Two or three hours with Huntly Gordon, whom I had admired particularly for his work in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," answered one question which has been agitating me for some time:

It's an odd thing, but the day of the very young leading man in motion pictures seems to have waned, or to be suffering at least a temporary eclipse.

In the beginning of things pictorial, most leading men were mere boys—Wally Reid, little Bobby Harron, Dicky Barthel- mess, the young Moore brothers, Tom and Owen, Warren Kerrigan, not yet twenty-five, and other youths of similar caliber.

Nowadays, however, the leading men have acquired a stability. They are in what is generally referred to as the prime of life. It has even been suggested that, in a few cases, they were a bit overripe on the prime.

I know one young lady, for instance, who threatens to give up motion pictures as a diversion if the dashing young hero described by the subtitle turns out to be a certain middle-aged leading man just once more.

But the answer is that men such as Lewis Stone, Percy Marmont, Milton Sills, Conway Tearle and Huntly Gordon set a mark in acting, in charm, in worldly suavity and polish, in force and power, that the kids can't equal. Also, big and heavy sex stories, of which we have had a majority lately, can't be carried by youths. Men of experience have got to interpret such roles.

But, as I say, spending a few hours with a man like Gordon convinces you of his superior charm.

He has a keen insight into life, a quick sense of humor, and a richness and breadth of mind that make him an enjoyable companion.

He's a more or less recent addition to the Hollywood colony, coming via the stage, where he made his biggest hit in support of Ethel Barrymore in "Our Mrs. McChesney." Ralph Ince, brother of Thomas H., saw him and immediately engaged him for a rôle opposite Anita Stewart.

Fred Nibal brought him to Hollywood to play in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," and later he appeared in "Mrs. Paramour," with Pauline Frederick, in which he gave a truly great performance.

He started out in life to be a doctor—and abandoned that worthy idea to be an actor.

All I can say is that, with his particular type of aristocratic good looks, and his charming manners, and that smile, he would have made a fortune as a doctor and all the women in town would have become chronic invalids. It's fortunate, though, that Gordon turned his back on medicine. If he hadn't, we wouldn't have his acting to enjoy now.
These letters are typical of thousands which tell of the amazing power of one simple fresh food. Keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischman's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 6, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

(Left)

"My work takes me to construction camps where we get 'grub' instead of food. I suffered incessantly from diarrhoea; I could neither digest nor assimilate my 'grub' and became so weak I could hardly get about. I had taken green pills, blue pills, yellow pills, red pills. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. That was five months ago. I am now a devotee of Fleischmann's Yeast—I have thrown away my rainbow of pills and now enjoy camp 'grub' with the appetite of any husky on the job."

Beat T. Mason, Burney, Calif

"In March, 1923, I had what I supposed was a nervous breakdown. I was restless and irritable. I had headaches and dizzy spells."

Mrs. Margaret Ade Sweeney, Roxbury, Mass.

"I began to use Fleischmann's Yeast. Gradually my life disappeared—I became regular, and discontinued the use of cathartics. My energy returned—and in four or five months I was my former self. And not only have I regained my health, but my color and my general appearance have been improved."

Mrs. Gertrude W. Hoot, Mount Lowe, Calif.

"I am a hostess at a hotel and not a day passes that someone doesn't ask me how I manage to keep my skin so clear and fair and my eyes so bright. My answer is Fleischmann's Yeast. Years of intestinal indigestion brought me to the point where I determined I'd stick to yeast until I got relief. Three cakes in water became a daily rite. In three months I had the results I wanted—relief from indigestion, gas and chronic constipation."

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
She Rolls Her Own—Fat Away

This is the story of a fat little school girl—who rolled across the bedroom floor to fame

PHYSICIANS say that if her heart had been weak she’d be an angel now. But her heart was strong—and now she’s a picture actress.

It is the story of how Clara Bow, recorded in the legends of Hollywood as an ultra-flapper, beat the Brooklyn department stores out of another tubby ribbon clerk and gave to Hollywood a rollicking gaiety that has stirred the pulse of its languid social realm.

Three years ago this little girl, who has journeyed with incredible swiftness along the trail of film achievement during the last year and a half, was studying ancient history in a Brooklyn high school and writing letters to the Answer Man of PHOTOPHOTO.

She was fatter than most of her chums, but that didn’t worry her. Nothing worried her. Her eyes were big and brown and filled with wonder. Filled with the wonder of youth, with the wonder of life that she knew little of and worried not at all about.

She wasn’t even a flapper yet. But since that time she has given this nation of staccato standards its most vivid conception of this fantastic classification of girlhood and declares earnestly that she has folded her flapper wings and is undertaking the serious business of being a grown up young lady.

Until a year ago, when she was selected one of the thirteen “Baby Stars” of the Wampas (Western Motion Picture Advertisers) annual frolic, I had never heard of Clara Bow. So obscure are the early rounds of the ladder of motion picture recognition.

By Glenn Chaffin

Since that time I have seen her often, here and there along the boulevard which is Hollywood’s “Main Street,” and on studio sets where I have watched her work.

A short time ago in her bungalow home, which is located on the western residential end of that street, she told me the story of the fat little girl who threw her ancient history at a school chum who told her that she was too fat to be a film actress, and joined the ranks of those who figure in the columns of the Answer Man.

“I read a story in a newspaper about a beauty contest which offered as a prize a part in a motion picture,” she said.

“I had just had my picture taken and decided that I was pretty. That was easy; for every girl who isn’t pug-nosed thinks she’s pretty.

“Daddy and I took a trolley over to the building where the contest was being held. What a shock I got. There were limousines lined up in front of the place and parked clear around the block. I saw a dozen girls enter the building and they all looked beautiful to me. I wanted to go back home right there, but Daddy said, ‘Come on. We’ll give it a whirl, anyway.’

“Well, sir, the judges must have all been near sighted. Will you believe it? I won the prize.”

I looked at the fascinating little youngster, curled with lazy grace in the great hollow of an upholstered rocking chair, and believed. There, with the warm light of a rose-shaded floor lamp softing the redness of her hair, its mellow glow blending with the vivid brown of her eyes, I would have believed her had she told me that she was Mona Lisa. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]
April Showers

Accent Your Charm with the Perfumes of Youth~

At the Country Club, at the reception—wherever one finds the vivacious debutante—one is aware of a soft whispering wave of something entirely new—a scent fresh as springtime, subtle as a whisper, youthful as youth itself...

It is April Showers. It can't be described either by the softness of colors or the vividness of words. For it has both softness and vividness, and—what so few perfumes possess—imagination... Imagination born of genius and tradition. Imagination of great artists who have spent lifetimes in the gardens of France, weaving the breath of flowers into wonderful odors...

April Showers is another such masterpiece as Cappi—as vivid, as bright, as sparkling, but filled with the freshness of springtime... The woman who has Cappi will want April Showers. And the woman who has neither will want them both. For the two will accent the charm of her varying moods. They are Cheramy's Perfumes of Youth...

CHERAMY
NEW YORK
Cappi and April Showers

PERFUMES OF YOUTH
"Those Endearing Young Charms"

are most often expressed without words—just the enticement of natural loveliness, as millions know, which comes in this simple way

BORN of the wisest of all generations in beauty culture, the modern woman has succeeded in making natural loveliness the most important quest of the day.

To be audacious, she seeks, above all things, to be demure. To incite the emotions, she employs the dangerous weapon of simplicity!

Thus the natural complexion succeeds the artificial. Which is as it should be. For, like artificial flowers, or imitation jewels, the artificial invariably offends in contrast with the real.

So today, wherever your eyes turn, fresh and glowing complexions greet you. Modern beauty methods start with the common-sense care of natural cleanliness—the balmy lather of Palmolive used in this simple way:

Simple rules that do wonders

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus, in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be your problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
(Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these 3 trees—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that is—palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.
Letters To Wally Reid's Memory

His admirers refuse to forget him and write hundreds of letters to Mrs. Reid

YO might call them—actually—letters to a dead man. Day after day, they continue to pour in, these devoted tributes to the memory of Wally Reid. Though they are addressed to Mrs. Reid, they are written to Wally. Hundreds of them every week, still ask for his photograph.

Fan mail is supposed to be a great indicator of popularity, in Hollywood. And today, although Wally has been dead over two years, the mail that comes to his home is as large as that which comes to many of the present day idols of the screen.

It is a rare and beautiful thing, this continued and constant affection. It is not only a fine proof of the love the world had for Wallace Reid. It is a bigger and broader thing than that. It proves what a great hold a screen star can have upon the heart of humanity. It proves how deep the roots of affection go, for these idols of the silver-sheet.

And above all, it proves how deeply the people of this and every other country love the clean, wholesome type of picture and the clean, wholesome type of young, strong, red-blooded American that Wally typified.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Dear Mrs. Reid:

Somewhere, I feel obliged to add just a little word to the many others that must come to you in token of the world’s appreciation of Wally. When Wally was in his home and elsewhere out of the pictures, the biggest number of us were not privileged to know—not by hearsay and from reading—but we wouldn’t have guessed far from the mark had we never heard these things.

It doesn’t seem quite manly for a fellow to “rave” about another whom he has known only on the screen; but I think my share of hero-worship, instead of being spent in childhood, was saved up to crop out for Wally. I certainly never felt it for another star, masculine or feminine, and I rather thought that it wouldn’t begin after seeing him years ago in “Joan of Arc.” Instead of that it increased with time, superseded finally by a great feeling of real affection. Why, I’d throw up or put off any engagement if it interfered with my chance of seeing Wally in his latest picture. I don’t think I missed one. I’d have given a week’s salary—yes, a month’s—to have had the pleasure of an introduction to him; and to have counted him as a friend, I’d have given five years of my life. Rather an extravagant way of putting it, perhaps, but it’s a great pity that I didn’t know when I had him, and that even now I haven’t had a brother—if so, that person is the only man in the world I envy. There are several men and women made known to us by the screen for whose work it is natural we should have great respect and admiration, but it was not only Wallace Reid’s work—it was he, himself, that counted.

Once in a while, in the office, some actor’s name comes up for comment, and invariably before the subject is exhausted the remark is made by one of the other men, “But there’s no one equals Wallace Reid. There was a man.” For us, Wally could do no wrong. No matter what might happen, our faith in him was and is steadfast.

I almost wonder why the Creator took him away when he meant so much to everyone. One of my prayers is that he will be waiting to go on his many friends when they have “crossed over.” His picture is on the table as I write. He seems to be looking out from behind the veil, asking me if I am doing my duty here. I am going to keep this picture forever—it will be an inspiration to me for all time, whether or not he had a brother—if so, that person is the only man in the world I envy. There are several men and women made known to us by the screen for whose work it is natural we should have great respect and admiration, but it was not only Wallace Reid’s work—it was he, himself, that counted.

In all humility, may I express the wish that you have perfect peace and happiness both for your own good deeds and also because of your devotion to our Wally.

P. D. M.

Morristown, N. J.

Dear Mrs. Reid:

Wally Reid was the idol of the world. He typified American boyhood. He was Prince Charming. I always think of him as Peter Ibbetson, and as the young American hero. Everyone loved him—really loved him.

We’ve tried to picture your happy home out in beautiful Hollywood. Wallace, with his gay smile and his winsome, dark-eyed Dorothy, and with little Billy and Betty romping about. It was a treasured picture to go with thoughts of him.

When the last one gone, the blow was very hard to bear. No one takes his place and we needed him.

His memory lives on, as he was in those happy days, and the thousands of hearts that still ache for him throughout the world can think of him as he was then.

Dear Mrs. Reid, it is hard to be left behind, but I write now to tell you that you are giving joy to many by “carrying on” and must win consolation for yourself. A consciousness of work well done, a hope of happiness united to dear Wally eternally in the world beyond.

HELENA, ARKANSAS.

Dear Mrs. Reid:

Joy, tinged with very sad heartache, comes to me whenever I see your picture or the pictures of your dear little son. Joy because you are carrying on so bravely and sadness because all that has to do with Wally Reid brings a twinge to my heart and hot tears to my eyes, even now.

He was a truly incomparable idol, and as such, impersonally, he and his are ever present in my good thoughts. Some may come and some may go, but without a doubt the precious memory of Wallace Reid will ever live, and those to whom he gave so much of happiness while he lived will ever have a tender feeling for those he left behind. I think so often of his son.

If I ever wished to be all-powerful, it would be to pour out blessings into your lap and those of your children. But I am merely an unusually average housewife, young and alert to the spirit of the times, yet possessing nothing which could be termed much as worldly possession, although I do have that greatest thing of all, a loving, ambitious, prosperous husband and a beautiful four-year-old daughter. So all I can offer you as a tribute to Wally’s memory is my love and prayers.

There can never be another Wally. His image lives on in one great voice to say the same thing. I feel that we are all your friends, as we were his friends—for all his fans called themselves his friends—that is the way we felt and still feel.

* * *

Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Mrs. Reid:

Will you please send me a photograph of Wally that I can keep for always? I am very interested in Wally. He was my idol and he is still my most favorite movie star. I never loved anyone as I loved Wally. I pray for him every night since he died. To me, simply think there was not and never can be anyone like Wally. He helped the whole world. Good luck to you and his dear little babies.

* * *

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Dear Mrs. Reid:

It had been my intention to write to you at the time of Mr. Reid’s death, but I knew that you would receive so many letters at that time that I hesitated about doing so.

We have at present a great many stars in the motion picture world and will continue to make them, but there can never be a star that will take the place in my heart that Mr. Reid did; and of course I know that the true character of the man was loved by all.

At one time I wrote to Mr. Reid, years ago, that I had ambitions like a great many others, to secure employment in the motion picture business, and he wrote me a fine letter saying I should try to make a success in my own business rather than attempt something so uncertain. I followed his advice and suggestion, and I have always been grateful.

We all miss him, not as much as you do, but a great deal. (This is from a Train Dispatcher.)

* * *

Dear Mrs. Reid:

Just a word to assure you of the continued sympathy of myself and family for you, and to let you know that we do not forget “Wally.” We loved him for his clean, wholesome pictures, his kindly manner and his genial smile. My son, now in high school, felt toward Wally almost as he would to his own brother.

We were speaking the other night of him in “Clarence,” and it occurred to me that it was a fitting picture as a climax of his career. He was so gentle and kind in that character, no matter how harshness was for the villain, and every person in the cast seemed to be helped to a better kind of life by his gentleness of character and gentleness, with just enough firmness to show his real manly qualities. If actors only realized the immense power for good they have, they would do more to bring about peace on earth and good will toward men than all the combined churches of the world have been able to do these last nineteen centuries. It is a noble calling, and Wallace Reid’s memory, will linger in my heart throughout all eternity. It will be worth while to make a supreme effort the rest of his life to make myself worthy to pass through the Golden Gates, if I could be assured of meeting and greeting your dear husband over there.

(Continued on page 126.)
The beauty of
Children’s Hair
Depends upon Shampooing

Try this quick and simple method which thousands of
mothers now use.

See the difference it will
make in the appearance of
YOUR CHILD’S hair.

Note how it gives life and
luster, how it brings out all
the natural wave and color.

See how soft and silky,
bright and fresh-looking the
hair will look.

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

That is why discriminating mothers,
everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut
oil shampoo. This clear, pure and en-
tirely greaseless product brings out all the
real beauty of the hair and cannot pos-
sibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or
make the hair brittle, no matter how often
you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful
you can make your child’s hair look, just
follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear,
warm water. Then apply a little
Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.
Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an
abundance of rich, creamy lather.
This should be rubbed in thoroughly
and briskly with the finger tips, so as to
loosen the small particles of dust and dirt
that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy
Mulsified lather, give the hair a good
rinsing. Then use another application of
Mulsified, again working up a lather
and rubbing it in briskly as before.

After the final washing, rinse the hair and
scalp in at least two changes of clear,
fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the
hair even before it is dry, for it will be
delightfully soft and silky.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find
the hair will dry quickly and evenly, and
have the appearance of being much
thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be re-
membered for its beautiful, well-kept hair,
make it a rule to set a certain day each
week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil sham-
poo. This regular weekly shampooing
will keep the scalp soft and the hair
fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy,
waist and easy to
manage.

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

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Any child can have hair that is beau-
tiful, healthy and luxuriant.
It is NO LONGER a matter of
luck.
The beauty of a child’s hair depends
ALMOST ENTIRELY upon the way
you shampoo it.
Proper shampooing is what makes it
soft and silky. It brings out all the real
life and luster, all the natural wave and
color, and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy
and bright.

When a child’s hair is dry, dull and
heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the
strands cling together, and it feels harsh
and disagreeable to the touch, it is because
the hair has not been shampooed properly.
Teddy, New York, N. Y.—Your letter is so kind, Miss Teddy, that I fear I won’t be able to wear my hat. Just to show that I am appreciated by one girl, I am going to publish it.

"Our Best Loved Answer Man!"

"Really, with all those capital letters, I feel that I am not doing justice to your worth, and Webster suggests that I should use his dictionary a suitable adjective to describe as nice a man as you must be. You might call this flattery or bunk but it is neither—just an honest and sincere appreciation of the true kindness you show to the inquiring fan."

"Of all the 'Answer Men' of all the different magazines, you seem to be the most appreciative of little things and so are the man I love by us. Please construe the word 'loved' in a nice way, for I mean no harm. Mine is a platonic affection. I've noticed that in addition to your daily life you also take care of our friends. You thank the fans for their friendly salutations, which is a rare thing nowadays. If you could only see how it affects your readers! It catches their eyes and holds their hearts. How they admire their unknown friend."

After reading that letter, I'll go straight to the editor and tell him you would love to read the story of Richard Dix as you loved reading that of Tom Mix. Maybe your rhyme:

"We enjoyed Mix's, Let's have Dix's" will persuade him.

Goldie, San Francisco, Calif.—George O'Hara was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, February 19, 1889. The height, weight and age respectively of Patsy Ruth Miller are five feet, two inches, one hundred and eight pounds, and twenty-one years. Write F. B. O. Studios for Mr. O'Hara's picture. Warner Brothers' Studios are the source of Miss Miller's photographs.

Henry H., New York.—Pola Negri sailed for Europe in March, but don't worry, she's coming right back. Famous Players-Lasky insist that she make more pictures for them. A good way to know the whereabouts of your favorites is to observe what company made their latest picture and look up the address of the company in this magazine.

A. E., Paul's Valley, Okla.—All that is legitimate to know you ask about Ricardo Cortez. But you will not insist upon knowing how much his suits for breakfast cost, as you say, he looks as though he doesn't eat toast but whole wheat bread. That's something new in the way of compliments.

If you can call "the handiest man in pictures" is unmarried. Do I hear from Oklahoma spaces something that sounds like "Whoopie"? There is always hope until the bans are published. Mr. Cortez was born in Alsace-Lorraine, September 19, 1899. His height is just one inch above six feet. His weight is one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

Fannie, Worcester, Mass.—Florence Vidor's last name is pronounced as though spelled Vee-dor. Lewis Stone was born the same year as Thomas Meighan, 1879. His real name is his real name.

Jack, Princeton, Ind.—Certainly. Jack Betty Bronson was born November 17, 1906. Her height is five feet, three and a half inches. She is the newest and youngest star at the Lasky Studio. For photographs of the late and long-to-be-lamented Wally Reid, address Mrs. Wallace Reid, 904 Guaranty Bldg., Hollywood.

Doris and Virginia, Rutherford, N. J.—Gloria Swanson's leading man in "Her Love Story" is Ian Keith. Like him? A lot of girls do. Alice Joyce is not a blonde. Alice is an unmitigated brunette, which means that she doesn't want to be a blonde.

Ann H., Philadelphia, Pa.—You get the dollar, Ann. Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan played the stellar roles in "Male and Female." Lila Lee appeared in the picture. What will you do with the dollar? Get a permanent wave or buy a box of chocolates? Thanks for your solicitude about my whiskers. They never were more luxuriant.

E. W., Rhinelander, Wis.—I am your "dear old Puzzlehead." Right, as usual. Adele Rowland is Conway Tearle's third wife. Ricardo Cortez is neither Spanish nor Italian. He was born in Alsace-Lorraine, but he is now a native of the Lasky Studio.

Betty and Bobbe, Mount Vernon, N. Y.—Of course, I'll answer your questions. It's a real treat for me. Crazy about Ramon Novarro and want to know if he is married. He is not. Feel any sorer now? Madly in love with Ben Turpin? Both of you? Your love is mad indeed because there is a Mrs. Turpin.

Rose, Altoona, Pa.—Charles Chaplin is a Parisian by birth. He was born in that city on April 16, 1889. Don't want to know about any other actors. That's the loyal fan.

B. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—For a photograph of Norma Shearer write the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio. For one of Ben Lyon, the United Studios. Send a quarter in each case. PHOTOPLAY doesn't supply photographs.

Nancy, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Glad to tell you that George O'Brien is not married. I am also glad to compliment you on the old-fashioned sweetness of your name. George was born in San Francisco in 1900. His next picture will be "Havoc."

The Two Musketeers, Chicago.—You're right. I am a good referee to call in to settle an argument. In this case, A wins. Norma Shearer and Adolphe Menjou appeared in "Broadway After Dark." Come again.


Mrs. C. L. W., Spencer, N. C.—You think Anita Stewart is a darling and you want to know what she is really like. She was born in New York appearing opposite Louis John Bartels in "Headlines." Anita Stewart is her real name; she couldn't have chosen a prettier one.

Nancy, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.—Write for Viola Dana's photograph to the United Studios, for Betty Compson's to the Lasky Studio, for Gloria Swanson's to the Paramount. Jackie Coogan's can be obtained through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Colleen Moore's by way of United. Don't forget to send the quarter for each.

Edward N., Thibodeaux, La.—You will find the addresses of all the leading producing firms published each month in this magazine. Turn the pages, Ned.

Irvin, Chicago.—Write to the Fox Studios for a photograph of Alma Rubens. Don't forget to enclose a quarter. Surely a picture of Alma is worth it to a devoted admirer. She was born in San Francisco and she is five feet, seven inches tall and weighs 130 pounds.

Grace, Pittson, Pa.—You like Richard Dix and he is always cheerful. He seemed to smile all through "Manhattan." Yes, he takes his own disposition to the studio and the smile isn't put on just for camera purposes. He has dark brown eyes and hair, and is six feet tall.

Fay, Arnold, Pa.—You say you're not curious, but you go right ahead and ask questions. That's the woman of it. Theodore Kosloff is married. I hope you don’t mind. He lives in Hollywood and he has brown hair and brown eyes.

Dot, Jacksonville, Fla.—Newcomers are always welcome. So you saw Thomas Meighan when he was in Florida and now you are sure that he is the greatest and finest actor on the screen. I am sure, if you will write to the Paramount Studio, that you can get a photograph of Thomas. And also a card of Richard Dix at the same address. No, Richard isn't married, but Thomas is. Don't forget to write again.

D. R. M., Yonkers, N. Y.—It's a great pleasure, thank you. Pierre Gendron is not married. He was born in Toledo, Ohio, March 4, 1901. No, he isn't as tall as Monte Blue. Pierre measures five feet, eight inches, while Monte Blue goes three inches over the six-foot line.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 109
The Most GIRL in Hollywood

Of all the people in Hollywood I suppose Louise Fazenda comes the nearest to being what is generally called "a character."

