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Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
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A GEORGE MELFORD Production with Jacqueline Logan, David Torrence, Raymond Griffith. From the novel and play by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Screen play by Harvey Thew.

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Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"THE BREAKING POINT"
A HERBERT BRENON Production with Nita Naldi, Paty Ruth Miller, George Fawcett, Matt Moore. From the novel and play by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Screen play by Julie Herne and Edfrid Bingham.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"BLUFF"
A SAM WOOD Production with Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno. From the story by RITA WEIMAN and JOSEPHINE L. QUIRK. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"TIGER LOVE"
A GEORGE MELFORD Production with Antonio Moreno and Estelle Taylor. From the play by Manuel Penella. Screen play by Howard Hawks.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
POLA NEGRI in "MEN"
A DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. From the story by Dimitri Buchowetzki. Screen play by Paul Bern.
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**Is Bobbed Hair an Extravagance?**

Politics take a back seat when the subject of bobbed hair comes up. Everybody is talking about it. Last month PHOTOPLAY’s story on “The Battle of Bobbed Hair” started newspaper controversies all over the country. Next month PHOTOPLAY will give you the results of an investigation to determine the comparative costs of keeping up the different styles of bobbed hair and will give you suggestions on keeping down the expense. Whether you bob your hair or not, it is going to save you money.

**Those Deauville Scarfs**

Every girl that attempts to be up-to-date is wearing scarfs this summer. But a lot depends on the way you tie them. Bebe Daniels has become an expert, and next month she will show you all the ways to wear them.

**Mary Fuller is Coming Back**

After a phenomenal success for several years, Mary Fuller left the screen and deliberately disappeared. Her whereabouts has been one of the mysteries of the motion picture. PHOTOPLAY set out to find her and did. The story will appear in the August Issue *Out July 15*
Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Makes any hair naturally curly

in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Root

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop. Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I burst 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."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodbye and pressed a gold coin in his palm.

"'Hija mía,' he said, 'You have been very kind to an old man, Desdémone (tell me rizos), what is your heart most desires.'"

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'"

"'Vamos, rizos,' he said—'Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted para rizos (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of ducats to the man who would sell her the secret. The prince took Pedro, the dwarf. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the prince, took that secret today, Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish.

"I called a cabaço and gave the draper the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawking Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When he finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"'Truly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. Twenty minutes, not one second more. The transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"It cost a franc—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

"Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror, I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a luster it never had before."

"You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy."

"My hair was curly and beautiful. I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

"They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the public with this wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere."

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
ABRAHAIM LINCOLN.—Rochester.—Lincoln.—One of the finest and most appealing pictures ever made, with Lincoln treated truthfully and reverently. Everyone should see it. (Jan.)

ACQUETTAL THE.—Universal.—One of the best mystery photographs of the year. (Jan.)

AGE OF DESIRE.—First National.—A woman, desiring riches, sacrifices better things. Interesting picture, well done. (July.)

AMERICA.—D. W. Griffith.—Almost another "Birth of a Nation." Not quite perhaps, but an epic film, nevertheless. Of absorbing interest to every American. (April.)

ANNA CHRISTIE.—First National.—A faithful adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's famous play, splendidly acted. A bit too strong for children. (Jan.)

ALIMONY.—F. O..—Just an ordinary program picture, neither better nor worse. (April.)

ARABIA'S LAST ALARM.—Fox.—A joyous comedy, with a clever child, a bull pup and a wonderful horse. Well worth while. (June.)

ARIZONA EXPRESS, THE.—Fox.—Whizzing melodrama. Trains, gunplay, fast trains, "o" everything. (June.)

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SPEEJACKS.—Paramount.—A remarkably fine travel picture. (June.)

AT DEVIL'S GORGE.— Arrow.—Just another Western, that's all. (June.)

AVERAGE WOMAN, THE.—C. C. Burr.—A defense of the flapper, as typified by Pauline Garen. Melodrama, fairly well done. (June.)

BAG AND BAGAGE.—Selnick.—A time-warp story of the country girl who gets her millionaire. Happens only on the screen. (May.)

BAREFOOT BOY, THE.—Commonwealth.—A touching and well-told piece of work. Lots of good touches, and pathos well put over. (Jan.)

BEAU BRUMMEL.—Warner Brothers.—One of the most interesting of the costume pictures, with John蝴me's new role unusually fine work as the Beau. Don't miss it. (May.)

BELOVED VAGABOND, THE.—F. B. O.—Made from W. J. Locke's story, but most of the charm and whimsicality are lost. (June.)

BIG BROTHER.—Paramount.—A really big human picture, made by Allan Dwan. And with a new kid, Mickey Bennett, who is a find. (Feb.)

BIG D.AN.—Fox.—A stereotyped story with a hero altogether too good to be true. (Jan.)

BLACK OXEN.—First National.—A good picturization of the popular novel on the rejuvenation of a woman, with Colleen Griffith doing fine acting. For adults. (March.)

BLIZZARD, THE.—Fox.—A Swedish picture and nothing to be ashamed of either. A stamode of reindeer is a novelty. Good audience picture. (May.)

BLOW YOUR OWN HORN.—F. B. O.—A machine-made story which turns into a picture of the same type. (Jan.)

BOY OF FLANDERS, A.—Metro.—Jackie Coogan's latest and one of the best he ever has done. The boy is developing and this picture proves it. (June.)

BOY OF MINE.—First National.—A Tarkington classic of children's films, extremely well done and with some splendid work by Little Ben Alexander. (March.)

BREAKING POINT, THE.—Paramount.—Good cast, fair story, good direction and action galore. Fine entertainment. (June.)

BREATHEOM MOMENT, THE.—Universal.—A commonplace story which the whole family may see. (April.)

BROADWAY BROKE.—Selnick.—An interesting picture of New York theatrical life forty years ago. Mary Carr excellent. (March.)

CALL OF THE CANYON, THE.—Paramount.—A semi-Western, with fine acting, beautiful scenery and real pathos. (May.)

CARE FOR DIVORCE.—Selnick.—A lot of troubles about which no one can possibly care. (April.)

COMMON LAW, THE.—Selnick.—The cast saves this one from utter mediocrity. (Jan.)

As 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 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.

CONFIDENCE MAN, THE.—Paramount.—The always likable Tom Meighan is in a very version of the redemption theme. Amusing, well done and worth while. (June.)

COUNTRY KID, THE.—Warner Brothers.—An old-colored picture with Wesley Barry as the oldest of three orphans, being parents to the other two. (May.)

COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, THE.—Asso. Exhibitors.—Charles May's latest and most ambitious effort, which doesn't quite register. (March.)

CROOKED ALLEY.—Universal.—Another Boston blackie story, but not particularly well done. (Jan.)

CUPID'S FIREFMAN.—Fox.—Charles Jones heroically dishes through flames, saving imperiled women. (Feb.)

DADDIES.—Warner Brothers.—A good version of the children's story, with Mac Mact and Harry Myers heading the cast. (April.)

DAMAGED HEARTS.—F. B. O.—Conventional story, with good acting by Mary Carr and others. The long arm of coincidence is stretched again. (May.)

DANCING CHEAT, THE.—Universal.—The love of a dancer for a gambler. Lots of romance—little interest. (June.)

DANGEROUS HOUR, THE.—Johnny Walker.—Eddie Polo's fall from an airplane through a roof is the feature. (Feb.)

DANGEROUS MAID, THE.—First National.—Good story and entertainment, but not worthy of Constance Talmadge's powers. (Feb.)

DARING YEARS, THE.—Equity.—A good little boy falls in love with a chorus girl. You know the rest. (April.)

DARLING OF NEW YORK, THE.—Universal.—Bea Bregy the delightful center of a plot with crooks, stolen jewels and a lost child. (Jan.)

DAUGHTERS OF TODAY.—Selnick.—Another plea against the flapper, with a few digs about parents who are inclined to flap. (Apr.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—Associated Exhibitors.—A Swedish production and a good one of the Dickens story. (Jan.)

DAWN OF TOMORROW, THE.—Paramount.—Clean, healthful entertainment for the whole family, well directed and acted. (June.)

DAY OF FAITH, THE.—Goldwyn.—Made of impossible situations; rather silly in spots. (Feb.)

DEFYING DESTINY.—Selnick.—Full of incidents, but just ordinarily good, except for Irene Rich. (Mar.)

DISCONTENDED HUSBANDS.—Apollo.—Formula of the man who gets rich while his wife gets old. He steps out, but is cured. (May.)

DO IT NOW.—Renown.—The troubles of young love with father. Fair entertainment. (May.)

DON'T CALL IT LOVE.—Paramount.—The screen version of "Rita Coventry," extremely well produced and acted. (March.)

DRIVING FOOL, THE.—Hodkinson.—Wally Van in one of the auto-driving pictures that Wally Reid made famous. (Jan.)

DRUMS OF JERUSALEM.—Tolna.—Someone steals a lot of emeralds and there is much excitement. But it doesn't amount to much. (May.)

ENCHANTED COTTAGE, THE.—First National.—A charming fantasy, beautifully handled, with a most appealing story, enacted by Richard Barthes and May McAvoy. (June.)

ENEMIES OF CHILDREN.—Mammom.—A conventional story of a wulf, treeloomly told. (Feb.)

ETERNAL CITY, THE.—First National.—One of the most beautiful and entertaining pictures in months. (Jan.)

EXCITEMENT.—Universal.—One of those wives-who-can-try-stay-home-films. (June.)

EXTRA GIRL, THE.—Sennett.—Chummy notable because Mabel Normand holds the cast and her pictures are always worth while. (Feb.)

FASHIONABLE FAKERS.—F. B. O.—You know about all this one after the first five minutes. (Feb.)

FASHION ROW.—Metro.—The best MacMurray picture in a long time. She has a dual role. (Feb.)

FAST EXPRESS, THE.—Universal.—Old-fashioned melodrama, with wrecks, robberies and other sure-fire stuff. (April.)

FIGHTING COWARD, THE.—Paramount.—A stirring of the fire-eating Southerners in a few clashing days, remarkably well done. (June.)

FLAMING BARRIES.—Paramount.—An interesting comedy, with a tragic note in it. The forest fire is worth the admission. (April.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10 |
How to get real pictures every single time

You don't have to worry about the light if you use Ansco Speedex Film. That's the one great improvement everybody has been wishing for. You don't have to be an expert. The light doesn't have to be just right. This film is made for you as you and the light as it is!

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
FLAMING YOUTH—First National—A sophisticated ultra-lux jazz picture, with Colleen Moore doing a lot of the singing. (April.)

FLAPPER WIVES—Selznick—The faith-healing story, with nothing new in the treatment. Fair. (June.)

FLOWING GOLD—First National—A Rex Beach melodrama of the oil fields, full of excitement and thrills. Fine entertainment for a summer picture. Made by Carl Laemmle. (May.)

FOOLISH PARENTS—Associated Exhibitors—The moral of this is that marriage is a great institution and should be in every family. (January.)

FOWL'S AWAKENING, A—Metro—Proves that happiness can’t be bought on a lie. A picture of the better class. (April.)

FOOL’S HIGHWAY—Universal—A story of the show business, as seen by a group of people playing, with Mary Philbin heading the list. Good entertainment. (January.)

FORBIDDEN LOVER, THE—Selznick—A “thriller” highly recommended to picture audiences in California with the usual ingredients. (January.)

GALLOPING ACE, THE—Universal—A Jack Hoxie Western, with Jack doing some of his best riding and heroic deeds. (June.)

GALLOPING FISH, THE—First National—Tested sealed product supplied by Louise Fazenda and Sydney Chaplin. Shaky, but funny. (June.)

GALLOPING GALLANTER—Pathe—An earnest attempt to make a “thriller” out of the romance of a horse being the leading character. Comedy is awful. (June.)

GAMBLING WIVES—Arrow—An amazing con game, with a large number of fast house parties, cabs, and gambling rooms. Just usual. (June.)

GOVERNOR’S LADY, THE—Fox—A most appealing picture at times touching greatness. Pathos well done. (March.)

GREAT WHITE WAY, THE—Cosmopolitan—Well worthy of the attention of all those conducted tours of New York, well acted. (March.)

GRIT—Hodkinson—Glenn Hunter in a play of gangsters and the underworld. Not new, but fairly interesting. (March.)

HALF-A-DOLLAR BILL—Metro—Interesting and well played story of a man adopted by a sea captain. (February.)

HAPPINESS—Metro—A very thin story, adapted from J. Hartley Maunder’s “Two in the Storm” as he was the saving grace for the family. (May.)

HEART BANDIT, THE—Metro—Violet Dana is good as a tough little crook who is later redeemed by another love. (April.)

HELD TO ANSWER—Metro—A formulaire picture, featuring a wrongly accused man. (May.)

HER REPUTATION—First National—A good, a forest fire and a persecuted heroine, all good. Plenty of thrills. (April.)

HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND—First National—A vicious comedy, full of laughs. (February.)

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT, THE—Paramount—A Zane Grey story, as good as all his Westerns are. Ernest Torrence best of the cast as usual. (April.)

HILL BILLY, THE—United Artists—Jack Pickford in a truly appealing role. His best picture in a long time. (May.)

HIS CHILDREN’S CHILDREN—Paramount—Another lesson about the fast-growing younger generation. Well worth while. (January.)

HIS DARKER SELF—Hodkinson—Framed originally for Al Jolson, who left it for Lloyd Hamilton, it proves Jolson should have done it. (June.)

HIS FORGOTTEN WIFE—F. B. O.—The third of the Palmer pictures. As a romance it is the standard of the other two. The war is in this one. (June.)

HIS MYSTERIOUS GIRL, THE—Universal—The old story of a serious man who gets a little less in romance. Herbert Rawlinson is good. (March.)

HOODMANN BLIND—Fox—An old story favorite made into a very amusing picture. McDougal with ideas. (March.)

HOOK AND LADDER—Universal—Hoot Gibson as a fireman, with a pretty love story and lots of comedy. Family picture. (March.)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Hodkinson—A worthy effort to pictureize an old best-seller, but not the best. (April.)

HUMMING BIRD, THE—Paramount—The best thing Gloria Swanson ever has done. One of the best pictures of months. (April.)

ICEBOUND—Paramount—Another William de Mille production, little romance, very exciting. Handled by a less able director, it might have been drab, but handled by Jules Dassin, it is a fine piece of work. (June.)

INNOCENCE—Apollo—An ineffective melodrama with Anna Q. Nilsson as a redeeming feature. (March.)

IN SEARCH OF A THRILL—Metro—Violet Dana. Another little romance, but delightful and well acted. Direction not good. (February.)

JACK O’CLUBS—Universal—Lots of trouble for no reason, except to be photographed. (April.)

JEALOUS HUSBANDS—First National—Ordinary, with the only outstanding feature the work of Jane Novak. (April.)

JUDGMENT OF THE STORM—F. B. O.—The smallest picture of the producer’s career, very interesting and with a charming love story. (March.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—Fox—A swiftly moving crook drama, with plenty of thrills and excitement. (April.)

KENTUCKY DAYS—Fox—Old Kentucky again with “Covered Wagon” trappings. Just fair. (May.)

KING OF WILD HORSES—Pathé—A remarkable picture because of the work of the camera man. A story of wild horses never tamed. The Black a worthy star. (June.)

LADIES TO BOARD—A Tom Mix comedy, with Tony added. Mix pulls out his best stunt. (April.)

LADY OF QUALITY, A—Universal—A charming story, excellently photographed by Virginia Valli and capable cast. (February.)

LAW FORBIDS, THE—Universal—Again Baby Fitzgerald, whose talent is increasingly moribund. A pretty good picture, too. (May.)

LEAVE IT TO GERRY—Ben Wilson—A mild juvenile comedy, which is amusing and innocuous. (April.)


LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER—Vitaphone—A story of the wrong place, which is too thin. (February.)

LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE—Paramount—In spite of the liberties taken with Kipling, a good picture, excellently acted. (February.)

LILIES OF THE FIELD, THE—First National—A story of the sisters of mercy, but “no one else does it spin,” with Corinne Griffith as the feature. For those who love drama. (March.)

LONE RANGER, THE—Acme—Again the Texas Ranger is sent to get his man and his girl. (January.)

LONE WAGON, THE—Sanford—If it hadn’t been called “Covered Wagon,” this wouldn’t have been made. Who cares? (May.)

LONG LIE THE KING—Metro—The King is Jack Coogan and this is one of the best things he has done. (January.)

LOVE LETTERS—Fox—The moral is, don’t pour out your troubles on paper. Two sisters get into sorts of woes, but they are well fought off. (April.)

LOVE MASTER, THE—First National—Strongheart is the star, and Strongheart the leading woman. The others and the story are not so much. (May.)

LOVE’S WHIRLPOOL—Hodkinson—A crook story of the better sort, with James Kirkwood and a score of thrilling bits and holts the interceptor always. (May.)

LOVING LIES—Allied Producers—Mediocre, in spite of Monte Blue and Evelyn Brent. (April.)

LUCRETIA BOMBAY, THE—Warner Brothers—A good story, but drab. Irene Rich scores, as does forest fire. (March.)

LULLABY—P. R. O.—Jane Novak’s best picture. She plays three roles and is excellent in each. (March.)
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Right here I want to ask a question. Why do I write for this Outdoor America, this conservation league? I do not get paid. My time is precious. My labor is prodigious. My prices are high. Yet I keep on writing. Why?

—Emerson Hough did the same until he died. Gene Stratton-Porter, James Oliver Curwood, Henry Van Dyke and others are all lifting their voices, using their pens in this cause. Their time, too, is valuable. Why then do they give their energy, their talent, their sincerity, without pay? Because they love America. They have vision. They see the future. They know the multitudes must be roused before it is too late.

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W. L. Bush.

Kid Stuff
Garrrion, Md.

This is a very large bouquet for Ben Alexander. I am wild about him. I have seen him in three movies, "Penrod and Sam," "Boy of Mine," and "Jealous Hands." He is the best kid actor on the screen. J. Coogan excluded.

A word for poor "Wee" Barry. Why do the directors insist on making him an Alger boy? Can they not do something besides making him a poor boy who captures a criminal and becomes rich?

David R. W. Harrison.

As a Spanish Dancer
Great Falls, Mont.

I would like to know why Mary Pickford's "Kolita" received so much praise and Pola Negri's "Spanish Dancer" was regarded as just another movie?

Of course, Miss Pickford had Ernst Lubitsch, a skilled director, but as a Spanish girl she was still Mary Pickford dressed in Spanish costumes. I hold no dislike for Mary, in fact I consider her one of the screen's greatest personalities, but never once did she suggest a street singer. As for Pola, there was a real Spaniard! I had no trouble understanding her popularity at the carnival and with the royal gentlemen. Tony Moreno was a lovable Don Caesar.

I. SORLE WILLARD.

May in Java
Somarang, Java.

Being a faithful and enthusiastic reader of your exceptionally interesting magazine, I venture to ask you whether you can not make such arrangements in the future that readers in far off countries, as, for instance, me, get a chance to compete in your contests.

I was anxiously awaiting the January number, as the June edition debuted, and when it arrived here on the 2nd inst. I naturally was very disappointed to see that votes had to be sent in before the first of this month.

MISS MAY MACAVOY.

Mae's Best
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

I noticed in March Photoplay Magazine, M. S. Jacobs' remarks about Mae Murray not being able to act. I wonder if he saw her in "Fashion Row"? If so, he could not make that statement.

G. H.

Eric's Other Role
Los Angeles, Cal.

Many persons must be wondering as I am, if Erich von Stroheim is ever going to return to the screen. I consider him one of the foremost actors appearing before the camera.

C. T.

Still Faithful
Indianapolis, Ind.

Your April issue of Photoplay was very good, especially your article "What Kind of Men Attract Women Most," which gave praise to the late Wally Reid. Many articles on Wally Reid will surely be appreciated by the sender of this letter.

"A Reader of Photoplay."

From Beacon Street
Boston, Mass.

As the spokesman for a movie club may I ask if Photoplay will give us more about Monte Blue. His splendid work in "The Marriage Circle," sustaining the difficult part of a bewildered and harassed man, between a hard-boiled husband and a shrewd wise owl of a friend, was to our mature minds a wonderful rendering. There was such a chance for overacting!

Not the least of his attractiveness is his ability to handle his bigness gracefully and easily, and to wear his clothes like a real man and not a tailor's dummy.

MRS. G. J. PRESCOTT.

Our Finest Actress

This is entirely in praise of Gloria Swanson, who, to me, is our finest actress. I think she has received many unjust criticisms. She has proved her worth in "The Humming Bird" and in "A Society Scandal."

D. GLOMAN.

Finished and Fascinating

New York City.

The picture "The Marriage Circle" is undoubtedly one of the greatest successes of the year. Mr. Menjou is perhaps the most finished, fascinating actor on the screen today. We sincerely hope to see more of him. I should think, as many others do, that a picture starring him, wherein he was shown oftener, would make a great appeal.

GERALDINE PETFON.

Handsome of All!

Sydney, Aus.

I think Antonio Moreno and Charles de Roche are the most handsome and fascinating men on the screen.

M. ROD.

Sad News
Saint Davids, Pa.

Oh me, oh my! What terrible news our friend, Adela Rogers St. Johns, has just imparted to us! Our beloved Miss St. Johns, her one nose, large mouth, and small eyes. Isn't it strange that, as often as I see her on and off the screen, I have not noticed these attributes?

Our good friends Thomas Meilghan, Douglas Fairbanks and William Hart are not handsome. I am afraid we will have to revise all our standards. We have always thought our Thomas a most exceedingly handsome man.

We wonder how Mrs. St. Johns would advise gauging our standards? Ben Turpin or Larry Semon? We hope we aren't too old to learn.

We really wish Mrs. St. Johns had been kinder to the first named stars in her article, "What Kind of Men Attract Women Most."

NOEMBE WEBBE.

Speaking of J. R. Q.

New York City.

Speaking of pictures, I think that James R. Quirk's editorial in the April issue is the best I have read in a decade. His style and truthful though caustic comments do more to make this magazine a true representative of the greatest industry in the world.

I'm certain that Mr. Quirk has the "courage" that Sir James M. Barrie spoke of when he said: "And he is dead who will not fight; and who dies fighting has increase!"

F. JOSPEH KENDY.

Cynical Conway

Providence, R. I.

While reading the letters from fans in April Photoplay I was amused by the hysterical remarks of a certain New York City fan. She referred to Conway Tearle as not caring who he loves, nor how many in one evening.

Now I have seen all of Mr. Tearle's pictures, and as he invariably portrays the cynical bachelor, or woman hater, with the exception of his role in "Bella Donna," I would like to know how the lady "gets that way."

GERTRUDE FIELD.

Nita's Style

Montclair, N. J.

Nita Naldi "takes the cake." I have always been impressed with the fact that Miss Naldi has brains to spare, and her "story that every wife should read." It proves that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14
Filming a Prairie Fire

TWO location trips were necessary to film the big ranch scenes in "Sundown," First into Mexico, where the company built themselves a crude camp, and then in western Texas to film a prairie fire. Bessie Love, in the leading feminine role, found herself the lone woman among cowboys, cameramen and actors.

"Sundown" has been six months in the making, but to film such a story time and patience is necessary. Watch for it in the list of forthcoming attractions at your local theatre.

"The Perfect Flapper"

As "The Perfect Flapper" makes her smile and bow this month in the leading theatres of the land some hundreds of thousands of fans say "pleased to meet you" with all the sincerity in their heart. Colleen Moore is her most delectable self in the title role and the supporting cast—Frank Mayo, Sydney Chaplin, Phyllis Haver and Mary Carr!

"A Self Made Failure"

J. K. McDonALD has found himself a title for his next picture which will feature young Ben Alexander. It is "A Self Made Failure," and the laughs and a few tears blend together in a way that spells Entertainment. The locale is a little country town, and Ben's running mate is none other than the inimitable Lloyd Hamilton, metamorphosed from a tramp into a health expert and masseur.

Besides there is Vic Potel, Dan Mason of "Tooneville Trolley" fame, Chuck Reisner, Patsy Ruth Miller as the girl, Matt Moore, and Mary Carr—who else could play it?—as the kindly old grandmother.

Comedy drama, 'tis said, is the most difficult type of story to film, but McDonald, with William Beaudine directing, has taken a master's degree. Remember "Penrod and Sam" and "Boy of Mine"?

First National theatres will show this picture during the present month. Pictures such as these made monotony a relic of the past generation.

Melodrama Ultra-Modern

HAVE you been wondering, along with countless others, when Blanche Sweet—she of the lissome figure and mellow eyes—would be seen again on the screen? It is several months since she starred in "Anna Christie," but now at last she appears in another Thomas H. Ince production: "Those Who Dance."

This, for variety, is melodrama. The kind of melodrama that whirs one at breakneck pace into the depths of the underworld, a land of men and women with distinct laws, their own leaders, and strange philosophy. The dark and sordid side of bootlegging provides an unique theme for a motion picture and Ince has made the most of it. Bessie Love, Warner Baxter and Robert Agnew are seen in prominent roles in support of Miss Sweet.

"Cytherea"

ONE of the most talked of features of "Cytherea," which is now being shown throughout the country, is the remarkable color photography in three parts of the story. It adds a lot to the powerful romance.

As every movie fan knows by this time "Cytherea" was the name of an ancient love goddess and Joseph Hergesheimer's story shows that her influence has not waned through the centuries. Samuel Goldwyn (not now connected with Goldwyn Pictures) produced it and George Fitzmaurice directed. It is a modern society drama, lavishly staged. Lewis Stone and Alna Rubens head the cast.
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Miss Naldi has left nothing out; her hints are invaluable. Congratulations, Miss Naldi—you're style is like yourself! My admiration of you is unbounded and I hope to meet you sometime, somewhere.

**Julia Roe Davis.**

**Unreal Reels**

Princeton, N. J.

Two or three pioneers have shown the way, notably Charlie Chaplin with his "A Woman of Paris," but most producers still fight shy of a strong moral and consistent plot, and insist on perfect heroes and happy endings. One of these, writing in a personal vein in his advertisements, says: "I never could understand why such a story as 'A Woman of Paris,' etc., don't like death scenes. I don't like to see the hero shot or hanged, or the heroine die in the arms of her lover when they can just as well live and send you home with pleasant impressions and memories."

**R. H.**

So Do We!

Lexington, Mass.

In the April number of Photoplay I read a short paragraph in an otherwise interesting article with which I strongly disagree. The statement was made that certainly their most ardent admirers could not call Bill Hart, Doug Fairbanks and Tommy Meghan handsome. Now, I am, and long have been, ardent admirer of Tommy Meghan and I consider him one of the handsomest of screen stars.

**Claire Ball.**

**An Outstanding Feature**

State—Los Angeles

I have just finished a good meal. That is reading Photoplay Magazine. I always read the magazine from cover to cover, but the most outstanding feature that ever existed in any magazine is the article on Home Decorations by William J. Moll.

**Melvin Black.**

**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

**MAILMAN, THE—**F. B. O.—More propaganda for the letter carriers and interesting and very much for the family. (February.)

**MAN FROM BRODNEY’S, THE—**Vitagraph.—Wildly improbable, but also wildly exciting and, therefore, good entertainment. (February.)

**MAN FROM WYOMING, THE—**Universal.—A roaring Western, with Jack Hoxie as the blustering hero. (April.)

**MAN LIFE PASSED BY, THE—**Metro.—Another interesting interpretation by Percy Marmont of one of the lovable failures he does so well. (March.)

**MAN’S MATE, A—**Fox.—John Gilbert and Renee Adoré do their best, but the result is pretty bad. (June.)

**MARRIAGE CIRCLE, THE—**Warner Brothers.—A masterpiece of direction by Lubitsch which results in a strikingly amusing comedy, admirably acted. (April.)

**MARTY TRAIL, THE—**Capital.—What one brutal man can’t do two poor females? But regeneration by little Charlie Keefer. (June.)

**MASK OF LOPEZ, THE—**Monogram.—Another Western of the usual type. (February.)

**MAYTIME—**Preferred.—The camera doesn’t help this dainty musical play. (February.)

**MEN IN THE RAW—**Universal.—A formula picture turned out in a rush with much probability followed. (June.)

**MILE-A-MINUTE MORGAN—**Sanford.—"Just another movie" and about as poor as possible. (June.)

**MILE-A-MINUTE ROMEO—**Fox.—Tom Mix again—the same old turn, with the help of Tony, just as entertaining. (June.)

**MILLION TO BURN, A—**Universal.—An amusing picture without much probability followed. (May.)

**MIRACLE MAKERS, THE—**asso. Exhibitors.—The pure-terrene-Chinese-dimensional formula. (March.)

**MODERN MATRIMONY—**Select.—A commonplace plot filled with homely sentiment. Just inoccuous. (January.)

**MONKEY’S PAW, THE—**Selznick.—An intelligent piece of work by a producer who has a real idea and who sticks to it, thereby deserving praise. Worth seeing. (January.)

**MORAL SINNER, THE—**Paramount.—Screen version of "Le Miroir des Choses" makes rather a mediocre crock drama. (June.)

**MRS. DANE’S CONFESSION—**F. R. O.—An old picture that is turned out because of the notoriety of Count Solim, who is in it. (May.)

**MY MAN—**Vitagraph.—Dustin Farnum as a cave man political boss. Just passable. (April.)

**NAME THE MAN—**Goldwyn.—A Hall Calne story with the long arm of coincidence stretched out of shape. (April.)

**NEAR LADY, THE—**Universal.—Poor comedy, with the titles the poorest. (February.)

**NEXT, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOWN MODEL—**Goldwyn.—An old thriller, done with a sense of humor which makes it well worth while. (April.)

**NEXT, THE—**Fox.—If you like Bertha M. Clay novels, you might see this one. (April.)

**NEXT CORNER, THE—**Paramount.—Not so good. Direction is bad and picture dragged. (April.)

**NIGHT HAWK, THE—**Hodkinson.—Harry Carey at his best in a Western drama with plenty of plot and riding. (June.)

**NIGHT MESSAGE, THE—**Universal.—Melo-drama of a Southern home feud. Also, pretty well done. (June.)

**NO MORE WOMEN—**Allied Producers.—All right if you have nothing else to do. (April.)

**NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER—**Fox.—If you like melodramas, this will please you. Genevieve Tobin as a sort of perfect specimen. (May.)

**NORTH OF HUDSON BAY—**Fox.—An excellent story of the Far North, with Tom Mix as hero. Filled with thrills and well worth seeing. (April.)

**NORTH OF NEVADA—**F. B. O.—An old story with good Western stuff in it—the fight on the cliff and other sure-fire features. (May.)

**OLD FOOL, THE—**Hodkinson.—Starts with a good idea, but loses it in favor of conventional crock story. (March.)

**ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH—**Vitagraph.—Fine cast miscast and wasted on a weak plot and poor direction. (January.)

**ON TIME—**Truett.—Richard Talmadge doing athletic stunts around a very poor story. (May.)

**OTHER MEN’S DAUGHTERS—**Apollo.—A sporty father meets his daughter at a swit party, but all ends happily. (March.)

**OUR HOSPITALITY—**Metro.—Buster Keaton in a comedy to let the world see what old feud story. Not very good fare. (January.)

**PAGAN PASSION—**Selznick.—Starts well, but gets off the track and becomes tiresome. (June.)

**PAINTED PEOPLE—**First National.—A story of a small town girl who becomes a real somebody. Colleen Moore’s work excellent. (April.)

**PHANTOM JUSTICE—**F. B. O.—Rod La Rocque with a toothache in a weird and wild melodrama. (March.)

**PHANTOM RIDER, THE—**Universal.—Jack Hoxie in the lead that has made him popular. His riding is worth the price. A very good Western. (April.)

**PIED PIPER MALONE—**Paramount.—Tom Mix’s new one and as likable as Tim himself. Simple and charming. (April.)
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

STEPHEN STEPS OUT.—Paramount.—The first and only picture of B. O. in color. Paramount. And pretty good at that. (February)

STOLEN SECRETS.—Universal.—Another crook drama with a pretty girl solving the mystery and reforming the crook crook. (May)

STORM DAUGHTER, THE.—Universal.—Priscilla Dean in an interesting and well-acted drama of the sea. The main fruit is the too sudden ending. (June)

STRANGER FROM THE NORTH.—Baltimore.—The only difference is that, in this one, the city comes makes good. (April)

STRANGER, THE.—Paramount.—This picture starts slow, but picks up and tells an absorbing story in direct and effective fashion. (April)

SUPREME TEST, THE.—Renown.—The country boy in the city with the mortgage on the farm and the rent. (March)

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE.—F. B. O.—A screen version of a story by W. R. Stewart. With Albert Van dual, a clever conumade, as the freight telephone operator. Amusing. (May)

TEMPLE OF VENUS, THE.—Fox.—A mixture of a box-office drawing card with strongly cast nudes, and a weak love story. (January)

TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE.—Paramount.—One of the greatest pictures ever made. A wonderful entertainment in every way. The color prologue wondrously fine. (February)

THEFT OF BAGDAD, THE.—United Artists.—Dong Faithful and Allie Mooney as a magic and beauty. The Arabian Nights brought to life. Should be seen by everyone. (May)

THIS FREEDOM.—Fox.—An English company, headed by Fairbanks, makes the Hutchinson story fairly entertaining. (February)

THREE MILES OUT.—Kena.—Mudge Kennedy and a lot of new life provide plenty of laughs. Good entertainment. (March)

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.—C. C. Burr.—Unconvincing story, with Constance Bennett as a jazzified girl who dances beautifully. Not so much. (May)

THREE WEEKS.—Goldwyn.—A lavish picturization of Elmer Glyn's novel, with lovely settings. (April)

THIRLASS CHASER, THE.—Universal.—Hoot Gibson goes to Hollywood and thence to Arabia, becoming a sheik. (February)

TIHRUG THE DARK.—Cosmopolitan.—A Boston Blackie crook story, dealing with the redemptive qualities of a man through a woman's faith. (March)

THUNDERGATE.—First National.—Convention-al story with scenes in China. Owen Moore good. (March)

THYNAME IS WOMAN.—Metro.—A tragedy, told simply and effectively, with some beautiful sets and photography. Barbara La Marr excellent. (April)

TIGER ROSE.—Warner Brothers.—Excellent adaptation of the stage play, with Lenore Ulric in her original role. (February)

TO THE LADIES.—Paramount.—A joyous entertainment and incidentally, Director James Cruze's fourth successful hit. (February)

TRAIL OF THE LAW, THE.—Baltimore.—Old formulas of country girl and city chaps, and not well done. (April)

TRY AND GET IT.—Hochkinson.—An impossible story, but with many livings, notably Wachau and Billie Dove in cast. Good entertainment. (June)

TWENTY DOLLARS A WEEK.—Selznick.—George Arliss in a comedy that is by no means worthy of him. A weak farce. (June)

TWENTY-ONE.—First National.—The 1924 mod of Richard Barthelmess is an interesting, but not great, picture. (February)

TWO WAGONS, BOTH COVERED.—Pathe.—One of Will Rogers' bests and a clever one. Great, If you've seen 'The Covered Wagon.' (April)

UNCENSORED MOVIES.—Pathe.—Will Rogers impersonates a lot of other stars and isn't very funny. (February)

UNDER THE RED ROBE.—Cosmopolitan.—A costume picture of the Louis XIII period, beautifully mounted and presented. (February)

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.—Metro.—A well made and convincing story. Perhaps the most worthwhile story of the month. (January)

UNSEEN EYES.—Cosmopolitan.—A splendid picture!—if you like snow. (January)

VACATION BOND, THE.—Fox.—Again the brawn of Buck Jones conquers all weaknesses. (May)

VIRGINIAN, THE.—Preferred.—Owen Winder's famous novel is made into an exceptionally good Western. (January)

VIRTUOUS LIARS.—Vitagraph.—Good cast, but a conventional story and not very exciting. (June)

WANTERS, THE.—First National.—C. W. Fairbanks and Raymond Harcourt. You will like it if you favor Westerns. (April)

WATERFRONT WOLVES.—Renown.—The title tells everything except how bad it is. (May)

WAY MEN LOVE, THE.—Grand-Asher.—This picture starts well, but gradually dwindles. (January)

WEEK END HUSBANDS.—F. B. O.—The picture is weak at both ends and in the middle. (April)

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER.—Paramount.—An exceptionally good picture, in spite of the cutting and changes, required by censorship. (March)

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN.—First National.—A Harold Lockwright production. You will like it if you favor Westerns. (April)

WHEN ODDS ARE EVEN.—Fox.—William Rursell wins the name and the pretty girl again. (February)

WHICH SHALL IT BE.—Hoffman.—A picturesque story of an old poet and his desires, but heart appeal in it. Very much worth while. (June)

WHIPPING BOSS, THE.—Monogram.—Based on the boxing scene. Tells truth about but is not very exciting. (June)

WHISPERED NAME, THE.—Universal.—Interesting and full of action, with Ruth Clifford doing excellently. (March)

WHITE SIN, THE.—F. B. O.—The second Palmer production story and medical subject of "Judgment of the Storm." Interesting throughout. (March)

WHITE TIGER.—Universal.—A crook story with plenty of thrills and a conventional ending. (February)

WHY ELEPHANTS LEAVE HOME.—Pathe.—Interesting film of trapping of elephants. (February)

WILD BILL HICKOK.—Paramount.—W. S. Hart's picture is in a picture filled with gunplay and others to his admirers like. (February)

WILD ORANGES.—Goldwyn.—An interesting and gripping picture, based on Hergesheimer's weird story of 'La Mort.' (April)

WINGS OF THE TURF.—Fidelity.—A racing melodrama, brought from England, and as good as the usual home product. (April)

WOLF MAN, THE.—Fox.—John Gilbert at his best in a till-now-unformed role of a half-wild and half-man. (May)

WOMAN PROOF.—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan in a George Ade story, cut to fit and therefore entertaining. (January)

WOMAN TO WOMAN.—Selznick.—Betty Compson and Fairbanks, in a picture that grows and will like. (February)

WOMEN WHO GIVE.—Metro.—A story of the sea and the fishing fleet. Conventionally, but interesting, with a good storm scene. (May)

YANKEE CONSUL.—Associated Exhibitors.—A remarkably fine comedy, with Douglas McLean as star. By no means miss this. (April)

YANKEE MADNESS.—F. B. O.—Thin story, but lots of action in a Central American revolution. Good if you like excitement. (June)

YESTERDAY'S WIFE.—Pathe.—Convincing trilogy story with nothing pertinent. (April)

YOLANDA.—Cosmopolitan.—A gorgious spec fashion play, beautifully staged, with a weak story. Not worth regular prices, but no more. (May)

YOU ARE IN DANGER.—Commonwealth.—Good little country boy in big city. Doesn't tell too much. (January)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

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As soon as a girl makes the great decision of her life, and the shears have clipped off her tresses, she finds herself facing new problems. Unless she can adopt the straight boyish bob, the marcelling and permanent wave becomes a constant routine. And, goodness, how expensive it seems to be.

Then what are you going to do with it when the swimming season begins? Next month Photoplay will give you the benefit of the best advice obtainable on the subject. It will tell you how to keep up the bob at least possible expense and suggest a score of ways you can save money.

Photoplay for August—Out July 15

Amazing New Art Portraits of Stars

250 Favorites

The most beautiful and artistic book of art portraits of famous motion picture stars ever published. All the favorites in one book with short biographical sketches of their careers. The book is wonderfully printed in rotogravure on special paper and the portraits are the very latest and best of each star. The book is eight by eleven inches in size and contains 256 pages.

Send for it today. Enclose check, money order or stamps for $1.75. If you are not delighted with it, simply return it and your money will be refunded immediately.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
It is easier than most women imagine— to gain the charm of a beautiful skin.

Sometimes a woman suffers actual misery for years because of an unattractive complexion.

Skin defects, not serious in themselves, have been known to cause such nervous strain as actually to affect the general health.

Yet nearly any woman, if she gives her skin the right care, can gain a clear, smooth, attractive complexion.

You can rebuild your complexion

Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will! Use the right treatment daily—and see how easy it is to overcome the faults that have always troubled you.

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You will find the right treatment for your special type of skin 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 Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs! The very first time you use a Woodbury treatment your skin will feel the difference.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

How to change a dull, sallow skin to one that is clear and full of color—

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. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the latter well into the skin. 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.

For ten cents—a guest-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
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For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:
- A sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
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Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."


Name:

Street:

City:

State:

Send one cent, if you wish a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today.
Edwin Bower Hesser

New Pictures

IT doesn't seem possible that this little schoolgirl, with the wide-open, innocent eyes, can be Clara Bow, the exasperating flapper in "Black Oxen." There is a wistfulness, an ingenuousness about Clara in this picture that is not of the flapper type.
As versatile in her personal appearance as in the roles she plays, Gloria Swanson shows in this latest photograph the influence of her recent picture, "Manhandled." She looks younger with her boyish bob than with her more elaborate coiffures.
ONE of the happy young married couples of the picture world—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pickford. Mrs. Pickford, who was Marilynn Miller and one of the daintiest and most graceful dancers of the stage, is planning to devote her time hereafter to the screen
WHEN they finally settle on Kathleen Key's screen personality, she will be ready for electric lights. Now she's in Rome, playing the role of Tirzah in the long-awaited "Ben Hur." That seems to fit her and it will be interesting to see the result.
HERE is the real Alma Rubens—distinctly smart in dress and even more beautiful than on the screen. She seems a long way from the type of the exotic Savina Grove, her role in "Cytherea," which only goes to prove her exceptional ability as an actress.
WHEN the Wampas announced its list of "Baby Stars" for 1924, William Fox reached out and picked Marjor Nixon. She came East and she looked just as great a prize here as she did in the West, so now she is leading woman for "Buck" Jones.
LILLIAN RICH has a quality that is even more prominent than her great ability as an actress. She is one of the best-liked girls in Hollywood—popular even with her rivals. As a result of both traits, she is always busy, being now in the cast of "Never Say Die"
There was a time when, without second thought, one could "toss into the general wash" stockings, underwear, nightgowns, shirtdresses, skirts—practically one's whole wardrobe.

But that was the age of lisle, muslin and duck. In this day of lovely silks and delicate woolens, one's garments shrink and fade almost at the very thought of the general wash!

New fashions in clothes have brought a need for new washing methods.

So gentle squeezing in mild, safe Ivory suds as soon as possible after the garment has become soiled has replaced the old-fashioned practice of letting one's personal garments pile up in a damp, dark hamper, and then washing them by soaking—rubbing—boiling.

And how long one's dainty modern garments do last when washed this way! Just as long, indeed, as the heavy cottons of old.

Ivory suds, quickly made from Ivory Flakes or Ivory cake soap, are as harmless to filmy, delicately tinted silk, and to soft fluffy woolens, as pure water itself. For Ivory is pure! So pure and gentle that millions of women use it every day for the cleansing and protection of their complexions.

If you have a laundress, by all means see that she adopts the Ivory suds method for your delicate things. If you prefer to insure their safety by washing them yourself, you will find the Ivory suds method easy, quick and pleasant. There are full directions on the Ivory Flakes box. Perhaps you will let us send you the booklet offered elsewhere on this page.