I do not know whether people other than writers are constantly hearing about characters in real life who should be put in a book.

Somebody is always saying, "My dear, I wish you could meet my Aunt Debby. If there ever was a character, it's Aunt Debby." Or "I met an old chap down in Chattanooga this spring that sure was a character. He might just have stepped out of one of those old stories by Dickens."

Probably everyone knows at least two or three people whom they regard as characters. And what they actually mean by that, I have discovered, is someone who is honestly without any affectation, different from the ordinary run of human beings, someone with pleasant and lovable eccentricities of dress, taste and manner.

Upon all these counts, Louise Fazenda, one of the very few comedians the screen has produced and one of its best character actresses, stands convicted.

For example, if you ask Louise to a dinner or a luncheon, no matter how informal it may be nor how interesting the guests, she will positively turn pale with horror and gasp, "Oh, please don't ask me. You know how I am. I'd trip over the cat or bust the best china, or spill soup on the best tablecloth."

And no amount of persuasion will change her.

Yet Louise is the most companionable soul in the world. She fraternizes with all classes and manners of people, but it must be in her own way, and most casually. I should say of her that she loves humanity and hates society.

She has absolutely no small talk, and if the people with whom she finds herself attempt it, Louise simply leaves them flat, mentally. It is really almost as though Louise didn't hear anything that is said, unless it is said with sincerity and conviction. In the midst of a lot of bright and utterly meaningless chat about utterly stupid nothings, Louise will suddenly fling a bomb in the shape of a perfectly honest remark about the unreliability of plumbers' assistants, or the complete inability of some symphony orchestra to play Wagner because of a lack of power in the brass.

She never says anything she doesn't mean, and she never says anything unless she has a reason for saying it. Talk for the sake of a social and comforting noise, does not exist so far as Louise is concerned.

And that blank and thoughtful silence, which in anyone else would be nothing short of rudeness, becomes in her strength and sincerity.

Her acquaintance is of the universal brand. She consorts upon terms of mutual esteem and perfect equality with truck drivers and university presidents. She knows all the struggling young writers and she is by way of being a struggling young writer herself. In time, Louise will make a mark for herself. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 128)
All outdoors invites your Kodak

Autographic Kodaks $6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., The Kodak City
It's No Joke to Be Funny

Especially when the public will cry at the slightest provocation, says Harry Langdon

By Jean North

Harry Langdon has been entertaining the public for years. He was in an Indian medicine show, minstrels, vaudeville, and was a newspaper cartoonist and tumble and clown in a circus. And here he is with Natalie Kingston in pictures.

I was chatting with one of our well known Hollywood portrait photographers in his studio one day when in dashed a funny little chap with a full-moon face and large, serious, wistful brown eyes. He was all out of breath and wanted to see his proofs, it seemed.

After one look, he said:

"Well, you didn't make me as pretty as my wife, but they look pretty good, I guess."

And then what happened just took every breath of wind out of my sails and left me flapping.

You've seen a kid in the good old days, when they put candy up in penny instead of nickel and dime packages, come into the corner grocery with a dime clutched in his grinny little fist like he feared a highwayman. You've seen him point the free hand at the counter full of penny treasures and hear:

"Gimmie one of those and those and those"—until the dime was all gone and he grabbed the ten prized packages to his breast as he scuttled out to meet the gang around the corner.

Well, that's just what I saw again—at least so it seemed to me—only in a far different way.

"Gimmie a hundred of those, three hundred of those, hundred of these—better make it two hundred"—and so on until I lost consciousness from trying to add up so many hundreds.

When I came to, the moon-faced little chap with the wistful eyes was gone.

"Did his keeper come for him and who is he?" I hurled at my friend the photographer.

"If he's crazy, I wish I was too," he answered. "That's Harry Langdon, the new Sennett comedian who left vaudeville to knock 'em dead in the pictures. He was just giving me a little order for $1,950.00 worth of pictures for his fan mail. And he's going to send a truck around to carry 'em to the Sennett studio when they're finished."

Well, I've been around Hollywood for a few years, but I never heard of a $1,950.00 order for fan pictures before in my whole life—not even around the Wally Reid set in the old days nor at any actor's studio today—so right then and there I made up my mind that some day soon I'd dash over to Mr. Sennett's (which has only spelled bathing beauties to me before) and make a little investigation of this Langdon chap on my own. Then, providing the boss was willing, I'd tell you a bit about him.

He was on location near the studio, and at first glance I was sure a circus had come to town. But no, it was only the set for Langdon's new picture, the story of his own life under the Big Top.

Harry seemed as happy as a kid chumming around there with the elephants and lions, the peanuts and the pink lemonade. He was sure right at home and soon made me feel so, too.

He's a mighty regular little chap and thinks a lot with his head, does Harry Langdon. For a long time he'd been wanting to live over his old days with a circus, when he was trapeze performer, tumbler and clown, and now he had the chance and was getting a fat salary for it. No wonder he was happy.

After watching Langdon work for a while, I made up my mind that he thoroughly enjoys [continued on page 136]
"How did he ever get the money to buy a car"

Perhaps he doesn't make as much as you do—but he took advantage of this quick, easy, sure way to own an automobile

Ford Weekly Purchase Plan

More than 165,000 families—in all walks of life—have taken advantage of "The Ford Plan" to own an automobile. Let us tell you about it.

Every family—with even the most modest income, can now afford a car of their own. This Ford Plan makes it possible.

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Buying a Ford means making a sound investment. An investment that yields increased earnings and pleasures, broadens your vision—moves you just that much farther on the road to success.

Our new book "The Ford Plan" tells you exactly what you want to know—"How to own an automobile—how to make your income do more for you—how to enjoy life more."

Every family should have their own car. Why be pushed and jammed in crowded conveyances when you can easily and economically go and come in your own automobile? Why stay home on pleasant afternoons when you and the family should be enjoying nature's beauty outdoors? You live but once and the years roll by quickly. Why wait for tomorrow for things that you rightfully should enjoy today? Get our book NOW. Don't wish for a car any longer. We'll show you how easy it is to own your own car. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.

Our booklet, "The Ford Plan" will be mailed gladly to anyone upon request. It carries an interesting message that everyone should read. And most of all, it will show you how you can soon drive your own car.

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Light as a summer breeze—
Smart as a Paris gown--
the DAISY BAG!

NO matter when or whither the trip—by motor, train or steamer—women who know how to travel no longer bother with heavy hand luggage.

They can pack all their traveling necessities—extra hats, dresses, underthings, slippers and toilet articles—in the handy all-purpose DAISY BAG.

Of best patent-leather fabric, cretonne-lined, with inner pocket, the Daisy DeLuxe Model opens and closes in a jiffy with the patented hookless fastener. Rainproof—dustproof.

DeLuxe Model sells from $5.00 to $6.00 and Button Model from $3.50 to $4.25 at leading department stores, luggage and specialty shops.

The DAISY PRODUCTS, Inc.
366 Fifth Avenue, New York

**Madeline Hurlock's Star Shines Brightly**

WE'VE all watched Ben Turpin losing his heart to lovely Madeline Hurlock. This photograph shows how easy the process might be. The lovely young star of the Mack Sennett studio has been endowed with even more gifts than fall to the lot of Maryland's charming daughters. From her mother she inherited her beautiful dark eyes and ivory skin, her pleasing manner, and her intelligence and charm. Madeline reached the silver screen by way of the legitimate stage, joining the forces of the Philadelphia Little Theater shortly after graduating from a finishing school in the Quaker City. Then she came to New York to appear for a season at the Century Roof and it was there that Mack Sennett saw her and engaged her to play leading roles with Ben. You have seen her playing opposite him in "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?", "The Half-Back of Notre Dame" and other Turpin successes. Here is a piece of bad news—she says she doesn't ever intend to fall in love. But if she does, what a lovely bride Madeline is going to make!
Under the mark
of the
IPSWICH WITCH

A HUNDRED years ago Ipswich silk stockings were an expensive luxury. Women counted themselves lucky to have two pairs (in plain black) for "best."

Today it is chiefly a question of how many pairs of these beautiful stockings you need to be fittingly shod for every occasion. You'll find the century-old mark of the Ipswich witch on hosiery of all styles, colors and fabrics at most good stores. Their beauty is the rare kind that costs unexpectedly little but lasts long.

_Ipswich Hosiery is made in circular-knit and full fashioned styles for men, women and children._

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Please send me a sample pair of your De Luxe stockings. Color _______________________

Size ______ I am enclosing a dollar.

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At Last!
Here's a Vanitie for Loose Powder That Cannot Spill

Dorothy Mackaill, now starring in "THE PAINTED LADY," says:
"Now I can always feel the caressing touch and fragrance of my favorite loose powder."
You, too, can say "good-bye cake powder," for now you can safely carry your favorite loose powder wherever you go.

Norida Vanitie
for LOOSE POWDER
So clever—so simple—so practical—so economical—and so beautiful and dainty, too. You can carry it in any position, but your loose powder cannot spill.
Go today to your favorite store. Obtain a Norida Vanitie. The price is $1.50 in gilt and silver finishes. Comes filled with Fleur Sauvage (wildflower) Poudre, a delightful and sweetly scented French Powder. If your dealer has not been supplied, send $1.50 and we will mail you your Norida direct.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Exquisite Anita Stewart, posed in a double Pontiac Strain silver fox neckpiece.

Photo by Seeby, Los Angeles

Nothing so enhances feminine attractiveness as a properly chosen fur. And no fur so charmingly frames a lovely face as silver fox. A fur of shimmering blackness, sprinkled with banded hairs of purest silver! A fur of silky warmth, lustrous richness and inimitable distinction! A fur that for centuries has ranked among the rarest and most desired of all Milady's treasures! It is such a fur you see when you behold a really fine silver fox—and only such furs will come to you bearing the Pontiac Strain Seal—the first nationally known fur trade-mark in all history.

The fascinating story of silver fox and the facts that will help you determine the fineness of pelts shown you are given in the free booklet, "The Fur Incomparable," a copy of which we will be pleased to mail on request.

DETROIT SILVER FOX FARMS
The Pontiac Strain Organization
General Motors Bldg., Detroit, U.S.A.
Fifteen Ranches and Producing Units

PONTIACAC Strain FURS
The Unbroken Silhouette

BENEATH the smartest gown or shecres t frock the Corselette, combining corset and brassiere in one, gives to every figure the unbroken silhouette of youth.

For heavy figures there are types with diaphragm control, and there are phantom-weight models for the girl still in her teens. There are evening styles, cut low in the back, and others perfectly designed for athletic wear. There is indeed hardly a figure which does not find smartness and comfort in the right Corselette.

$1.00 to $25.00
IN CORSET DEPARTMENTS

Warner's
CORSELETTE

Send for booklet 11-3

Corsettes were originated and the name trademarked by the Warner Brothers Company, 317 Madison Avenue, New York; 57 West Adams Street, Chicago; 18 Geary Street, San Francisco.

Tom Mix gives Tony a few lessons in fancy dancing just before sailing for Europe. None of those langur- ing French horses will have anything on Tony when he steps out in the Paris cafes.

"Where are you going in America?" Mr. Robertson asked.
"To California."
"Why California?"
"Because it is God's country. A gentleman named Murphy from Los Angeles assured me of it."

THE telegraph tolls must have jumped considerable this month.
Ever since George Fitzmaurice left for New York last week, telegrams have been flooding the home of Florence Vidor by the dozens.
By the way, it is expected that Mrs. Vidor will file her suit for divorce from King Vidor, from whom she has been separated for over a year, very soon. The charge will be desertion, it is understood.

IT was during a matinee of "The Lost World." On the screen two giant brontasauri were engaged in a struggle to the death, while the frightened humans who had ventured to the Lost Plateau watched with terror in their eyes.
Finally one of the mammoths dealt the death blow and the other huge beast died in writhing agony.
From the darkness of the theater came a childish voice: "Oh, goody, now those people will have something to eat for breakfast."

A SON and heir has arrived in the home of Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett. Young Peter Bennett Niblo came mighty near being born in Rome, for the Niblos only got back to California a few weeks ago, after many months spent in Rome, where Mr. Niblo was directing "Ben Hur."

SHE is the mother of a young star. And she burst into her daughter's apartment just when the daughter was entertaining a group of nice young friends at tea.
Mother sank to a chair and started to make conversation.
"Oh, dear," she began, "I've been to the chiropodist three times this week and he hasn't done my eyes a bit of good."
And that's when three of the guests rushed to the hall and explained that they had to telephone.

AT least one actor hated to go to Cuba on location in spite of the fact that orders to go to Havana are eagerly sought by film players. For William Powell was sent away with the "White Mice" company at the very time he wanted most to be at home. During his absence, he became the father of a son and was delayed several weeks before he could return home and see Junior.
Orange Blossom wedding and engagement rings are hand chased by skilled workmen and fashioned of hard iridio-platinum, or fine gold. When jeweled they are set with the finest diamonds. It is only natural that they should be chosen by people of discrimination as representing the last word in style and the ultimate in jeweler's skill. Every genuine Orange Blossom ring carries the Traub trade mark. To insist on it guarantees you full value and lasting satisfaction.

Sold exclusively by reliable jewelers. All styles—$12.00 and up. Write for free style booklet giving the interesting history of wedding rings.

TRAUB MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

TRAUB Genuine Orange Blossom Rings

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**WEST ELECTRIC**

**Waver for Long Hair**

This wonderful West Electric Waver has been in satisfactory use by women everywhere for fifteen years. No heat. No sticky lotions. It curls by pressure only and cannot break or tear the hair. You just dampen the hair, and wind it loosely around the arm, then close the rounded end. In almost no time at all, your hair is beautifully waved, and ready to dress in a fashionable and becoming coiffure. A card of 5 costs 25¢; 2 on a card, 10¢. 15¢ in Canada.

**Curler for Bobbed Hair**

The only bobbed hair curler on the market that slides out of the hair without unwinding the curl. This means the curl is not disturbed, but stays exactly as you want it—a curl that lasts. This new curler is just as good for bobbed hair as the waver is for long hair, and women know the West Electric Hair Curler Co. is giving them just as much satisfaction on the bobbed hair curler as on the waver. Card of 5 for 25¢, or 2 on a card, 10¢. 15¢ in Canada.

If your dealer hasn't this waver or curler, fill out and mail the coupon below, checking the one you want.

![Image of hair curler advertisement](Image)

**THE WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO. 173 Columbus Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. The West Electric Hair Curler Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal**

**Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.**
What shall I do?

It presented a real problem to her. Repeatedly he had urged her to marry him. He was attractive, of good family, and fortunate in a financial way.

Yet between them there was an invisible barrier that made her hold back: Something she couldn't bring herself to talk about.

... ...

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

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—never in bulk. There are three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

Listerine Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the liquid Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.
I asked 10,000 women these questions concerning an intimate problem

By Letitia Hadley

I asked them if a new deodorant was needed—one immediately effective, convenient and pleasant to apply, and harmless to clothing. Their answer was overwhelmingly "Yes." I asked them in what form they would prefer this new deodorant—liquid, paste, or powder. Ninety-six per cent. said "Powder."

The Mulford Laboratories devoted to this new problem the same skill which has made them one of the foremost scientific institutions of the world. After months of effort, Deodo was perfected.

It is a powder, soft and white, like talcum. Rubbed under the arms and dusted over the body, it is immediately effective, and remains so throughout the day. It does not seal the pores, but neutralizes perspiration, making it odorless. It is soothing, and tends to heal. It does not damage clothing. It is faintly fragrant—delightful!

Its effectiveness on sanitary napkins makes it invaluable to every fastidious woman, for this is used alone.

Deodo is sold at most druggists' and toilet goods counters—or I will gladly send you a generous free sample. Please mail the coupon.

Deodo
A MULFORD PRODUCT prevents and destroys body odors

FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!

H. K. Mulford Company
Mulford Building

Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

Name:

Street:

City:

State:

"forget-me-not" dimensions. It will be recalled that Jack Dempsey also felt an aesthetic impulse that led to the beautifying of his nose.

The next in stellar line is Bull Montana, that famous extravaganza of a whimsical Nature. When interviewed as to his intentions toward his ears, the great artist said: "No, I shall remain as God and vicissitudes made me. I feel that to alter my ears would be as unfair to my public as for Mary Pickford to cut off her curls. I may be old-fashioned, but I am as Heaven made me, and the ears shall remain unbobbed."

What are all the Hollywood girls going to do about George O'Brien?

That dark and handsome youth is proving a complete puzzle to our best vamps and ingenues.

George, who has shot up into the star class very swiftly since the release of "The Iron Horse," doesn't seem to be a woman hater. He is, in fact, an extremely pleasant youth, with rather shy, good manners. He is beyond doubt the handsomest of the new crop of young male stars and leading men. In fact, he is probably the only one who could be called handsome from a strictly artistic point of view.

He is a splendid athlete and he has all the sweetness of the blue-eyed, black-haired Irishman.

But—he apparently doesn't know that women exist. He is polite, but indifferent. Except for his brief devotion to Dorothy Mackaill, his name has never been coupled
Is There a New Fashion in Rouge?

EMPHATICALLY, YES!—BRIGHT COLORS IN COSTUMES AND SETTINGS ARE INFLUENCING THE MODERN WOMAN TOWARD A MORE DARING AND COLORFUL COMPLEXION

A new fashion in rouge?—It is here! Appearing first in Vienna but a few months since, this new mode of high complexion color has traversed that swift, mysterious route that links smart women everywhere, from Deauville to the Riviera, to Paris, to New York and Hollywood.

You have doubtless already observed, how the modern trend of fashion in brilliant contrasts of pure color, in both costumes and decorations, is exerting its positive influence on the cheeks and lips of the modern woman.

Any why not? Surely amid the colorful splendor of blazing fabrics and flaring lights, the soft rose tones of the complexion's natural flush fade into a totally unnatural pallor. So that the high color produced by the modern rouge merely restores the vivacity of nature.

**VIVID**—The New Shade in Rouge

For many months now, Princess Pat, Ltd., always alert to the latest modes and developments of beauty's toilette, has been apace with this newest trend, in what is called the modern flaire for color.

Now, thanks to the countless experiments and tests conducted by the Princess Pat Chemists, a new and marvelous shade, known as Princess Pat VIVID, has been produced, which is simply a deep and brilliant intensification of nature's own rose tone—so daring that you will gleam with emphatic beauty amid the most colorful surroundings; yet so true to nature that when sparingly applied and softly blended with powder, even though you are a most conservative user of rouge, you need not hesitate to wear it. Princess Pat VIVID is the chosen shade of the ultra-fashionable in these ultra-colorful days.

*English Tint, the Famous "Orange Rouge" that Changes Tone to Harmonize with Any Skin*

Yet the vogue for Vivid Rouge has not by any means lessened the popularity of that other triumph, Princess Pat English Tint, whose bright orange, in the compact, changes so miraculously to rose on the cheeks and blends so delicately with nature's skin tones on blonde or brunette, whether in day or evening light. So long as there are beautiful conservatives in the world, Princess Pat English Tint will be widely popular because of its perfect harmony with all types of beauty.

**Princess Pat Medium Rouge, a Softly Delicate "Old Rose" Shade**

There are some types of complexion beauty so delicately childlike as to require only the softest wildrose flush, and for these Princess Pat Medium Rouge is especially recommended. Its warm, subtle tone is particularly harmonious with those dainty pastel shades of costume—not too emphatic to detract from the loveliness of the ensemble.

The Essence of Your Beauty is the Texture of Your Skin

Therefore, no matter whether your preference is for the new gorgeous and fashionable Vivid, the widely popular English Tint, or the softly delicate Medium Rouge, all of the Princess Pat shades are compact or dry rouges. This means that their base is Almond, just as in the famous Princess Pat Almond Base Powder. Thus they are not only beautifying to your complexion, but actually beneficial to your skin's fine-grained texture as well.

**The Princess Pat Way of Applying Color**

Second only in importance to your choice of the correct rouge for your complexion, is the manner of applying it. The Princess Pat method has won almost as wide acceptance among beautiful women as Princess Pat rouges themselves.

Apply in V-Shape, the point of the V toward the nose—beginning at the temple, put the color on, slanting forward and downward to the high point of the cheek-bone, then backward and downward—leaving a space in front of the ear clear of color. Blend softly, and you have duplicated nature's own design. For lasting, even waterproof result, apply your Tint before powdering.

A liberal demonstration packet FREE

So that you may judge the true merit of Princess Pat Rouge on your own complexion, we have arranged to send a liberal supply entirely without charge. Just mail the coupon.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 266, Chicago

Please send me your Demonstration Package. I have checked the shade I desire.

☐ Vivid (the new color)
☐ English Tint
☐ Medium fashionable shade

(Q very popular) (pastel rose)

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City________________________________________

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Makes hair easy to manage

Add Glossy Lustre—Instantly!
Keeps Wave and Curl In

Wash your hair as often as you like, and have no more trouble afterwards.

A little Glostora brushed through your hair when you dress it, makes it so soft, pliable, and easy to manage, that it stays any style you arrange it—whether long or bobbed—on any and all occasions.

It acts like magic! It keeps the wave and curl in; brightens, softens, and gives duff, dry, or dead looking hair new life—immediately!

A few drops impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and makes your hair fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre—instantly!

Glostora is inexpensive and you can get a bottle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

There is nothing better for children whose hair lacks natural life and lustre, or is hard to train, or keep in place.

Not sticky, pasty or greasy.

Glostora

Put a few drops on your hair brush

Electric Marcel Waver

Guaranteed for 2 years.

You can have beautiful curled hair in 30 seconds.

When it is done, take the Marcel out of your hair, replace it in its case, and put in your pocket, where it will be ready for use when wanted.

Glosester Waver Co.,


Kill the Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing back. Ease, comfort, permanency. No expense. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture. 20 years in business.

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266 C. Mahler Park

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STEAMSHIP POSITIONS

To Europe, Orient, etc., from all U. S. Ports for men and women. Sea experience unnecessary. No compulsory service. Free time permitted, depends on passengers. Live aboard ship while you work. Free meals. Win good sea position, your first cruise. Write for full information. The vessels are steamer Winona, Winona, New York, or Dept. B, Box 200, Boston, Mass., Calif.

Advice to picture-makers: If you must work, select an attractive location. And what could be more ideal than Miami at the height of the season? Here are John Robertson, director, Bessie Love and Richard Barthelmess all set for a swim after finishing a day's work in "Sou-Fire".

Here's one on one of Hollywood's biggest directors, but it really doesn't seem kind to tell his name.

Lex Neal, a scenario writer, had just been employed by Warner Brothers. It was his first day at the studio and when he saw all of the nice little garages on the lot he picked himself out a good one and drove in.

When he came to get his car that night he found a placard on it bearing the following message: "Keep your d— car out of this garage. It belongs to me." And it was signed by the aforementioned prominent director.

When the director drove onto the lot the next morning he found his garage vacant except for his warning placard, which bore on the reverse side this message: "Sorry. Saw your last picture the other night and didn't think you were with the concern any longer."