Why not have all your washing done with Ivory? Lots of families do, because it makes their clothes white-clean, and sweeter-smelling than when ordinary laundry soap is used. The cost is very little more.

Procter & Gamble

A conclusive safety test for garment soaps

It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question:

"Would I use this soap on my face?"

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes, your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-five years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.

5 Hints for the safe handling of Silks and Woolens

Silk stockings should be washed in Ivory suds before the first wearing, and after each wearing. The acids of perspiration quickly injure silk.

If stockings have clocks different in color from the body fabric, be sure to stuff cheesecloth or a small towel into the ankle while drying.

Iron dotted swiss and embroidered fabrics on wrong side over thick pad.

Never rub, wring or twist a woolen sweater. When washing, squeeze the Ivory suds through the fabric repeatedly; rinse by squeezing; dry by laying on a towel in the shade.

Too hot an iron will rot silk. If the iron makes paper smoke, it is too hot.

Let us send you a Free Sample of Ivory Flakes

It will give us great pleasure to send you a generous sample of Ivory Flakes without charge, and our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," a veritable encyclopedia of laundering information. A request by mail will bring a prompt response. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 45-GF, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

"It could happen only in the movies," is a favorite bronide of the critics of motion pictures. Yet it happens every day in the newspapers. Scores of pictures have shown the situation where the impoverished Southern colonel and his daughter, about to lose the old plantation, are saved by the colt that wins the Derby. Always the wealthy villain, who fears their horse, gets in some dirty work, but is foiled in the nick of time, and the climax shows the equine hero charging under the wire to win by a nose. It never fails to thrill.

With the plot slightly altered, that's what happened at the recent Louisville Derby. Pitted against double entries of millionaire owners, Black Gold, the lone entry of a comparatively poor Oklahoma widow, gave me the thrill of my life. Fighting the whole field, pocketed and harassed on all sides and in front, the game black stallion ran away from them all without a touch of the whip.

No picture could exaggerate the beauty and enthusiasm of Churchill Downs that day. It was a wonderful testimonial to clean sport. There wasn't a villain in sight, and it was a more orderly and representative gathering of the best folks of America than could be found at any pacifist convention. Too bad we cannot show a horserace in pictures without the insinuation of trickery. It is sending arms and ammunitions to narrow-minded reformers who consider "the sport of kings" a game of the devil.

The racing season has opened in motion pictures. Among recent offerings are First National's "Galloping Fish," Universal's "Galloping Ace," and F. B. O.'s "Galloping Gallagher."

Motion pictures, like politics, make queer bedfellows. Recently, during the making of a picture in Texas, the Seventh U. S. Cavalry was borrowed to take part in a scene in which Union troops—it's a Civil War picture—attack and capture a supply train going to the aid of Gen. Robert E. Lee's Confederate army. And the commander of the Union troops in the scene was Colonel Fitzhugh Lee, a grand-nephew of "Marce Robert."

As Colonel Lee himself remarked: "If my great-uncle could see me now!"

The United States army, by the way, is getting to have a large percentage of picture actors. The Twenty-sixth Infantry, quartered at Plattsburg, New York, was borrowed from the government to take part in Marion Davies' new picture, "Janice Meredith," and appears in the Valley Forge and Crossing the Delaware scenes. The recruiting officers will soon be using the slogan: "Join the army and get into the movies."

With "Potash and Perlmutter" and "The Eternal City," Samuel Goldwyn seems to be permanently back in the production business. He had tough luck with the company whose name he took, but he seemed to have justified himself as an independent producer. Now he presents "Cythera," for the elucidation of the film audiences, obviously an effort to collect shelliets on the somewhat unsavory reputation of the book. Of course, they made no effort to live up to the novel, but the fact remains that many persons who ought to know better will rush into the theater with a childish faith that the hot stuff of the book version will be reproduced with all the passionate possibilities of the camera. Next, Mr. Goldwyn will produce "Tarnish," the New York play that came in for quite a lot of denunciation because of its moral tone. Samuel really tried to be artistic once. He didn't get very far, so he's reformed.

All of which makes it pertinent at this time to hand a bouquet to Will Hays for the truly sincere effort he is making "to prevent the prevalent type of play and novel from becoming the prevalent type of picture." These are his own words, and they are well put. He may be getting a big salary, but he's worth more than double the price for what he is doing for the industry. He is a little fellow, but if he left now there would be a big vacancy.

Foreign atmosphere seems to be difficult to get abroad. They make it much better in Hollywood as far as box office appreciation indicates.

Reports have it that Griffith is looking for a new actress and a new actor for his leading roles. He is going to try new histrionic material in his next production, we hear. We do not know what Carol Dempster's plans are but she will undoubtedly appear shortly in a production made by another concern.

Cecil B. De Mille's "Adam's Rib," a two-reel comedy, is the billing in front of a theater in Central Point, Oregon. Such is fame!
Thomas Meighan’s New York Apartment—

In her bedroom Mrs. Meighan has sacrificed the prevailing Chinese motif of the apartment for feminine coziness. The furniture is all painted French grey, and the drapes, rug and counterpane are rose colored.

The two vases shown on the dining room buffet below are beautiful specimens of blue Hawthornes. The oval below is a priceless ivory showing every complete detail of a rice-grower’s home. The cigarette shows its size.

Figure of woman in ivory resting on marble, covered with cloak of bronze.

Three rare vases. Wisteria cloisonne (left), ivory tusk vase appliqued with mother-of-pearl and jade (center), Satsuma vase (right).
A Rare Combination of Art and Comfort

The living room contains one of the best collections of Chinese antiques in America. Two genuine Kaki-monos framed in teakwood are seen on walls. Rug is black with dull yellow center. All upholstery of fine Chinese brocades.

Lamps of Chinese vases and silks and a vase of pigeon blood cloisonne containing red flowers

Three of many beautiful pieces of carved ivory that Mr. Meighan collects in his spare time.
Eugene O'Brien: “People like our love scenes because they feel in them the qualities I sense in Miss Talmadge’

“A sophisticated man’s ideal,” says Conway Tearle of Corinne Griffith

Last month the fair charmers of the screen took the forum of Photoplay and proclaimed the great screen lovers. This month we have selected the most representative Romees, as preferred by the public, and asked them to choose their Juliets from out the number of leading women with whom they have played. Each of the cavaliers approached the subject with temerity but with pronounced interest. The result is a brilliant masculine analysis of feminine charm, together with intimate character revelations which could be obtained in no other way.

Photoplay has long contended that the cursory interview is unsatisfactory and unfair, and has, therefore, engaged the writers whose intimacy and friendships with film people make it possible for them to present genuine character pictures. With the same purpose we have asked the most distinguished romantic actors of the screen to give their frank opinions as to the most charming women in pictures. The results surpass our expectations, revealing in flashes the throbbing human interest behind the screen, great friendships and admiration, personal characteristics that have never before been emphasized.

It is therefore with confidence that we present The Great Sweethearts of the Screen as seen by their Screen Lovers—

Lillian Gish
By Monte Blue

Were I chosen to play the rôle of any great screen lover, such as Romeo, I would want to kneel and worship before the shrine of Lillian Gish.

I had the luck to play opposite her in “Orphans of the Storm.” I have had the luck to play with a great many wonderful girls in pictures. But...
As Chosen and Described by 
the Greatest Screen Lovers

Lillian—Lillian absolutely transported me. As a fan, too, Lillian touches me more deeply than any other actress. When I saw her in "The White Sister" I wept, and I wasn't ashamed either. Do you remember that scene in "The White Sister" where she bids goodbye to her lover and looks out from the little window in the back of the carriage, looks, and looks and looks until she sees him no more? Don't you suppose that the man playing opposite her felt that look as you did?

Lillian Gish is inspiring and inspired. She is the madonna woman and greater praise no man can give.

Pola Negri
By Robert Frazer

I am glad for the opportunity to pay homage to the greatest emotional actress of stage or screen with whom I have ever worked—Pola Negri. I have never in my life beheld a woman of such sublime dramatic talent.

In the romantic sequences and love scenes I have never seen her equal.

I lived every moment of the character I played opposite her in "Men." I lived it because she made me feel it so completely. Her entire soul is wrapped up in her work. And her eyes... I have heard of people talking with their eyes, but I was more or less skeptical until I worked with Miss Negri.

In the love scenes she is an entrancing creature. Her composite nature encompasses every emotion. She ignores all stage technique, all camera angles. She is just a mighty, vital rush of human power. Into every scene she throws herself with such fervor of abandon that one finds he must draw on all his knowledge and experience to come up to her work, and then he will find that Pola always overshadows him completely.

In tribute to Pola Negri, great woman and great artist, I must add that never have I worked with anyone so generous, so stimulating in her praise.

Yes, Pola Negri is my ideal of greatness both in woman and in artist.

Alice Terry
By Ramon Novarro

There is no one on the screen, with the possible exception of Lillian Gish, who so fulfills my ideal of loveliness in woman as [CONTINUED ON PAGE 99]
A Really Great Story of Radio,

The Story Without a Name


Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Mary Waterworth was never quite certain as to just how the struggle started.

Chapter I

HEN-HAWK, floating high in the summer air, tilted and veered as it passed over Power House Hill. It circled slowly downward as it planed over the misty emerald slopes of the Golf Course and out over the Checkerboard farmlands of the wide-flung Virginia valley. And as its shadow slid on past orchard and meadow an ominous silence fell on all feathered creatures feeding in the late afternoon sunlight.

Old Sam Carter, stolidly hoeing in his bean-field, stopped to mop his brow and glance at the lowering sun. As he did so he caught sight of the slow-planing bird of prey above him. He turned and squinted towards the tree-shadowed house, where he saw his daughter Ruth taking her dish-towels in from the currant-bushes. He called to her quietly, and then by pantomime indicated that he wanted his gun to shoot down this hovering enemy of their hen-run.

The bright-faced girl must have understood his signals, for a moment later she emerged from the house-door with the old muzzle-loader resting in the crook of her sun-browned arm. Old Sam's glance was still aloft as, without speaking, he took the gun from the girl's hand. They stood side by side waiting for the planing wings to drift overhead. The girl even placed her finger-tips against her ears, in dread of the coming explosion.

But no explosion took place. Instead, a strange thing happened. Suddenly, out of the blue where it floated, the
Love, Adventure and Mystery

$5,000 in Cash for a Title

Read the conditions on the following page

huge bird fell like a plummet to the ground. No trigger had been pulled. No shot had been fired. But the hawk lay, a mass of rumpled feathers, dead between the hen-rows.

Old Sam strode to where it lay and turned it over. He studied the body, point by point. Then he scratched his head.

"What killed it, Dad?" asked the girl, a note of awe in her voice.

Sam Carter looked slowly about. His gaze rested on the weather-bleached old government tower where an armed guard paced back and forth along the enclosure fence. Then it passed on to the Golf Course where the bright but ant-like figures moved over the green billows of turf. It came to a rest where the windshield of an automobile, winding along the valley-road, flashed the afternoon sun back in his face.

"If it weren't a critter of the wild I'd call it heart-failure," said the man still holding the feathered carcass. "For nothin' hit that bird. Honey, unless it was the final thought of its enery ways!"

But up in the tower work-shop just beyond the crest of Power House Hill no such uncertainty marked the two brown-faced young men bent over their instruments. Don Powell, the younger of the two, dropped the binoculars through which he'd been watching the scene above the bean-field.

"By God, Alan, you got him!" he cried with an odd tremor of triumph in his voice.

Alan Holt, the older of the two, turned a switch and jerked the plug from the small dial-board in front of him. He laughed,
The Prizes

Here are the prizes for Photoplay Magazine Radio Contest.

First Prize . . . . . $2,500.00
Second Prize . . . . . 1,000.00
Third Prize . . . . . . 500.00

Five $100 prizes, five $50 prizes and ten $25 prizes — all cash. Four De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Sets, complete with batteries and loud speaker

Conditions of Contest

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wants a title for a story written by Arthur Stringer, which starts in this issue of Photoplay Magazine. It will be known as "a Story Without A Name." in Photoplay Magazine Radio Contest. Suggestions are invited for a title and $5,000 in cash and four radio receiving sets will be given away under the following rules:

1. Any person, except an employee of Photoplay Magazine or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, or members of their families, may enter the contest. By submitting a suggestion a person becomes a contestant and as such agrees to abide by these rules.

2. To the person submitting the best title for the story and best sub-titles for the installations of the story, together with his or her reason why such titles and sub-titles are best suited to the story and installations, and expressed in 100 words or less, Photoplay Magazine will give $2,500 in cash. The second prize will be $1,000; the third $500; the fourth $250 will be given to each of the persons submitting the next five best titles and sub-titles; $50 will be given to each of the five persons submitting the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth best titles and sub-titles, and $25 will be given to each of the ten persons submitting the next best ten titles and sub-titles.

3. To each of the persons submitting the best sub-titles for the installations of the story, Photoplay Magazine will give a De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Set complete with batteries and loud speaker.

4. Cleverness of ideas, accuracy, conciseness, originality and neatness will be considered in the awards for the titles and sub-titles. No title will be considered that duplicates or conflicts with the title of any copyrighted story or motion picture.

5. Contestants may submit as many suggestions as they desire. They are urged to submit them as early as possible to facilitate work of the judges. The name and address of the contestant must be on each suggestion submitted.

6. For the convenience of contestants a coupon will be printed in each issue of Photoplay Magazine during the contest, and may be used to submit suggestions. Although this coupon is not compulsory, contestants must submit suggestions on paper that conforms with the coupon in size and shape.

7. The judges of the contest will be James R. Quirk, editor of Photoplay Magazine, and Jesse Willat, editor of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. In selecting titles and sub-titles for cash awards, the judges will be at liberty to disregard sub-titles for which radio sets have been awarded. Their judgment in all awards will be final.

8. If more than one person submits the same titles and sub-titles for the story and installations which win cash prizes, and gives reasons for selecting them in an equally clever, accurate, concise, original and neat manner, a duplicate prize will be given to each such person. If more than one person submits the same sub-titles for which radio sets are awarded, in an equally clever, accurate, concise, original and neat manner, a duplicate radio set will be given to each such person.

9. All awards will be announced in December Photoplay.

10. Photoplay Magazine reserves the right to use the titles submitted as it sees fit. If a suggestion offered as a sub-title is better, in the opinion of the judges, than any title submitted for the story, the judges are at liberty to use it as a title for the story and award the person who submitted it the first cash prize.

11. All suggestions submitted become the exclusive property of Photoplay Magazine.

12. Photoplay Magazine reserves the exclusive right to revise or alter these rules at any time.

13. The contest will close at midnight, October 15, 1924, and no suggestions received after that hour will be considered.

14. All suggestions must be mailed to Radio Contest Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.
Mary came of fighting stock; and, if she hesitated, it was only for a moment. Stooping low, she hurled her slender young body against the heavier body at the stair head...

...almost foolishly, as he wiped his face with a shirt-sleeve sadly stained with oil and acid. It was a lean face, an intent face, already marked by lines of thought, a face, for all its youth, that might have been called hard and would always seem somber, except for a dreamy softness about the meditative grey eyes.

"That may have been an accident," he said as he took up his binoculars. "And we can't crow until we're sure." He stepped back to his instrument. "What's in that car stopping by the side-entrance to the Club House?" he asked.

Don, whose glass had been poised on the gayer group scattered about the Club portico, where he had noticed Admiral Walsworth and his daughter Mary roll up in their high-powered grey roadster, studied the humbler car in the rear.

"It's a delivery truck and the driver's carrying a can of ice cream into the Club. I can see a second can still standing on his truck."
Read this great story and send in your titles for this instalment at once. Save this issue so that you can participate in the big cash prizes, and order your next month’s issue in advance to be sure of getting it before it is sold out.

But why should you worry about that old rooster?” was Don’s irreverent demand. “Front now we’ve got the whole Department behind you. And once you get your official tryout they’ll be pinning medals on your tummy as thick as tarpon scales.” He cut his laugh short to swing his binoculars high in the air. “And there’s Mary waving to me. I’d really forgotten about Mary, old man. But Mary’s different. She’s just a trifle, through and through, and I guess she’s pinning more than her faith on you.”

The sternness went out of Alan’s face. But he stood, for a moment, deep in thought.

“Don, I want you to cut over to your tower and bring in the auxiliary instrument,” he finally said. “And don’t get back here inside of twenty minutes. And if there’s any way of holding up the Admiral during these same twenty minutes—so much the better.”

Don’s smile, as he pulled on his coat, was a broad one.

“I can remind him that Claire Lacasse is over on the club house porch,” suggested Don. He seems to think the Countess is the last word in dueling etiquette, noting with a sigh of relief that her father had stopped behind to speak with a red-jacketed figure on the fringe of the golf grounds. Half way to his auxiliary tower Don consulted his watch and broke into a run, remembering that he had a little talking of his own to do. Three minutes later, indeed, he was bent over a two hundred-watt sender which he had quietly put together for his own private ends. For during his month in work that lone neighborhood Don had met and talked radio to Ruth Carter. They had even heliographed back [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108].

“Then if I’ve got this triangulator right,” retorted the older man, “it ought to do more than kill a bird. Adjust your instrument and let’s see what we can do to that three gallons of ice-cream.”

There was a click of turned switches, the play of a pointed dial-needle as the theodolite-deflector computed and triangulated its distances, a muttered word or two, and the power was turned to the instrument control on their feet. Then for ten seconds, for twenty, not a word was spoken. But a short gap suddenly burst from the man watching through the binoculars. For, half a mile away, the metal top of an ice-cream can standing on a delivery truck flew up in the air and fell back between the car wheels. It was followed by a bulging geyser of creamy liquid, enough to fill their car and striking the returning truck driver stock-still in his tracks.

“You’ve done it!” cried Don. “You’re targeting on him as clean as a rifle could. And that shows what you could do to a dirigible envelope. And what you could do to an enemy pilot in mid-air! You’ve made the grade.”

An admiring turn of the older youth’s face as he bent over his burnished apparatus.

“I’ve never mentioned it, but for the last five days I’ve been giving a baby-dose of those rays to a fat old boy down on that golf course. I’ve been getting him just as Jiggs puts for the seventh hole. The first day I saw him stop short and look all around. Then he unbuttoned his collar and sat down on the green, fanning himself. But I couldn’t be sure. So the next day I gave it to him just a little stronger. I could see him drop his stick and stagger to one side, like a man with vertigo. He’s a flask on his hip, and he had to take a good long drink before he got the courage to go on. But he sniffed all around that green, as though he thought he’d been poisoned with sewer gas. On the third day he brought somebody with him, apparently his doctor. They nosed around, and argued, and examined the turf with a microscope. When I got the right focus on the old boy this time he simply blew up, fanning the air like a bear fighting bees. I could see the doctor lug him off to one side and take his pulse and give him what must have been a heart-softening draught. And this time that big red-faced hulk of a man took two drinks from his pocket flask, although I’d only given him a fraction of one per cent of my wave power. With five per cent I could have stopped his heart action inside of three seconds. And with my full power I could have struck him cold, fifteen miles away!”

“Good God!” gasped the younger man, with more awe than irreverence. “That means you can blast an army before you even see it! It means you can stop a submarine eighty fathoms under the sea! It means you can halt battleships by knocking over their commanders, you can rout an army without firing a shot. It’s worse than gas and liquid-fire put together, for it’s got nothing to do with gas. It’s just a big gun. And it’s got to hit the enemy, like the bight of God! It makes me dizzy when I think what it’ll do. But I’m sane enough to know this is some day for the little old U. S. A.!”

“Not until we’ve finished our work,” amended the man beside the dial-board.

“But even then it means a dead-line about our coast,” cried Don. “It means a big gun can’t be fired within range of your triangulator.”

“And that range,” proclaimed Alan, “will be tripled when I get this automatic finder working right. I’ll contract my base-line and make my two instruments a unit, instead of straddling it over a corner of my auxiliary apparatus in the other tower, just to be safe on my triangulation work.”

“But I still don’t see it, even though I do call myself a bit of a radio fan,” protested Don. “It’s easy enough to say that enlaiding waves meet and clash and create a cataclysm eddy, or, as you put it the other day, that your converging Hertzian waves are like the share and lato side of a plow, throwing an aerial furrow, and that within this ethereal rupture nothing can—”

“Who’s at that door?” cried Alan, suddenly arrested in his movements. In three seconds the younger man had crossed to the door and thrown it open. Standing there the two operators saw Hyde, the guard appointed to patrol their carefully enclosed proving grounds. Hyde stiffened and saluted. But the ensuing moment of silence was an awkward one.

“If any right have you up here?” challenged Alan as he crossed slowly, step by step, towards the interloper.

“I heard some one call, sir,” replied the small-eyed guard.

“And I thought there might be trouble afoot.”

“There will be,” was the prompt retort. “if you don’t obey Department orders. This tower is private.”

The armed figure saluted and withdrew.

“I’ve a queer feeling about that bird,” Alan meditated aloud.

“It’s a sort of hunch that’s been hanging over me for a week now.”

“Oh, Hyde’s all right,” protested the younger man. “I guess I hollowed loud enough, when you brought that down, to make any leather-neck sit up. But the frown of worry remained on Alan Holt’s face.

But we’ve got to watch our step. Three weeks ago that first triangulator model of mine was spirited away from this tower—God knows how! Whoever got it, luckily, got it without its enlaiding key. And our work isn’t finished until this apparatus is safe as the Lord hid it in its case and safe in the keeping of the War Department.”

“We’ll get the thing back to Washington before I die of heart-strain,” suggested Don, and when he said that he had not the faintest idea that he was once more took up the binoculars.

“There’s a closed car coming up past Smithers Mill,” he said as he swept the landscape, “and it’s coming fifty miles an hour. And there’s Admiral Walworth’s legging it over here from the club house, I don’t suppose it would improve your chances any to give that high-and-mighty bureaucrat a bump or two with a triangulator wave.”

“Nothing I can do seems to improve my chances there,” Alan retorted with unexpected bitterness.

But why should you worry about that old rooster?” was Don’s bracing demand. “From now we’ve got the whole Department behind you. And once you get your official tryout they’ll be pinning medals on your tummy as thick as tarpon scales.” He cut his laugh short to swing his binoculars high in the air. “And there’s Mary waving to me. I’d really forgotten about Mary, old man. But Mary’s different. She’s just a trifle, through and through, and I guess she’s pinning more than her faith on you.”

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The Final Word in the Bobbed Hair Controversy

Who wouldn't part with her tresses to such a barber? Rodolph Valentino as the Duc D'Orleans disguised as a barber in "Monsieur Beaucaire," the picture that will bring him back after a long absence from the screen.
Alumnae of the Sennett Academy

Mary Thurman deserted the waves and was recently with Gloria Swanson in "Zaza"

Alberta Vaughn is an F. B. O. star in "The Telephone Girl"—but she wears a bathing suit in it

A trio of graduates. Left to right, Harriet Hammond, who has been in several dramatic pictures; Phyllis Haver, who has the leading role in "The Fighting Coward"; and Marie Prevost, who did exceptional work in "The Marriage Circle"

It isn't necessary to tell anyone what Gloria Swanson has done since these days
And some 1924 Undergraduates

WHO has done the most for dramatic art in America? Thoughtless people would say David Belasco and D. W. Griffith, but the more profound know that the laurel wreaths go to Mack and "Ziggy." Mack Sennett is the Ziegfeld of the West, or vice versa, depending on whether you like 'em dry or in the water. The Sennett bathing girl is the modern classic, the standard now for beauty. And from those sylvan Sennett pools many a sportive nymph has emerged an actress.

Mack Sennett says Cecile Evans (at right) has "$10,000 legs" and he should know.

Mack Sennett’s "1924 Follies of Hollywood." Standing, left to right: Thelma Hill, Margaret Cloud, Hazel Williams, Alice Day, Dorothy Dore, Elsie Tarron. Seated, left to right: Evelyn Francisco, Cecile Evans and Gladys Tennyson.
LESSON 1. A publication will generally print a photograph showing a star reading a copy of said publication. Above photo of Blanche Sweet is perfect—except the magazine should be held right side up.

LESSON 2. "Fan mail" is always a good subject. But Pat O'Malley's top photomailers, containing his autographed pictures, should be addressed and the barrel entirely covered.

LESSON 3. Automobile editors always crave pictures of famous stars with their brand new cars. Illustration shows Conway Tearle in correct pose for this type of publicity.
LESSON 4. Endorsements by stars of articles of merchandise always offers a vast field for free advertising. Sylvia Breamer as she is pictured doing her week’s wash.

LESSON 5. Movie stars in domestic poses: Estelle Taylor is here illustrating the thought. This photo would have been splendid if the wrapper had first been removed from the loaf.

LESSON 6. Snappy photographs of stars conveying the spirit of the different holidays generally get printed. Above shows Colleen Moore in a cute Thanksgiving pose.

LESSON 7. Directors, too, can be given publicity by photographing them “reading the script” to one of the members of the cast. Maurice Tourneur offers a rare illustration of this.
CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

AFTER all the champagne charm of Paris and the lazy Arabic lure of North Africa I still find Hollywood vividly seductive.

Jauntily dressed in sport clothes it has the youthful nonchalance of a college town.

There's a hospitality, too, that you do not find in points farther East. I say this in face of the fact that upon my arrival fifty houses were raided and 30,000 gallons of wine heartlessly dumped. At first this savored of a personal affront; certainly it was hardly an appropriate welcome-home. But any hurt I felt quickly vanished when I straddled a stool of a boulevard lunch counter and saw those familiar friendly signs, "Ask for a second cup of coffee, no charge," and "If your wife can't cook, feed her here and keep her for a pet."

Perhaps the greatest improvement I've noted is the kiss-proof lip stick displayed in all drug store windows. Thus solving one of the most disquieting of our times, which in the past resulted in so many unfortunate disasters. The lips of Hollywood are unquestionably the most beautiful and tempting in the world, and the few noses that were out of joint with the times have been corrected also by science.

Truly, once you've gazed upon the face and form of Hollywood you are too fastidious for any other city, because nobody other has such perfect camera angles.

I FOUND Hollywood in mourning over Rex Ingram's decision to quit the screen.

Eric Von Stroheim meeting Ramon Novarro at a ball in the Ambassador begged to be told that it wasn't true. "Ah, that man!" exclaimed Eric, "he is the greatest director in the world!" To which Ramon replied with his characteristic suavity, "I beg your pardon, but Mr. Ingram has led me to believe that you are the greatest." "No, no," protested Eric passionately, "he is the greatest—there is no one to compare with him."

Ernst Lubitsch refused to listen to my confirmation of the report, bursting into wild German expletions and mad shakes of the head.

Perhaps the most violently insensible was Dimitri Buchowetzki, maker of "Peter the Great" and current director for Pola Negri. He proclaims with Russian vehemence that there is everything in a Rex Ingram picture you are capable of seeing: "Those with little intelligence get something," says he, "those of greater intelligence see greater subtleties, but always beyond the penetration of the greatest there is something which only Rex Ingram himself knows."

MY old pal Bull Montana threatens to desert the art of the screen to become a chorus man. He has received an offer to star in musical comedy. Inasmuch as he can neither sing nor dance he probably would make good. The slump in the industry, combined with the increasing commercialism of producers, has so disheartened Bull that he is ready to quit along with Mary Pickford and Rex Ingram.

Calling at his luxurious bungalow recently I found him in ballet slippers going through his bar exercises, swinging the while an aria from "Tosca." He listened patiently while I begged him to reconsider before throwing himself away on the chorus. His only reply was a wan smile and a shrug. "It is either this," he said, "or a return to the butterfly society life for which I never cared."

I still believe Bull will be dissuaded. The screen needs such as he, an artist and a born aristocrat. The other afternoon, as he swept regally out of his maison wearing his fashionable brown derby, his new liveried chauffeur sprang forward to open the door.

"Where do you want to go, sir?" asked the chauffeur.

"Oh, I dunno," said Bull. "Where do you?"

THE troubles of movie actors make countess thousands mourn. I've had so many friends of the profession weeping on my shoulder over the injustices done them that my very soul has been dampered. It may be any of a number of indignities that brings the downpour: they have to work nights, they have only one week between pictures instead of a month's needed rest, their best scenes are cut out by the star or director, they're only getting two thousand a week whereas some other actor not half as popular is getting twenty-five hundred, the publicity department hasn't sent out a line about them for months. . . . "We certainly need more publicity," they wail. "You have no idea how tiresome it is sitting around between scenes on a set in a warm studio."

Although sitting happens to be my favorite profession I try to realize that others may prefer standing, or bounding, or hanging by their toes. And so I'm often won to tearful compassion with the lot of the actor who at twenty-five or thirty is getting only two thousand a week, to sit and suffer.

I give myself just one more year of this and then I'm going to China and clean up as a professional mourner.

T is the custom in Hollywood and Los Angeles to hold an "opening night" for a picture, be it good, bad or indifferent, at which the director and all the players assemble themselves on the stage to receive "ovations." I attended a special performance recently where the scenario writer was introduced as "the greatest of modern writers, the composer of an epic, the genius of the pen." Then came the director, "the genius who has done more for the industry than any other man, the creator of innumerable epics, the genius supreme of the screen." Then the players, each of them introduced simply as a genius and each of them bowing modestly in token. I felt the desire to arise and bow, "Well, here's a genius who is going to leave the theater, now what do you think of that?" But I didn't. Which proves, of course, that I'm not a genius.

HE may be "the perfect lover" to the world, but Eugene O'Brien's particular title for himself is "The world's worst dancer." He thought he was getting away rather well at a recent social function until he learned that the husband of the lady with whom he'd been dancing was in a state of explosion. Bewildered, Gene went to the gentleman to learn the offense. "Well," puffed the raging husband, "I hardly expected you to do the Chicago with my wife!"

"My God, was that what I was doing?" gasped Gene in amazement. "You see I never knew my steps by cities!"

I UNDERSTAND that Ernst Lubitsch's "The Marriage Circle" is being stopped in several states because it shows a man talking to his wife in bed. Moral: Conferences should be confined to office hours.

TO be progressive is to invite martyrdom, says Nita Naldi. Nita started the vogue for stockless limbs, and, according to her own testimony, got meowed out by a lot of old Angoras.

"Now they're all running around without stockings," says the society leader of the screen. "So I've put mine back on in order not to be common. The reason I went without them in the first place was because I couldn't afford 'em. I was getting thirty-five a week in the chorus, and they deducted five for tights. I had to wear the tights but I didn't have to wear stockings, my legs being naturally yellow."

"Ah, ah," sighs the persecuted Nita, "I guess the only thing left for me to do is to don a flannel petticoat and wear curls like George Eliot."

RAoul Walsh was recently made sole heir to an estate of $750,000 left by an aunt in Ireland. Although the aunt had never seen Raoul she chose him as her heir because she had heard he has blue eyes. Further proof of the power of publicity. Other relatives had blue eyes but the fact never got into the Questions and Answers department of Photoplay, and so today those eyes are red.

ALICE TERRY recently met Pola Negri. "She is charming," said Alice, but after all the wild things you've heard about her temperament you expect her to do a somersault or something. Of course she doesn't, so naturally you're a little disappointed." [continued on page 121]
Here is only one person in the world who can make me wish I was a lady.

That person is Mae Murray.

Perhaps it will seem strange that this former show girl, who is famed around the world for the scanty attire in which she can display her perfect figure, should have such an unusual effect upon me. But Mae Murray is like that—a study in contradictions.

Most of the time I am quite content with the free and easy manners which are the fashion just now and with the dreadful plain speaking which passes for conversation when friend meets friend.

When I meet Mae Murray, I am somehow reminded that compliments and courtesy are pleasant things to experience.

For all that, I am not convinced that Miss Murray’s exquisite manners and her formal but charming ways are not a supreme affectation.

T’ll take that back, on thinking it over. I am convinced that they began as an affectation and have ended by becoming perfectly natural. People who have known her since the beginning of her career tell me she has always had that suggestion of affectation, like the posing and posturing of a lovely dancer.

Anyway, I adore it. I am fascinated by her daintiness, her fragility, her pretty airs and graces.

After the craze for naturalness that we have been passing through, talking to Mae Murray is like eating a cream puff when one has been surfeited with corned beef and cabbage. Not very substantial, perhaps, but mighty appetizing.

Mae Murray is first, last and all the time, a showman. The theatrical instinct—the instinct for the theatrical—amounts to genius with her.

I have seen her dancing at the Montmartre with some dark-haired youth. She comes quietly from her table, her golden hair hidden beneath a twisted black turban. Her famous figure is clothed so demurely, so simply, in black velvet. No jewels. No make-up. The floor is packed with couples mad to dance. Unobtrusively she slips in among them, the music sways her, the pretty head flings up, the black velvet whirls about her, revealing unexpected shimmerings of silver, and tiny shoes with diamond buckles and sheer stockings that make you think of slender, nude legs. In ten minutes, she and her partner have the floor to themselves and the dancers are watching, although apparently Mae Murray hasn’t noticed either their departure or their attention.

And yet I swear to you that Miss Murray has done nothing that the most perfect lady might not do, worn nothing that a perfect lady might not wear, and danced nothing that many debutantes cannot dance.

I have seen her at the New Year’s Day football game. Everyone has sacrificed appearances to comfort, everyone is wearing sport clothes that look more or less alike. Mae Murray is wearing sport things, too, sitting demurely in the farthest corner of her box, intensely interested.

Her off-screen personality is as different from her silversheet self as day is from night. Only, on or off, unconsciously she dramatizes herself.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Mae Murray is a Study in Contradictions
THE GOLDFISH—First National

AFTER a series of poor pictures, Constance Talmadge, in a suitable vehicle, comes back. As Jennie Wetherby, a fast-fighting Bowery girl, married to a handsome young Irish song-writer, she sparkles in the vein of comedy that once made her one of the biggest favorites in pictures. After an unusually stormy fight with Jimmy, Jennie hands him a bowl of goldfish—the symbol that their marriage is off—and marries Herman Krauss, who furnishes a Riverside Drive apartment. Then she divorces Herman for his president, J. Hamilton Powers. After her third husband's death, now a beautiful, accomplished young woman, she accepts the proposal of the Duke of Middlesex. And lastly Jimmy, now a well-to-do manufacturer, returns and she hands the waiting Duke a bowl of goldfish. The cast is excellent.

DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL—United Artists

THIS new effort of Mary Pickford, one of the late Charles Major's historical romances, is exceedingly beautiful pictorially. If it does nothing else, it will establish a new high water mark in animated photography.

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" moves along conventional historical lines. Dorothy is being pushed by her father into a marriage with her worthless kin, Sir Malcolm Vernon, when she loves the son of the neighboring Earl of Rutland. Actual folk of history move across the background, now and then becoming pawns in the story. Dorothy, petulant, headstrong, violent tempered and lovable, wins her choice.

Miss Pickford is Dorothy and the role will please her army of followers. Although lovely optically, it offers little new. Workmanlike of technique, her acting strikes no big spark. It is careful and considered all the way. This mood of care seems to run all through the production. It moves slowly. It lacks pace and, in a measure, spontaneity. There are two performances of vitality in the production. Claire Eames' Queen Elizabeth is admirable. Her Virgin Queen will linger among your celluloid memories. Estelle Taylor's few moments as the tragic Queen of Scots have poignancy. Miss Taylor has been steadily advancing. Actually, "Dorothy Vernon" comes pretty near being old home week for the Pickford family. You will find Lottie Pickford as a serving maid to Dorothy, and Allan Forrest, her husband, as the heroic John Manners. Even the redoubtable Doug is there to be caught by those with keen eyes. Marshall Nellan is the director and his hand is apparent in the frequent little comedy sequences. Charles Rosher, cinematographer extra ordinaire, deserves a medal of honor for the photography.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month
DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL
CYTHEREA
MEN
THE GOLDFISH
THE REJECTED WOMAN
THE LONE WOLF

The Six Best Performances of the Month
CLAIRE EAMES in “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall”
MARY PICKFORD in “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall”
LEWIS STONE in “CytHEREA”
POLA NEGRE in “MEN”
Zasu Pitts in “The Goldfish”
ALMA RUBENS in “The Rejected Woman”

Cast of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 122

THE LONE WOLF—Paramount

THE LONE WOLF” is a revival of a picturization of Vance’s novel of that name.

It is a story of international intrigue and the regeneration of a resourceful chap who is known as the cleverest crook of Europe. An otherwise pretty smooth performance with a very capable cast headed by Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt, is made slightly ridiculous at the finish by a double aeroplane transfer in the clouds, a lot of which was too obviously done in a studio.

The realism of some of the aeroplane stunts that have preceded it has not been achieved in this picture and the audience is inclined to chuckle. With the exception of this, however, it is very good entertainment and pretty cleanly done.

CYTHEREA—First National

CONSIDERING the fact that the public has been given the happy ending it is supposed to expect and that censors must be placated, the picturization of Hergesheimer’s novel is, taking it all in all, a creditable piece of work. To be sure, the spirit of the original at times is lacking and the interpretation inclined to be foreign to the author’s meaning. This may be a bit irritating to readers who have enjoyed the novel, but to those to whom the story is new the film presentation should prove sufficiently satisfactory. Alma Rubens as Savina Grove—the symbolic CytHEREA, goddess of love—offers a subtle interpretation of the woman nearing her middle years who so poignantly wants the ring life thus far has denied her. It is true, much of this emotional fire must be left to the imagination; but this is partly due to the necessity of toning down the original text and more largely to the inevitable elusiveness of the role. The personality of Savina Grove is by no means an easy one to transport to the screen.

When we come to the relations existing between Lee Randon and his wife Fanny we find ourselves on more substantial footing. Lewis Stone in his characterization of the man of restless imagination and Irene Rich in that of the nagging, jealous wife to whom the manifestation of love is repellant, do excellent portrayals.

It is with the flight of Lee and Savina to Cuba that conventional morals get the better of Mr. Hergesheimer. Here, in spirit, novelist and scenarist travel divergent paths. Yet, curiously, often the episodes of book and film remain pretty much the same. Frances Marion’s scenario and George Fitzmaurice’s direction are above the average and the settings and photography are beautiful.

MEN—Paramount

THE fiery, heavy-lidded Pola of “Passion” is back. In this story, written and directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki, there is the passionate, bitter cynicism that becomes her so well and while the story is a little trashy and its treatment a little threadbare, it will entertain if you are a Pola Negri fan. The story is that of a gorgeous actress, the idol of Paris. Having been betrayed as a young girl, she resolves, in her power, to be revenged upon men, and when she auctions her company for two hundred thousand dollars and then gives the check to a young girl standing on the brink of ruin she is happy in the thought that she has cheated men of prey.

Robert Fraser and Robert Edeson and Josef Swickard in support are very fine and the photography rarely beautiful in spots. Decidedly sophisticated and not for juveniles.
A JAPANESE picture made in France. And intensely dramatic with situations finely drawn. The story is the frivolization of a Japanese nobleman's wife. An English captain obliterates the third angle of a near-triangle by giving his life in a wonderful naval battle. Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki, returning to the screen, after along absence, give an artistic performance, that is worth seeing.

BUSTER KEATON with a lot of new gags. He appears as a young man with a flair for amateur sleuthing. He has radical adventures. This is by no means Keaton's most hilarious offering, but it is short, snappy and amusing. Comedies are like oases in a celluloid world, rare and refreshing, and you don't want to miss Buster with his immobile face and unique composure in his new setting.

THE DANGER LINE—F. B. O.

UNTAMED YOUTH—F. B. O.

No, this is not stealing Colleen Moore’s stuff. It is the story of a gypsy girl—a real Romany product whose unconventional ways make her the cynosure of disapproving eyes in a small town. Of course, the nicest young man just naturally falls in love with her. Derelys Perdue is a good gypsy while Lloyd Hughes, Ralph Lewis and Joseph Swickard form the masculine contingent.

SHERLOCK, JR.—Metro

THE TROUBLE SHOOTER—Fox

FANCY Tom Mix in a real honest to goodness acting part, and he’s good, too—because he doesn’t try to register emotion all over the place. He’s as simple and straightforward in a scene with a girl as he is when leaping into a saddle. Tony is here, too, and very much in evidence; and a new leading woman—pretty and competent, in the person of Kathleen Key.

THE WOMAN WHO SINNED—F. B. O.

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST—F. B. O.

HERE is an author who can’t complain. Gene Stratton Porter’s story has been converted into celluloid, and she did it all herself, and the result is an accurate film, if not a very exciting one. Still, those who loved the book will enjoy the picture, and those who didn’t read it, will like it, too. It is an interesting and human tale—a rare enough combination.
LISTEN LESTER—Principal

THIS might be titled "Stop, Look and Listen," and you would have to do it all attentively, or else you might miss a trick, it all moves along so fast. It is, strangely enough, an adaptation from a musical comedy. You may remember it. It is funny and clean. Harry Myers, Louise Fazenda, Alec Francis and Eva Novak are among those present. And here's a secret: there are bootleggers in it, too.

BLUFF—Paramount

THIS is a story of a girl who, with faith in her own powers as a dress designer, uses bluff to sell herself and her ideas to the big New York shops. She not only gets away with it, but she gets a husband also. The story is by Riu Weiman, and Willis Goldbeck has made an amusing picture. Some of Agnes Ayres' gowns are wonderful, and the ladies will want to see them. Good entertainment.

THE CHECHAHCOS—Associated Exhibitors

THE chief appeal of this independently made film play lies in the sweep of its Alaskan backgrounds. These have a real and rugged beauty. The story itself—starting with the gold rush of 1897—is mediocre, the acting and direction are indifferent. Yet the making of films such as this should be encouraged. A "Covered Wagon" epic could be developed from this period of our history. Page James Cruze!

FORTY-HORSE HAWKINS—Universal

PRETTY good entertainment. Hoot Gibson in a real comedy and he is quite funny. Here we have a combined local taxi driver, stage manager, hotel clerk and fireman all in one in the person of the redoubtable Hoot. And it is all a lot of fun. And what with some amusing sub-titles and some good situations, this is, by no means, a bad way of spending a leisure hour.

MLLE. MIDNIGHT—Metro

MAE MURRAY'S latest but not her best. Picture her, if you can, in doleful mood, with dark make-up and black hair in villainous Mexico. The story lends itself to action and color of a sort, but it scarcely brings into play Miss Murray's little bag of tricks. Of course, all the men are in love with her, and Monte Blue rescues her from their toils and villainy alike, capturing the Mexican kiss.

RIDERS UP—Universal

WELL, girls, here's Creighton Hale again, and in a good rôle—so what more could you ask? As for the story, it is about a young racetrack tout whose family believes he is treading the straight and narrow. The landlady's daughter comes to love the youth just as he can't pay his board bill. There is the home and mother element as well as race track stuff. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]
The Photoplay Medal of Honor

For the best picture released in 1923

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920
William Randolph Hearst for "Humoresque"

1921
Inspiration Pictures, Inc. for "Tol’able David"

1922
Douglas Fairbanks for "Robin Hood"

What was the best motion picture of 1923?