Ben Hur is the greatest picture story ever written, and it deserved a Griffith or a Lubitsch. Instead, it has had no less than four directors. Three are now working on it, Niblo, Al Rayboch and Christie Calane.

With credit to the producers, we must say that no expense has been spared. But we must also say that too many cooks are liable to spoil the broth.

The fact that the scenario has been rewritten several times, each time bringing Ramon Novarro more prominently into the foreground, seems to indicate that, at least, there is no fault to find with Ben Hur himself.

Just about every man I know has a crush on Norma Shearer. None can explain it definitely, so I will not attempt to. But here's an anecdote of a young male star of the Metro-Goldwyn lot, who, as a romantic actor, is without his peer.

Recently during lunch hour in the studio lunch room he heard Miss Shearer ask for a waiter. Seizing his opportunity, he rushed from his table and nabbed the servitor.

"Thank you," said Miss Shearer, to whom the young man had never been presented.

"That is only a sample of my efficiency," he replied, with daring.

Upon finishing her lunch Miss Shearer came to his table and said, very quietly, "It was not a sample of your efficiency, it was proof that you are a gentleman."

That young man, who happens to be one of my best friends, now acts as Miss Shearer's unofficial press agent. He declares her the leading lady of Hollywood.

Many stars are falling, but some are coming back.

I am happy to see the return of Louise Glaum, a charming and generous woman. Miss Glaum was in tragic despair following a prolonged absence from the screen, due to nervous breakdown.

"I am going to make every effort to come back," she told me, "before I finally give up and go to work as a stenographer."

I have known Miss Glaum since the early Triangle days, and of all the stars I've known there is none who appears more deserving, genuine and conscientious than she. Nervous breakdown? I think it was heart-
In the mirror lies her future—and her fortune

THAT wise little proverb—“Your Face is your Fortune,” inspired Tre-Jur.

For Tre-Jur Toiletries are the surest aids to beauty the world has ever known—the finest in cosmetics, the loveliest in scents.

The Tre-Jur Triple Compact brings you powder, lipstick and rouge in a delightful little case—cleverly arranged to serve swiftly and well.

The Tre-Jur Thinnest is amazingly shallow and gently convex—a graceful case of exquisite beauty, with mirror generously large.

For every need a Tre-Jur Compact— at a welcome price. Each enjoys the exquisite fragrance of JOLLYMEMOIRE... a perfume as tempting as beauty itself.

The House of Tre-Jur, 19 W. 18 St. N.Y.

Tre-Jur Sold Everywhere
At your favorite counter you’ll find Tre-Jur—or by mail direct from us.

Tre-Jur Face Powder
of exquisite texture, delicately scented, in a wondrously lovely box—50c and $1.00.

THE “THINNEST”
Single—$1.00
Double—$1.50

THE “TRIPLE”
$1.25
Small Twin $1.00

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Is your skin older than you are?

HE saying "A woman is as old as she looks" should be daily borne in mind by every woman who desires to retain the charm of youth. The skin is the first part of the body to show the marks of age, and no woman can look younger than her skin.

With a little care, however, it is easy to keep it as young as you are, or even a little younger. And the method is so simple—just daily cleansing with Resinol Soap.

Incredible as this may seem, it is true, because proper cleansing is the basis of all skin health and beauty, and Resinol soap is unsurpassed as a cleansing agent. This enviable position is due largely to its absolute purity but especially to the Resinol properties it contains.

These soothing qualities enable the soft lather to sink deep into the pores of the skin and thoroughly cleanse them without injuring the delicate tissue or removing the natural oil so necessary to prevent dryness and wrinkles. One trial of Resinol Soap will indicate its pleasing effect and reveal its distinctive fragrance.

For special irritations, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which doctors have prescribed for years in treating itching, burning, skin troubles. Excellent for the rashes and chafings of childhood and as a healing home remedy. At all druggists.

Resinol Soap

Department K, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

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There was frantic bidding for the services of Lillian Gish as soon as she was freed from her contract with Charles Duell. Metro-Goldwyn won out with an offer of five thousand dollars a week and twenty-five per cent of the profits of her pictures.

If similarity of tastes helps make a happy marriage, then Helen Holmes ought to be headed for a long and contented married life. When Helen, the serial queen, went to Fort Worth, Texas, to be queen of a Wild West show, she met Lloyd Saunders, cowboy and rodeo champion. Naturally they found much in common and, after a brief courtship, were married in great style at Ponca City, Okla.
Read These Personal Experiences of Perhaps Your Neighbors or Friends!

"Now do your hair look after the dance? Does it hang in woe-begone waves and helpless strands, after an evening in a warm room, no matter how beautifully you crimped or curled it for the occasion? Yet with a single Nestle Lanoil Permanent Wave, how daintily those wisps would cling to your forehead and at your throat in delightful ringlets, so entrancingly those lankly strands would wave and curl. You do not need to endure the embarrassment of straight hair this summer. You do not need to have straight hair at all, if you make up your mind to have naturally curly hair. For, waiting for you is a little Home Outfit, which transforms the straightest hair that grows on woman or child into delightful waves, curls and ringlets that curl of themselves, and look even prettier when you shampoo them, or go out into rain, fog or mist.

LANOIL Waves Laugh at Moisture of All Kinds

Of course this sounds hard to believe—yet we are willing to let you prove its absolute truth at our cost. All we ask is that you send a letter, or the coupon below for a Home Outfit, enclosing its $15 purchase price, or, if you prefer, SEND NO MONEY and pay the postman when it arrives.

If after testing your charming waves, curls and ringlets for thirty days, you are not convinced that the Home Outfit is the most wonderful purchase you ever made, and the gentle LANOIL treatment the best thing you ever did for your hair, return the Outfit, and by return mail you will receive in full every cent of its $15 purchase price without any deduction whatever for our packing and mailing costs, use of the free trial supplies and the Outfit.

A Simple—Yet Fascinating Procedure

In the privacy of your own home, this Outfit gives you the same famous LANOIL Process for which hundreds of women visit Mr. Nestle's New York Establishments every day. A few pleasant hours' pastime any afternoon gives to your hair a natural curliness that you can be proud of forever—a curliness which will last you through stroll in the damp night air, through bathing at seashore or mountain side, through dancing of evenings, or working all day long in warm offices or at home.

Do not delay. Spring is here. Summer is lurking around the corner. All sorts of pleasures that make naturally curly hair of prime importance await you. Imagine being able to compete in hair beauty and comfort with any woman or girl of your acquaintance who was born with naturally curly hair!

Send Today—

If you desire further explanations, send a letter, postal or the coupon below for our free booklet containing many testimonial letters and photographs. But a trial of the Outfit is also free so why not send for yours today? With it, you will get illustrated instructions, all our literature, free trial supplies, and in addition sufficient waving materials for a couple of heads. Remember too, you can always use the Home Outfit to wave your family and friends as well, more supplies being obtainable for very little cost whenever you need them.

NestleLanoilCo., Ltd., Dept. Y
Established 1895
12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City

Fill in, tear off and mail coupon today

NestleLanoilCo., Ltd., Dept. Y
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Please send me the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving, I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit at any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of $15.

☐ I enclose $15 in check, money order, or draft on a bank in this city.
☐ I enclose no money. Please send C. O. D.

My electrical voltage is...

[If only free booklet of further particulars is desired]

If your hair is white or very ash blond, mention it here...

(From foreign countries, send Sixteen Dollars, checks money order or drafts must be in U. S. currency. Canadians may order from Raymond Harper, 319 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada, 20 cents duty free.)
Losing 39 lbs. In 6 Weeks Was Easy

Had Mrs. Betty Clarkson been told that in less than 6 weeks she could lose 39 lbs., she would have smiled incredulously, and then pointed to her 162 pounds as a pretty good reason for her doubt. She had tried about everything. To stand just 5 ft. 2 in. and weigh 162 lbs., made Mrs. Clarkson, as she puts it, "the despair of friends and dressmakers." Her story is interesting, for there are thousands today who have the same problem she has so happily solved, and who now make the rare opportunity feel confirming.

"I was so fat that I hated to look in the mirror. I was filled with despair of dressmakers. I tried about everything to lose weight, without success, when a friend urged me to try the Wallace records. I really did it to please her, and as she told me the first lesson was free, I figured I had nothing to lose. I sent for the lesson—it came, everything free. Imagine my joy when the scales showed me 4 lbs. lighter the first week. At an incredibly low price I got all the lessons, and in just 6 weeks I lost 39 lbs. I lost, nothing else. Now I am slender, wear modish gowns, look and feel better than ever, and Mr. Wallace, I owe it all to you. What are most people can do, and the lesson aren't 'work,' they're 'just fun.'"

Wallace's Free Offer

For those who doubt and wish to test at home, Wallace has set aside a thousand first lessons, records and all, which he will gladly mail for a free trial, if you will send name and address. There's nothing to pay—no postage—no deposit. He wants you to prove for yourself that you can reduce, just as Mrs. Clarkson and thousands of others have done.

Wallace, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free and postpaid, for a week's free trial, the Original Wallace Reducing Record with all instructions. This trial is not to cost me one cent.

Name .
Address .

Note: The publishers of this magazine assure you that this trial is free—nothing whatever to pay.

No Hair Offends Where Neet is Used

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair pleasantly without discomfort to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a mild and effective new agent, which will hold to the skin on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all the hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white. Old methods, the unwashed razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable hair remover. Neet is the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere. Ask at any drug store for Neet a tube or buy neet money back if it fails to please you. Buy now.

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By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course Adult beginners taught by music. Advanced course including jazz, blues, blues harmony, madam, and other related Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 250 styles of Boss, Greens, Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmonies, Orientals, Blues, Moris and Cafe-Jazz, Trick Evaluation, Chicago, Span-Killer, Sax, Blues, Triple Rama, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obliviate and 247 other subjects, including two Playing, 150 pages of REAL-Jazz, $25.00 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Watson Piano School, 1334 W. Adams St., Los Angeles, Calif.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and GEORGE HALE—also his cane, mustache and big shoes—in "The Gold Rush." The only thing that hasn't been rushed is the picture which he has been making and re-making for a year. Part of the re-making was due to the supply of Vita Grey, Charlie's girl-bride, by Georgia as his leading lady.

ELSIE FERGUSON is returning to the screen—this time with the Vitagraph company and in a film called "The Unknown Lover." For several years, Miss Ferguson held a contract with Famous Players-Lasky which ran for a long time even though Miss Ferguson was making no pictures for the company.

Last summer, the star was cast for the leading role in "The Swan." She took tests for the part and then came a difference of opinion that was clouded over with mystery. According to friends of the company, the tests were unsatisfactory. According to friends of Miss Ferguson, Elsie did not approve of changes in the script. Lillian Gish also refused the role for the same reason.

Frank Mayo and Mildred Harris are appearing with Miss Ferguson and who else do you suppose is in the cast? None other than Count Costa Morner who enjoyed a brief fling in the newspapers as the husband of Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

ALLAN DWAN, the Paavo Nurmi of directors, has just dashed off "Night Life in New York." Rod La Rocque says that the picture was completed before he knew it was under way. Dorothy Gish says she worked for a week before she knew the name of the character she was playing. Helen Lee Worthing says that it wasn't a bit like "Janice Meredith," which was more than a year in production.

Incidentally, Texas Guinan and the girls of the El Fey Club take part in one of the scenes. She earned $2,800 from her day's work. Texas had a strenuous time playing in serials some years ago and she didn't get any $2,800 a day for her time. Now, however, as the most popular hostess on Broadway, she can afford to play Hard-Hearted Hannah when film magazines come seeking her services.

SOME of the funniest incidents in American history have resulted from censorship.

Here's one which should make the censors proud of themselves which was unearthed by Huntly Gordon, while delving into the "Censor Follies of the Past."

In 1838, Gordon discovered, the Territory of Oklahoma decreed against bath tubs, declaring them immoral. The belief was indicated that the Saturday night bucket, scrub brush and soap were better than the man-sized zinc-lined affairs. Maybe not cleaner but certainly more moral.

This condition continued until the President of the United States installed a bath tub in the White House, after which the law was not enforced, but died a natural death. Later enactments of the Oklahoma legislature permitted of tubs and baths on Sunday.

MICHAEL ARLEN fairly burned up New York and for a few brief weeks no party was really an A No. 1 party unless the author of "The Green Hat" was among those present. Arlen is a snappy dresser. He wears a cape in the evening and pink collars in the daytime and he has those Mayfair manners. He is most affable and most likable and he had no trouble at all in selling Famous Players-Lasky a story called "The Crossroads of the World." Although the story hadn't been written and Arlen had nothing but the title to sell, he was reluctantly paid $30,000 for it. When it is written, it will be tailored to fit Pola Negri.

Arlen spent much of his time in the company of Bebe Daniels. He seemed to enjoy dancing with Bebe. But for that matter, who doesn't?
QUIETLY—oh, so quietly—were John Patrick and Mildred Legaye married out in Hollywood. Miss Legaye is a chorus girl and vaudeville actress and Mr. Patrick is one of the crop of new and handsome leading men. Miss Legaye went to Hollywood to break into the movies; she was seen several times at the Coconut Grove, always dancing with Mr. Patrick. And then the Hollywood Athletic Club lost another bachelor.

JACK PICKFORD spent a few brief days in New York. During the filming of "The Goose Woman," he was stricken with Klig

Dazzling White Teeth

Why you may already have them—and yet not realize it

Make this unique test. Find out what beauty is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth

Do you seriously want dazzlingly clear teeth? — teeth that add immeasurably to your personality and attractiveness?

You can have them, if you wish. That's been proved times without number. But not by continuing with old methods of cleansing and of brushing.

Modern science has discovered a new way. A radically different principle from old ways; and based on latest scientific findings. This offers you a test, free. Simply mail the coupon.

How to gain them—quickly

There's a film on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it. Beneath it are the pretty teeth you envy in others. Ordinary methods won't successfully remove it.

That is why this test is offered. For when you remove that film, you'll be surprised at what you find. You may actually have beautiful teeth already—and yet not realize it. Find out.

What that film is

Most tooth troubles now are traced to film. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

That film, too, absorbs stains... stains from food, from smoking, from various causes. And that is why your teeth look "off color."

New methods now remove it

Old-time dentifrices could not successfully fight that film. So most people had dingy teeth. And tooth troubles increased alarmingly.

Now new methods have been found. And embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent.

It acts to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it. No soap, no chalk; no harsh grit dangerous to enamel.

It proves the folly of ugly teeth. It gives better protection against pyorrhea, of tooth troubles both in adults and in children.

Ten days' use will prove its benefits. And that 10 days is offered to you as a test. Why not make it then — have prettier teeth, whiter teeth? Send the coupon now.

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
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Send to:

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

Only one tube to a family.

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HOW TO BE SURE OF A CORRECT PERMANENT WAVE

Not every woman can have her hair permanently waved by one of the dozen renowned masters of this art. But every woman can have it done by the same superior method that practically all foremost experts use—the Frederics Method of Permanent Waving.

Better hairdressers everywhere display the sign pictured below. It tells you that they practise this method—that you can there obtain the greater permanency, safety and correct beauty which this method assures.

If you do not know of a Frederics Method Parlor, we will gladly send you, on request, the name of one nearby.

E. Frederics, Inc.
32 West 39th St. New York, N. Y.

The Frederics Method OF PERMANENT WAVING
FOR THE NUR OF WOMEN WHO CARE

A Sure Way to End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

eyes and was obliged to rush East to consult an oculist. He was joined by his wife, Maril-lynn Miller, and they returned to the Coast together. After leaving New York, “Peter Pan,” in which Miss Miller was starring, died a quiet death in Philadelphia; consequently Miss Miller has the rest of the season to spend as she pleases. Early in the summer, the young Pickfords will go to Europe.

NORMA TALMADGE tells this one on herself.

It seems that, having watched her husband, Joe Schenck, make a lot of money in real estate, she decided that there was no reason why he should be the only one to be clever about investments.

Anyway, when Joe went to New York without her, Norma decided one morning to dash out and buy real estate. She did. She bought two lots for two thousand dollars each. Which may have been all right, but the awful part of it was that Norma can’t remember where the lots were nor from whom she bought them.

So when her husband came home she had to confide in him, and it took him several days to locate what the family now gleefully calls, “Norma’s real estate venture.”

WHEN Mae Murray sailed for Europe, she solemnly assured the ship reporters that everything was simply perfect between Bob Leonard and herself. Going to Paris for a divorce? Never.

Evidently Miss Murray was reticent about speaking her mind so long as she remained in the homeland. Because no sooner had she arrived in Paris than she gave out an interview declaring that French justice would soon sever all the legal bonds existing between her and her director-husband. Also she advocated easier divorces and more difficult marriages. That is to say, she wants new laws to make it more difficult for young folks to get tied up for life.

Out in Hollywood, Boli still clings to a feeble hope that Mae will return and all would be forgiven. He still hopes that she will change her mind, for the last wires received from her were most encouraging.

“Whatever she does about it is all right with me,” he said. “I shall not contest the divorce proceedings, although it will make me much happier if she changes her mind about it all.”

ONE of the devoted followers of Pola Negri during her brief visit to New York was Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman. Also he sailed for France soon after Pola made her departure. Pola was wearing an 18-carat engagement ring and the experts began drawing conclusions.

Now if you were openly accused of being romantically interested in Pola, wouldn’t you think twice before you denied it? It would be an immensely flattering position and the doctor blushingly accepted it. He neither affirmed nor denied. He simply said that he was interested in Miss Negri and probably would see her in Europe. However, as Pola had sailed when the doctor was interviewed, nobody got the lady’s side of the story.

NEITHER Dr. Goodman nor Alma Rubens has been wasting any tears over each other since their divorce. There have been many recent rumors of the engagement of Ricardo Cortez and Alma Rubens, and these in spite of
Jaunty

and gay as the bursting colors of a sunshade on a July afternoon—that's what this magazine is. There is cleverness here, to be proud of.... It can be wistful, too, as flip-pant women can be wistful.... There are stories filled with the sparkle of glorious youth—stories to return to, as some mouths made to be kissed over and over again.

BUILT for FUN

This magazine can fit your mood in the day hours as well as at night-time, when cigaret ends twinkle in the dark, and white disks of straw hats go flashing by. At any newsstand, ask for

College Humor
Does Your English Hold You Back?

ARE you tongue-tied and pen-shy? Are you missing opportunities in business because you are not able to express yourself as clearly and forcefully as that man or woman whose ease and fluency of expression you secretly envy so much?

We all pity the palsied old man in the poor-house, the blind girl who will never see the beauties around her, the little boy on crutches who is missing many of life's opportunities.

The Bondage of the Mute
But there are other tragedies equally as great as these. And chief among them is the tragedy of the man or woman of really great natural ability who will never rise above mediocrity because of inability to express in correct English the thoughts that are surging for release.

This isn't a message of grief, but of hope. There is a way for you to learn how to speak and write clear, forceful, correct English.

Right at home in spare time, through the course in English Expression now being offered by the Palmer Institute of Authorship, you can secure a mastery of words that will be of great practical value to you as long as you live.

The Magic of Words
This Palmer Course teaches good English in an interesting, modern way, by means of entertaining talks, word puzzles and constant friendly contact with the teacher.

It is the most interesting course on English ever written and you will find it as fascinating as a game. We say a "course on English," yet this course is ever so much more than that. It is a course in Self-Expression. It will help you to organize your thoughts—to acquire poise—to be an entertaining companion and an interesting friend—to step into new and better positions in business—to overcome your handicaps, whatever they may be.

Write for the Full Story
The coupon below will bring you, free, a fascinating booklet telling all about this Palmer Course in English Expression. No matter who you are or what you do, you will find this course the pass key to greater happiness and larger success.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your booklet telling all about the Palmer Course in

ENGLISH EXPRESSION

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

Something new in motion picture theaters is disclosed in the New Capitol, Chicago. The architect, John Eberson, has placed the audience in a magic Italian garden setting, with all the beauty of the Mediterranean sky under soft moonlight glow

LITTLE LORIS NIBLO, three and a half year old daughter of Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett Niblo, was playing with a little neighbor in Beverly Hills one morning. She wanted to get in the swing, and asked, with some doubt in her manner, "Is that swing clean? I will get dirty if I play in it, won't I?"

The small neighbor was a bit insulted and said, emphatically: "Course it's clean."

"Well," said Loris, with a bored and haughty air, "everything in Rome is dirty, you know."

Which goes to prove that travel even at an early age, makes its impressions on the child mind. Loris accompanied her father and mother when they went to Rome "Ben-Hur-ing."

There are so many girls invading Hollywood and attaching "former Follies star" to their names in their efforts to get into pictures, that the bona fide ex-Follies beauties are thinking of banding together and forming a club, excluding all that are not "the real thing," according to Lilian Tashman, who is heading the movement.

Among those who are eligible, and who therefore will receive an invitation to join, according to Miss Tashman, herself once a member of Zelzfield's Follies, are Marion Davies, Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Ann Pennington, Jacqueline Logan, Dorothy Mackaill, Frances Howard, Justine Johnson, Jane Winton, Sally Long, Peggy Shaw, Shannon Don and Edith Halbor.

MABEL NORMAND has been graduated from pictures into the University of California, where she is taking an advanced course in French. Her teachers say she is a very good pupil and is seldom kept after school.

Various announcements have been made concerning Mabel's return to the screen, but she has not yet started work at any studio. Let us hope that the heart-breaking serial of "The Misfortunes of Mabel" has definitely ended and that soon we may laugh as of yore at the beloved Mickey and Molly-O.

ERIC VON STROHEIM, who made "Foolish Wives," and "Greed," and has just completed "The Merry Widow," has a reputation for being the most difficult director in pictures to handle. You remember that he spent a million dollars making "Foolish Wives" and that he and the whole Universal company were all at each other's throats. When he made "Greed," he kept the old Goldwyn organization hopping to keep up with him, and of course the difficulties of "The Merry Widow" are too recent to be forgotten.

Once he was actually taken off the picture, and many times it looked as though he would be.

Which brings us to something that seems both interesting and pathetic.

When "The Merry Widow" was over the folks that had worked on it—not the star, not the cast—but the assistant directors, the cameramen, the property boys, and the elec-
ERIC VON STROHEIM tells a
story of the weird trade rats
that infest the shacks on the rim
of Death Valley where "Greed"
was filmed. These rats will carry
off any bright object they see,
but they are scrupulous about
leaving something in return.
Eric left his Ingersoll wrist watch
lying around one night and the
next morning found in its place
a little piece of brown paper.
Whereupon someone asked "Was
there an I. O. U. on it?"

VON STERNBERG, who dug up all the
mud in San Pedro bay and called it "The
Salvation Hunters," has been digging around
at the Metro-Goldwyn studio where Von
Stroheim, equally artistic, unearthed his
"Greed." The studio call-board accordingly
lists them as: Von common, and Von preferred.

H.G. WELLS has been signed by William
Fox to write pictures, his first being
"Marriage." This will not interfere with
Elinor Glyn's activities on the same subject.