The two and a half million readers of Photoplay are again invited to award the Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor. Their votes will decide to which picture of 1923 shall be awarded the trophy that is conceded to be the mark of supreme distinction in the world of motion pictures.

The ballot boxes are now open. They will close October 1. All readers of Photoplay are urged, in the interest of better pictures, to cast a ballot for the one which, in their estimation, was the best picture released in 1923.

This is the fourth of these medals offered by Photoplay Magazine. The first Medal of Honor, for 1920, was awarded to William Randolph Hearst, whose "Humoresque," a cosmopolitan production, was voted the best photoplay of that year. The Medal of Honor for 1921 went to Inspiration Pictures, Inc., for "Tol’able David," in which Richard Barthelmess starred. The third, for 1922, was awarded to Douglas Fairbanks for his wonderful production of "Robin Hood." Who will get the fourth?

Photoplay Magazine wishes again to call attention to the fact that the Medal of Honor is the first annual commemoration of distinction in the making of motion pictures. Voters should bear in mind that the award should go to that picture which most nearly approaches perfection in the matters of theme, story, direction, acting, continuity, settings and photography. The decision rests entirely in the hands of the readers of Photoplay.

As has been the case for the past three years, the voting is delayed six months after the close of the year so that pictures released at the end of the year may have the opportunity of being seen in all parts of the country. Thus, all photoplays are given an equal chance.

Below will be found a list of fifty pictures released in 1923. They are printed in order to refresh your memory. You are not limited to them but may cast your ballot for any picture released in 1923.

Photoplay is proud of the selections made by its readers for the past three years. "Humoresque," the first winner, was a remarkably touching story of mother love. "Tol’able David" was a beautiful presentation of the spiritual development of an American boy. And "Robin Hood" was a magnificent spectacle in which, while the story was absorbingly interesting, it was overshadowed by the marvelous scenic effects.

The Photoplay Medal of Honor is worth winning. It is of solid gold, weighing 123/4 pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is being made, as were the other medals, by Tiffany and Company, of New York.

To register your vote in this contest, fill out the coupon on this page, printing plainly the name of the photoplay which, after careful thought, you consider the best picture of 1923, and mail it to Photoplay’s editorial offices, No. 221 West 57th street, New York City, so that it will reach its destination not later than October 1, 1924. If you wish to send a brief letter, explaining your choice, do so.

This announcement, with the coupons, will appear in three successive numbers of Photoplay Magazine, including this one.

Here is your chance to do something towards securing better pictures. It is your duty, if you desire better pictures, to cast your vote in this contest. By so doing you honor the best in motion pictures and you encourage producers to put vision, faith and organization behind their product. Don’t delay and thereby give yourself an opportunity to forget to vote.

If, by chance, there should be a tie, equal awards will be made to each one of the winners.

50 Pictures Released in 1923

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In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1923.

NAME OF PICTURE

Abraham Lincoln
Aesop’s Fables
Ashes of Vengeance
Bad Man
Big Brother
Bright Shalot
Christian
Covered Wagon
Down to the Sea in Ships
Enemies of Women
Eternal City
Fighting Blade
Flaming Youth
Girl I Loved
Green Goddess
Gremlin
His Children’s Children
Hollywood
Hottentot
Humane Wreckage
Hunchback of Notre Dame
If Winter Comes
Light that Failed
Little Old New York
Long Live the King
Merry-Go-Round Only
Peg and Sam
Potash and Perlmutter
Richard the Lion-Hearted
Rosalie
Ruggles of Red Gap
Searsmauchee
Spanish Dancer
Spoliers
The Ten Commandments
To the Ladies
To the Last Man
Tribe
Twenty-One
Vanity Fair
Virginian
Voice from the Minaret
West of the Water Tower
Where the Pavement Ends
White Rose
White Sifter
Why Worry?
Woman of Paris
Zaza
The Love Dodger

A story from behind the curtained windows of Hollywood

Part Five

It was perhaps not at all strange that Cleveland Brown should go first to Leda O'Neil.

It was altogether a crazy sort of business, he decided, as he dressed. And yet something in him responded to it. He couldn't help laughing a little and being a little excited. He didn't suppose anyone else in Hollywood had ever done such a thing, and he was getting rather more out of life than he used to, when he dodged love and women much more successfully.

Probably Paula Swayne was right. One had to marry some time. Few escaped. Certainly this was an unheard of and impatient way to select a wife. It had been forced on him. He tried to visualize each of the four women as his wife, and failed utterly.

He would know, this very night. His pulse increased a trifle. There was no way of guessing where his quest would end. But if he had a secret hope it was that the ruby bracelet bore the lucky charm, that some miracle might show Leda O'Neil to be the woman with whom he wished to sail the seven seas.

First, he must know about Leda.

The four flat boxes were stowed carefully in the side pocket of his big roadster. As he drove through the bright, pretty streets of Hollywood, he said to the chauffeur beside him, "We'd better not get held up this evening, Bennie."

A maid let him in.

He had telephoned to say that he was coming. Experience was not always wasted upon Cleveland Brown. The butler brought back word that Miss O'Neil was going to the theater but she would wait for him.

Now the maid said, "You're to go right up, sir."

But Cleveland Brown shook his head. He wasn't going up to that gray and black room. Not he. There were some things a man couldn't do.

And he felt a slight doubt, like a breath of fog on the sunset ocean, that Leda hadn't realized that. It struck a discordant note. It seemed to shrug its shoulders at what had happened in that gray and black room, as though it were an everyday occurrence, like eating luncheon.

"Tell Miss O'Neil I'd like her to come down," he said, and went into the drawing room.
Panic overcame him while he waited, walking nervously up and down. Only one lamp burned, a gold and purple thing that shed a small, weird circle of light. The corners of the room were in a rich darkness, a darkness that might hold anything. As he stepped to the door at last, he noticed that he did not know why he felt such a rush of uneasiness for the door was inlaid with rich marquetry and fitted to the wall with a strength that made it almost seem a part of it. He went in, and started, and frightened him, as she came slowly down the wide stairs—those stately, elegant stairs that were a test for any woman. One slim hand rested on the polished rail, for support. But she moved with the luxuriance of a queen.

He had never seen her in black before. But she wore black, a comfortable thing of shining satin, exactly the color of her hair. Over it fell some soft, exquisite folds of black lace. And there was one vivid splash of a deep red, like rubies, at her waist. It made her a study in black and white, with a little distinguished air that was new. Even her throat was covered with a second skin of black lace and the long, flowing sleeves fell like rich veils about her wrists. It made her look much older. And for all its cool distinction, it suggested the slim, round lines of the body beneath in a way to set a man mad.

But for all the fine beauty of her, he was conscious for the first time of some slight breath of decay, something vague and dim and impalpable that was nevertheless sweetly foul.

They stood looking at each other and the thought came swiftly to Cleveland Brown that it was not she meant she should belong wholly to any man. A symbol of desire, a creature fashioned for some fate other than that of ordinary women. Of such stuff had been DuBarry and the orange girl of Drury Lane, and the green-eyed empress of the Nile.

He remembered that the ancient nations had honored the power of women. At that, was groupier, and the modern life. Everything was confused. There was no proper order to things. Nothing had a name any more.

No wonder men feared the figure of woman that women held today. They knew too many men. Opportunity was too frequent and too easy. Temptation was their daily companion. How could they be as they had been when protection and seclusion were the order of the day?

She came toward him and from some instinct of self-preservation, that he might not take her in his arms before he made Paula Swayne his betrothed, put his hand in her pocket and held out to her a flat, velvet box.

On their bed of smooth whiteness, the rubies lay like drops of blood. Cleveland Brown knew in an instant that the fascination was strange to him. But something in their perfection, in their rich, deep color so much more beautiful than any color he had ever seen, stirred him. A richness that thrilled.

Leda O’Neill took the bracelet of rubies from the box and held it up to the light. And Cleveland Brown stood turned to stone before the spell they cast. Her face had changed utterly. Greed had descended upon it. Greed and all the unlovely things that go with greed. Her lips were hard, hard and tight with pleasure. Her eyes were bright with the desire to possess this thing, which is not a nice desire to look upon.

She could be bought, she could be bought.

"How wonderful," she said, "real pigan bloods. Are they?"

"Yes."

"I’ve never had any good rubies. These are magnificent. You adorable boy! Why—aren’t you a fortune?"

The lace sleeve of her gown fell back.

And with a strange finality, like death. Cleveland Brown knew that his quest had not ended yet.

For on her white arm there were many other bracelets. It was the fashion to wear many bracelets. Leda O’Neill was much in fashion.

Other men had given her those bracelets. Each one represented—what? Other men had given her many gifts.

There was no joy for Cleveland Brown—who was so young and simple—in an attempt to arouse a jaded delight. He could never give her anything—anything—that other men had not given her before. Why hadn’t he seen what that must mean?

For all her beauty, how weary and worn she looked. Her imagination, stimulated by this gambling with fate, played him a strange trick. She saw her stripped of all that alluring flesh, all that divine beauty. And there was nothing left. Nothing.

Nor was there anything between them. For Cleveland Brown was perfectly clear. The bond that a young creature had for a mere gift—nothing. It crumbles at the slightest touch, back into dust. No soul has been breathed into its clay to give it life.

In that moment he felt a great pity for Leda O’Neill, a great pity for himself that he had almost—not quite—thought he might love her. He saw her for one of those women who can never give bodily fidelity, even when they gave love. And he guessed that life would grow very stale and almost unbearable to her.

When the beauty died and left her only unamourned desire, the applauding throngs would cease to excuse her faithlessness.

So, when she fastened the bracelet about her wrist and held it up to be admired, he took her hand and kissed it very tenderly.

And he turned and ran out into the night, leaving her standing beneath the purple light with the bracelet of rubies bound about her wrist.

He could have shouted. He felt as if he were supremely, clearly free, as a man is free from some lingering germ of a fever. He knew that until that moment he had never given up hope that Leda would be his as he wanted her to be his.

How could a thing like that be gone so completely, as though it never existed, leaving behind not a single trace?

Dust to dust. That was all.

Dust to dust.

He thought of Paula Swayne and these bracelets she had selected for him with an almost superstitious dread. Were they bewitched? Or was Paula Swayne, who knew so much about men and women and life, right? Was giving gifts to women always the test? If they could be bought; if they could be tempted; if they were showy; if they pretended (that was all, all sins against love); if they were sordid or weary or incapable of generosity or finesse of appreciation of beauty, or enjoyment, was it bound to come out, like the invisible writing upon a paper when the right alchemy touches it?

There was a light, that warm beam that shines from a light-house into the stormy ocean, in the

That Which Has Gone Before

To Cleveland Brown, the most eligible bachelor of Hollywood, there have come many experiences. All matrimonial. This regarded as a woman desirer, and a leader of love, he has known only one girl intimately—Janice Reed, his little leading lady, whom he thinks of as a kid sister. When Ray Connolly came into his life, with a false report of an engagement to him, he did not deny it; for she was jobless and needed publicity. When Leda O’Neill, super vamp, both upon the screen and in private life, met him she gave him his first lessons in passion. And when she proved her faithlessness to his trust, he reacted to the mother woman—Gertie Morrison, the divorced wife of an earl of friend. Her proposal of marriage was still standing. And in the days of Paula Swayne, brilliant portrait painter, to give him the light of reason and a way to go. Janice’s mother suddenly tells him that he has compromised his daughter, Ray threatens breach of promise, Leda begins again to exert her wiles, and Gertie—wearing quietly in the background—is even more one-sided than the rest. It is Paula who suggests a unique test—that he give a beautiful bracelet to each of the four women. And that he marry the one who shows the most sincere pleasure and the greatest graciousness in the acceptance of his gift. She goes with him to buy the bracelets, and starts him upon his strange quest in search of a bride. "You yourself will know," she tells him, "the right choice. This test of mine will show you. I know, now!"
"What's this, dynamite?" she asked. "Do I open it?"

windows of Gertie Morrison's brown bungalow. Cleveland Brown drew a quick breath as he went up the steps. He would hate to lose this out of his life. The heliotrope and roses in the window boxes wafted perfume to him on the night air. There was a baseball bat and a glove thrown carelessly in one corner of the porch.

Buddy. He'd miss Buddy so. This missing people was the very deuce. Was this, then, the thing for him? A quietness fell upon him. And a simple faith transformed the pagan thing he was doing into a serene and honest prayer for guidance.

Gertie was like that. He felt better, nobler, when he was near her. Rather than give up her friendship, rather than give up Buddy, he would sacrifice much. He would sacrifice even this new desire for something he could not name.

She came to the door herself, and there was an instant look of pleasure on her face. He knew she had not been expecting him, but she looked sweet and almost elegant, in her gown of gray chiffon, like a lady who dresses for her own daintiness and not for the approval of some spectator.

"Oh, Brownie," she said, half-laughing. "I'm so glad to see you. So glad. Come in. My dear, my dear, how we have missed you. Why have you neglected us?"

Then memory served her and she blushed under her clear, pale skin. "I forgot, but I don't care," she said bravely. "Buddy's been having a fit, that's all. He thought you'd deserted him completely. Oh, sit down. I'm keeping you standing just to look at you, it's so good to see you here again. Will you have some coffee? Please, please do. Have you had your dinner? Honestly?"

He told her that he had, but she wouldn't believe him. She was suddenly pitifully nervous.

"You have not, Cleveland Brown. I know you haven't. I can just tell by the look in your eyes."

She was childishly delighted. It was as though the fact that he hadn't eaten any dinner was the very thing she needed to restore her confidence and bring her happiness.

Gertie Morrison was one of those women who must feed men. She made him sit down in front.
During the filming of “Monsieur Beaucaire,” Rudolph Valentino moved alone over the sets in the studio and anyone who approached him was, if not successfully stopped by his valet, frozen into respectful silence by a look from the star. Even members of the cast, by orders of Mrs. Valentino, were forbidden to remain on the set when he was working. He was screened in when he sat down, waiting for his double to complete the hot and tiring business of getting the lights trained on him correctly.

Before the picture was finished, everyone having anything to do with it had been taught his place—all except Harry Reichenbach, in charge of the picture’s exploitation.

On his first visit to the Long Island studio, Mr. Reichenbach brought with him an interviewer from a magazine, for the purpose of introducing her to Valentino.

He rapped on the door of Valentino’s dressing room and when the valet appeared told him to say that Mr. Reichenbach was calling. The valet closed the door after him carefully and for five minutes nothing happened.

Finally he reappeared.

“Mr. Valentino says you are to see Mrs. Valentino.”

The thousand-dollar-a-week press agent stared for a moment. Then, walking off, said over his shoulder: “If Mrs. Valentino has anything to say, tell her to phone Mr. Reichenbach between seven and eight some evening.”

Doug has played opposite Mary at last! Although the fact has been kept secret, Fairbanks actually appears in Mary Pickford’s production of “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.” Watch for the first introductory shot of Allan Forrest as the hero. Forrest, in reality, is seated, stripped to the waist, and back to the camera, talking to his father. Unless your eyes are keen, you will miss this. But Doug has confessed to the appearance, so that’s that! All of which is something like Charlie Chaplin’s brief—and disguised—appearance as the porter with the trunk in “A Woman of Paris.”

“Dorothy Vernon” had an interesting Broadway premiere. The Criterion Theater, long the home of “The Covered Wagon,” had its exterior transformed into a mimic Tudor castle for the occasion. There was a typical premiere audience. Mary and Doug weren’t present, of course. At the moment they sat in the Crillon Hotel in Paris, anxiously awaiting the first nighters’ verdict.

All Hollywood is commenting upon Mary Pickford’s extraordinary beauty in “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.” Never in her whole screen career, is the united opinion of the screen experts, has Mary looked so exquisitely beautiful. Even the long remembered scenes in “Stella Maris” are overshadowed by some of the close-ups in “Dorothy Vernon.”

More than that, everyone seemed to feel that it is Mary’s best picture and that it should overcome for all time any prejudice against her appearance in grown-up roles. As Dorothy Vernon she keeps all the fire, all the tricks and mannerisms, that made her so beloved as Rebecca and Pollyanna. And to them she adds the charm and appeal of an extremely beautiful young woman. Her comedy has never been more brilliant.

It has leaked out somehow—as everything does—that there were four sets of costumes

This is the way Pat O’Malley trains to keep his balance when he is the third angle in a screen triangle. Probably it does steady the nerves. Pat used to do this for a living, but acting is easier.

This really is a scene from “The Perfect Flapper,” although it doesn’t look it. The characters in this picture are so crazy about wild parties that they hold one while the house is being moved to a new lot.
made for Miss Pickford for *Dorothy* before she found exactly the right thing. Mother Pickford objected to some of them as being too womanly, and Mary herself objected to the incorrectly childish ones. The final selection...entirely perfect.

When he had seen it the first time, Charlie Chaplin turned to someone and said, "I never knew before that Mary Pickford was a beautiful woman."

**THERE** is a growing conviction in the industry that Rupert Hughes is the greatest of all title writers. One of his most recent ones is causing a lot of mirth on the Goldwyn lot. The young flapper is about to start out on a party when her irate father appears and says: "Young lady, you're not going out of this house tonight. You certainly are not. I won't allow it."

Whereupon said flapper looks him over and says sweetly, "Oh, father, don't talk like a costume picture."

**DID** you ever wonder where the word "ham" came from—as used to describe a certain all-too-prevalent type of actor?

A discussion at the Directors' Club the other day revealed its origin when Fred Niho declared that it started as "ham-fatter" because the actors in the early English theater used to remove their make-up with ham fat. Later it was contracted to "ham."

**ELINOR GLYN** is to make her own motion pictures. Although she proved such a good sport about Conrad Nagel's performance as Paul in "Three Weeks" that on the opening night in Los Angeles she paid him a magnificent tribute, there is no question but that incident and similar ones have decided the most popular English authoress to start an organization where she will be able to dictate policy.

For some time this idea has been in her mind and she believes that there is a field for her stories made exactly as she wrote them, and with the fine polished touches of real old-world society which she feels she alone can give them. Her daughter, Lady Williams, who came with her from London recently and will remain in Hollywood, is to assist in preparing the stories for the screen and her son-in-law, Sir Rhys Williams, will be her business manager. We'll see. At least her pictures cannot be worse than some of her stories.

**THERE** is a fairly well-grounded belief that a strong personality will always leave its impress upon a community.

The latest impress to be left on Hollywood is Erich von Stroheim bow. You know how it is done, because you have seen Von do it on the screen—heels together, still bend from the waist. And if the law is being made to a lady it generally is concluded with a chaste salute upon the lady's hand.

Now nearly every young actor in Hollywood, to say nothing of scenario writers and press agents, has adopted this bow. The imitation isn't always of the best and no one does it as well as its originator, but nevertheless the fashion is fast spreading and you can see it practiced almost any evening at the Petrousha, or the Montmartre, or even on the Boulevard.

Every time they do it someone should blow a whistle or ignite a firecracker behind them.

**THIS** is a story of a birthday present. I'm not going to mention any names but I'll make it easy for you to guess as I can.

A well-known director and his wife, a beautiful screen star, separated not very long ago, and the husband's attentions to another screen
When Rex Ingram makes a discovery, the American home gets a severe trial. Now comes Alexandresco, a Romanian actress, to catch the roving eye of our masculine contingent. She will play a dancer in "The Arab" actress, a young unknown whom he is endeavoring to put on the pictorial map, were noted with much disfavor by the film colony.

The young lady in question was advancing her own cause as fast as she possibly could, and incidentally she wasn't averse—young ladies seldom are, at least that kind of young lady—to accepting such tokens of his esteem as it seemed fitting he should bestow upon her. When her birthday neared, she gently hinted through some of the company that her preference leaned toward a sapphire and diamond bracelet, or a diamond wrist watch. But the director is rather famed for his ability to make a nickel go as far as the next man. He may have spent some money some time in his career, but there is no record of it. It has even been necessary on occasion for the sheriff's office to collect his bills.

Birthday arrived. Package was delivered to young lady, who opened it with much excited rejoicing. Within was—a musical hairbrush.

I give you my word. One of the kind that played a little tune when the young lady smoothed out her golden-brown tresses. I do not know for certain what tune it played, but rumor hath it that it alternated between "You can have him, I don't want him, 'cause I never liked him anyhow" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Laurette Taylor, accompanied by her husband, Harley Manners, is back in Hollywood, looking younger and prettier than ever. It's always difficult to realize that "Peg" is the mother of a grown-up son and a debutante daughter, because she looks just as she did when she first played the immortal Irish heroine at the old Los Angeles Burbank Theater down on Main Street, a decade or more ago. She is to make "One Night in Rome," one of her stage successes written by her husband, for the new Metro-Goldwyn Company, and she will be directed by Clarence Badger.

Charlie Chaplin is one of the most absentminded birds in this world, and it takes him longer to get around to do things than anybody else that ever heard of. The latest thing he's neglected to do is buy furniture for his elegant new mansion in Beverly Hills.

The house is there in all its grandeur, occupying the adjoining hill to Pickfair. It's a wonderful house, that cost a small fortune, and it has an organ in it, and a lot of expensive fixtures. But as for furniture—well, so far, Charlie just simply hasn't gotten around to do it. There is a bed in his bedroom, and a table and a couple of chairs in the dining room, but after that Charlie's courage or energy or something failed him miserably and he let it go at that.

Possibly what Charlie needs is a wife to help him select it.

The separation of Bert Lytell and his wife, Evelyn Vaughn, which has been rumored for some months, is officially confirmed by the parties interested and the statement issued that Mrs. Lytell will sue for divorce in the near future. They have been practically living apart for over a year and have come to a final decision that a divorce is the next move.

Everybody hates to see the Lytell marriage go smash. The romance which began twelve years ago when they were co-starred in a popular San Francisco stock company has been one of the stage's most delightful chapters.
Miss Vaughn is an extremely talented actress and is very popular with the film colony.

Whether or not Claire Windsor is to become the second Mrs. Lytell, when it’s possible for Bert to select a number two, nobody knows. They have been seen constantly together of late, but when you ask Claire if her intentions are serious, now that Bert is to be free, she can only blush and stammer and admit that she thinks he is “the nicest man in the world.” He likewise agrees that Claire is the loveliest girl, and that he’s very fond of her.

Mr. AND MRS. THOMAS H. INCE gave a perfectly corking supper dance at their wonderful new home in Beverly Hills the other evening, following a preview of “The Marriage Cheat,” the newest Ince picture, at the studio. The dance was also in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, who had just returned from the East. Charlie Ray has signed once more to make pictures for Ince.

Of course there is no question of the value of Ray’s move. His pictures made on his own have been abject failures, culminating in that atrocity, “The Courtship of Miles Standish,” which is uniformly regarded in the industry as the dullest picture ever made. When he broke with Ince, the break was a personal as well as a professional one, and it argues hopefully for Charlie that he is willing to go back to the man who made him and under whose direction he made the pictures that brought him fame and say: “I’ve been a naughty boy, please take me back and let’s make some real pictures,” or words to that effect.

Among the guests of the evening were Dick Rowland, Mack Sennett, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet, Pola Negri, Eugene O’Brien, Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr, and Kathryn Williams and her husband, Charles Eyton.

THIS is the latest gem that is going the rounds of Hollywood’s wits and wisecrackers. I don’t know how it got out, but somebody vouches for its authenticity.

Lew Cody had invited Claire Windsor to attend the opening of “Secrets” with him. And she had accepted. That evening about seven o’clock she called him up on the phone and said, “Oh, Lew, I’m so sorry, but I can’t go to the opening of ‘Secrets’ with you after all.”


And the fair Claire said, “I know it. But since then a producer has called up and invited me to go with him. I know you won’t mind.”

Lew recovered from that and called up another young lady and finally persuaded her, in spite of the lateness of the hour, to go with him. In fact, he convinced her that she had promised to go and had merely forgotten about it. As they came out of the lobby after the performance, Claire rushed up to him and said, “Oh, Lew, I hope you’re not mad with me about tonight.”

It made it very tough for Lew, and his lady of the evening gave him a dirty look as they got in the car, and demanded, “What’s this? Am I understudying Claire Windsor this evening?”

But you must give Lew credit. He works fast. He said, “How can you think of such a thing? That wasn’t it. What she meant was that she told somebody she’d rather have Adolphe Menjou for the heavy in a picture she was in than me, and she thought I’d be sore at her about it.” [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]
The Autobiography of Harold Lloyd

From $150 a week to a millionaire.
His courtship and marriage

Part III

Two very important things happened to me about the time my first two-reelers were released. I didn't realize the importance of them then, maybe, but I've discovered that it's only in looking backward that things in your life stand out in their real significance.

Anyway, I made my first trip to New York and Mildred Davis became my leading woman.

After Bebe left to go to Lasky, we began looking around for a new girl to play opposite me. I had an idea that it would be a good thing to get a girl as directly opposite to Bebe in every way that we could, so the new individuality would stand out more. One night I went to see a picture of Bryant Washburn's. There was a girl in it, and she was the cutest thing I'd ever seen in my life. She was little and blonde, too, exactly what I had in mind. Gee, she sure looked pretty!

I nudged Hal Roach, who was sitting beside me, and I said, "Hal, that's the one." He nodded.

But it wasn't so easy as it sounded. We discovered that her name was Mildred Davis, but that was all. We simply couldn't find her. She was a Philadelphia girl who'd come West for a vacation and made that one picture and nobody seemed to have any idea where she'd gone. We wrote to Philadelphia and didn't get any answer. At last we located her in Tacoma, Washington, in a girls' finishing school and wired her that we'd like to talk things over with her.

The more I realized how inexperienced and young she must be, the more anxious I was to get her, because that was exactly what I wanted in the sort of pictures I had in mind to do. On the screen, she reminded me of a big French doll.

I'll never forget the awful shock I had when Mildred first walked into the studio. She was wearing a large black hat with a lot of plumes on it, and a long, grey dress, and a black fur collar. Her hair was done up in a sort of pompadour and on her little feet were a pair of high-heeled laced shoes. I was stupefied. I thought, "Well, she's pretty, all right, but where in the world did she get those terrible clothes, and will she want to wear that kind in my pictures?"

But I found out after a while what the trouble was. Mildred had become discouraged about pictures and left Hollywood, because everywhere she went they told her she was too young. If she applied for a part, they looked at her, with her blonde curls and tiny figure, and said, "My goodness, you won't do. This isn't a child's part. You're too young."

Too young became a red flag to Mildred, so when she called on me she hired a wardrobe. She almost lost the job with me because she wore it, too. But I thought we could probably teach her to dress better so I took a chance and engaged her.

In the first picture she clung to the illusion that she must be grown-up, and she wore a long black dress in the first reels, but fortunately she had to wear pajamas in the last part and in those she looked too cute for anything.

Right from the start, Mildred fitted into the company and was successful in her work. We've always been a sort of clannish company. Today, all my gang have been with me over three years, and most of them eight or nine. Fred Newmeyer, one of my directors, has completed his ninth year. Mildred was a hit with the gang right away, because she was always so bright and happy, and so game for anything. We're a great outfit for practical jokes and little games of one kind and another, and Mildred never got sore about anything.

I liked her from the start, but she seemed such a baby. I had an idea that I ought to keep a brotherly eye on her, while we were working, and I did, but it never occurred to me to fall in love with her. I'm a cautious person in many ways, and it took me about a year to get acquainted with her, and it was another six months before I began to take her out much.

And in the meantime, the New York trip took pace.

I had always longed to go to New York. It was my favorite dream. I'd always imagined how I would plan for it, anticipate it, and how stupendous it would seem. As it happened, I went
The First Time He Saw His Name in Electric Lights

On my first walk up Broadway, I got the biggest thrill I have ever had in my life. I came suddenly face to face with my own name in electric lights, on Broadway. My knees actually knocked together. I walked around the block and came back. It was still there. "Harold Lloyd in Bumping into Broadway." All of a sudden it began to blur and get sort of dim, and I thought they were going to take it down, and then I realized that I couldn't see very clearly because there was a mist in front of my eyes.

with just one hour's preparation, all alone, and I arrived in New York without a friend in the town.

This is the way it happened.
Harold Roach and I had had one of our spots. We've been pals for ten years, and we still are, and I hope we always will be. But we're like a lot of married folks. We do differ on occasions.

The first one we ever had was about my getting up in the morning. The director had a lot of other scenes to shoot and didn't need me before noon. So I decided I'd take a nice, long sleep that morning. I'd been getting up around six to get to Culver City and be made up by nine, and I thought it was pretty grand to sleep. So I was enjoying a real snooze when the telephone rang. I answered it, and it was Hal.

"When Mildred retired as my leading lady, we selected little Jabyna Ralston to take her place"

He said, "Look here, Harold, why aren't you at the studio? Don't you realize it's bad for the morale of the company for you to show up at noon? I can't have it, that's all."

I explained. We argued. One word led to another and pretty soon I banged up the 'phone, or he did, or we both did. I was sore, too. I was through. I'd been treated pretty badly. I fumed and stewed around for a while and then I began to think. I thought about good old Hal, how fine he'd always been, and what good friends we were, and how we'd started together and all.

I decided it was never worth while to quarrel unless you were actually standing on principle. So I got on my clothes and went down to the studio about eleven o'clock. At the door I met Hal, and he said, "Why, hello, Harold. I was just trying to 'phone you to say you needn't get out until about two. They won't need you until then."

But the row that brought about my trip to New York was about salary. I was getting a hundred and fifty by that time, which seemed a lot, and it was in my contract that at a certain time I was to get three hundred. Whenever I thought about that, I got all excited. I had so many plans, and with three hundred a week I could fix up my folks better, and begin really to get ahead.

When the day came, they called me in and told me they simply couldn't
"You'll find Jack Holt a real he-man," said the editor. "He loves horses and used to play heavies."

But the editor didn't say whether the he-man loves interviews, and I approached the studio where this "he-man" was to be found, with some trepidation. It was necessary to venture as far from Broadway as Ninth Avenue to track down this rare avis of the thespian cult and discover a real he-man in his native habitat. Mr. Holt was on the set, conferring solemnly with his director. Mr. Holt was tastefully decorated with Number 16 face powder, not only his manly face but his exquisite dinner jacket. Mr. Holt was making an heroic effort to be cordial.

"How do you do?" he said, with that genteel grace which subtly included, "Drop dead!" as he drew up a chair for me and seated himself in another, labelled "Miss Dalton." He looked tired, bored and unhappy, and he opened the conversation with the naïve inquiry: "What could possibly be interest-

That I enjoy my work. That my hobby is horses. I can't change my hobbies every few days just to furnish new angles. Let's just sit and talk and not be interviewed."

And we did, with the conversation developing that Jack Holt detests New York and that half of his apparent misery was induced by it, that he loves Hollywood, which is a blessed region peopled by the simplest and most discreet backbone of the nation, and that he has no vanities. When I told him teasingly of having overheard the prettiest and most petted chorus on Broadway raving about him in the dressing room, and repeated some of their rather frank observations, he was uncomfortable and got up to borrow [continued on page 107]
AS the Princess in "The Thief of Bagdad," Julanne Johnston is so dainty and adorable that one cannot find it in his heart to blame Douglas Fairbanks, when, as The Thief, he undergoes innumerable hardships to find the gift that will win her.
I T'S hard, sometimes, to take Rod La Rocque seriously. Even as a wastrel, he is always likable. And as a hero he seems often to be laughing at himself, to be playing with his tongue in his cheek. But he's to be starred now, and that's serious enough for anyone
THE embodiment of sophistication, a man who can express more with a quirk of his mouth or a lift of his eyebrow or just a glance than many actors with a whole bag of gestures. Adolphe Menjou is rapidly approaching the top of the ladder to motion picture fame.
Making pictures is play for "Our Gang," but this is real work. Here they are—Mary Kornman, Freckles, Farina, Sunshine Sammy—who has a private tutor (at right) and the rest, all at school on the Hal Roach lot.
No, Bradley King is Not "Mr."

She is a beauty with brains, and is a "comer" as a scenario writer

By Mary Winship

WHEN I was invited to have lunch with Bradley King, who had suddenly burst through the ranks of scenario writers with a masterpiece in the screen adaptation of "Anna Christie," I expected to meet an elderly gentleman with long white whiskers.

I don't exactly know why, but that was the picture conveyed to me by the name Bradley King. Sounded English, and middle-aged, and imposing.

At The Writers—the big rambling club on Hollywood Boulevard where all the brains and some of the beauty of Hollywood-gather daily for luncheon—I stood on one foot and then the other and cursed, mildly and silently. One is not allowed to curse loudly at The Writers. It was a gorgeous day and I didn't feel in the least like lunching with an elderly scenario writer with long white whiskers.

Just then a young and very pretty girl, with stunning blue-gray eyes under black brows and lashes that instantly rivet your attention, came up. She had on one of the trickiest scarlet sport suits it has ever been my good fortune to behold, and her bobbed black hair looked very dashing beneath a felt sport hat.

So I say to myself: "Who is this cutie, anyway? I don't know her. Why is she at The Writers? She looks like she belonged over at the Montmartre where the jazz orchestra and the handsome leading men hang out."

Just then she said in a nice, boyish voice: "I say, I think I'm looking for you. I'm Bradley King."

"You're not," I said.

She grinned. "All right. Prove it."

Then we both laughed and I rather like to think we've been friends ever since. Because Bradley is the sort of girl you like to think you're friends with.

Miss King—she says everybody writes to her as Mr. King, but she doesn't care—has been writing scenarios for Thomas H. Ince for a couple of years—and good ones, too. But in this game you have to make a home run before anybody notices you much. "Anna Christie" was Bradley's home run. When Tom Ince—who is always just a little bit ahead of times in pictures anyway—bought "Anna Christie," a very eminent scenario writer said to me: "It's going to be the hardest job ever attempted—to make that play into a scenario, get it by the censors, keep its interest and its greatness. I'd hate to tackle it."

Others united in saying it simply couldn't be done.

So when Bradley put it over she immediately loomed as one of the new writers who should be added to the honor roll which includes such great names as Frances Marion, Jeanie MacPherson, Clara Beranger and June Mathis.

Bradley owes her success, she says, to an india-rubber quality that is inherent in her nature. She won't be downed and she is always there at the right moment. Her ambition was to be an actress—and she was a complete failure. So she got a job as a stenographer to a scenario writer.

One day the scenario writer had a terrible row with the director. It was one of those real, hair-raising, temperamental differences which sometimes arise, and it ended when the scenario writer put his latest story in his inside pocket and departed from the lot.

The director sat down and began to weep. Bradley said: "What's the matter?"

The director gave her a harsh look. He had forgotten her. "Plenty," said he. "Star and a cast and ready to shoot and now that fool has walked off with my story."

"Try one of mine," said Miss King. When his unkink laughter had subsided he read her first original story—and went into production with it the next day.

Ince saw her possibilities when he read one of her magazine stories and, under his direction, she has developed such successes as "Lying Lips," "A Man of Action," and "Her Reputation." And today she is regarded as one of the cornerstones of the industry.
I WANT so to work!” pleads Florence Turner. “It is all so tragic because my work has been my very life; I have lived for it and my mother, and it was taken from me before I am thirty years old!”

Ten years ago Miss Turner was one of the three leading film favorites. Time and the motion picture have moved on. Today she is well-nigh forgotten, like many another idol of the pioneer celluloid days.

What has become of Mary Fuller? Of Marion Leonard, Gene Gauntier, Lottie Briscoe, Dorothy Bernard and the many other luminaries of the pathfinding days of pictures? Offhand it would seem an easy thing to locate these idols of yesterday. That is, until you try it.

The trail has stretched across America, to England and even to Sweden. Some of these old time favorites are longing to return to the screen. One was in actual want. Most of them are young enough to be at the very crest of their career. Florence Lawrence, for instance, is just thirty-one. Some of them are living in the very centers of motion pictures, Hollywood and New York, and yet the motion picture camera has passed them by. It steadily searches for new faces and new personalities, but the idols of the past are forgotten.

A letter addressed to Miss Lawrence, living in the heart of Hollywood, was returned to me because the street address was incorrect. It came back marked “unclaimed.” Less than ten years ago Miss Lawrence ranked beside Mary Pickford and Mary Fuller as one of the premiere favorites of the films. In those days a letter merely bearing her name would have been delivered.

The camera has moved on, leaving its scars of disillusionment and bitterness. Imagine, if you will, the Rudolph Valentino of today forgotten ten years from now. The fate of Miss Lawrence, Miss Fuller, Miss Gauntier and the others of the pioneer era is comparable to this. Seemingly impossible — and yet it happened. Nothing like it could occur in any other path of artistic endeavor. Certainly the stage does not toss its idols aside so heartlessly and so carelessly.

Today these favorites return to the paths they pioneered and find themselves unknown. As Miss Lawrence says, it is like coming back to the old home, only to find all your friends and loved ones gone. The axiom that it is harder to come back than arrive has never been exemplified better than in the world of dramatic shadows.

Unwept, unhonored — and unfilmed. So these idols of yesteryear go on their lonely way, watching the coming of new favorites, and wondering.

There is no more moving story than that of Florence Turner, that idol of the screen when it was in its infancy and its innocence. Miss Turner was the famous “Vitagraph Girl.” When I first located her, she was living in London, England, at No. 3 Randolph Road, Maidale Vale, W. 9. Stories had come out of Los Angeles that a fund was being launched for Miss Turner, who was reported to be destitute in England. Since Miss Turner’s first correspondence with me seemed to indicate that the pathos of her condition was exaggerated, I wrote again. Then it was that Miss Turner confessed the distress of her situation.

Luckily, at this moment, the heart of a star today, Marion Davies, was touched by the tragedy of Miss Turner’s career.

By
Frederick James Smith
ARe we too forgetful of our idols? That seems to be the vital lesson to be drawn from this remarkable article about the old time stars, telling for the first time exactly what has happened to them.

Reading these poignant little stories, each something of a tragedy in its way, one can realize the tears that lurk behind the screen. Public favor is a fickle thing.

Incidentally, this article is an admirable instance of good reporting. Mr. Smith spent three months on the task—but he found every one of the players of yesterday. Their stories, of disillusionment and heartache, are now yours.

James R. Quirk

She brought Miss Turner and her mother to America, gave her a rôle in "Janice Meredith" and offered her the permanent post of scenario reader for her productions.

"Says Miss Turner:"

"The war here ruined my company and my prospects, so, at the age of twenty-nine (in 1916, when I returned to America), I found the picture business so changed as to be almost completely out of it. After the war I returned to England, having been made a definite offer by a big firm here to star again. I arrived with my mother to find another woman, a star stage, in my place. I had nothing on paper and so I had no claim upon them. The firm has since gone out of business.

"Trade conditions in England have been getting steadily worse for the last two years. Few companies are operating. In sixteen months I have done sixteen days' work!"

"I am called the 'veteran of the screen' and 'the very first old timer.' It has led people, both trade and public, to think I am years older than I am. They forget that in 1907, when I first went to Vitagraph, I was only twenty years old. Playing very old women then has also been responsible for the idea that I am aged. Also, the public's memory for time is very short. People, not having seen me for seventeen years on the films, rate it as twenty-five, quite forgetting dates and also that there were no pictures that long ago.

"All this has helped very much to put me where I am today, a better actress than I ever was and a better photoplay subject. I looked older on the films in my first six years in them, when we were experimenting with lighting and cameras, than I do now, when the mechanics of the screen have been perfected."

Miss Turner has deserved better by the fates. Her pioneer playing at old Vitagraph was one of the high lights of old time picture making. Miss Turner came of a theatrical family and made her stage debut at the age of three. She applied to the Vitagraph, then occupying a single small studio in Brooklyn, on May 17, 1907, and, as was the wont in those happy-go-lucky days, was engaged to play the lead in a 300-foot classic, "How to Cure a Cold." Many other pictures followed.

At the age of twenty Miss Turner was playing everything in the studio, as she says, "except a babe in arms and a policeman." In October, 1907, Albert E. Smith engaged Miss Turner to be a permanent member of Vitagraph. "I was the first girl to be permanently engaged by any picture firm," she says.

Miss Turner went on from picture to picture, her fame as the "Vitagraph Girl" sweeping across the land as the screen outposts advanced. In the period following 1907, Miss Turner played the leads in "Francesca da Rimini," which she adapted for the screen, "Launcelot and Elaine," "Jealousy," a photoplay in which she played alone and unaided by a single subtitle, and "A Tale of Two Cities," claimed to be the first American made two-reeler. This was produced in November, 1910, and the cast included Maurice Costello, who had joined the company on March 31, 1909, Charles Kent, as Dr. Manette, and Leo Delaney, as Enronde. Norma Talmadge did the tiny role of Mimi in this production.

In May, 1910, Miss Turner's name appeared on the screen for the first time. The film was one in which James J. Corbett appeared, and its feature was a boxing match between Gentleman Jim and Miss Turner. "I can still remember my great interest and pleasure at seeing my name seemingly to jump out from the little screen in the projection room at Vitagraph when Mr. Blackton surprised me with it," she relates. Thus the public came to know the identity of the "Vitagraph Girl."

In January, 1913, Miss Turner left Vitagraph. She had longed to launch her own company, the first star to seek the road leading to greater glory—or disaster. Knowing it would be impossible to buck the licensed film organization of that time, she decided to go to England. Ill health had something to do with the decision, too, for Miss Turner felt that the change in climate would be helpful.

Miss Turner first appeared in the English music halls. Then she opened her own film company, the Turner Films, Ltd. Success came to Turner Films and the organization began to broaden. Henry Edwards was engaged as director and leading man for Miss Turner, while Larry Trimble turned to directing such stars as John Hare and Henry Ainley. One of the most popular Turner films of this period was "A Welsh Singer."

Then the war came and one by one the English studios were forced to close. Miss Turner's company struggled on, but, after a heavy financial loss, closed its doors late in 1916.
Miss Turner came back to America late in 1910. She played in several films for Universal and had a contract with Metro. Then came an offer to return to English films. So she went back to London—and her tragic seven years began. Among other productions, she did, during this time, the leads in a series of W. W. Jacobs' comedies and she made a two-reel novelty, called "Film Favorites," in which she burlesqued thirty players, including Charles Chaplin, Lilian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Larry Semon and Mae Murray. Miss Turner played every character in the film.

Now Miss Turner is back in America. "I want to go on," she says, "for I have loved every moment of my years of film work, from the grand old days, when I did everything at Vitagraph, from playing leads to being cashier, casting director, super-master and so on, to now. Can't I go on?" Now, with Miss Davies' aid, it is possible that Miss Turner will no longer have to eat her heart out in idleness.

The story of my long search for Mary Fuller and my finding of the one time Edison star is so interesting that it is impossible to tell it in the limited space of this article. This will be told in Photoplay next month.

"How can I get into motion pictures?" Lottie Briscoe asked me ingenuously. She left the screen eight years ago. The termination of her screen career was tragic but, now that the passing years have tempered memories, she is longing again for the Cooper-Hewitts. The combination of Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe at old Lubin was one of the happiest and most popular in the whole history of screendom.