MALCOLM MACGREGOR is the most prob-
able candidate for stardom among
the leading men of Hollywood. He is now playing
the leading role in "The Happy Warrior" for
Vitagraph at a salary over one thousand.
MacGregor is one of the few movie players
who can make a stunning personal appearance,
and whereas he appears he is greeted by
applause worthy of a star. But, being a gentle-
man, off-screen public recognition annals.

Polly the movie star! The rest of us
may run away from the law or ourselves,
but the movie star can't get away from it even if
he penetrates to the heart of darkest Africa.

ANNA MAY WONG cannot make up her
mind as to residence. She moves from
Hollywood to Chinatown and back again
at regular intervals. Her father is a Chinese
laundry man, and Anna is our leading Chinese
star. Likewise, she is one of the brightest of
our flappers.

MRS. RIN-TIN-TIN is retiring from the
screen temporarily in anticipation of an
interesting family event. Mr. Rin-Tin-Tin
is hoping it will be three boys and three girls.

ANY predict that Norma Talmadge's
husband, Joseph Schenck, will become the
controlling chair of the motion picture industry.
Mr. Schenck now heads the United Artists
combine, consisting of Chaplin, Fairbanks,
Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance
Talmadge, Buster Keaton, William S. Hart
and Rudolph Valentino, who recently signed.
It is also believed that Mr. Schenck will be
come the controlling factor of Metro-Goldwyn.
In fact, his brother, Nicholas, is already con-
sidered the chief power in the company. And
it is significant that Norma Talmadge has been
filming her "Graustark" at that studio, having
moved over from the United Studio lot.

Joseph Schenck is naturally gifted as a film
executive. He is a shrewd business man and
a daring spendee. In addition, he has a symp-
thetic personality which is invaluable in
dealing with the temperamentally human
elements of the motion picture business.  

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114
Now! a ‘GREASELESS’ Creme that really Cleanses

NOTE: Sem-pray is a "greaseless" cleansing creme in this sense: The skin largely absorbs it. The small surplus which remains is easily wiped off, taking with it all the dirt from the pores. A perfect foundation for powder is thus created — a foundation which never causes your powder to look "spotty." A second application of Sem-pray, before retiring should be left upon the skin over-night. Sem-pray will not grow hairy. It is absolutely pure and non-irritating.

Many women seem to object to greasy cleansing creams. They ask me repeatedly why I do not emphasize the point that Sem-pray is "greaseless" (as I have explained above). This message is written at their urging.

More important to my mind, however, is the fact that no other cleansing cream leaves the face so quickly as Sem-pray. It leaves the skin so soft and smooth that there is no need to use any after-cream. The face opens and closes with the native suppleness. You need not return to the cream, but can use your old favorite for the night.

For the like reason, use of Sem-pray replaces those pre-cook-to-yield, semi-liquid substances which are out-door expenses. It is a great economy. Each day cleanses and nourishes the skin, Sem-pray also provides a splendid base for powder.

Celebrated beauties and actresses call Sem-pray "the secret of a skin that is always young." It is equally prized by women everywhere whose youthful, clear, cream complexion are the envy of all.

Adapt Sem-pray for your own skin in thirty days. If you wish to purchase a cake today, just "last sentence as any of your friends. If you return for a rest, however, Sem-pray, 654-F Turner Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Just Say

SEM-PRAY

The Secret of a Skin that's "Always Young!

The Bath

Bewitching

A delicate fra
gance, to augmen
t the delight of the
bathing hour. The
tonic properties of
the sea, to refresh
and invigorate. The
water magically
soothing, to keep
your skin velvet-
smooth.

A sprinkling of
No. 4711 Bath Salt
is the true en-
chantment of thebath

Nine odors to meet
your preferences.

Bath Salts

No. 4711 Eau de Cologne—
In mild suggestive action
It is highly beneficial.
An effective base for cosmetics. A favorite
since 1792.

No. 4711 White Rose Glyc
erine Soap—Depended upon
since 1860 as a "first aid to
ward a beautiful skin." Keeps
the skin so soft.

Made in U. S. A.

Mulhens & Kropp, Inc.
25 West 45th Street
New York

Everybody Calls Him "Henry"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

shape. Then the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, the great-great-grandfather of the young man who has just come to America, was one of the few from that ill-fated group who escaped capture. He fled to England where, at the instance of the French court, he was held as a political prisoner. There was another aristocratic refugee among those with whom he was imprisoned in England, the charming young Mlle. de Loynes, of a very old French family. They were married in the prison.

Not long after their marriage they were re-
leased. The Marquis could have remained
safely in England, but his beloved France was in
the hands of the Red Rectors. Honor,
duty, loyalty to his King and to his castle,
called him back to his native land. No less
courageous than her husband, his bride accom-
panied him. They were captured by the
Terrorists and sentenced to death. Only the
discovery that she was about to become
mother saved the little Marquis from the fate
of her husband, who died on the guillotine,
bravely, like an aristocrat and a gentleman of
France.

It was the son born under the tragic shadow
of the scaffold who became the great-grand
father of the Marquis and from whom he
inherited his title.

The father of Gloria Marquis married the
dughter of Richard Hennessy, head of the
world-famous family of distillers whose brandy
is drunk wherever the Volstead act does not run,
and even there, it is whispered, at times. The
young Marquis is, therefore, of Irish as well as
of French descent. That may help account for
the easy camaraderie and unfailing good-
nature of his smile. He further, however, reared
him in the best tradition of the ancien régime
of France.

A soldier and an instructor in the military
college of St. Cyr, the West Point of France, it
was the present Marquis' father who aston-
ished the world of sports in 1905 by winning
the cavalry sword and rapier fencing contests at
the first Olympic games, held in Athens. At
his death, in 1910, he still held the title of
champion of France and Brandys, and had
added to that the glory of being the champion
pistol shot of France.

Which brings us down, through an interest-
ing and sombre page of history, to Miss
Swanson's husband. And I want anybody who
has a lingering doubt that the young Marquis
is all I have said he is, to run an eye over his
war record.

He went into the war, as every young
Frenchman did, on the day after his seven-
teenth birthday. Being an aristocrat and
son of an officer, he was put into the cavalry,
the 32nd Dragoons. Wounded in battle, he
returned to the service in the famous Blue
Devils. As everybody who remembers that
there were a war in France a few years ago will
recall, there weren't any f'st'n'ry devill in all
the armies than these blue ones, and the boy
we're talking about was one of the f'st'n'ry's.

Proof of that is the fact that he was one of
the one hundred volunteers accepted for service
so dangerous that the commanding officer would
not order any of his men to it.

His job was to go out at night, armed with
a knife, and bring in a German alive, out of
the enemy trenches. Knives are silent weapons, if
your captive gets too restless. Headquarters
wanted the prisoners alive, however, to try
information of the German positions and
strength out of them.

This young Frenchman, however, undertook a job of that sort. He did it, and came through, as a he-man, I'm tell-
ing you, even if he was only a kid at the time.

He did it, and did it right, until he was
detached as a volunteer runner and put to work
on the even more dangerous job of repairing
telephone wires under the German barrage.

He did that until he was smashed up in the
booby-trapped alleys of France. Both legs were
broken, and flesh, and only by a miracle of surgery is he able to stand or walk at all. You couldn't
detect a trace of it in his gait, but I've seen the
legs, and I know. And I've also seen the Croix de Guerre with three palms and the citation for
"unequaled courage under a deadly
barrage" that he has to remind him of the late
unpleasantness.

After the war he went to work. It's the
fashion for young aristocrats to work, even
though he is a wealthy man, as wealth goes in
France. He went into the importing business
and made good, became an agent for Lloyd's
of London and enjoyed the social life of Paris
in his leisure time as only a young man to whom
youngness is her and whose society is eagerly
sought can enjoy it.

When Forrest Halsey went to Paris to make
the preliminary arrangements for the filming of
"Sans Gen." there were matters of business
to be arranged, and Halsey and the Marquis
met. They hit it off with each other at once;
soon they were the best of friends. The
Marquis laughingly boasted that he was love-
proof.

"Wait till you meet Gloria Swanson," said
Halsey, jokingly.

Gloria had given similar intimations.

"Wait till you meet the Marquis James
Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye," Forrest
Halsey said to her, also jokingly.

Somewhere the joke suggestion took root in
each mind; so much so that there was a slightly
strained effect when they first met in Paris.
Each was wondering if the other was thinking
of "Sans Gen."

The young Marquis volunteered to interpret
for the company, to smooth the way for the
strangers in a strange land, the associates
of Forrest Halsey and Gloria. The secret, as
I think I have unearthed it, is that they play
together. They are like a couple of children,
who are, of course, the same age, and not
urious of the same things, seeing the
fuuzy side and the joyous side of life through
the same eyes, having a wonderful
ime together in the best of all wonderful
orld.

Everybody calls him Henry.

And Gloria is still Gloria.
Mary Is Looking for Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

saccharine mawkishness which is usual in a character of this type.

Without preaching, I always like to give a message of hope in my pictures and, of course, will continue to present the sweet, wholesome type of girlhood which I have tried to portray in the past. Naturally I do not want costume pictures nor foreign themes, but only those dealing with the problems of the average American girl.

I have now two stories ahead that I am sure you will like, because I like them. But I am anxious for suggestions for future stories.

In writing, remember these things:

Story value receives the first consideration, rather than my part or any of the other roles. There must be a new angle away from hackneyed formulas. Characterization and theme are important, too.

Let me hear from all of you. And when your letters are in, an impartial committee will be named to make the awards.

Permit me to thank you all, in advance, for your kind interest in my appeal for suggestions.

Questions and Answers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

PAUL S., TORONTO, ONT.—Ben Lyon is an American. To be exact, he is a Southerner. He was born in Atlanta, Ga., and his address is United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

J. R. H., LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.—Send your letter to Virginia Valli to the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

MISS SARA, HOUSTON, TEXAS.—You don’t care how much you spend on stamps. Here are the addresses you want: Gloria Swanson, Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I.; Anna Q. Nilsson, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.; Betty Compson, Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.; Ricardo Cortez, also Lasky Studios; Richard Dix, Paramount Studios, Astoria, Long Island. Only five questions at a time, please, Sara.

BETTY, IPSWICH, MASS.—You have as much right as anyone to ask questions, and I hereby give you my official consent to write as often as you please. Fred Thomson is married to Frances Marion, one of the cleverest scenario writers in the business. He is not divorced. He was born on April 26, 1896, in Pasadena, California, and is six feet two inches tall. Mr. Thomson, will you please make more pictures and oblige Miss Betty?

EVELYN, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Yes, it is always wise to send a quarter when asking for photographs of the stars. You see, the favorites get so many requests that they think it is only fair for the fans to pay for the cost of mailing the pictures. Some of the stars donate the quarters to charity. Ben Lyon can be reached at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

R. M., BUCKINGHAM, QUE.—I hate to shatter your hopes. Rod La Rocque is not a Canadian. He was born in Chicago. Isn’t it enough glory to have Mary Pickford as a native daughter?

R. W. M., MOORESTOWN, N. J.—Both Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix receive their mail at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I. Alberta Vaughn gets her letters at the F. B. O. Studio, Hollywood, Calif. At present, Dorothy Gish has no contract; she works for various companies, so she has no permanent address. But her sister Lillian may be reached at Inspiration Pictures, 536 Fifth Avenue, New York.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 143]
The Shadow Stage

[Continued from Page 51]

MEN AND WOMEN—Paramount

T must have been filial devotion that led William de Mille to produce this play, written by his father and David Belasco. For the story is the deadly triangle, complicated by nothing newer than the usual shortage at the bank. It is pretty flat stuff because even Richard Dix, Claire Adams and Neil Hamilton cannot give it any vitality.—A. S.

THE ONE WAY STREET—First National

NOT for the children, and the grownups will find it tiresome. Closeups! They constitute the whole picture and as a result the action is drabgy. There is only one good scene in the whole picture and the work in that scene is done by Anna Q. Nilsson. Throughout the picture Anna does good work, but the rest of the cast—perhaps the least said the better. A new twist to the rejuvenation angle forms the theme.—M. B.

CONTRABAND—Paramount

ONE of those pictures in which the intrepid girl and her boy friend clean up the town. Fighting, kidnapping, shooting, bootlegging and all the minor and pleasant crimes figure in the story, which has plenty of speed but no control. Anyway it is all in fun and agreeably played by Lois Wilson, Noah Beery, Raymond McKee and Raymond Hatton. All good trouper.—A. S.

SEVEN CHANCES—Metro-Goldwyn

NURMI may consider himself some pumpkins as a long distance hoofer, but Buster Keaton, spurred on by the galloping K. K. edition of the Brides' Unions circles around him in his new picture, which lags far behind his previous comedy offerings. Buster is introduced as an ambitious Romeo minus a "brassy" constitution. To inherit a seven-million dollar fortune, he must marry at once. His troubles in getting the right bride answers the plot problem.—D. H.

RECOMPENSE—Warner Brothers

A SEQUEL to "Simon Called Peter," if that means anything to you. It continues the adventures of the clergyman who went to war and met that naughty Julie. After enjoying the horrors of war, the minister goes to South Africa and breaks a leg. Then he goes back to London and has a high old time in the slums. Just a lot of sex stuff and an evening of grief. Monte Blue and Marie Prevost are miscast in the leading roles. Keep the children away.—A. S.

MY WIFE AND I—Warner Brothers

THIS certainly has been a bad month on pictures. Here is another to be added to the list of "not so good." The minute you see Constance Bennett's name in a cast you know that, undoubtedly, a home will be wrecked before the picture is over. But Irene Rich, who is the neglected wife here, refuses to let her home be broken, so Constance just adds another check to her "gain and losses." Emphasis, this time, on the losses. Very tiresome and, again, not for children.—M. B.

LILIES OF THE STREETS—F. B. O.

SOME of the technique of how girls go wrong, supplied by Mary Hamilton. New York's policemen in the picture. One who believes that the film was made as an altruistic warning to keep good girls out of dance halls is entitled to free admission. It's just a revision to the white slave stuff of several years ago that made bad friends for the movies. Bad acting except by a girl named Irma Harrison in a minor role.—A. S.

MAN AND MAID—Metro-Goldwyn

A SWELL looking picture with the soul of a dime novel. An Elinor Glyn story without heavy sex stuff. Harriet Hammond in a dramatic role as Low Cody as a hero. Yet in spite of all these revolutionary changes, the picture is only mildly interesting. Right away you know that, in spite of lovely French ladies, the rich Sir Nicholas will wed the poor but British Albania.—A. S.

BRIDGE OF SIGHS—Warner Bros.

THE tale of tears or the hall of groans would be more appropriate titles for this long drawn out lachrymose drama of daughterly devotion, fatherly suffering, and hero adulation. See for yourself: an elderly man is sent to prison convicted of stealing money the giggly hero garnered. The hero is shanghaied. He returns in time to save the girl from the villain's muscular arms and all's well that ends well. Now, we ask you . . .—D. H.

SCHOOL FOR WIVES—Vitaphone

ARTIST marries girl who has so much money that he can't be happy with her, especially as he feels his old man piled it up by nefarious methods. They separate and he falls into the toils of aristocrat vamp. But he returns to wife when she gives away coin to a cheering populace. If you believe that, we tell you another one. Conway Tearle, Sigrid Holmquist and Peggy Kelly are the chief sufferers.—A. S.

A CAFE IN CAIRO—Producers Distributing

PRISCILLA DEAN carries on her rep. as the cave lady of the fillums in her latest bang-up, oo-la-la melo that flashes through a hot bed of intrigue in polyglot Cairo. Kidnapped as a baby, Priscilla is raised an Arab and promised in marriage to the Willard Jack of the desert. Of course, the American hero, love, and knowledge of her real identity sends the story melodrama-into a happy, rough-and-tumble finish.—D. H.

HEADWINDS—Universal

AN improbable, sentimental story introducing House Peters as a modern cavalier who subjuncts a petulant heifer. Frankly, we think House treated his captive, Patsy Ruth Miller, very mean, but according to the latest rules on "How to Win a Girl," treating 'em rough will do the trick every time. However, we don't advise anyone to try it. A dream sequence and the usual storm at sea save this from the boredom class.—M. B.

MARRIAGE IN TRANSIT—Fox

GOSSIP reports there is nothing new under the sun. This picture rambles through five reels to prove it. Again the weary secret service plot is taken off the shelf to provide a heroic role for Edmund Lowe, a wealthy youth yearning for adventure. The whole thing as an international criminal, getting what he goes after, marrying the heroine to save her from the crook, and finding Pollyanna's country in the confessional finish.—D. H.

THE RAINBOW TRAIL—Fox

THIS is the sequel to "Riders of the Purple Sage" reviewed in last month's issue. What we said about the predecessor holds good for...
this. But we still have a further complaint—
the plot is, by far, too complicated to follow.
However anyone is expected to follow it with-
out seeing the scene is beyond us. In spite of
the facts we know this is the sort of a
picture the young boys relish.—M. B.

THE CRIMSON RUNNER—
Producers Distributing

PRISCILLA DEAN as a high minded lady
who robs the rich to feed the poor.
The action—and what a lot of action!—takes
place in post-Stroheim Vienna, so Ward Crane
gets a chance to wear one of those form-fit
uniforms. The plot runs wild, but Miss Dean
is vivid and forceful.—A. S.

THE HUNTED WOMAN—Fox

SHOULD be hunting rather than hunted.
You see the lady is in search of her husband
to obtain a confession that will clear her
brother of a crime. On her travels she meets
an author seeking material for a novel—
guessed it right—they fall in love. He helps
her find the husband, but of course in due time
hubbie is killed off. Nothing to get excited
about.—M. B.

ACROSS THE DEADLINE—
Wm. Sterner

A I. the action in this picture happens in one
day. Sounds like an Elinor Glyn romance,
but it isn't—far from it. Just a story about
the enmity of two families. Naturally the son
of one family falls in love with the daughter
of the other. Her father learns of their secret
meetings and war is raged. But of course
everything is rosy after the hero proves his
worthiness. The boys like this sort.—M. B.

THE BURNING TRAIL—Universal

The cowboys and sheep-herders mix things
up again. William Desmond plays a New
York pugilist who kills a man in the fight and
goes to the great open spaces where he never
succeeds in catching up with the plot, which
got there before him. Plenty of scenery and
action, but no sense to it all.—A. S.

THE NIGHT SHIP—Lucas

TALK about one being born every minute—
there is one like this every month. We
think you understand what we mean. The
producers believe they have turned out a tense,
thrilling and dramatic story of land and sea.
Well, if that is their idea of a heart-throb-
er, give us a Mack Sennett comedy any day in
the week. Mary Carr and Tom Santschi head the
cast, if that means anything.—M. B.

Plenty of Bennetts

THERE seems to be a good deal of confusion
in the matter of the Bennett sisters, now
working in pictures. Bennett, it would appear,
is almost as common a name in the screen
world as Smith in the everyday world, and all
sorts of family complications are always
envisioned.

Enid Bennett, former screen star and leading
woman, is married to Fred Niblo, and she has
two younger sisters, Marjorie Bennett, a stage
actress, now leading woman in a well known
stock company, and Catherine Bennett,
ingenuity with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Company.

They are no relation to Constance Bennett,
daughter of Richard Bennett, the stage star,
or to her small sister, Barbara.

And neither of these Bennett families are any
relation to Alma Bennett, or to Belle Bennett,
who made her comeback to the films lately
with George Fitzmaurice, nor are Alma and
Belle any relation to each other.
She Rolls Her Own—Fat Away
[continued from page 78]

But then, I'm still a young feller and brown eyes and a rose light may ever twist romance out of my cynical soul.

This girl a fat little kid who rolled on her bedroom door to crush extra poundage into slim hips and beautifully formed figure? Impossible. Then—Bang! Came a report from some back room that shook the frail windows of the bungalow. Somewhere on a shelf a wine glass tinkled musically as it rocked nervously against a fellow cup of the cupboard.

"Don't be alarmed," said Clara, "it's only Daddy trying out a new punching bag in my gymnasium. You see I still take a lot of exercise. I'm sure I'd get fat if I didn't. And that's a horrible thought."

Back to the Brooklyn beauty contest and the school girl who won the right to forsake her studies for adventure in the glaring lights before a camera.

She was given a minor role in a picture and the world was fair. This was something like!

Came the night when the picture was to have its first public showing. Clara knew nothing of showmanship, but she proved herself a natural showman. She saw to it that every youngster in that Brooklyn high school was in the theater to see her on the screen. She wanted to be sure of moral support.

Tears upon tears. Heart-break and bitterness.

She wasn't in the picture.

She couldn't believe it. This was her picture, her big chance. But where was she? A chance phrase of the studio flashed into her mind—"the face on the cutting room floor."

Cruel words.

Broken hearted, she crept out of the theater. She ran home and cried aloud her grief to her mother.

To school again.

"I knew you couldn't act," a playmate taunted.

"You're too fat. Better join a circus," said another.

She tried to study, but the lines were blurred. The words all ran together, meaningless to a tortured heart.

Then the resolve to try anew. She'd show them, show them all. She'd be a star some day and—but first off, she'd get thin.

"Roll on the floor and grow thin," she read somewhere.

She locked herself in her bedroom, pushed her bed against the wall, lay down on the floor and rolled.

"I'd roll around the room like a rubber ball until I was so dizzy that I couldn't move," she said, "Then I'd jump up and stagger to the looking glass to see if I'd lost any fat. Once I fell against the dresser and bumped my head awfully.

"Say, I'll bet I rolled a hundred miles in that little room. I must be the champion roller of the world. And I starved myself, too. But it worked. Everybody noticed that I was getting thinner. I didn't tell a soul about the rolling. It was serious to me and I knew the kids would all laugh at me if I told them."

One day she skipped school and visited the New York studios. She learned that Elmer Clifton wanted a girl of her type for a part in "Down to the Sea in Ships."

She obtained the interview and got the part. This was the real beginning of her screen career. Her work was praised, but she was told that she was still too fat. She went home and rolled some more on the bedroom floor.

Shortly afterwards she was cast for the leading role opposite Glenn Hunter in "Grit." Then B. P. Schulberg signed her for a five year contract and she came to Hollywood.

Her rise in popularity has been sensational. She is now a first class box-office drawing card and is soon to be made a star in her own right. She has figured prominently in the casts of "Black Oxen," "Maytime," "Wine" and "Poisoned Paradise."

She is to share equal honors with such veterans as John Roche, Marie Prevost and Monte Blue in a new "quadrangle" drama which Lubitsch is producing for Warner Brothers.

This assignment, she says, has given her the biggest thrill since she won the beauty contest.

And this is the story of a little fat girl, who rolled across her bedroom floor to fame.

When They Grow Old

The Charles Chaplin of some years hence. The brow is furrowed by thought but the mustache is young. False whiskers do not turn grey

Silver threads among the gold of Ben Turpin's locks. Or Ben as he will look when Time and Mack Sennett have done their worst

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Closeups and Long Shots [continued from page 6]

group of tourists who visited the "Ben Hur" set where he was working.

"Who's the guy?" asked the leader of the group.

"Ramon Novarro," said the guide.

"Who?"

"Ramon Novarro," repeated the guide.

"What's he do?"

"He plays Ben Hur."

"Oh, Who's the girl?"

"Phyllis Pearce."

"May what?"

"May McAvoy," groaned the guide.

There was a perplexed pause.

"Say, what's the meaning of this picture?" demanded the brilliant visitor.

"Ben Hur," intoned the guide impressively.

"Ben Hur?" snorted the leader; then, turning sourly to his friends, "Ah, c'mon, it's one of those comedies."

WOULDN'T you like to hear of someone who didn't suffer heartache in Hollywood? Wouldn't you like to hear of someone who didn't break in by making the weary rounds—one day after day?

Wouldn't you like to hear of someone who grew wealthy and happy in some other way than by—just hard work?

Wouldn't you, I repeat hoarsely, like to learn about someone who found it all very soft, who didn't have to work, work, work, and yet at the age of thirty had a palatial home and motors and Sunday pants all handsomely mortgaged?

Well, I know two. One is Willie the bootlegger who supplies the Hollywood haut monde. and the other is—but you've guessed already—

I'm blushing.

THERE'S nothing to equal Western hospitalitv. A blind man walked out of a Los Angeles jail and wasn't missed for thirty days. The episode recalls the week-end parties Texas Guinan used to give in the good old palmy days. Texas knew who was in the house or what they took when they left. A couple of years ago Texas staged a party at the home of the late Senator Clark, who wished to meet the celebrities of screen and stage.

"Don't you think we ought to present favors?" the senator asked.

"Leave it to them," roared Texas. "They'll find 'em; you'll be lucky if the pipe organ left."

Texas herself once bashed for a day in the Los Angeles jail on what she termed a "technically." A blind man walked out of the jail, and other guests were two mischievous ladies accused of murder.

"My heavens!" gasped Texas afterward.

"Talk about the conceit of our movie stars; you should see the egotism of those murderers! They did nothing but shove their press clippings at me!"

On a recent morning while I still reclined in my regal couch (an authentic copy, by the way, of Louis, the Lazy's), the door of my chamber crashed in to admit the baby grand from the little Bull family. His eyes were bulged with terror and his coat with bottle. He said dere was a Federal officer guy hanging round his house what looked like furgular. So panic-stricken was le poor Bull that he had fled his villa without breakfast. "And what's more, there ain't goin' be no breakfast left," sobbed Bull, "if that federal burglar guy get in he'll eat it all out."

Bull said he was to seek to eat, but my Buddhist cook finally forced enough nourishment on him to keep him from fainting. It consisted of anchovies, the tiniest of onions, two eggs, a gallon of Chiante and a nose of bologna sufficient to hang the Cyclops.

"Do you ever suffer indigestion?" I asked Bull delicately, as I observed the provisions disappearing down the grand canyon.

"Indigestion, wha's that?" asked Bull.
His observation led me to reproduce the breakfast menu above for those who wish to avoid the dread affliction.

ISN'T it remarkable the way we learn to read character by screen types?

While splashing the Lido surf at Venice, Italy, I noted a copious blonde plumping up and down beside me. She was a persistent addict and looked as though she'd been through God knows how many raids. She cast a not unfriendly eye, and I thought, I bet she'd be a lively little top on a party. A minute to hurt me. "Good morning, Princess. I'm glad to see you out again."

I'd have thought he meant he was glad to see her out of jail again, only I know enough about court etiquette to know that princesses don't ride in patrol wagons.

At Monte Carlo a sweet-faced old woman, the image of Mary Carr, leaned respectfully at me across the roulette table. I cast her instantly as a sweet mother from Iowa who hated to see me go over the hill to the devil. A beam after she had finished her practiced aim, socked a thousand on the red.

And right here in Hollywood there is a gentle little woman of sixty-five who sits up far into the night writing smutty stories for the sex magazines.

Funny how the casting director gets types all wrong. Perhaps some day a film producer will yet hooked to heaven and set things right. While we're waiting, Sister Naldi, will you lead us in prayer?

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**Pretty Eyes In a Moment**

Eyes of mystery—deep and lovely! Eyes that lure! Eyes that flash! Eyes of beauty and could! Delica Brow gives them—instantly! Brings out the full, sweeping beauty of your lashes and gives you graceful arched brows.

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At all retail counters or direct 50c each, or send for free samples.

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**Free**

Delica Laboratories, Inc. Dept. A-125
4003 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me samples (enough for one week) of Delica Kissproof Lipstick, Delica Kissproof Rouge and Delica-Brow, I enclose 10c to cover packing and mailing.

Name ____________________________

(Please print in pencil)

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It is amazing what a difference dimples make. Women are ten years younger. Plain girls acquire a distinctive charm. Men are fascinated by their mimicry—beauty. Yet dimples may be yours now, for that DOLLY DIMPLER is a simple, harmless device that quickly produces dimples. Invested by a woman. Patent applied for—nothing else like it. Used by beauty specialists and more0,000,000,000,000,000. Sold at home, beauty specialty stores, drug stores and the mail. One package, just $1.00, or 12 for $1.25. Sold by DOLLY DIMPLER CO., Dayton, Ohio.

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And a Woman
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

hostility to his rival on the part of even disinterested spectators, Gale would have felt that his uneasiness over Colleen's engagement was purely jealousy. As it was, he richly in anguish at the thought of Colleen mated to a man whom instinct warned him against. It would not have been so bad, he told himself, to have lost out to a real man like Harvey Colewell, the bachelor cashier of the bank. Harvey was a regular fellow and while he would probably not be a spectacular lover, he would be a fine man to have in the house about the first of the month when the bills came due.

But there was no use in speculating on what might have been. Colleen was engaged, her family had consented and the wedding day was set for the next month. The reason for the unseemly haste was that Hogarth had to report back to the coast to begin work on his next picture and he wished to take his bride along.

FOR Gale, the days between the announcement and the actual wedding were pure hell. It was a mistake to think that, merely because emotions are housed in an adolescent breast, they are less poignant. As a matter of fact, the first time over a rough track is probably the hardest.

Gale did not attend the wedding. It was in the evening during holiday week between Christmas and New Year's. The reason for his absence was that the train which connected with the California Limited did not leave Springfield until one A. M. So the ceremony was at nine-thirty and wedding supper at ten-thirty.

Gale did not attend in person, he could not have done that, but his soul was certainly there. He sat in his room with a watch on the table in front of him and mentally saw time drag his beloved away from him.

Nine-thirty, the organ music was beginning.

Nine-thirty-five, the minister was taking his place. The waiting congregation rustled in an electric expectancy.

Nine-thirty-seven, the doors opened and the bridal party began its relentless procession, converging on the altar from two points.

Gale's mental eye saw only Colleen. No, he did not see her. As has been explained no one could see Colleen in memory. Rather he sensed her passage across her ancient domain, his heart, a passage marked with little burning footprints.

Nine-forty-four, they were meeting at the altar. The minister was rising to greet them.

Nine-forty-six, the organist ceased playing.

There is a swift, oppressive hush.

Nine-forty-seven, the minister begins: "Dearly beloved, we are gathered—"

Ten o'clock. It is all over. People are beginning to congratulate the groom. Colleen's father is trying to pretend that he has not cried at the swift memory tug that brought back the day when he and Colleen's mother, long dead, had started down the same gayly lighted highway together.

Gale put his watch in his pocket. Time had ceased to have any meaning for him. Eternity had set in.

One had to be very young to take things as seriously as Gale did, very young and temporarily bereft of a sense of humor. When he is forty Gale will doubtless look back and laugh tolerantly at the boy he once was. Tolerantly and perhaps wistfully.

Gale slowly and absently packed an old grip. In his pocket was a ticket for Canada. The apprenticeship in crime would begin at the border. Gale's train would leave an hour after the westbound.

With everything in readiness he took a last look around his room, farewell forever, perhaps. There was the bed he had slept on nearly all his life, the shelf with his school books, the first-baseman's mitt hanging on the nail in the wall, the bat he broke in the game.

Pyorrhea is a disease of
the gums—not the teeth

That's one outstanding fact everybody should know. And if everybody did know it, the number of Pyorrhea's victims would soon be greatly reduced.

You may take splendid care of your teeth—brush them several times a day —and still get Pyorrhea. Once Pyorrhea secures a firm hold, pus pockets form, gums become weak and flabby, the teeth loosen and fall out no matter how white and sound they may be.

Forhan's For the Gums contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent, as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It protects and preserves the gums, keeping them in a firm, pink, healthy condition; cleans and whitens the teeth, and keeps the mouth sweet, fresh and wholesome. If you don't care to discontinue the tooth paste you are now using, at least brush your teeth and gums once a day with Forhan's.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.


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against Bridgeport and the converted kitchen table that looked like a bad dream by H. G. Wells—his new and unused radio set.

Some of the things he touched in affectionate good-bye, the bed, the glove and lastly the wireless apparatus. Before that he sat down a minute.

How silly once to have thought it important. He twirled the knobs of the dials carelessly. It had not been used enough so that he knew the micrometer settings on it for any of the important stations.

The loud speaker gave forth a premonitory squawk. Evidently he had hooked something out of the air. Gale swiftly threw the switch that disconnected the loud speaker so that it would not wake up the household and as a sort of automatic reaction reached for and adjusted the head set.

Someone was playing a violin exquisitely. It soothed Gale and he waited to hear the finish.

When it was over came the voice of the announcer, “This is Station KJH, Los Angeles, California. You have just been listening to a violin solo, ‘As Die Alte Mutter,’ by Dvorak, played by Mr. Sol Cohen.”

Los Angeles! A spark of interest almost flickered to life in Gale’s breast. Gee, his set, that he had made himself, was a humdinger to bring in Los Angeles as clear as that.

The announcer continued, “The next number on our program this evening will be a short talk on ‘How it feels to be the director of the prize picture of the year.’ This talk will be given by the young man whose phenomenal rise to fame is the talk of all Hollywood. Mr. Hogarth H. Beeman. This is station KJH, Los Angeles, California.”

The significance of what he had heard did not, at first, permeate Gale’s understanding. Then slowly little pricks of comprehension began to nag at his consciousness.

He was listening to a speech by Hogarth Beeman being made in a broadcasting studio in Los Angeles.

But Hogarth Beeman had just been married to Colleen Crosby in Springfield, Iowa.

It wasn’t possible. One Hogarth Beeman must be an impostor. It scarcely seemed possible that the man speaking over the radio would have taken the trouble and risk of assuming an absent celebrity’s identity, especially in the community where he was best known, just for the sake of fooling an audience of radio fans.

Then the husband of Colleen was the impostor. He must be. Why? Because he was a fortune hunter and Colleen was one of the wealthiest girls in town.

And Gale was the only person who had the information. What should he do? Was it too late? Even if it wasn’t, how could he convince anyone? All the evidence he had was that he had heard a voice over the radio saying it belonged to a man named Beeman. No one else in the town could corroborate his statement.

No other receiving station was capable of picking up Los Angeles that early in the evening.

Oh, Lord, what should he do?

Gale looked at his watch. Twelve-seventeen. He would have to hurry no matter what course of action he pursued.

He drove like mad to the church. It was dark, just as he had originally expected. The next stop was at the Crosby home. That was brilliantly lighted and he burst in on a corps of servants clearing up the wedding supper.
"Where are they?" he asked of the first maid he ran into.
"Where are who?"
"Colleen and that—"he stopped and ended the sentence lamely with, "her husband."
"Oh, they went down to the station about ten minutes ago. Most of the party went along throwing rice and old shoes.
Gale did not wait to hear any more but returned to the Rattling Ramabout, as the ancient family chariot had been faciously christened.
It might be that it rattled and that it took an expert to judge the exact amount of play in the steering wheel to keep it on the road at high speed, but in the hands of its master the Norcross automobile certainly could make time.

But it wasn't quite fast enough. There was a crowd around the observation car in the rear of the train as Gale arrived. They were good-naturedly joshing the bridal pair which stood on the platform.
"Good-bye, Colleen. Send us a moving picture of yourself."
"Next time we see you, Colleen, I suppose it is going to cost a quarter."
Gale tried to butt his way through this crowd.
"Hey, wait a minute. This ain't your wedding party."
"Look, folks, here is Gale Norcross wants to chaperon the happy couple."
A laugh went up.
"Hold him, folks. The boy is plum loco."
Gale couldn't make much explanation in the crowd and even if he had who would have believed him? In his exasperation he struck wildly at his tormentors and by the time he could free himself from their good-natured interference, the platform of the observation car was a hundred yards away down the track and he couldn't make it. Blindly, instinctively, Gale went back to the laugh followed by the laughter of the wedding guests.

Partly to escape that and partly because of his desire for action he started out at a terrific pace. He would have known even then of a sudden he did know. He was on the road to Sterling forty miles away. Sterling had one distinction. It was the end of the paved road. The Lincoln highway from whence onward was only dirt for many hundreds of miles. The limited trains did not stop at Sterling. They whistled—that was all. But Gale Norcross had never been much of an idea, a wild fantastic thought. And maybe it wasn't so crazy, either, because in the last hour or so Gale had been maturing at the rate of about a year every five minutes. He had become a man, strong and fearless in his desire to protect the woman he loved. And strangely enough the mature Gale loved the same girl that the boy had adored. As has been stated, the Norcross Dilapidated Six was capable of just as much speed as noise. The road was perfect. The speedometer said sixty-five and kept on saying it over and over again.

Gale got there first. To what purpose it was not immediately apparent because the train didn't stop there anyway.

The train was running, but in order not to be frustrated in his plan Gale did not put it into effect until he heard the Limited whistle for the crossing. Then in low gear Gale drove the car slowly and carefully directly across the tracks, cut off the motor and abandoned it.

There was no time for the train to slow down appreciably. The engine struck the sedan squarely and the doors flew open. The occupants and the investigation which was conducted on the spot was with the assistance of many semi-clad unofficial assistants.

Gale mingled unstrusively with these and then when nearly everybody seemed to be on the ground up near the engine he clambered aboard and made his way hastily to the sleeping cars. The first drawing-room door he

**Hours making a perfect toilette**

—only to let one neglected detail
ruin the whole effect!

"She was stunning," said the man. "I thought I had never seen anyone more beautiful at first glimpse. Such dashingly style and such good company, too! But—all wasted!"

"What happened?" asked the girl of herself. "He seemed so interested at the moment of meeting. I know I looked well and I certainly was up on my toes to entertain. Did I slip up somewhere?"

And the sad part is that the man knows, the whole world knows—but the girl doesn't! That is the dangerous thing about perspiration odor—the person afflicted so seldom realizes that she gives offense. It is a physiological condition. You see, the perspiration glands under the arms are unusually active. Heat, excitement, nervousness affect them easily.

The hollow of the underarm and clothing prevent normal evaporation of moisture. This results in a disagreeable odor which is very noticeable to those about us but is hard to detect on ourselves.

Then those horrid "half-moons" of stain under the arms! What is uglier, more unattractively! And so ruinous, too, for the most expert dry cleaning cannot blot them out.

**Soap and water are not enough**

Most women, and men, too, mean to be above reproach in personal cleanliness. And they are, so far as soap and water go. But this repellent form of uncleanness is something that cannot be washed away. The only thing that can cope with perspiration odor and moisture is a scientific corrective.

If women could only understand that the underarms must have regular, special care just the same as the teeth, the hair, the fingernails! If they could only realize that without this care they themselves are almost certain to offend in this thing they so criticize in others.

**The underarm toilette of 3,000,000 people**

There is one best way to do everything. 3,000,000 have found the one best and surest way to attain perfect personal daintiness is by regular use of Odorono, the underarm toilette. Odorono is an antiseptic fluid formulated by a physician to correct both the evils of excessive perspiration. It is the original corrective for both perspiration odor and moisture.

Clear and clean, Odorono is just like a dainty toilet water to use. Put a little on the underarms just twice a week and you need bother with no other precautions! One application lasts for three whole days.

Attention to the underarms takes so little time and thought and it is well worth it. This one little spot can undo all you have put into achieving a perfect toilette in outward appearance.

Get into the twice-a-week Odorono habit and enjoy perfect freedom from any trace of odor; from disagreeable moisture; clothing always dry and odorless with no taint or stain to ruin it. You can get Odorono at any toilet counter anywhere, 5c, 10c and $1 a bottle or sent by mail postpaid.

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I have a dainty sample set of the complete underarm toilette—Odorono, Creme Odorono and Odorono Deodorant, with booklet, for which I enclose 10c. Send coupon.

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knocked on nettled him a very gruff complaint from a voice he did not recognize. The next one belonged to the wedding party. In response to his knock Colleen opened the door. They stood facing each other for a second.

"Oh," she said faintly, "I thought it was Hogarth."

"No," he informed her. "Isn't he here?"

"He stepped out to see what had happened."

The berths in the drawing-room had been made up and Colleen had apparently been getting ready to retire. She had on a lovely feminine sort of a dressing gown, cream colored, composed mostly of soft lace. In it she looked more like the train girl dressed up in something she has found in grandmother's attic.

"You are lovelier than I thought," Gale faltered. That was the only thing he could think of that he had come to say and yet the expression was forced from him.

Colleen blushed and gathered the filmy garment closer about her, why are you doing here? Are you mad? What do you mean?"

"I found out that this man is an impostor."

"You mean Ben?"

"Yes. That isn't his name at all. The real Hogarth Beeman is in Los Angeles."

"Oh, he, is he?"

The voice came from behind him.

"Yes." Gale turned like a shot."

"You poor jealous fool! Get out of my way!"

Colleen's quasi husband started to push by. Gale stirred and did not let him pass.

The other drew back his fist and struck Gale swiftly on the jaw. But not hard enough because the blow only served to increase the fury that had been seething in the boy's breast for months. Gale knew very little of fighting science, but he hated this man with an intensity second only to that of a rattlesnake suddenly aroused.

His rival landed in the aisle and did not get up. "Come," said Gale to Colleen.

"I shall not," she replied somewhat melodramatically. "My place is by my husband's side." She tried to pass him, but Gale thrust her back to the drawing-room.

The conductor was down the curtained aisle followed by the half-dressed passengers. The train started to move. The man on the floor was slowly struggling to his feet."

Gale knocked him down again and retired with the spoils of war, namely Colleen, to the inside of the drawing-room and locked the door. The spoils of war was not inclined to be a passive observer.

"Let me out of here," she cried.

Gale held her away from the door by main force. And she was strong, too, much more powerful than anyone who had only seen her in repose could possibly have guessed. Besides Gale was genuinely frightened. There was only one obvious explanation of Gale's astonishing conduct and it was mad. His explosion only made his lunacy seem more certain.

The struggle inside was duplicated by a commotion outside.

"Open the door!" demanded the conductor. He pounded on the panel for emphasis.

"Help!" echoed Colleen from inside.

Gale had pinned her arms to her side and clasped her lovely body in an embrace closer than he had ever thought to hold her.

"Open that door! I'll shoot through it!" threatened the conductor.

"Go ahead!" Gale dared him. "I'm holding the girl against the lock."

Contradicting his speech he carefully shielded the struggling Colleen with his own body.

Evidently they did not dare take chances. Either that or else there wasn't a gun in the outfit because a series of heavy impacts against the panel indicated that they were trying to beat off the lock or the hinges by ramming it with their shoulders.

"Help! Help!" cried Colleen over and over.

"Hush!" admonished Gale using one hand to cover her mouth.

"Goddamn you!" Gale could not hold her and she broke away leaving part of her dressing gown in his clenching fingers.

Gale almost laughed, the scene was so familiar. The woman in the next room and the peignoir torn from her shoulders in the ensuing struggle, the half-clad girl, lovely in her deshabille, at bay, panting, wildly fearful of his next move.

The only thing that was wrong was that, conventionally and according to all appearances, Gale should have been the one. But, as a matter of fact, his intentions were as honorable as any he had ever nurtured in all his life. She started for the door once more.

Gale had one of those moments when he felt them was to strike her hand hard enough to render her unconscious and therefore quiet while he dealt with the assault from outside.

The other alternative was what he did.

It took only one more well calculated pull to tear away two-thirds of the already tattered dressing gown.

Colleen stood for a moment, confused, frightened, in reality more fully dressed in her lares than she had been in the bathing suit which she had seen in a thousand times, but feelings an outraged modesty which had never assailed her on the beach.

Then she did what Gale had expected her to, viz: flopped into the made-up lower berth and drew the coverings over herself.

The lock of the door was showing signs of weakening.

"Stop a minute!" shouted Gale in an interval between blows. "If you do that again I'm going to shoot you."

"You haven't got a gun."

"Don't waste a life finding out that you are wrong. Ask the lady! She's got a gun."

"Has he?" the chief of the besiegers shouted.

"Say yes," whispered Gale laying hold of the bed clothes and signifying that he would jerk them away to his side.

"Yes," wailed Colleen pathetically.

"We'll be in Northport in ten minutes, the conductor informed Gale. "You might as well give yourself up. We've wired ahead to have the police meet us."

"Fine," echoed Gale. "They'll be sure to be here because I wired them too, with a full description of the man. He's passing himself off as Hogarth H. Beeman."

That was the flimsiest bluff that Gale had ever attempted to put across in his life. If it worked his whole attempt would go for nothing. It had to work.

But the next ten minutes were the most difficult that Gale ever lived. He stood, watch in hand, obviously oblivious of the look of intense hatred and apprehension from a pair of blazing eyes that regarded him from over the edge of the bed-clothes, watching the door feel the signification of a resume of hostilities.

Apparently the enemy had decided to rest in a clinic until Northport was reached. It would be better to let a regularly licensed officer receive any bullets that might be coming from behind that door.

The train slowed down, the brakes screamed a little and then sighed in relief. There was a soft thud. The door was open."

"Open in the name of the law!" Gale recognized that it was a new voice which spoke and he shot the bolt and opened the door. Someone else was in the door."

One of them held out a pair of hand cuffs suggestively and Gale slipped them on.

"That's what the charge and who makes it?"

The train conductor turned to the other. "The charges are too numerous to mention but they include assault, carrying concealed weapons and beating your way on a railroad train. I'm making some of the charges myself and the others are filed by the husband of the young lady, Mr. Where is he?"

"That's just the question," declared Gale.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Winning nature's secrets

Every day that passes records some new advance in the telephone art. Constant experiment and observation are winning new secrets of chemistry, of electricity and magnetism, and of matter. Nature's unsee quarry is yielding to the researches of the laboratory that exact scientific knowledge which is among the telephone engineer's most priceless resources. The workshop of the telephone engineer is a scientific laboratory. Here he studies and experiments with principles and laws of our physical environment and sets them to aid us in our daily lives.

Forty-nine years ago the telephone was born in a scientific laboratory—a very small laboratory, to be sure, as it numbered in its personnel none but Bell and his assistant. As the Bell System has grown that laboratory has grown, and as the laboratory has grown the telephone has grown in efficiency, in distance covered, in numbers, in perfection. Countless are the milestones marking progress in the telephone art that have come from the laboratory.

Today the laboratory numbers among its personnel 3000 employees, more than half of whom are skilled scientists and engineers. Headed by a vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, it is known as the Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc., and forms an indispensable department of the Bell System.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
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Agents and Salesmen
Are You Interested in Making More Money?