Miss Briscoe told me a poignant story of the way the screen passed her by, a story that has never been told before. Miss Briscoe had played briefly with Essanay, opposite Francis X. Bushman, and with the old Imp company, before she was engaged by Sigmund Lubin to play with Arthur Johnson, who was probably one of the best actors ever evolved by the films. Miss Briscoe played opposite Mr. Johnson for four and a half years. Johnson, a happy-go-lucky chap with a sort of Wallie Reid personality, was very likeable, her associations at the Lubin studio were pleasant, and the future seemed rosy indeed.

Then Johnson's health began to break, although no one suspected that his collapse would be so rapid or so complete. Finally, he was forced to take to his bed. Miss Briscoe had been suffering from chronic appendicitis and she seized upon the interlude in production to undergo an operation. She bade goodbye to Johnson and came to a hospital in New York.

Miss Briscoe underwent the operation at 12:30 o'clock noon on January 17, 1916. Johnson died in Atlantic City at exactly the same moment of the same day. Naturally, Miss Briscoe was not told of his death until weeks later.

Miss Briscoe was in ill health for a long time after, in fact she did not fully recover for five years. However, she returned to the Lubin studio and was offered a rôle. She declined, being still too unstrung by Johnson's tragic death and her own illness. Thus came about her retirement from the screen.

When not on tour in vaudeville, Miss Briscoe lives at the Hotel Princeton, in West 45th Street, New York. She has been doing a child impersonation in this variety playlet, so you can guess as to her youthful appearance. She should be at the zenith of her film career today. Instead, she is forgotten.

Miss Briscoe frankly admits she has tried to return to motion pictures, but without success. "I don't know how to go about it," she says. "Things have changed so. Only the other day a friend of mine received a call from a studio. She is an experienced actress and had played considerably in pictures in the past. They made her go through 'the emotional tryout before they decided she wasn't the type. I'd never be able to do that." An odd comment from an actress who had played hundreds of screen roles!

Miss Briscoe tells some interesting stories of Arthur Johnson, whose father was a minister and whose brother is still a pastor in Brooklyn. Johnson had had considerable stage experience and had worked in pictures with David Wark Griffith. "Arthur Johnson could never understand his picture success," relates Miss Briscoe. "We would watch a finished picture in the Lubin projection room, and, after everyone had expressed themselves more or less enthusiastically about it, she would walk across the studio yard back to work.

"Johnson would always shake his head and murmur:"

"They'll get wise to us yet."

"When an offer came from an independent company of a thousand dollars a week, he roared and tossed the letter aside indignantly. "They're mad," he exclaimed."

Johnson reached the top salary of $400 a week, just at the time of his death.

My search for Dorothy Bernard led me to the editorial offices of Her's International Magazine, where Miss Bernard, in real life the wife of A. H. Van Buren, the actor, is assistant art editor.
Miss Bernard was one of the very first stars of the old Biograph company under the Griffith regime, dividing honors with Mary Pickford and Blanche Sweet. She appeared in the leading roles of some twenty now historic Biograph productions, including Griffith’s unforgettable two-reel version of Brownings’ “Blot on the Scutcheon.”

Miss Bernard was born in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, and her parents were theater folk. She played behind the footlights as a child, and, after her parents brought her to America at the age of seven, went to school in Portland, Oregon, and Los Angeles, California. David Wark Griffith, then known as Lawrence Griffith, had been a member of her father’s stock company in Portland, so it was natural that she should seek a movie opportunity with him at the old Biograph studio at 11 East 14th Street. Indeed, while Miss Bernard was a student in Portland the soon-to-be-famous Griffith had been a “kid crush.” She still has schoolbooks with many an “L. G.” inscribed upon their pages.

Miss Bernard was a Biographer for two years, beginning in 1910, the organization at that time numbering Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Mabel Normand, Mary Alden, Fricilla Dean, then playing bits, Claire McDowell, Arthur Johnson, Owen Moore, Henry Walthall, James Kirkwood, Wilfred Lucas, Charles West and Charles Mallees.

“I’m afraid none of us, except Mary, took motion pictures seriously,” Miss Bernard told me, “Mary used to say, ‘You must work harder if you want to succeed.’ I can remember how appalled Mary was when I spent a whole week’s salary, $125, on a large white hat with a black Bird of Paradise. Even Blanche Sweet thought it was the wildest extravagance.

“Loneliness for my husband finally caused me to leave the Biograph company, then located in California, so I packed my baby and my belongings and came East.” Later Miss Bernard was a member of the Fox company for two years and five of the intervening years were given over to the stage. She made just one screen appearance since, a role in Cosmopolitan’s “The Wild Goose,” produced in 1922.

“I left the screen,” explains Miss Bernard frankly, “because the films demand extreme youth and I had none of that precious commodity left. There is no room in filmdom for a woman over twenty-five, unless you have a rare streak of genius and even then it’s a fight. But, with my husband busy all the time and my ‘baby’ going to high school, I had to find something to help keep my mind active. So I turned to a magazine position, You’ve often read the line ‘From Stenographer to Star.’ I’ve reversed the process, almost. But, at least, I hope to be able to tell my children’s children that I was once a Griffith star and that I had my picture on the cover of Photoplay.”

My search for Gene Gauntier, the famous early star of the old Kalem Company, led to Kansas City, Mo., and then across the Atlantic to Stockholm, Sweden, where the actress can be addressed at Laboratoriegatan 10.

My letters followed Miss Gauntier to Piestany, the watering place of Czecho-Slovakia, where she was visiting with her mother and father.

“Told pictures during the war,” Miss Gauntier writes me, “There were several reasons. I was worn out and had lost enthusiasm, without which we cannot, of course, progress. My work in pictures had been too difficult, my strength was sapped and it had become drudgery, especially the new way in which they were produced. In addition to playing the principal parts, I also wrote, with the exception of a bare half-dozen, every one of the five hundred or so pictures in which I appeared. I picked locations, supervised sets, passed on tests, co-directed with

Photoplay Brings Mary Fuller Out of Retirement

For years Mary Fuller has been lost to the screen and the public eye. Her whereabouts have been a complete mystery. Only her attorney and banker knew whereabout and they would not tell. Mr. Smith, author of this article, was assigned to find her, and the story of his accomplishment reads like a tale of adventure. His complete story with new pictures will appear in

The August Issue of Photoplay

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]
Meet the Champ

A woman’s impression of Jack Dempsey who is now getting a million for facing the camera

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

To top the works, at the door of Mr. Dempsey’s set I was met by a large, uniformed policeman. Somewhere in me there must be a submerged criminal instinct, because the sight of a policeman always makes me jump. No matter how law-abiding I may be at the moment, I feel guilty.

“Hello, hello, hello,” I said, in what I considered an easy, off-hand manner, and which aroused his suspicions at once.

“What do you want?” he said more pointed than polite.

“I’ve got an appointment with Jack Dempsey,” I said modestly. I have never heard anything sound less truthful. I hardly believed it myself.

“Yeh?” said the cop, skeptically, “you and all the other women within ten miles of this joint. Now listen, little girl, you run along home to your mama, and don’t be hanging around these prize-fighters.”

I stood quivering between a desire to kiss him for calling me little girl and to slap him for insinuating that I’d hang around after anything male.

“But I really”—I began.

He shook his head wearily. “You want to know how many women have been here this morning trying to get in to see the Champ? Eighty-two, that’s all. And some of them were lulus. Some of ’em climbed up over that mountain, too, to get here.”

“But I”—I tried again.

“Now, girlie,” he said, magnanimously, “I can’t do it. Besides, it’ll only get you in trouble. Take my word for it. I’ve seen a lot of the world.”

“But”—I strangled between rage and laughter.

Just then the door opened. It saved either that cop’s life, or mine. A very dapper little man, of sporting persuasion, appeared.

“R’you Mrs. St. Johns?” he asked.

I admitted that I was. At least I had been when I started out. I was fast becoming a raging maniac.

“Champ’ll see you,” he said. I gave the cop a look of triumph. He only shook his head.
Plainly, my downfall moved him deeply.

Inside, on the set, I was instantly engulfed. Jack Boyle, who writes great crook stories and owns a bear, dashed up. He told me that Dempsey was one of the greatest fighting men that had ever lived. He iterated and re-iterated that news. Before I could catch my breath, young Douglas Fairbanks sailed at me from the other side and began an enthusiastic description of the Champ’s physique. The dapper young person led me trembling by half a dozen sweated men. “Don’t be scared,” he said kindly; “he’s just a big boy.”

An instant later he added, “Meet the Champ.”

He didn’t seem particularly glad to see me. After all, never having heard of me before in all his life, there was no special reason why he should begin cheering when I hove on the set. He didn’t. He was polite—scrupulously polite—in fact, I think he is the politest man I’ve ever met—but there was a nice sincerity about the way he conveyed to me that I was all part of the day’s work and the sooner I started my business and was on my way, the more we’d all be able to accomplish in twenty-four hours.

Actors are not like that. In fact, the only thing about Jack Dempsey that was like an actor was the grease-paint none too smoothly ornamenting his un-beautiful countenance.

I have too much imagination. That’s the trouble. I hadn’t been thinking about this man, at all. I’d been thinking about the things he stood for.

I was going to see the man who could lick any other man in the world in a hand-to-hand battle. I was going to see a half-starved, ignorant, low-browed tramp who, with unheard-of grit, had fought his way to a place where one of the shrewdest producers in the game paid him a million dollars for his presence as a screen star. I was going to see an ugly man—to see whom eighty-two women would battle a policeman, and in my heart I wondered joyously if Valentino might have a real rival with at least half his feminine followers.

The Champ.

Therefore, I was prepared for almost anything—anything, that is, except this soft-voiced, light-stepping, gentle, almost negative young chap who bowed with some grace and dignity and said quietly, “Get the lady a chair.”

I do not know what this man, who is a potential great drawing card in pictures, will be like on the screen. Personally, he is as nice, and pleasant, and unpretentious a chap as you’d meet in a month’s walk. There is nothing of the pirate about him, nothing of the picturesque, nothing of the showman. He is amazingly, completely natural, and yet once or twice I longed to say to him, “Be yourself. I won’t get sore.”

If he is negative, it is undoubtedly because his managers have kicked out of him the rough and ready personality that was his before he became champion. He has wiped out the old pork and beaner, who never saw a dress suit except on a waiter. He has tossed down the primitive man of brutal force and virile individuality. They’ve taught him manners and grammar. And as yet he has nothing with which to replace that old self. The only thing he has retained that is vital—outside the ring—is a darn sweet disposition. Everyone around him, everyone who knows him and works with him, likes him.

And being a champion is a tough job. It requires the diplomatic skill of an ambassador, the good fellowship of a ward politician, and the tact of a matinee idol’s wife, if a man is to be popular.

Another thing, he looks amazingly small, in his clothes. He doesn’t give you the impression when you meet him of being a big man. True, he is a very light man to be heavyweight champion. He fights at around 190, and he is just over six feet. Willard outweighed him about forty pounds, when they fought at Toledo.

More than that, he is so perfectly proportioned, so smooth-muscled, so rounded.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]
Who is Reading This Story?

GIRLS and boys in their teens, families around the library table, grimly concentrated business men taking respite in the wilds of the office, professors and scientists studying the screen as the most amazing institution of the age, publishers seeking to attune their pages to the eyes-minded public, the players of the screen themselves, and—romantically indeed, men and women in far places, castaways, drifters and adventurers of one time motion picture fame. All these are numbered in the audience of "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture."

It would be a conceit to lay claim to credit for all this for Photoplay Magazine or for the author. It is an homage to the great art and industry of the screen itself. The history in the measure of its service partakes of its subject.

"Monumental" is the word that Thomas Edison has used in a letter about "The Romantic History."

"You are the only one who knows what is the true history of the cinematograph," reads a letter from Eugene Lauste, the French mechanic who built the Latham picture machine, now forgotten these twenty years.

"I am one of the Gaity Girls of 1896," writes a woman from the South, filled with reminiscence, "and I danced for the Edison pictures you have written about."

From a remote, sun-cursed jungle town of the Malay Archipelago, a camera man who has for ten years been a fugitive for a breach of trust, writes to say, "I'll never be back, and your story is the nearest thing to a letter from home that I have ever had. I forget to smell the stinking copra when I read it."

In this is our reward.

The chapter here presented reveals the rising intensity of the super-drama of motion picture development in terms of the personal ambitions, strivings, triumphs and failures of the people who make the motion picture. Here are glimpses of the telegraph operator who became a screen dictator, an actor who became a great director and died without seeing his first masterpiece, and the story of the world's greatest picture.

James R. Quirk, Editor.

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Chapter XXVIII

AND still we linger a while in the days of 1913, while yet the motion picture was feeling its way and trying to find its own proper place in the world of expression.

One memorable title, significant of many aspects of motion picture evolution, survives in memory conspicuously among the scores of experimental efforts of the period. It is the lurid Traffic in Souls.

The history of that romantically remarkable project illuminates that age of the motion picture art with special clarity.

This was the day, now a decade past, when the social movement that has given the present era its startling sex frankness, was just evolving from laboratory considerations of the practical sociologists of pulpit, politics, press, and stage, into a recognized universal interest. The motion picture, then in the beginnings of the future era, had just attained the scope to share in the movement.

It all began, it seems, back in the nineties when Dr. Parkhurst went into the Tenderloin of New York and came forth with the revelations of the vice world which resulted presently in the famous Lexow investigation, and for twenty years a long sequel of similar revealing movements in many centers, notably in Chicago and New York, with activities rising from the aggressive interest of Hull House settlement, resulting also in the sensational but somewhat suppressed inquiries of the Chicago Vice Commission and the Committee of Fifteen. A running sequence of spectacular events, typified by the scarlet melodrama of an inter-departmental police battle fought with guns in the open streets of the underworld of Chicago, gave the movement enough visible physical drama of action to maintain and fan the public interest.

It became rather apparent to the usually unconscious public that there was a national and international traffic in "white slaves," well organized and capably managed. In time this ran the customary gamut of expression, starting with newspaper headlines, and thence successively into Sunday supplements, periodical fiction, novels, and latterly plays of the stage. Here are some reminiscent titles: "The House of Bondage," "The Lure," "Damaged Goods."

The actor-directors of motion pictures of the time were but newly from the stage and the drama of the stage still occupied their most serious attention. The larger destiny of the motion picture was still uncertain.

Among these actor-directors was the late George Loane Tucker, now famous as the maker of "The Miracle Man," the picture which made Betty Compson, Thomas Meighan and Lon Chaney stars. But in 1913 Tucker was merely one of the several young men engaged in grinding out one-reel program pictures for the "Imp" release on the Universal program.

Tucker saw everything on Broadway, including "The Lure" and "The Battle," both of which were so highly colored that they brought police intervention.
Tucker came away from the theater afire with inspiration. He would make a great revealing motion picture, a police picture dealing with the white slave traffic. At the studio-laboratory he babbled his idea to Jack Cohn, the film cutter and editor of Imp releases.

It was a part of the scheming economy of the Imp administration to try to induce its directors to photograph what they thought were one-reel pictures and then to pad them into two-reel releases in the cutting room. If the directors had realized fully that they were engaged on such pretentious projects as two-reel pictures their prices and the cost of production would have gone up. A great deal of the practical diplomacy of this technique fell upon Cohn. In execution of the policy he became interested in talking picture story ideas to the directors to decoy them into exposing enough film footage to permit the application of the amplification process in the cutting room. This had made him a literary confidential of Tucker.

Now fate had laid exactly the proper background for Tucker’s white slave picture idea. Jack Cohn’s father had been a police outfitter, with an establishment not far from the old Tenderloin station. In his pre-picture days Master Jackie Cohn was a raid fan who answered all of the exciting calls for the reserves along with the officers. Jack knew the subject. He of course caught fire with Tucker’s enthusiasm. Walter McNamara was enlisted in the elaboration of the idea and soon the whole studio force was involved in the excitement.

With the assurance born of this interest, Tucker went to Carl Laemmle, the president of Universal, to get authority to put the picture into production. Laemmle and the chieftains of the motion picture industry in general in that day were concerned with concentration on the business of controlling the industry of the motion picture and not at all interested in the pictures themselves. The film was a mere incidental, but necessary, instrument of the pursuit of money and power. The great war between Laemmle and Pat Powers over the control of Universal was still raging.

The great slogan of the moment was, “Let who will make the picture, but let me make the money.”

Tucker with his white slave picture project got put out. Laemmle was of short patience with silly young men who wanted to bother him with such details—especially since Tucker admitted that he wanted to spend $5,000 on his picture. That was enough money to make a dozen Imp program pictures.

George Loane Tucker found himself and his little white slave idea talking to themselves in the hall at 1600 Broadway and the door shut behind them.

Tucker went back to the studio to report defeat. A conspiracy was born. Five of the enthusiasts plotted to make the picture even without the approval of the big boss, and then, if in last resort he could not be won by a screen demonstration, to pay the costs themselves. The five conspirators agreed to stand good for a thousand dollars each. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]
Jane Cowl avoids the Screen

"The screen is silent, colorless, with two dimensions. Depth, which the screen lacks, is most important. No actress ever appears on the screen. Only their shadows show. Screen players lose the thrill of contact with their public, the stimulus which stirs actors to greatest effort."

Norma Talmadge avoids the Stage

"A stage play can achieve success from the tricks or mannerisms of one actress, but mannerisms are fatal to a screen star. The stage actor is known to the few who can afford to see him, but the film actor is known to the world. Why are players fond of the speaking stage? Vanity is the answer."

Laurette Taylor appears on both

"Films appeal to me because they are permanent. What would the world give today to see Duse in her youth or Bernhardt at her zenith? The voice is the glorious thing that the stage retains, making the screen appeal mute and indirect. The art of acting might be made complete by an actress at her best in both."

By Gardiner Carroll

Jane Cowl started this! A motion picture magnate offered to let her write her own contract for a film engagement. She refused point-blank.

Norma Talmadge speeded up the discussion. Norma retorted that the screen was so far superior to the stage that nothing could tempt her to forsake the kliegs for the calcium.

Laurette Taylor ended the discussion. When asked which she liked better and thought the higher art—the screen or stage—Laurette laughed and gave the Irish answer: "Both!"

"After all," said Miss Cowl thoughtfully, "no actress ever appears on the screen. Players who pursue art through the films never catch up with it. The screen shows only their shadows, while the stage retains their substance."

"The screen is to the stage what the stage is to life. If the stage is a reflection of life, the screen is merely the photograph of that reflection. The screen is silent, colorless, with two dimensions, length and breadth. Depth, which the screen lacks, is perhaps the most important dimension of all.

"This incompleteness pervades the whole film field. The human voice is half of acting and the photoplay silences it. "Screen actors lose the thrill of contact with their public, and with it lose the stimulus which an audience gives and which stirs stage actors to greatest effort.

"Then too, a finished photoplay is permanently fixed. Every presentation is an exact duplicate of every other. A motion picture cannot be developed to its highest artistry under the strong light of public opinion, as stage drama is developed to perfection.

"Film acting is less laborious, but there are fewer triumphs. Screen technique is largely expressive emotionalism, and easy for an actress of experience to acquire. Do screen actresses succeed as readily on the stage? No.

"Four-fifths of a motion picture is contributed by the director. Screen stars have been developed frequently from nothing by directors, a condition almost impossible on the stage. I am not prejudiced," concluded Jane Cowl, "and I do not speak without screen experience. I played in 'The Spreading Dawn' in film form, and I am glad that the picture as released was unsuccessful, for it suffered all the defects we have been discussing and I would not have my ability as an actress judged by it.

"Yet I would like to make another picture in the way I think a picture should be made, if only for my personal satisfaction."

Norma Talmadge did not know what Jane had said, when she was invited to participate in the discussion. Norma will not know what Jane said until this issue of Photoplay is mailed to subscribers. She was asked merely to state what she thought of Miss Cowl's rejection of the screen contract and why. Here is what Norma responded:

"Nearly every stage actress who fails in motion pictures regards the screen with lofty disdain, and disdain is often evy in masquerade."

"My life is wrapped in studio work. I enjoy it. The stage does not appeal to me. Never have I thought of trying the stage. I am a film actress and prefer to remain so.

"But why are theatrical players so fond of the spoken stage? Vanity is the answer, usually—the desire to sway crowds across the footlights.

"The stage actor is known in the few places that can afford to pay to see him. The film actor is known to the whole world. If he gives a fine performance, the high and the low of all countries thrill to it. The question resolves itself into a preference between widespread fame on the screen or the gratification of vanity on the stage.

"Staging a theater production is simple in comparison to screen staging. In the theater, much of the smoothing down is done after production, but a film must be polished to perfection before release, which means that far more care and artistry must be exercised in films.
A stage play can achieve success from the mannerisms or tricks of one actress, but mannerisms are fatal to a film star. Films require that direction, acting, story, photography, setting, and even cutting must co-ordinate. The director is the master, but all parts of the production are in the trust of skilled artists.

"Finally, there is little diversity on the stage. Actors repeat the same things endlessly. But to compare screen and stage is unfair."

"Screen methods are nearer those of the painter or symphonic composer."

"Making photoplays is a colossal game. It is life. I give to it my best."

"Why, then, should I change for the stage?"

Then came Laurette Taylor, of the blue eyes and the silken sunny hair—whose Peg o' My Heart on the screen has been acclaimed as rarely beautiful as her Peg o' My Heart on the stage, and she said:

"I believe a thorough actress should be effective on screen or stage. If the screen is incomplete, the stage is not yet perfect, but the art of acting might be made complete by the actress at her best in spoken and silent drama too."

"While I have had far more experience on the stage, I cannot agree that the stage requires greater physical effort. The waits and the rests necessitated in screen work convince me that patience is indeed a virtue."