Hundreds of new ideas will be found in the columns of Opportunity Magazine each month. Buy it at the newsstand or send 25c for three months' trial subscription to OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE Dept. R-6, 759 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.
She Works Facial Miracles

You can HAVE beauty secrets Lucille Young spent a LIFETIME in learning. And a FREE demonstration, too!

This woman can do more for your complexion than all the things you were ever told or sold for clearing your skin and removing blemishes, lines, and even wrinkles. And she will send FREE material which will actually demonstrate her ability. The results she gets seem like magic—but they are due to her method. The methods she uses go below the surface; go deeper than the superficial things so many women use; go vastly further in the actual physical improvements of facial tissues.

Real Secrets of Beauty

Lucille Young has made a life study of beauty culture. She has gone back far in the days of the old French Courts—and has used her discoveries through the present discoveries of science.

These methods of today make quick work of cultivating beauty. She can work on the surface conditions that cause a dull skin, eruptions, freckles, oiliness—and use the methods second with Nature. They get results that last.

A book was written on these methods, and giving you in each case the proper materials for their use, in free for the asking. And, a small tube of her liquid beauty mask.

Marvelous Free Demonstration

Apply a few drops of this remarkable beauty's product of Nature's laboratory and less than an hour later your mirror will reveal the results! Beauty Mask (Liquid) is nothing like clay. It is a pure golden cream that clears a skin in minutes. It contains nothing but beautifying ingredients and can demonstrate to any woman that a dull or sallow color can be made a healthy glow in just one week. The book, and this tube of Beauty Mask (Liquid) to every woman, is a free gift from Lucille Young.

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One woman in every thousand is beautiful. The others need help. Lucille Young has made a life study of beauty. Her book is free to all who use it. Send your subscription to Lucille Young, 106 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago. It will be filled with the latest developments in the field of beauty, health, and personal appearance. A subscription is only $2.50 for a whole year.

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A year's subscription will fill the writer's every need. The cost is fifty cents for a full subscription of three months—or $2.50 for a whole year. If you delay, you will miss valuable market lists and information. Send your subscription now, by check, money order or currency.

STORY WORLD


FRIENDLY ADVICE

From Carolyn Van Wyck

THAT we cannot improve upon nature is an outworn and antiquated theory. The woman who says, “I must be resigned—I am as nature made me,” is not utilizing her intelligence nor the information which lies at hand.

I am moved to say this through the plea which comes from Peggy, of St. Louis. Peggy writes:

“I am uneasy when out in public because of a rather long and pointed nose, made more conspicuous by having a small mouth for neighbor. It is a noticeable defect. I am the more conscious of it because a young physician who has been my escort for months jests with me about the prominence of my nose.”

Peggy wants to know if there are safe and effective devices for the correction of misshapen noses.

I am very glad to tell Peggy that there are several such devices, and if her nose is really so malformed that it spoils the charm of her face she may have the condition corrected. By this I do not mean to imply that I should in all cases suggest that facial surgery or kindred means be employed by those who think their features unsatisfactory. Sometimes irregular features may even add charm to a countenance. Often a change in hair dressing will soften the effect of a prominent nose or high cheekbone.

But where simpler methods fail and the defect is a glaring one, corrective measures may be taken. Art has eliminated dragging eyebrows and given them good lines. It has evolved fashions which accentuate the good points of a figure and minimize the poor ones. It has given us a thousand beautiful variants of the primary color which Mother Nature has been too unkind, you may ask art to step in and correct her handiwork.

Connie, Los Angeles, Calif.

Brains count in a motion picture actress's career as well as in any other walk of life. A well trained mind is an asset in any profession and beauty is an asset in any pictorial field, but beauty supplemented by brains has a decided advantage over the type that leaves the brain fallow.

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

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

Gladys, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

The operation was not a skillful one if the hairs return after electrolysis. You have my sympathy. Use nothing drastic in the circumstances. Try bleaching them with diluted peroxide.

Alfreda, Manistee, Mich.

You can wear the bright shades that are in vogue. Choose those you most like. The circular skirt seems to have been designed for one of your proportions. By all means have your dresses made with a flare.
The Beauty That Dominates

— that sweeps all before it. A skin and complexion so enchanting it commands universal homage and adoration. No matter what type or kind of features you have, after all, the appearance of your skin and complexion really represent your opportunity to possess beauty. Make the most of this opportunity, give to your complexion the alluring seductive appearance that only

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3 AFTER TEN DAYS TRIAL FOR THIS LONG WEARING BEARING L. SMITH.

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Test this wonderful taperstry in your home for ten full days and if not satisfied it is the buyer's own fault. We have sold more of this product than any other. Dr. S. L. Smith, world's expert in the manufacture of bearing devices has said of this invention, 'No bearing device so perfectly combines safety, comfort and effectiveness as this.'

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850 Inter-Southern Bldg.

LOUISVILLE, KY.
Free from odor all day long

— with this cream deodorant

Of course, every woman means to be immaculately dainty but soap and water alone cannot protect you from ever present underarm odor.

The underarms must have special care—which you can give now so easily and quickly. Creme Odorono scientifically corrects perspiration odor without checking moisture. A morning application keeps you fresh and clean all day.

Creme Odorono is so soft, smooth, fragrant; vanishes instantly and has no greasy or color to stain clothing. It is such a joy for quick use and traveling. At all toilet counters, 5¢ large tube.

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$2 Brings You this Genuine DIAMOND

A few cents a day will pay simply send $2 to us for 10 days trial

Guaranteed Absolute satisfaction. Latest Style. 1.5 K. white gold band encrusted and prong set with blue, perfect cut diamond. Extra fine quality.

Free Catalogue

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Thin Women!! Gain!!

Three to five pounds a week

Beautiful, fearless, sash which instantly introduced healthliness and suppleness. Neither exercise nor medicine is used for the gain. You will only be amazed and delighted with results. Write outlining 2 cent ring for The Star Dieting System Dept. 322, Springfield, Ill.

Here's Your Chance!

Paramount Pictures School Will Train Young Actors

To meet one of the most pressing problems of the motion picture business—that of finding and developing potential stars—Jesse L. Lasky has announced preliminary plans for the establishment of a school in which young men and women will be given special training.

Paramount Pictures School, Inc., is to be housed in the Paramount studio at Astoria, L. I., where an entire section of the building is being set apart for this purpose. Future students, ten young women and ten young men, will compose the first class, which begins on July 20 and closes December 22. No one of the country's leading representatives is to be picked on merit and will be selected from all parts of the United States.

Thirty representatives of the school have been named. They include:

Fernandez, Bijou. Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Sixth and Pierce Ave., Astoria, L. I.
McConville, John F., 5 Shawmut St., Boston, Mass.
Callahan, John A., 134 Meadow St., New Haven, Conn.
Williams, George E., 254 Frankfin St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Jenkinson, Reginald St., Walkabout, Pa.
Wall, Edward J., 1101 N. Capitol Ave., Washington, D. C.
Geyer, Ernest 51 Lackie St., Atlanta, Ga.
Eschenfelder, George, 110 N. Lee St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Danzieter, William, Pioneer and Broadway, Cincinnati, O.
Wright, William H., 251 N. 5th St., Columbus, O.
Robson, William N., 1018 Forbes St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mendelson, William, 1853 E. 21st St., Cleveland, O.
Renault, Kenneth O., 2949 Cass Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Waters, Irvin A., 38 Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Thomajan, Puntz K., 118 S. Monroe St., Peoria, Ill.
Moon, Russell B., 1337 S. Washav Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Corcoran, Edward F., 1197 St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Hollman, Jack, 1100 Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.
O'Neil, James M., 1610 Davenport St., Omaha, Neb.
Cunningham, Earl, 110 W. 18th St., Kansas City, Mo.
Gambrill, George, 3721 Washington Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.
Wilkens, H. F., 944 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.
Taylor, William A., 514 W. Grand Ave., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Dunham, Curtin, 800 S. Jefferson St., Dallas, Tex.
Pickering, Harold W., 133 E. 2nd St., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Bales, Harry C., 1937 Ave., Seattle, Wash.
Hass, Jay A., 444 Gano St., Portland, Ore.
Blum, Oscar, 201 Gold. Gate Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
Casting Director, Paramount Studio, Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

The rules are these: Any young man from eighteen to thirty years old, and any girl from sixteen to twenty-five, may send an application to the nearest representative who will need to live untl from each district, or 150 in all, are left. The 150 applications, with photographs of the applicants, will be sent to the Paramount School. The process will go on until seventy-five remain.

Each of these will report to the branch offices for film tests. The results of these tests will be submitted to the school, which will select fifty to be interviewed by Mr. Lasky. From the lucky fifty will be chosen the ten young men and ten young women to enter the school.

Tuition fee for the course has been set at $500 and students will pay their own incidental expenses while taking the course. Each student displaying sufficient merit will be given the chance to earn a contract.
Americans Arrive at Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

known. Then placing his hand on McCoy's wrist and closing his eyes, he said slowly, "It is just as though night were upon my eyes. I cannot see. I am afraid. But if my brother High Eagle take me by the hand and lead me I will go."

Then turning, the old Indian went back into the council and addressed them in a voice of lofty scorn:

"Indian like little boy," he thundered

"Afraid of engine, afraid of automobile, afraid of elevator! Shame on Indian like little boy...!"

One by one that day the Indians filed over to their brother High Eagle and solemnly pledged to go wherever he might lead them, even unto death.

Mention Paris to one of these Indians today and he'll grant, "Paris, ooh, la, la!" or the Indian equivalent. While for England he has an affection that will never die. The English received the Indians for what they are, America's noblemen, and in London aristocratic homes were thrown open to them that no movie star could ever break into except with a burglar's kit. Today Mrs. Redpipe, along with her sisters, Mrs. Ice and Mrs. Frying-Pan, has her orange pekoe promptly at five o'clock.

QUITE as romantic and likable as the Indians is young Timothy McCoy, their friend, who bears the dignified appellation of Colonel in the American Army and the equally lofty title of High Eagle among American tribes.

The son of a police chief in Saginaw, Michigan, it followed that Tim would turn out lawless. His father packed him off to a school in Chicago where he injected devilry into Christianity until his sixteenth year.

His scholastic career came to a most impious conclusion when early one morning he filled the two holy water fonts of the chapel with ink. Partaking of the usual of the water, the pupils filled into the chapel each bearing a black mark on the forehead. In reviewing them the father observed that young Timothy was the only one of spotless brow, and in due course summoned him for his just reward. In bidding him farewell, the good father said, "My lad, let this be a lesson to you: Never trick the other man unless you yourself appear to be tricked."

It is a lesson which Colonel McCoy has faithfully observed in his dealing with the Indians. As a comrade in Wyoming he came to know the Indians, whose poetry appealed to his Irish heart. Soon he was living among them, and soon thereafter he was one of them. Today he is the only man in America, with the exception of General Hugh L. Scott, who can speak the Indian sign language.

ALTHOUGH the Indian is just like a little boy he sometimes reveals a sapacity that would baffle a film producer.

The Arapahoe and Shoshone tribes were ancient enemies until Colonel McCoy brought them together. They apparently had become brothers while on location for "The Covered Wagon." Knowing that the celebration of the Fourth of July is as big an event in their lives as it is with us lesser Americans, McCoy called them together in advance to make amicable plans.

Two days before Shoshone Indian and Arapahoe Indian celebrate Fourth of July apart, he said, "This year celebrate together like brothers, Arapahoe and Shoshone. Brothers, all together."

As usual the Indians sat in stoic silence, punctuated only by grunts of approval from the chiefs.

"Brothers all together, Shoshone and Arapahoe," repeated McCoy, "celebrate big day together."

Bridal roses and lily of the valley. Mendelssohn's wedding march, something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue—and of course

Necklaces of La Tausca Pearls

FRENCH MADE

Only at Your Jewelers

Don't miss a single copy of PHOTPLAY during the $5000.00 Prize Contest. Use the coupon on page 17.

Yours truly

Po-Go

A rouge of creamy quality, made and boxed in France. Soft as sifted velvet on tender skin. A cheerful, charming coloring that becomes your own.

Two shades: There's BRIQUE that tones exquisitely with sunny blondes. And RONCE—A delightful Raspberry tint for belle brunettes.

PO-GO costs 50c in its smart box with special rouge puff. Or sent promptly by mail.

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Rates per Day, single, European Plan

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Also a number of large and beautiful rooms and suites, some in period furnishings with grand piano, fire place and bath, $10.00 up.

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Large and well equipped sample rooms.

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quickly be reduced to slant ankles. The secret is the
exclusive formula of special patented rubber.

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to bed and while wearing them next
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Ankles SPoil YOUR APPEARANCE

SLENDER ANKLES

MCCOY's ability for enduring himself to the Indians may be attributed partly to the fact that he's Irish. The Irish are famous for being able to get along with everybody except themselves.

During a call from Redpipe while we sat in silence for two hours before my return, I finally broke the, with the middle name is Wiley, whereas Redpipe nodded solemnly as though he'd known it all along, saying, "Irish friendly Indian." The Indian is a great trooper, a really great actor, with his feeling for poetry and beauty. Absolute master of himself he can duplicate any movement or remark to the point in acting as the comm. in charge of the director.

It is hard to win the confidence of an Indian, but once won nothing can shake it save a broken word. The Indian cannot forgive a lie and cannot comprehend an alibi. So it remains to be seen how long he'll put up with movie producers before hitting the trail back to his reservation.

The producers are strong for him—for as I have said, the Indians don't give a war whoop for money. He has a noble contempt for it. In this storm for war whoop he may be said to be the only Christian in Hollywood, the only artist who works in pictures for art's sake.

If the Indian can put up with the foreigners in pictures, Hollywood will eventually be Americanized. The war dances given by the Indians already have had a refining influence upon our social affairs. It's a missionary work badly needed.

You, though the first Americans are the last to enter the movies, there's a Biblical line which says the last shall be first. And I'll stake my wampum on Chief Frying-Pan as a hot lover against Sheik Valentino, and I'll shoot all my beads on Mrs. Run-Behind in a footrace against Squaw Swanson.

NORMA TALMADGE says she had a fine time in Europe, but she was awfully glad to get home to Hollywood, and to see her mother, "Peg" Talmadge, and Connie and Natalie, and Natalie's two babies. Besides, she wanted to start work. Norma can't loaf long without getting away from life.

She and her husband, Joe Schenck, famous producer, immediately reopened their home on Hollywood Boulevard, and gave a party, partly as a home-coming, and partly as a surprise for Mr. Schenck's brother, Nicholas.

Constance really put on the party, and it was a complete surprise to Norma Schenck and a lot of fun for everyone. Constance did all the inviting and arranged everything, and sent Norma and Joe Schenck and his brother over to Natalie Talmadge Keaton's to dinner. When they returned the home was all dark, but as they started up the steps the orchestra struck up "California, Here I Come," and the surprise guest found himself surrounded by most of the celebrities in Hollywood.

Connie wore a tight, short, slim dress of plain black velvet, and Norma was in gold lace. Mae Murray and her husband, Bob Leonard, were the other guests, and Mae wore a white thing with a flaring circular skirt and tiny Russian boots of silver cloth. Marion Davies was exquisite in rose chiffon, with crystal beads. Elmer Gymn wife there, and Mr. and Mrs. Florentino, Captain Collier, Ronald Colman, Mary Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, Irving Thalberg, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer and Hobart Henley.

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Apparently all was jake, the chiefs nodding away. Then one of them arose:
"Shoshone and Arapaho all together, brothers," he said to McCoy's relief. "Sure, brothers. Arapaho and Shoshone, celebrate Fourth of July. Sure, Shoshone celebrate one day, Arapaho another."

And he sat down to the grunts of approval from the brothers—all together.

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There's something indescribably fine about the woman who entertains well. From the cheery appearance of her home to the service she so deftly affords, everything is so natural, yet so charmingly different.

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Read the advertisements—

*to know what is new, what is correct—
and what is economical*
Letters to Wally Reid's Memory
[continued from page 81]

Manchester, England.

Dear Mrs. Reid:

I am just a schoolgirl of fifteen, but your husband was my favorite and still is. There is no one half so good on the screen, and most of my friends agree with me. I was more than sorry to hear of his death, and as time has passed, I have realized more and more how great was our loss.

I just wanted you to know how sorry we all are for you, and for our dear Wally, and I hope that you become the world's greatest film star, as he was, and that your dear husband's spirit helps you to become a world-wide star and help to humanity.

Louisville, Kentucky.

Mrs. Wallace Reid.

Dear Friend:

Only a line to let you know I have not forgotten Mr. Reid in my prayers. Every day since he died I have said the Rosary for him. In other words, I have sent a spiritual Bouquet of Roses to the Throne of God for Mr. Reid, and I promise to do so every day.

He has done so much for me. May God help you and bless you and your dear children. We loved him so much in life, we cannot forget him now.

(This letter is from a boy 14 years old.)

Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.

Dear Mrs. Reid:

Though time has passed, I still feel that in losing Wally the screen has lost its greatest actor, and you a great man, in the true, homely meaning of the word, and I hope that in young Wally there will in time be a second Wallace Reid. Mrs. Reid, I am an educated man—or rather boy, for I am but 18—but still I am a Bachelor of Arts and am at present studying for a Doctor of Medicine, so that I can fully understand your feelings, and although it is not right in a letter of this type to ask favors, however, I ask it as a personal favor.

Have you a photo of Mr. Reid that you could send me, for I would like to have in my possession for all time a photograph of him whom I consider the greatest of all screen actors.

Mrs. Reid, after I am a fully certified Doctor of Medicine, I intend touring the world to gain experiences in the world's greatest hospitals, and while in America, I would deem it a personal favor and great privilege if you would let me call upon you, only to have a moment's glimpse of little Wally.

Again I offer my sincerest good wishes and sympathy.

Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.

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For hair that won't lie smooth

Try just a touch of Stacomb—the delicate cream that is responsible for the amazing improvement in the looks of men's and women's hair.

Stacomb will keep the most stubborn hair in place all day long, healthily smooth, lustrous. It also helps prevent dandruff.

Not sticky. In jars and tubes (or the new Liquid Stacomb), at all drug and department stores.

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Ask the Advertising Manager of the leading newspaper in your city, about Meyer Both Company—let them tell you about us. Send four cents in stamps for illustrated book telling of the success of our students.

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Let our nation-famed plastic surgeon restore your beauty—

Nose correction, face lifting, imperfections corrected, wrinkles removed, skin diseases treated and blinding white teeth improved. All guaranteed.

In self-defense, ask "Moderate charges. Hours 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. If out-of-town mail us your photograph and we will write you fully.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
the other hand, you can get away with jokes in your strip that would be censored as too violent and brutal on the screen. Somehow the public doesn’t think it’s brutal when they see a ton of coal fall on a fat policeman in a newspaper comic, but they would send you to jail or have you burned alive if you tried it on the screen.

"Vaudeville is sometimes harder and sometimes easier than the newspaper or screen ways of cracking jokes. If you have a good audience it’s easier, if you get a cold house it’s harder—harder than anything else on earth. The advantage of vaudeville is you can feel out your audience and change your act to suit your crowd. With a picture it’s made and there it is—the same for Medicine Hat and Broadway.

"One valuable little thing I learned in vaudeville, and that is you can pretty well control the laughing of your crowd. If things are going well, I’d play along at a fairly slow tempo and keep my voice well down. If things were too low and quiet, I’d increase my speed and raise my voice. It seemed to be infectious, for almost always it would make ’em laugh louder and longer.

"The oddest thing about this whole funny business is that the public really wants to laugh, but it’s the hardest thing in the world to make them do it. They don’t want to cry, yet they will cry at the slightest provocation. Maybe that’s why so many comedians want to play tragedy— they want a sort of vacation."

Like Harold Lloyd’s horn-rimmed glasses, Charlie Chaplin’s derby hat, bushy hair protruding, and swiveling stick, Buster Keaton’s frozen face and flat little hat, Langdon also has his "trade mark." Whenever possible he wears a funny little cloth hat, huge overcoat and a pair of broad, flat shoes. These are relics of his days in vaudeville, when he played "Johnny’s New Car" and "After the Ball," both of which sketches he wrote himself.

Not only does he look the part, but he has worn his form so long he feels quite at home in it—so much so that he says they help him in his business of being funny.

Langdon was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and for a time was a newsboy, but always there was a yearning for the stage. As a kid he wanted to "clown" for the gang, and it wasn’t long until he ran away and joined up with a circus. Since then, with the exception of the time spent as a cartoonist, he has been before the public as a funny man in some form or other constantly.

What Is Norma Shearer’s Charm for Men? [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

Puritans. Unquestionably there were Puritans who had no more score Puritans than Miss Shearer is a screen lady. The attraction Norma Shearer holds for men can no more be defined by man than that of a wild rose by a bumblebee. And that, precisely, is her attractiveness.

There’s a freshness not of the bottle, not of the perfume bottle, I might say.

Perhaps this is because she appears free of troubles. Screen ladies are never free of troubles, nor are the screen gentlemen. And I should know, for I bow beneath a burden of my friends’ with an endurance that could only come from above.

True, her clothes trouble her a little, but very little. There is the suspicion, indeed, that the trouble is twin to amusement.

"I suppose if I could wear what I wanted—had the time and the money to choose—straight lines, no seams—I suppose I wouldn’t be so alive at all—on the screen.

"I did go to the wardrobe lady once to suggest—ah—are plainer things. I said—rather apologetically, I thought—that I didn’t feel at home in the things ladies wear on the screen . . ."
We paid $1000 for this photoplay

MRS. ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON, a Pittsburgh housewife, had never had a single story accepted for publication when she began to write "Judgment of the Storm." She had planned to photoplay at home in spare time under the direction of the Palmer Institute of Authorship, and we found it of such outstanding merit that we produced it through our affiliated producing organization, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

Mrs. Middleton received $1000 cash and will share in the profits of the picture for five years. Her story has also been published as a novel by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Unknown writer wins $10,000 prize
Miss Winifred Kimball, a Palmer student living in Apalachicola, Florida, won the $10,000 prize in the scenario contest conducted by the Chicago Daily News in collaboration with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. Mrs. Anna Blake Mezquita, another Palmer student, won the second prize of $1000 in the same contest, and seven $500 prizes were also won by Palmer students.

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The success of Palmer students is due simply and solely to the fact that you study right at home in spare time under the personal direction of men and women who are themselves well-known authors, dramatists and motion picture writers.

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The Palmer Institute is unique among educational institutions because it accepts only a limited number of students for its home-study courses and seeks only those who have natural creative ability and can profit by its instruction.

To enable you to find out quickly if you possess this ability, the Palmer Institute will gladly send you its Creative Test—the most novel means ever devised for discovering latent writing talent. Our Board of Examiners will study your replies to this test and give you a ranking of your abilities. The filling out of this Creative Test, and our analysis and subsequent training, have enabled scores of Palmer students to sell stories and photoplays. Just mail the coupon and we'll send this Creative Test to you free, together with information regarding the subjects listed below.

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Pictures Taken
30 Minutes Apart

Let me bring like changes to you

By Edna Wallace Hopper

This girl was neglecting her beauty, as millions of girls are. The picture at left shows that. Then she used my White Youth Clay and Youth Cream—a simple application. The picture at right shows the changes 30 minutes brought. I have searched the world since girlhood to find ways to such results. Those helps made me a famous beauty, won me a glorious career. They have kept my youth and beauty to a grand old age.

Now I am offering those matchless helps to all women and girls. Toilet counters everywhere supply them. A trial of any will come free if you mail the coupon to me.

My Youth Cream
Is a remarkable creation, combining many factors. It contains products of both lemon and strawberry. Also the best helps science gave me to foster and protect the skin.

It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. I use it as a night cream, also daytime as a powder base. Never is my skin without it. My velvet complexion shows what that cream can do. The cost is 60¢ per jar. Also in 35¢ tubes.

My Facial Youth
Is a liquid cleanser I owe to France. Great beauty experts the world over have advised this formula, but their price is too high for most women. It contains nothing, no vegetable fat. The skin cannot absorb it. So it cleans to the depths, then departs. My Facial Youth will bring you new conceptions of the beauty of your skin. The cost is 75c.

White Youth Clay
A new-type clay, white, refined and dainty. Vastly different from the crude and muddy clays so many have employed.

This purifies the skin of all that elogs and mars it. Removes the causes of blackheads and blemishes. Brings a racy afterglow, which amazes and delights. Combats lines and wrinkles; reduces enlarged pores.

My Hair Youth
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A concentrated product combining many ingredients. I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp to tone and stimulate. No man or woman will omit it when they see what Hair Youth does. The cost is 90¢ and $1 with eyelidpowder.

My Face Powders
They are supreme creations. No face powders you have used can compare. Mine are exquisite. They come in two types. One a heavy, clinging, cold cream powder, in square box, $1. I like that best. The other is light and fluffy, in round box, 50c.

All toilet counters supply my beauty helps. Send the coupon and I will mail you a sample of any one you choose. Also my Beauty Book.

Your Choice Free
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Facial Youth \ Hair Youth \ White Youth Clay \ Youth Cream

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Oh What Joy! I am Free, you may be

WARM days are here again. And with them that dreaded afflication, pimples. Usually you will not again spend unhappy hours of humiliation. Like every wholesome woman, there is nothing you dread so much as pimples and unsightly perspiration stains.

Old reliable NONSPI has brought glorious freedom to a million women. Why not to you? Harmlessly and certainly this wonderful remedy for a disordered condition, keeps the underarms normally dry and free from odor that perfumes many men years ago to renew the usual nurse uses, that physicians endorse and that too many drug stores everywhere advocate.

No inconvenience to use—two simple applications weekly protect you from the embarrassment of excessive perspiration—protect, too, your gown from unsightly perspiration stains. A bottle from your dealer or send us your name and address and we will gladly mail you a liberal FREE sample. Use coupon or postcard.

Free Trial Forget GrayHair

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Nothing to wash or rub off. Renewed color even and perfectly natural in all lights. No streaking.

My Restorer is a time-tested preparation, with 75 years of perfecting years ago. A trial consists of only one bottle of mail or from your dealer. Full instructions for making convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send today for the special patented Free Trial Outfit which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter.

Photoplay Magazine

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* M. T. GOLDMAN

TWO HUNDRED COUPONS

JULY 1947

Page 130

Photoplay—Magazine—Advertising Section

MADAME SANS GÈNE—PARAMOUNT—From the play by Victorien Sardou and Emile Moreau. Scenario by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Leonce Perret. The cast: Catherine Hibsch (Madame Sans-Gene), Gloria Swanson; Napoleon, Emil Dran; Napoléon, Robert Flaherty; Madame, Madeleine Guitry; Neipperg, Warwick Ward; Fauette, Henry Favier; Caroline (Queen of Naples), Arlette Marchal; Elea (Princes of Badoch), Louise Harbicht; Louise (Prince Sidney), Suzanne Bianchetti; Madame De Doulou, Denise Lorys; Savary (Minister of Police), Jacques Marney.

SOUL-FIRE—INSPIRATION—From the play by Martin Brown. Scenario by Josephine Lovett. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: Prologue—The Critics, Percy Ames and Charles Esdale; Howard Fane, Lee Baker; Mrs. Howard Fane, Effie Shannon. Italy—Eric Fane, Richard Barthelmes; The Princess Rhea, Carlotta Montegni; Dosso, Lee Baker; Mrs. Howard Fane, Effie Shannon; The Old Musician, Gus Weinberg. Paris—Eric Fane, Richard Barthelmes; The Princess Rhea, Carlotta Montegni; Ann Brodina, Marita Du Gre; The Prima Donna, Rita Rossi; The Orchestra Leader, Ed La Roche; The Dancer In the Music Hall, Eilatree Ruby; Mr. Simpson, the Attorney, George Fanciulli; The Senator, ITALINE, Aileen Berry; The Disappointed Musician, Harry Redding; His Wife, Louise Siddeth; The Banker, Alexander Hesse. Port Said—Eric Fane, Richard Barthelmes; Seto, Francisco Sal, Helen Ware; Herbert Jones, a Sailor, Walter Long; Dancers, Leah La Roux and Zebalda. The South Seas—Eric Fane, Richard Barthelmes; Tila, Bessie Love; Roa, Harriet Sterling, Nuka, Richard Hanham; Dr. Travers, of the Leper Island, Arthur Metcalfe.

PROUD FLESH—METRO-GOLDWYN—From the story by Lawrence Rising. Adapted by Harry Behn and Agnes Christie Johnson. Directed by John G. Blystone. The cast: Donald Crisp, Rosemary DeCamp, Janet Darlow, Chemie Remick, Lillian Bond, Edward Driskill, Ethel Allen, Cardin-Robertson; Pat O'Malley; Don Jaime, Harrison Ford; Mrs. McKe, Trixie Frigana; Mr. McKe, William J. Kelly; Fleaze, Riddle's Mary; King; Hong, Sojin; Spanish Aunt, Evelyn Sherman; Spanish Uncle, George Nichols; Mrs. O'Malley, Margaret Seddon; Mrs. Cary, Lillian Elliot; San Francisco Girl, Priscilla Bonner.

CHICKIE—FIRST NATIONAL—Scenario by Elenore Merhier. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Chickie, Dorothy Mackail; Barry Dunne, John Bowes; Jonathan, Hobart Bosworth; Jennie, Gladys Brockwell; Jake Monson, Paul Nicholson; Jovita, Myrtle Stedman; Ha Moore, Olive Tell; Bess Abbott, Laura Sonderson; Mrs. Dunne, Louise Mackintosh.

THE WIZARD OF OZ—CHADWICK—From the story by L. Frank Baum. Adapted by Frank L. Baum, Jr., and Leon Lee. Directed by Larry Semon. The cast: The Scarecrow, Larry Semon; Miss Scarecrow, Dorothy Dwan; Dorothy's Mother, Mary Carr; The Wizard, Charlie Murray; Prince Kynde, Bryant Washburn; Cowess, V. Skibula, Virginia Pearson; Prime Minister, Charles Henry LeRoy; Johnny, Oliver "Babe" Hardy; The Ambassador, Otto Lederer; Colonel Flunkay, G. Hove Black.

THE FOOL—FOX—From the play by Channing Pollock. Scenario by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Harry Millarde. The cast: Daniel Gilbrist, Edmund Lowe; Jerry, Raymond Massey; Slicker, Henry Sedley; Unumski, Paul Panzer; Humig, A. J. Herbert; Goodkind, George Lesse; A Poor Men, Fred C. Jones; Mary Margaret, Anne Dale; Pearl, Mary Thurman; Clare, Brenda Bond.

CODE OF THE WEST—PARAMOUNT—From the story by Zane Grey. Adapted by Otis L. Guernsey. Directed by Robert Howard. The cast: Cal Thurman, Owen Moore; George May Stockwell, Constance Bennett; Mary Stockwell, Mabel Ballin; Henry Bancroft, Samuel Moore; Mrs. Kelly, Virginia Vallis; Butler, Enoch O'Neal; Thurman, George Bancroft; Miss Stockwell, Grudene Short; Ma Thurman, Lillian Leighton; Tuck Merry, Edward Gargan; Cal Bloom, Pat Hartigan; Bud, Frankie Lee.

THE WAY OF A GIRL—METRO-GOLDWYN—Story by Katherine Newlin Burt. Scenario by Albert Shelby Le Vino. Directed by Robert G. Vignola. The cast: Rosamond, Eleanor Boardman; George, Matt Moore; Charles, Pauline Lord; Miss Lilian Fane, Annie Bets; Police Judge, Charles K. French; Prize Fighter, Floyd Johnson; Prize Fighter, Jack Herrick; Traffic Cop, Leo Willis; Woman in Jail, Kate Price.

DECLASSE—FIRST NATIONAL—From the story by Joe Akins. Scenario by Bradley King and Charles Whittaker. Directed by Robert Vignola. The cast: Lady Helen Haden, Corinne Griffith; Ned Thayer, Lloyd Hughes; Rudolph Solomon, Clive Brook; Sir Bruce Haden, Rocklie Fawcett; Mrs. Leslie, Lilian Tashman; Lady Wildinger, Hedda Hopper; Slim Emmett Wildering, Bertram Johns; Timtimius, Gale Henry; Mrs. Wallon, Louise Fazenda; Mr. Wallon, Edna Murphy; Manager, Mario Carillo; Hecil, Paul Weigel.

ADVENTURE—PARAMOUNT—From the novel by Henry Barer. Scenario by Sada Cowan. Directed by Sidney O'Keefe. The cast: Marsha, Pola Negri; Ralph Bayne, A. P. Younger; George Morgan, Wallace Berkeley; Bob, Raymond Hatton; Tudor, William McGrail; Noah Nuss, Duke Kahanamoku; Adam, James Spencer; Guogomy, Noble Johnson.

THE CHARMER—PARAMOUNT—From the story by George Arliss. Scenario by Sada Cowan. Directed by Sidney O'Keefe. The cast: Marsha, Pola Negri; Ralph Bayne, A. P. Younger; George Morgan, Wallace Berkeley; Bob, Raymond Hatton; Tudor, William McGrail; Noah Nuss, Duke Kahanamoku; Adam, James Spencer; Guogomy, Noble Johnson.

MY SON—FIRST NATIONAL—From the play by Martha Stanley. Scenario by Fini Fox. Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: Anna Stillen, Nazimova; Tony, Jack Pickford; Flury Parker, Hobart Bosworth; Felipe Vargas, Ian Keith; Rosa Pina, Mary Akin; Capt. Joe Bamby, Charles A. Murray; Betty Smith, Constance Bennett; Hattie Smith, Dot Farley.

PERCY—THOS. H. INCE—From the novel by William H. Hamby. Scenario by Eve Unsell and J. O. Hawk. Directed by R. B. MacLean. The cast: Percival Rogers (as child), Don Marion; Mrs. Rogers, Louise Dresser; Jaser Rogers, Joseph Kilgour; Percival Rogers (grown up), Charles Ray; Jason Rogers, James Cagney; Mr. Leete, J. V. Martin; Miss Cameron, Joel Macleod; Holy Joe, Charles Murray; Reddy Jenkins, Victor McLaglen; Jenkins' First Husband, Jack Cosgrove; Jenkins' Second Husband, Richard Nell; Loelia, Betty Blythe; Imogene Chandler, Barbara Bedford.
He Had Loved Her  
Best of Them All

The warmth of her youthful coloring had charmed him from the first. For that he would love her always.

SHE remembered it now—the evening he first told her of his love. "How beautiful you are dear" he had said "always glowing and sparkling, little marvel of rosy cheeks."

Her happiness had been beyond words. It was late that evening when he left—she had glanced hastily into the mirror and from its depths, a reflection of PERT rosiness greeted her. How glad she was that she had been using PERT Rouge! Whether dancing, motor-ing, shopping or swimming, PERT once applied, was on to stay. Yet it would vanish at the touch of cold cream or soap.

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Yes, Mister De Mille!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

My guide swung wide the heavy portal with something of an ecclesiastical gesture and I found myself in a chamber dim, lofty and oppressively quite alone. No sign of God. I took one or two tentative steps, falling somewhat noisily over various furry pelts, dismembered jungle heads and skinning shirts.

Still no sign of God. Perhaps, I thought, perhaps I am not to meet him face to face. Perhaps he will appear to me in a pillar of fire or as a Voice issuing from one of the breathing censors.

Silence.

Silence thick as velvet and heavy as a pall. I began to feel uneasy. Maybe the joke was on me. Perhaps I was dead and this was the antechamber of Judgment. I began to count off my sins...

Weary filtered in dimly and religiously.

The incense spiralled and curvetted into weird semblances of nude figures. This made me feel a little better.

I thought I recognized Nita Naldi in one spiral, Leatrice Joy in another, Lillian Rich in still another... De Mille must be somewhere about...

THERE were pelts and preciosities. There were great carven throne-chairs here and there. I began to lose faith in my fbia, or whatever the knee-bone is called.

No sign of God.

Then—then a Voice saying, "Here I am, Miss—" and from behind a curtain depending, so far as I could tell, merely from the wall against which God must have been severely flattened, appeared C. B. Himself, approaching me with outstretched hand. I assumed that I was to kiss the Hand and I compromised by murmuring, a chant, disembodied salute upon the Signet Ring.

I was then directed to a chair directly facing an immense white spot light. God sat, at a point of view, with His back to the same. I squirmed. This, I felt, was unfair. How could I be flippan and at ease with the lipstick donated by Anna Q. Nilsson belying my words of colour and contradiction and the rouge I stole from Constance Talmadge camouflaging the maidenly blushes that might be calculated to soften the Heavenly Heart? What to do?

Silence.

Silence in which one might hear a world drop.

I then felt very from me, "Er...now that time has...has had a shot at it...are you getting the reaction you hoped from 'The Ten Commandments'?

Weary, wearily from the Throne-chair, "Ah, Miss—every man who conceives a great idea is crushed.

"Yes, Mis-ter De Mille."

"The there comes a time in the life of every man when his Great Moment strikes. The supreme moment to do the Great Thing for his fellow men. With the conception of 'The Ten Commandments'—that Great Moment came—to me."

"Yes, Mis-ter De Mille."

"And if I have awakened Humanity ever so lightly to the truth that they cannot break the Ten Commandments or the Ten Commandments will break them, then I shall not have lived in vain."

"No—yes—Mis-ter De Mille."

"The world cannot live without Religion."

"The world cannot live without God."

"A world without religion is a world without Hope."

"YES MIS-TER DE MILLE."

"It is so nice of you to feel the way you do about my picture. Will you come and talk with me again, perhaps when I am next in New York?"

"YES, MIS-TER DE MILLE."

"Both girls left their rouge at home, but one had used Jarnac and didn't worry!"

A Natural Color at last, for both Cheeks and Lips

MOIST Rouge!

"I wish I could find the right rouge!" How many times have you said it? Here it is! Not another dry color that goes on in dabs—but a marvelously smooth, soft, moist color that you blend with perfectly wonderful result. Medium, do not disregard this real discovery—for moist makeup is not only here to stay, but must surely doom the cruder kinds!

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Observe these five extraordinary properties, any one of which would be reward enough for trying Jarnac.

This form of color has what artists call "spread" and leaves not the suggestion of a line where its perfect film of color begins or ends.

Moisture has no effect whatever on this color which is itself moist! Not even tears can streak the cheeks, nor does wetting the lips disfigure it. It lasts! Use Jarnac in the morning and leave it home if you like.

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What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST
(Colored or better specced studios are at Hollywood)

BERWILLA STUDIO, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd.

BUD BASKER PROD., 1412 Beachwood Drive.
Bud Basker directing “Makers of Men” with Kenneth MacDonald.

BUDDY KEOWN STUDIO, 1025 Lillian Way.
Production will soon commence on “Mr. Battling Butler” with Buster Keaton.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1416 North Gower Street.
H. J. Brown Prod. Al Rogell directing “Creek o’Dawn” with Reed Howes.

Olympic Prod. Clifford Wheeler directing an all-star cast in “Enemies of Youth.”

CENTURY COMEDIES, 6100 Sunset Blvd.
Charles Lannont directing Wanda Wiley in “Home Coming.”

CHRISTIE STUDIO, 6101 Sunset Blvd.
Archie Mayo directing “Sweet Cookie” with Walter Hiers.

Cecil B. De Mille STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Work has not started on any production. The following have been signed by Cecil B. De Mille: Leatrice Joy, Florence Vidor, Lillian Rich, Vera Ralston, Robert Edeson, Rod La Rocque, Jutta Goudal and William Boyd.

FINE ARTS STUDIO, 4500 Sunset Blvd.
Jules White directing Mickey Bennett in an unlisted comedy.

Serge Rouch directing Nelson and Bradley in an unlisted comedy.

Norman Taurog directing Lyle Coolidge in an unlisted comedy.

F. B. O. STUDIO, 780 N. Gower Street.
Wesley Ruggles directing “The Pare Makers” with Alberta Vaughan and George O’Hara.

Harry Garson directing “High and Handsome” with Letty Flynn.

Ralph Waks directing “The Chatterbox” with Paullyn Brent.

Arthur Rosson directing “Sporting Girl” with Richard Arlen and Peggy Shaw.

James Hogan directing “The Bandit’s Baby” with Fred Thomson.

Chadwick Prod. Larry Senon directing himself in a two-reel comedy.

Richard Stanton directing “American Fluke” with George Walsh and Wanda Hawley. Production will soon commence on “The Unchastened Woman” with Theda Bara.

FIRST NATIONAL PROD., United States.
Irvine Cummings directing “The Desert Flower” with Richard Lloyd Hughes.

Samuel Goldwyn Prod. Inactive.

Corinne Griffith Prod. Al Santell has completed “Modern Maidens” with Corinne Griffith, Harrison Ford, Kenneth Harlan and Sainak McGregore.

Frank Lloyd Prod. Frank Lloyd directing “The Lost Boy” with Anna Q. Nilsson, Ben Lyon and Viola Dana.

Joseph M. Schenck Prod.

Constance Talmadge Prod. Sidney Franklin directing “The Twin Sister” with Constance Talmadge.

FOX STUDIO, 1401 N. Western Ave.
John Ford directing “Lashlightin’” with Jay J. Harrison.

Owen MacDonald, Valentine Helmanu, Richard Travers and Ethel Claysion.

Ford directing “The Championship” of the Wheel” with Clara Horton.

Rowland V. Lee directing “Havoc” with George O’Brien.

Production has started on “Kiss Barrier” with Edmund Lowe and Claire Adams.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.

out: Truitt directing “Texas Tramp” with Harry Carey.

Tom Fomon directing “Off the Highway” with Marguerite de la Motte and John Bowers. Associated Exhibitors. Production will soon commence on “Manhattan Madness” with Jack Dempsey and Estelie Taylor.

LASKY STUDIO, 1250 Vine Street.
Raul Walsh directing “The Wanderer” with William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissin and Ernest Torrence.

William K. Howard directing “The Light of the Western Star” with Bille Dove and Jack Holt. William de Mille directing “Lost—A Wife” with Adolphe Menjou, Greta Nissin and Bobby Agnew. Douglas MacLean will soon start production.

James Cruze has completed “Welcome Home” with Lois Wilson, Warner Baxter and Lake Covragre.

Mai M. Clair has completed “Are Parents People?” with Betty Bronson, Florence Vidor, Adolphe Menjou and Herbert Rawlinson.


METRO, GOLDWYN, MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.


Robert Leonard directing “Time the Comedian” with Mae Buseh, Leo Cady and Roy Stewart.

Redaon Barker directing the “White” with Conway Teaure and Alleen Flour.

Ted Browning directing “The Mystic.” Cast not named.

Mona Bell directing “Pretty Ladies” with Za Su Pitts and Tom Moore.

PICKFORD FAIRBANKS STUDIO, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.
William Beaudine directing “Little Annie Rooney” with Mary Pickford.

Donald Cragg directing “Iron Q” with Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Astor and Jean Hersholt.

HAL ROACH STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Leo McCarey directing Charlie Chase in an unlisted comedy.

J. A. Howe directing Glenn Tourney in an unlisted comedy.


SENNETT STUDIO, 1712 Glande Blvd.
Del Lord directing Billy Bevan in an unlisted comedy.

Lloyd Baron directing Ralph Graves in an unlisted comedy.

Eddie Cline directing Alice Day in an unlisted comedy.

Harry Edwards directing Harry Langdon in an unlisted comedy.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.
Clifford Smith directing “Lightning Jack” with Jack Hoxie.

King Baggott directing “The Home Maker” with Alice Joyce and Clive Brook.

Bernard Larmelle directing “The Dhammer’s Daughter” with Joseph Sadowicz.

Production will soon start on “Galaxantry” with Norman Kerry.

Clarence Brown will direct “Doubling for Cupid” with Laura La Plante.

Herbert Blache directing “The Love Rider” with Hoot Gibson.

VITAGRAPH STUDIO, 1708 Talmadge Street.
J. Stuart Blackton directing “The Happy Warrior” with Malcolm MacGregor and Alice Cushing.

WARNER BROTHERS, 5842 Sunset Blvd.
Fred Newmeyer directing “The Man on the Box” with Syd Chaplin.


Roy Del Ruth directing “The Inestand Vegetable” with John St. Leo, Francheska and Ward Louis.

Alan Crosland directing “Bubah Halah” with Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan and Louise Fazenda.

Herman Raymakher directing “Below the Line” with Hrinlten-lln.

EAST COAST

FIRST NATIONAL, Biograph, 607 East 17th St., New York City.

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Edward Sutherland directing “The Wild Girl” with Bebe Daniels and Rod La Rocque.

Herbert Brenen directing “The Street of Forgotten Men” with Mary Brian and Percy Mount.

Frank Marth directing “California Gold” with Richard Dix, Esther Ralston and Diane Kane.

TEC ART STUDIO, 344 West 44th St., New York City.

Inspiration Pictures. John Robertson directing “Shore Leaves” with Richard Barthelemeon and Dorothy Markall.


UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Fort Lee, N. J.
Paul Rosen directing “The White Monkey” with Barbara La Marr and Charles Mack.

VITAGRAPH STUDIO, 85th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Vito Hugo Halperin directing “The Unknown Lover” with Elise Ferguson, Mildred Harris, Frank Mayo.

CHANGES IN TITLES

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS

“Water Ski” will be released as “Keep Smiling.”

F. B. O.

“Yellow Faces” will be released as “Tearing Through.”

FIRST NATIONAL

“The National Anthem” will be released as “Modern Madness.”

METRO-GOLDWYN

“Sun Up” will be released as “Wraith.”

BUSINESS NEWS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 32 West 45th St., New York City.


Eduational Film Corporation, 370 Reath Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices of Amer., Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Holly- wood, Calif.

Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City. Principal Pictures Corporation, 1545 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Roethsler Film Mfg., Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.


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Always quick, sure, safe! Just spread on in smooth paste; rinse off in a few minutes—and marvel at the wonderful difference in your appearance. No need to hesitate—Del-a-tone is perfectly harmless and will not make hair return thicker or coarser. Be sure to insist on

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NEW Kind of Belt
Reduces Waistline—Easily!

Look slim at once. Say "good-bye" to bulging waistline. This new amazing belt literally melts fat away. Produces the same result as an expert masseur, only quicker—less expensive. So comfortable you don't know you're wearing it.

Off with that bulging waistline. Melt fat away. At last you can do it safely, easily, comfortably—and without great expense. At last you can regain a trim, masculine figure and the vigor that goes with it. Not by cruel starvation diets. Not with harmful, disarming devices. Not with doubtful, secret methods. There is only one correct way to take fat away—and that is

A Self-Massaging Belt That is Always On The Job

Massage—Science proves it is the only safe, correct, sane way of removing weight and retaining health. It rubs fat away. It tones up the tissues. It invigorates the blood flow and builds up health, normal condition. But Masseurs charge big fees. Few take up a lot of time. And they are only effective for a half hour or so every now and then.

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As it reduces fat, it builds up a healthier system. It tones up and tightens up your waist, arms, jaws, legs, plus, improving digestion, gives you better carriage and actually makes you feel ten to 15 years younger. The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys. Physicians endorse it highly. Send no money. Write for detailed description and testimonials from delighted users. Special 10-day trial offer if you write at once to THE WEIL CO., 936 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

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ARRIVED at Mr. Lamar's office Sylvia addressed him as secretary, Miss Ream, with eager confidence. "I must see Mr. Lamar at once," she said, a certain wistfulness in her voice. "It is most important. I did not ask if he was in. Miss Ream disappeared into the rear office with a curt nod; she had not envied Sylvia her secret success, but she had resented her superior's very presence. Sylvia turned over to the girl. In a few moments she was back again, leaving the door behind her open.

"Mr. Lamar will see you," she said crisply, resuming her seat at the typewriter. Sylvia went swiftly into the inner room.

It was a large room, very plainly furnished. In spite of the gorgeousness he lavished on his productions, Paul Lamar in his personal life maintained an atmosphere of simplicity. Some said it was a pose, but they did him an injustice. A big man, both mentally and physically, he had no time for trifles. Sylvia came up to his desk he rose, put out his hand.

"I thought you would come," he said gently. "Sit down." Suddenly tears rose to Sylvia's eyes as she felt the friendly pressure of his hand; at least be
We postpaid your receipt 11 months ago. But I can't find it. It's extremely awkward to be looking for something that doesn't exist. You believe me, don't you?

MR. LAMAR sat drumming on the top of the desk with his finger nails. For a full moment he seemed unable to make out why Sylvia could not hear the ticking of his wrist watch, the beating of her heart.

"Of course I believe you," he said presently. "And under the circumstances I don't see what else you could have done. It was unfortunate, as matters turned out, that you had to let him in in the first place. And a great pity that you didn't not say the true things to Mrs. Harmon and the woman with her then and there."

He tried to. She wouldn't listen. Before I knew it she was gone.

"I understand," he said. "And I expected her husband to follow her—tell her the truth. He certainly had every reason to.

Mr. Lamar shook his head.

"It was too late, then," he said slowly. "It wasn't only Mrs. Harmon you had to reckon with, but that angler, Pickering, and his friends. Of course you realize that by this time they have told everybody in town."

"Yes—I suppose so," Sylvia paled slightly, but her courage did not waver. "Still, when people hear my side—"

Again Paul Lamar shook his head, and the look of sympathy in his eyes deepened.

"I'm afraid you don't know the world very well, my dear girl," he said. "People—some people—if it did not sound cynical I would be tempted to say most people—are only too ready to talk and to listen without waiting to hear both sides of a story. Don't you realize that this scandal—or alleged scandal—has already been flashed to every newspaper in town?"

"But—" Sylvia's cheeks grew even paler now, and she sat up very straight—"they won't publish it! They wouldn't dare!"

"On the other hand, I have knowledge that they will publish it. The whole story will appear in the Los Angeles papers this afternoon. And I can't stop it. Mr. Solberg can't stop it. God knows, we would, quick enough, if we could, not only for your sake, but for the sake of the picture business as a whole. But we can't."

"How dare they publish anything that isn't true?" Sylvia asked stormily.

"What they publish will be true. The facts as they stand. That Mrs. Harmon did find you and her husband together in bed—" he hesitated, in fact in his armchair early this morning. "That you were, to put it plainly, very unconventionally dressed, and that as a result Mrs. Harmon is threatening a divorce. These things are facts, and you may be very sure that the newspapers throughout the country will know how to present those facts in their most damning light without laying themselves open to suits for libel. I have just been talking with several of my assistants on the Los Angeles papers. He would do a great deal for me—for our company—but with all the other papers running the story how can I ask him to suppress what must now be printed elsewhere. If I judge right, Sheila Anderson has given a sworn statement of what occurred to the newspapers. So has Pickering. Mrs. Harmon has told the reporters her version of the story. Mr. Harmon is waiting somewhere, and refuses to talk. All those things are true, and no newspaper in the country will hesitate to publish them. They will be after you, too, will want to print your story. I wonder they haven't approached you already."

"They have," Sylvia whispered. "I refused to talk until I had seen you. Do you want me to tell them what happened? You see, I had hoped that Mr. Harmon—"

"No good," Lamar made a quick, broad gesture. "I'm sorry. It illustrates slightly enlarged
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"That means not only the Celeste part, but—everything, I suppose," Sylvia said very slowly.

"Everything. At least until we see what the reaction of the public is—" Sydney Harmon does—what his wife does. If the two of them were to come forward, supported by Miss Martin, and clear you beyond a shadow of a doubt, might just tip the balance in a big publicity campaign on the strength of your having been an innocent victim, but honestly, my dear, I'm afraid it's a mighty formidable job. Six months from now if there is a divorce trial on, I know you'll be cleared, but that is too late, for our purposes. We've got to begin work on 'The Miracle' very soon. And we can't wait for another miracle, too, in the public eye. It's just a rotten shame."

His fingers crushed the unlighted cigarette between them, and he tossed the fragments into the ashtray. Sylvia seemed as though her reputation, her future, went with it. Yet she could find no cause to blame Paul Lamar. When she put out her hand to him he took it between both of his, shook his head angrily as he saw the tears in her eyes.

YOU poor kid," he whispered. "I'd give a lot—anything, a miracle could happen. But right now I can only say goodbye."

And tell you how sorry I feel over the whole wretched business.

Sylvia looked out of his office, and out of the big gray building, seeing nothing but the few feet of ground on which she walked. The several persons she passed, clerks, secretaries, stockroom men, all knew, with little being told, what had happened to her. The queen of yesterday was the outcast of today, with none to wish her Godspeed. No doubt among them doubted the stories they had heard about her—felt sincerely sorry for her—but studio politics kept them silent. When the thumb of authority is turned down upon a film star, no matter where, in the world at large for that matter, all the little people run to cover. To sympathize, publicly, might be construed as a criticism of authority.

Sylvia walked out of the studio and up the long, shabby street, more alone than she had been at any time since her arrival in Hollywood. The place had suddenly become horrid to her; she longed to get away from it. Her work on the wall picture, hurried in anticipation of her proposed trip East, was over. She was as through with Hollywood, with the picture business, as though she had never seen it.

There was nothing to do, of course, but go back to the bungalow, pack her things, and leave. Jean, she hoped, would not be there; whatever the result of their friendship had existed between the girl and herself had been snapped the night before.

It had been but a weak thread, yet strong enough to pull down the house. Sylvia bowed her head, decided it. She had not been there in Hollywood. Flutter with broken and bedraggled wings back to the little blue haven of her birth. Vi-ions of the quaint, homely streets, the surrounding hills, rose in her mind's eye, very sweet and alluring. There would be snow everywhere, blue sky, and purple lights, with dull, red sunsets against which rose the smoke of factories, of wood fires. And there would be skating on the millpond, and milk and mistletoe, and suspense of the stores, and eager Christmas shoppers muffled in furs crowning the stores.

Hurt more deeply than she had ever been hurt before, Sylvia was far from raw and bleeding, home seemed the one place to which she could go, now. There she would find her father, kindest, most gentle of philo-ophers, running through her mind. She knew she could always depend upon him. And her sister Katie, now married to Arthur Sollers, the photographer, on Main Street. And Howard Bennett, who less than three weeks before had begged her to marry him, had protested that...
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"That's that!" Marion exclaimed rather bitterly, putting down the telephone. "But I'll tell you: She can't believe there's been anything between you and her husband!"

"Isn't it possible," Sylvia asked, "that by accident you may have found out who is the woman in the case?"

"Of course. That's precisely it. She's going to force Sydney's hand, that's all. Mighty hard on you, dear, but I'll make her work. Anyway, I can understand. What she really expects, I guess, is that you'll get Jean to confess. And of course that is what the girl should do—would, if she had any sense of honor. I can't understand her willingness to let you suffer."

"I can—a little. I was a fool to realize, long ago, that there has been a lot of the part of Celeste. She thinks she still has a chance. For her to admit anything, now, would put her out of the running—turn the part back to me. She'll never do it—not in a million years. And after our talk last night I wouldn't lower myself by asking her. I'm through."

"You don't know anything about the relations between Sydney Harmon and herself, do you? Anything—definite?"

"No. When he came there to be her husband, I was too weak. But if I did know anything, I wouldn't use it. I couldn't.

"I—well—I'm just not built that way."

"I know," Marion Allison went over to Sylvia and gave her a quick hug. "Thank God you're not."

"So I've decided," Sylvia went on, "to bow myself quietly out of an impossible situation and get away.

Mrs. Allison sat for a time thinking, her forehead twisted into a black frown. Suddenly she looked up.

"And you're right, dear. Dannable as it may seem I believe you're right. Go home and and take a rest. Forget Hollywood for a while. Judging by what Paul Larm said to you, you can't afford to lose your health now. You may look back and say you'd never stay here would only mean endless sneers and insults. You go back home and get yourself together—at once. And don't forget that while you're gone, your friends will all be fighting for you. We know the truth. Paul Larm knows it. Before long everybody in Hollywood will know it. If Sydney Harmon and that Martin shine — we'll see what our secrets make the place too hot to hold them. Come along now and have some lunch, and then I'll run over to the bungalow with you and help you pack. If you might be well advised not to stay today. You can't spend another night under the same roof with that girl."

Sylvia smiled at her friend's enthusiasm, but said nothing. "In any case, I'm not that well even making Hollywood too hot to hold Sydney and Jean would do her small, now. That was the hopeless part of the situation. It was too late. As Paul Larm had said, the harm had been done. She was no longer a good screen investment. It was this knowledge, more than anything else, which made her realize the futility of the whole thing. There was no point in fighting, because there was nothing to fight for. It was almost with a feeling of lightheadedness that she drove back toward Santa Monica with Marion Allison to pack her things. She wanted to get away. Hollywood had suddenly become distasteful to her.

**CHAPTER VII**

Sylvia had decided to make her journey East by the southern route, to escape the midwinter snows. It was not until she was well on her way to New Orleans that she began to realize that the shadow of the desolate desert which had overtaken her. As mile after mile of Arizona desert whirled behind her, it seemed that the clicking wheels of the Pullman sang like a single song to her ears—ruin—ruined—ruined—ruined—ruined.

She had snatched up the Los Angeles papers on the eve of her departure, glanced at her picture in them, read with ashen cheeks the story of her downfall. She could not complain of lack of publicity. The scandal had indeed been heard before it was known. Sylvia Thorne, the sweet young girl, so recently selected to play the lead in "The Miracle of Notre Dame," Sylvia Thorne, the modest, the impeccable young woman about whose simple and uncertain career they had published so many charming stories during the past three weeks, about to be named as co-resident in a sensational divorce suit! Another eviction of the sinful ness of Hollywood, the moral depravity of movie actresses.

She did not of course know, but the story of a minister who had seduced a member of his congregation had been hastily removed from the front page in order to make room for herself and her troubles. All the publicity so recently given her made her downfall doubly important as news, now. She hid the papers beneath some magazines in her lap, ashamed to glance at the car. Yet all the things she read did not hurt her. The words of a woman she had heard commenting on the case while waiting for the train.

That terrible Thorne girl," the woman had said to her companion. "It's vamps like that who keep decent people away from the pictures," Paul shrank behind the protecting bulk of a porter. Paul Lamar had been right. It was precisely her populist and ultimate judge and, unheard, the public had judged, condemned her. No doubt people were thinking the same thing all over the country.

She kept her face averted, gazed out at the grey stretches of desert, for fear some of the passengers in the car might recognize her. But whether she be up to the expectations of the way in which she was dressed, or because the photograph in the newspapers did not look sufficiently like her, she found that no one seemed to know who she was. For this Sylvia was devoutly thankful; she had no desire to become the object of her fellow passengers' stories, their comments, their pity. Every time one of them looked at her she shrank back behind the protecting pages of her magazine.

It was when the long run through Texas had been almost completed, and they were approaching the Louisiana border, that Sylvia heard a man and woman behind her discussing their plans for leaving the train at New Orleans and proceeding to New York by water. Sylvia had been told of this idea by the crew's first trip to appeal to her. She had grown very tired of the close, dusty train, of the monotonous scenery, of the strain of sitting still for hours. She had known any of the passengers, but those who had attempted advances she had politely snubbed.

She hunted up the porter, learned there was a steamer leaving New Orleans on Wednesday morning which reached New York the following Monday—a fast and commodious boat of ten thousand tons. On the impulse of the moment she decided to take it. With a sign of relief she descended from the stuffy Pullman in the New Orleans station and ordered the cabman to take her to the St. Charles.

Once in the crowded lobby of the hotel, however, her fear of being recognized returned. Hastily registering, she was prepared to fleed to her room. As she went toward the elevator she almost ran into a tall, amiable looking young man, whose bronzed face lit up with a pleasant smile as he greeted Sylvia, rather pale one. He seemed to speak about, and Sylvia, fearing he might be a reporter who had recognized her, hastily turned back.

It occurred to her afterwards that reporters as a rule do not care to brown; this young man looked as though he had lived in the glare of tropic suns for months. Against his copper red cheeks his blond hair seemed absurdly golden, his blue eyes as brilliant as bits of water from the Gulf Stream. Long after the door of her room had closed behind her Sylvia...
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Steve, for short. I've been shooting a bit, and taking a look at the Maya ruins at Chichen Itza. Thinking of writing a book about them. Anybody do anything on the Maya? I'm at home when I'm home, which is only occasionally. I like to travel about. We've got five days ahead of us, and you know people usually get ac- customed to the idea that that's my experi- ence, and I've spent a lot of time on 'em. So I thought, why not get formalities over with right away, so we could go ahead and talk to each other like two old friends. It's a shamelessly hello.

"How do you know I want to talk?" Sylvia asked, thinking of her troubles.

"Everybody does. Particularly when they're being said to all the time. In this case, very young indeed. I'd say. I'm twenty-four, myself. No girl of your age and looks has any- right to go for five whole days without talking to somebody. It's a shameful waste of material. So why not let me be the lucky individual? I'm sure you'd rather talk to me than to the—well, the purser for instance. I've been talking to him myself, and he's a bit of a imagination. Actually couldn't see why I wanted to sit next to you at table. I finally arranged it, though. You hope you don't mind. It's a fairly cool trip, doesn't call for any eye contact, or to, at times, down around Bucaral. Ever been in Mexico, Miss McKenna?"

In the face of his breezy and whimsical good nature, Sylvia could not help but feel a little ashamed. There was something so pleasantly reassuring, so intensely human about young Mr. Hollins that he would have disarmed a far sterner person than the one sitting opposite him. Instead, he found herself laughing unrestrainedly at his quaint remarks, and when they went down to luncheon together, the purser, regarding them with amazement, remarked that the young man's story about Sylvia being his cousin must have been true after all, to judge from their present terms of intimacy. As for Mr. Hollins, they were far too much interested in each other to pay any attention to the purser at all.

SITTING that night on the upper deck, watching the lights of the Maya appear before you upon the dark waters of the Gulf, their con- versation became more intimate.

"You're a Northerner, aren't you?" Mr. Hollins asked, opening his cigarette packet.

"Yes," Sylvia told him. "I was born in Pennsylvania." Just where in Pennsylvania she did not say. Some fear of the future turned to confidences before the young man; she must remember that she was, after all, a woman with a past. "I've been spending some time on the coast, and now I'm only a call on Hollywood."

"I must go to California some day," Mr. Hollins remarked, with his pleasantly wistful smile, "if only to see the motion picture crowd over there. It would tell me it's a remarkable place."

"Yes," Sylvia agreed faintly. "Are you interested in motion pictures, Mr. Hollins?"

"I'm afraid I can't say that. Hardly ever, that is. Too dull—flat. I like people in the raw—like to hear them talk, hear what they have to say. I suppose I know less about pictures than almost anybody you ever met. How about you?"

"I like them, at times," Sylvia said, and changed the subject. One thing, at least, she was thankful for, a man who had spent three months in Yucatan, and who regarded pictures as a bore, wouldn't be likely to know anything about her or her painful past. There seemed likely that for five days, at least, she could forget all about Hollywood and the hurt it had given her, and devote herself to complete enjoyment of her trip.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 700]

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Adella, Altoona, Pa.—Arthur Rankin was born in Altoona, Allen County; I should say not. If you send a quarter with your request to the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. T., I am sure that you'll get a nice new photograph of the Marquise Swanson de Falaise in return.

Maxine, Indianapolis, Ind.—Who am I, any way? On my honor, Maxine, there are hours when I am not sure. Conrad Nagel is married and seems to be glad of it. Bruce Daniels is not. Pola Negri was born in 1897, Rudolph Valentino in 1895, Betty Bronson in 1906. You are "devoted to Monte Blue for love" and that you know an uncle in Indianapolis. I am sure Mr. Blue will be glad to have your admiration, whatever the reason.

G. K., Grand Rapids, Mich.—You like Allan Forrest better without his new mustache. We hereby serve him with notice of your disapproval. J. W. Kerrigan was born July 25, 1880. Edward Burns' birth date was September 27, 1892. The review of "Mother o' Mine" was published in the November issue of Photoplay Magazine in 1909. Write Photoplay Publishing Co., 759 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., for the copy, enclosing a quarter.

Anna, Chicago, Ill.—The "only movie star you are crazy about" is Marion Davies. You say you want to add to your meager fund of information about her. She was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on New Year's Day in 1899. She has reddish, blonde hair and blue eyes. Her height is five feet, five and a half inches. Her weight is one hundred twenty-three pounds. She has been on the stage, appearing in Ziegfeld's Follies and other musical comedies. She entered pictures in 1919. She is not married.

Angelina, Orange, N. J.—The photograph you covet, of Barbara La Marr, can be obtained through the First National.

RICHARD DIX FAY, GROVE CITY, PA.—Motion pictures "bring sunshine into your life," you say. I am glad, and screen stars who shine upon Grove City will be glad. Warner Baxter has been a motion picture actor since 1919. He was born March 20, 1891. His height is five feet, eleven inches. His weight is one hundred sixty-five pounds. He had twelve years' experience on the stage before he joined the cinema army. He married Winifred Bryson, a screen actress.

Jennie, Waterbury, Conn.—Richard Tal- madge is about twenty-eight. His height is five feet, nine inches. He is not married. Photographs of him can be obtained through the F. B. O.

Max B., Toledo, Ohio.—No one can pre- vent your translating anything you like into your native tongue, Max B. The use to which you put that translation is a totally different matter. Don't try to put the story on the screen in any country without the consent of the author and publisher.

Marie, Brooklyn, N. Y.—You are a lover of fine dogs, you are always in one of Rin-Tin- tin's audiences when his pictures come to town, and you can no longer be happy without that dear, loyal actor. Warn Bros. all have told me. You think me a "Dear, Mysterious One." Glad you think I am dear, sweet Marie.

Audrey, Miami, Fla.—Gloria Swanson returned with her handsome Marquis husband from France in March. She is still with the Famous Players-Lasky Co.

V. L. A., St. Louis, Mo.—You think I am "the world's smartest man," but you are hurt because I have not answered your questions. Dear one, let us blame the postman or the office boy. I have answered every letter received.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.
Charming—Happy—Free of Unwanted Hair!

You who have feared and worried about your superfluous hair, can now be at peace. It is actually possible to eliminate every vestige of it.

Katharine Lee, in a recent article on beauty, says of superfluous hair: "No other beauty blemish seems to have the power of rendering its possessor so uncomfortable, so self-conscious, so almost defiant . . . . A warning against depilatories composed of cheap or injurious materials, attractively boxed to tempt the unwary, is timely . . . . Too much cannot be said of the harm done by preparations containing calcium sulphide or a similar ingredient." (ZIP does not contain calcium sulphide or anything similar to it.)

"The first thought is to pull out superfluous hair, cut it or eradicate it in some way from the surface. This is the worst thing that can be done, not alone for the hair, which is visible, but also the fine down—instead of decreasing the growth it promotes a heavier growth of hair. . . . Permanent destruction of hair growth can be accomplished only by destroying the roots."

How ZIP accomplishes its purpose with astounding effectiveness is so well known that even Honorable Edward M. Averill, Trial Examiner for The Federal Trade Commission, in quoting the extraordinary claims made in connection with the merit of ZIP adds—"These statements are not false."

How natural for the Federal Trade Commission to investigate the statements made in behalf of ZIP. Indeed, the claims made for ZIP are so far in advance of the claims that can be made for other superfluous hair remedies, that an investigation was begun, with the result that not a single statement made in ZIP advertising was requested changed. Merits?—You are safe in using ZIP after such a test!

Lasting Results

Mere surface hair removers, ordinary depilatories and pumice, have the same action as singeing or shaving, throwing the strength back into the roots. With ZIP, however, you get at the cause and leave the skin soft and smooth, really adorable. Use ZIP once, and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

Sold Everywhere—Money-Back GUARANTEE Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon

Madame Berthé
Specialist
562 Fifth Ave. (Ent. on 46 St.) New York

Makers of AB-SCENT

There are Three Types of Superfluous Hair—Which type have you?

Madame Berthé, Specialist,
Dept. 924, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," telling how to be beautiful and eliminating these three types of superfluous hair, also a FREE sample of your Massage & Cleansing Cream guaranteed not to grow hair.

Name ..........................................................
Address .......................................................
City & State ...............................................
Today's mode demands this rich hosiery

Sheer, lustrous, of flawless texture and exquisite appearance, it is yet moderate in price. New monthly fashion bulletin—in advance of the mode—sent free, on request.

Holeproof Hosiery
Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd.
London, Ontario

Fabric is permitted to leave our factories. There are no uneven places. Each pair is inspected by keen-eyed experts—far more carefully than you could do it yourself.

Exquisite sheerness and rich lustre come from using only finest quality silks, specially handled in every process of manufacture, to keep their beauty.

Smooth snugness—from ankles to hem—is assured by careful knitting to shape and size. This is very important, as you know, for no beauty of fabric could overcome untidiness in the fit of your stockings.

Yet, despite its matchless beauty, Holeproof Hosiery is modest in price. No need for extravagance in wearing hosiery that is everything you could wish. What is more, Holeproof possesses the gratifying ability to be worn much, laundered much, and still retain its dainty, fresh-looking newness.

There are ever so many styles offered right now for your selection—in all the accepted colors. At almost all good stores (Holeproof is sold only in retail stores). If your dealer does not carry it, write direct to us for illustrated price-list.