"The films appeal to me because they are permanent. What would the world give today to see Duse in her youth or Bernhardt at the height of her power on the screen? The picture I made of Peg will be treasured as long as I live, and by my children's children long after I'm gone. I hope."

"That's vanity, but I'm human, and I believe that the same feeling may inspire the preference of many actresses for the screen."

"On the stage, we can see our audience, it's true, but never ourselves. On the screen, we can see ourselves and be part of our own audiences as well."

"An important advantage that the screen possesses is the ability of the camera to reveal one's soul. The lens strikes below the surface and reveals nuances of emotion that cannot be shown on the stage."

"Those who scoff that motion pictures lack depth should beware the camera or they'll find their souls exposed when they may least desire it."

"The variety of the screen appeals strongly to me, and the thrill of seeing the rushes is something like that of a first night—but I am sustaining the screen when I'm a stage actress! Doesn't it sound like heresy?"

"Oh yes, of course I'm doing more pictures, but I'll never really desert the stage. I do think that a stage star can 'put across' a play while a screen star rarely can. The director must assume the great responsibility there, and he should to obtain the harmony of effort and effect necessary on the screen, and often nearly impossible on the stage."

"The ideal condition would be for a stage player to be able to appear at one time in many places. That is impossible, but we may go forth in films or travel with the stage or utilize the two forms of art."

"The voice is the glorious thing that the stage retains, of course, making the appeal of the screen indirect and mute. Yet there is an attraction in the films that is irresistible to me when I am on the stage toward the end of a run—just as, when I am near the finish of a film, the call of the stage commands me."

"Is it the conflict between the personal pull of the stage and the permanent promise of the screen?"

"Some one else will have to answer that question."

"How can I choose between them when my nature won't let me—my choice is:"

"BOTH!"

---

*Jane Cowl prefers the stage because of what she terms the incompleteness of the motion picture field*

*Norma Talmadge believes that screen methods are nearer those of the painter or symphonic composer*
Our Foremost Woman Director

To be a playwright, a scenario writer and the owner of Strongheart would seem to be enough fame for one woman. But Jane Murfin is making a bid for even more by becoming a producer and directing her own pictures. She has Justin McCloskey as co-director, but she is in charge. This picture was taken while she was giving directions to the electrician as to the placing of an arc for better illumination.
Etiquette & Fashions of the Film World

When at a cabaret, a gentleman should always sit sideways at the table with his legs crossed, and after each number he should stand in his chair and applaud.

Because of the tendency of male evening coats to crumple and wrinkle when sat upon, it has become quite the fashion for gentlemen to take one tail in each hand, and to draw them forward simultaneously about the waist when they’re about to be seated.

When addressing butlers or other menials you should be most careful to avoid any suggestion of equality or familiarity, lest you appear to be in sympathy with the lower classes. When giving an order always raise the eyebrows haughtily and speak over your shoulder.

At all social teas—however intimate or informal—the hostess, under no circumstances, should personally serve her guests. Instead, there should always be three or more butlers officiating, adorned with bushy sideburns and attired in the full-dress uniform of French generals during the reign of Louis XVI.

Caps are very much the thing for smart young men and for bachelors who lead a gay life. They should be made of heavy, thick, fuzzy material resembling lamb’s-down, and should be light-colored and preferably checkered. Also, they should be cut so that the crown will hang down over the ears and give the effect of a Tam O’Shanter or mushroom. The visor should extend outward like the eaves of a Japanese pagoda.

Any doctor who wishes to build up a clientele among the Four Hundred should, when paying a professional visit, wear a frock coat, gray spats and a high silk hat; and, no matter what the malady, he should lift the patient’s eyelid and, after gazing solemnly underneath, stroke his chin meditatively.

When a young, single lady enters a drawing-room, she should trip in gaily and sit down on the arm of a chair or on the edge of a table. It is also most de rigueur to sit with one leg curved underneath the person and to swing the other leg back and forth.

The latest fashion, which has found great favor with gentlemen who desire reputations as stylish and snappy dressers, is the wearing of low turn-over collars with Tuxedo, or dinner, jackets. These new collars have long points which extend, with a slight outward roll, well down on the shirt bosom. But the real innovation of this neckwear is the tie which accompanies it. This latest modish cravat is a very narrow bow—a mere bit of black tape—whose ends are tucked under the collar and completely hidden except for the knot.

When tendered a glass of spiritual liquor by your host, take a tentative sip, then hold the glass away and inspect it admiringly, at the same time winking the eye broadly, smacking the lips, and massaging the stomach with a free hand. Then toss off the remainder at one gulp.

Any bachelor desiring to maintain his social eminence should have a Japanese valet who never stops rubbing his hands together and grinning broadly.

In the residence of anybody who makes the slightest pretense of really being anybody at all, the telephone instrument should be hidden. Only in tenement houses and the homes of the most indigent is the telephone uncovered. If you can afford it, you should have a special cupboard hollowed out in the drawing-room wall, with two small inlaid paneled doors which swing outward by touching a hidden spring. Still, you may hold your head up among your fellows if you only have the ‘phone enclosed beneath the silken skirt of a large doll attired and coiffured like a court favorite in the days of Louis Quatorze. But, whatever else you expose in your home, remember that under no circumstances must the telephone be visible.

It is taboo in the best circles for a lady to offer her hand, at a formal affair, to anyone who is presented to her. She should acknowledge the introduction merely by the mere suspicion of a mirthless smile and the suppressed mumbling of a few unintelligible words. If the other person is boor enough to hold out his hand, she should ignore it, and leave it hanging in space.

All foreign diplomats, when visiting America, should wear long cape coats turned back over one shoulder, and should stretch a broad ribbon diagonally across the bosom of their evening shirt.

[Continued on page 135]
A Real "Merton of the Movies"

With a railroad ticket and an ambition to play with Mary Pickford, George Hackathorne broke into pictures as a $3-a-day extra and became one of the screen's best actors

GEORGE HACKATHORNE was born in Pendleton, Oregon, made his stage debut as Little Willie in "East Lynne," became obsessed by the idea that he wanted to play in pictures with Mary Pickford, and worked as a three-dollar-a-day extra for years before he finally achieved his ambition. He's a real Merton of the Movies.

That is a thumbnail sketch of George, who is today one of the most successful actors on the screen, and one of the best—they aren't necessarily synonymous. He is personally responsible for the statement that he was a real Merton, but you never would believe it to meet him today. He talks like a New Yorker, dresses like an Englishman, and leaves you feeling as if you'd just had tea with a character from a William J. Locke novel.

Pendleton, Oregon, is the last stronghold of the Old West. It is largely inhabited by citizens any one of whom might be mistaken for Bill Hart, Tom Mix, or Hoot Gibson on sight. And the Pendleton Round-Up, with real westerners, is the very last echo of the great days when the cowboy was the most romantic and thrilling character left in America.

If ever I met a gent that didn't look like he came from Pendleton, it's George Hackathorne, with his slim, youthful figure, and his wistful, appealing face, and his deep idealism. Yet there's a tough fibre of perseverance and dogged determination in him, a mental daring and ruthlessness, that carry the story of his western forebears.

Because, while today George Hackathorne is sought by producers everywhere, while his work in "Human Wreckage" and in "Merry-Go-Round" have placed him beyond question as the finest character juvenile in pictures, and directors know there's only one man who can play certain parts, things were not always thus.

Far, far from it.

There was a time when young George Hackathorne, down to his last clean collar and his last very thin dime, was pretty busy trying to convince anybody that he was a good member of a very large mob.

"I expect," he said, looking at
MORE WOMEN . . .

use this liquid polish than all others combined

At last there is a Liquid Polish with all the features you have longed for in a nail polish.

So thin a single drop spreads over the whole nail giving a lustrous smooth surface. So firm it won’t crack or peel off; water will not mar it, and its brilliance lasts a whole week.

The tiny brush holds just enough polish for one nail. It dries almost instantly. There is no bother with a separate polish remover—almost enough to account for its popularity alone.

No wonder that after such a short time more women are already using Cutex Liquid Polish than all other liquid polishes combined. Try it at the end of your very next Cutex manicure. And when you are ready for a fresh manicure just take off the old polish with a drop of fresh polish, wiped off immediately before it dries.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish at drug or department stores in the United States and Canada for only 35c, and at chemists’ shops in England. And it is in two of the complete Cutex manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

THE COMPLETE MANICURE

Send 12c for Introductory Set

First shape the nails with the Cutex emery board. Then soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin with Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then comes Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails smooth and healthy with a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort).

Send the coupon at right with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. Q-7, 700 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-7
114 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name
Street (or P. O. box)
City State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Pictures That Talk

Dr. Lee De Forest has at last succeeded in synchronizing the action with sound.

And now the motion pictures really talk. It has been almost twenty years since Thomas A. Edison first tried to accomplish this, but it has remained for Dr. Lee De Forest to bring the "talkies" to their present stage of advancement.

Mr. Edison's first attempt was made by the simple process of playing stock cylinder records on a phonograph and having the actors sing, or pretend to sing, with the record, while the camera photographed the lip movement. By this method synchronization was impossible. Sometimes the singer would be far ahead or behind the record that the result was laughable.

Edison knew this would never do, so he finally invented the "kinetophone." Again he used the phonograph, but he obtained better results by making the phonograph record at the same time as the motion picture negative. This gave perfect synchronization in the taking of the pictures, but two operators were needed for the projection—one for the film in the booth and the other, back stage, to run the phonograph.

Sometimes the results were good. More often they were not. But, nevertheless, these pictures had quite a vogue and drew great audiences all over the country. Edison was not satisfied, but he never was able to get perfect synchronization, nor was any of a dozen others who tried.

About this time Lee De Forest, then a young electrical engineer in the West, was experimenting with wireless, or radio, as it is now called. Out of this came the "audion," which is now a part of every radio set and which makes broadcasting and receiving possible. Three years ago De Forest became interested in motion pictures and began his experiments to make them talk. He realized that synchronization and audibility were essential. After three years he has worked out his "Phonofilm." He has synchronized the picture and the voice by photographing the sound on the same strip of film with the action and at the same time. Instead of the voice being phonographed, it is radioed from the speaker's lips, by sound waves, to the camera. There these sound waves are converted into light waves and photographed on the left side of the film.

All of this is accomplished with any standard motion picture camera, to which has been added an attachment for photographing sound.

The negative thus produced is developed in the usual manner and prints made exactly similar to the prints of any other motion picture.

In projecting the De Forest Phonofilms, an inexpensive attachment is necessary, which fits on any standard projection machine. In this attachment is a tiny incandescent lamp. As the film passes this light, the lines made by the voice become "flickers" or light waves. These light waves are picked up by infinitesimal wires and converted into sound waves again. Other larger wires take the sound waves into the amplifier, from which they are carried from the projection room by ordinary wires back-stage, amplified again, and thrown on the screen in precise synchronization with the action of the scene.

"But what if the print should break?"

That is one of the first questions...
Always Look for the Gold Seal

The Gold Seal shown above is pasted on the face of every genuine guaranteed Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of guaranteed Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard. Don't fail to look for it!

For the summer porch, too—Congoleum Rugs are a real joy!

Parching sunshine, driving rain, the mishaps of many porch parties! The sturdy and colorful Congoleum Rug withstands them all.

For cottage, bungalow or camp—indoors or out—there's no other floor-covering so practical, so attractive and so economical as these popular modern rugs.

Their smooth, firm surface and staunch, durable base are absolutely waterproof and sanitary. Dirt, grease and spilled things can be whisked away with just a few easy strokes of a damp mop.

Congoleum Rugs hug the floor without fastening of any kind.

Among the many artistic designs are dainty floral effects, fascinating Oriental motifs, neat tiles and mosaics—patterns appropriate for every room in the house.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Size</th>
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<tr>
<td>6 ft. x 9 ft.</td>
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<td>7 1/2 ft. x 9 ft.</td>
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The patterns illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

Pattern No. 530

Pattern No. 396

An interesting booklet by Anne Pierce, entitled "Beautify Your Home With Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs," shows all the patterns. Write for your free copy today.

Gold Seal

Congoleum

Art-Rugs
"Your future is your own making"

How a simple rule of daily care is bringing freshness, charm, and prolonging youthful appearance for millions

SPARKLE and life, admiration and romance!—these every woman wishes most to come true. But merely wishing will not bring them. You must help nature to attain them. A skin fresh, buoyant and alluring—you can have it if you try!

Begin today by giving your skin the care it needs. If you are in your teens, develop the sweetness of your youth. If you've passed the danger line of 25, it is urgent to supply your skin with the elements the years are striving to take away.

The secret is simple. Not costly beauty treatments, just the daily use of palm and olive oils as embodied in Palmolive.

Never let a single day pass without doing this. See what one week alone will do!

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.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty and charm.

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. 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.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only 10c

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.
Polas,
Barbaras & Glorias
by the
Thousands

By Helen Taggart

In London there are ten thousand Gloria Swansons.
In Gothenberg, Anna Q. Nilssons compose half the
feminine population.
Berlin's dernier cri is the Pola Negri tricorn, or the in-
sinuating Negri smile.
Sydney boasts five hundred Sylvia Breamers.
Italy has been divided into the camps of Valentinos and
Montanas.
Paris has twelve and a half thousand Gloria Swansons.
And from Tahiti to Helsingfors, every little girl-show has a
Mae Murray all its own.
The American picture star has replaced the Viennese light
opera prima donna of the nineties as the world's creator of
fashions and standard of charms.
There are potential Mary Pickfords in every village where
there is a picture-show. Since "East is West," Constance
Talmadge has become the China flappers' glorified type.
Rosita has revealed a new enchantress to Spain.
And the secret of the American movie stars' lead of inter-
national womanhood is unchallengable supremacy. These are
not the ravings of a nationalist fan. It is the sage decision of
an eminent psychological novelist, Vicente Blasco Ibanez.
It is an axiom that nobody understands women as well as a
great novelist. And it is a cinch that no man can claim to
understand them better. Senor Ibanez has been closely (and
profitably) identified with Hollywood in the filming of his
"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Blood and Sand,"
and "Enemies of Women," and he was here to tell the world that,
what Germany was to surgery, what Ireland is to inspired
belligerency, and what Brazil is to nuts, Hollywood is to the
ladies.
"Your stars lead, others follow," Senor Ibanez had said, tearing
himself away from the significant refreshment of quartered
apples to make this analysis of the modern Eve. "The in-
fluence of the American movie actress extends beyond her own
country, where it is understood and taken for granted, to every
foreign land where pictures are shown. Europe has no movie
actress to compare with yours. One or two? Perhaps. But only
for their own countries. Hollywood stars are for the World.
"And apart from the beauty, the charm, the personality of the
actresses, some of their importance lies in that they are so
typical. You have a Mary Pickford for one rôle, a Gloria Swanson
for another, a Mae Murray for the vivacious girl, a Pola Negri
for the intense one, a Barbara La Marr for the super-civilized,
artificial beauty, a Nita Naldi for the play which requires a
temptress. Each type becomes specialized, so standardized it
is strengthened. It becomes an authentic example.
"And all over the world, women observe their own type on
the screen and, both consciously and unwittingly, imitate the
actress who represents it. I have seen in Paris at one time
every girl wearing her hair so, like Pearl White." The Spaniard
made a grotesque gesture toward his important head to illus-
trate the valiant serial heroine's "set" coiffure.
"And," he continued, with an impressive sweep of his hand,
"it is not only the young shop girl or stenographer who
practices this imitation. The foreign players themselves do it.
They call themselves 'the French Jackie Coogan,' 'the Italian
Mary Pickford,' 'the Danish Norma Talmadge.' And they are
proud when they are described that way. It is the dream of
every European actress to come to Hollywood and develop into
an American favorite."

Senor Ibanez' Spanish eloquence here made impressive that it
wasn't only the foreign exchange which made the position of the
picture pet so enviable. The success of his own films had
given him some opportunity to study that. But he explained
the flattering lead of the Hollywood actresses more from the
slant of popularity than wealth. They are the darlings of the
world. They may not be the greatest actresses. But there is
no denying the assertion that Farina has a more appealing
screen personality than even the irresistible Ethel Barrymore.
And with Farina here recurs the inevitable consideration of
lure. The stimulation of positive attraction is a necessary
prelude to popularity. The most interesting story could be
ruined by an unappealing, unattractive heroine. And it is the
excited interest in following the story which pays at the box
office.
"The movie is the picturized version of the novel," said the
novelist. "It gives the same . . . [continued on page 134]
She Loves the Cows and Chickens

"This is the life," says Anna Q. Nilsson on her farm, ten miles from Hollywood, where she gives the horse a permanent wave, does close-ups with the cow and feeds the poultry by hand. Husband John Gunnerson seems to devote his time to horse training.

N. B.—The original "Anna Q. Bob" is getting curly.
Did Nature fail to put roses in your cheeks?

By Mme. Jeannette

THE first time a girl looks into her mirror with the conscious desire to see what nature has done for her skin, she is aware of her coloring! If there are roses in your cheeks there is added charm to the reflection. If you have no color, you will wisely decide to put it there!

Rouge, properly used, is recognized today as one of the important essentials to the toilette.

When you select your rouge

Pompeian Bloom is a pure, harmless rouge that beautifies with its remarkably natural tone of color. It comes in compact form, and is made in the four shades essential to the various types of American women.

It is as important to select the right tone of rouge as it is to select the right shade of powder.

The following general directions will be of assistance:

The medium tone of Pompeian Bloom can, and should, be used by the majority of women in America. This is a lovely natural rose shade most frequently found in the skin of women who are not extreme types. Generally used with Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The light tone of Pompeian Bloom is the clear, definite pink found most frequently in the coloring of very fair-haired women. This tone of rouge may go with the Naturelle, the Flesh, and occasionally with the White Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The dark tone of Pompeian Bloom is for the warm, dark skin typical of the beauties of Spain or Italy. It is most often effective with the Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder, also with Naturelle shade.

The orange tint gives exactly the coloring essential to women who have red or bronze tones in their hair, for most frequently these tones are repeated in the skin. This rouge has been used almost exclusively by women if they live much out-of-doors.

It combines with Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder, but also looks well with Rachel when the skin is olive in tone, and with White Pompeian Beauty Powder if the skin is very white.

Note—Do not try bizarre effects with your rouge. Make it look natural, use it discreetly, and use too little rather than too much.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian" BLOOM (the rouge) 60c per box

Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples for Ten Cents
The newest Pompeian art panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in panel by a famous artist and reproduced in rich colors. For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom (rouge), and Night Cream.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

You Needn't Fear the Summer Sun

It is a very unwise woman who actually courts the rays of the midsummer sun, for it has a searing effect that may prove seriously injurious to her skin. But, with Pompeian, you should be able to get out-of-doors all you want to without sacrificing the loveliness of your complexion.

The enemies of the skin that are active at this time are—the direct rays of the sun between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m., and the reflected rays of sunlight from water. These rays seem to concentrate all the scorching power of the summer sun and visit its heat unsparingly; then, the wind is hot and drying—even if it is an apparently calm day, dry air will be rushed over your skin when you are riding. And all these things tend to dry—yes, to dry—your skin.

A panacea for these summer dangers is the generous and consistent use of Pompeian Night Cream. The minute you come into the house, if your skin feels the least bit scorched, you should use Pompeian Night Cream. Apply it over the sunburned or windburned parts—its cool, white softness will be as soothing as fresh water to a parched throat. Pompeian Night Cream contains oils that are healing and softening to a burned skin. If the burn is severe it is well to lay clean strips of gauze or cotton covered with Pompeian Night Cream over the burned parts till much of the feeling of heat has disappeared. Always keep your jar of Pompeian Night Cream in a convenient place.

All during the summer your Pompeian Night Cream will be "the best friend of your skin" if you will use it for cleansing, softening, healing. And, for a dry skin, it is the best possible powder base.

Mme. Jeannette
Specialiste en Beaute

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
201 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name

Address

City

State

What shade of face powder wanted?
Some of the shrewdest minds in the motion picture business have tried it and failed.
And there are still others who haven't had a chance to try who think they might get away with it.
But it remained for a youth of twenty to fool Mary Pickford and get away with it. In so doing he won his spurs in the motion picture industry.
The boy who fooled Mary Pickford—made her believe he was a young Italian actor born in Naples who could speak but broken English—is Eddie Phillips, who recently played the juvenile lead in the picturization of "Cape Cod Folks." By his deception he won the juvenile lead in Miss Pickford's "The Love Light." This was three years ago.

Phillips is a Philadelphia boy who, while a freshman at the University of Pennsylvania, decided he would rather be an actor than a civil engineer. At the end of the first semester he sold his books and boarded a train for New York to seek fame and fortune. Eddie's total bankroll at the time was $27.50. In a very short time he was penniless and hungry.

Then came his big chance. Through an acquaintance, he learned that Mary Pickford, who was in New York at the time, wanted a young Italian actor for the juvenile lead in "The Love Light." Phillips is tall, slender and dark—almost swarthy of complexion, with large brown eyes of the true Latin type. With the aid of an Italian boy, Eddie started to transform himself into an Italian. He practiced his tutor's broken English until he was almost letter-imperfect.

Phillips didn't dare wait longer for fear some real Italian would snap up the part. With an Italian paper sticking out of his coat pocket and an accent so strong it was almost unintelligible, he presented himself as a young actor, born in Naples. After a few questions, evidently satisfactorily answered, Miss Pickford engaged him.

The trip to California was almost over before Miss Pickford found him out. The star decided it was such a good joke and such a clever piece of acting that she would trust Phillips with the part anyhow.
Do we kill our teeth and gums by kindness?

Isn’t the trouble with our teeth and gums that we are too kind to them? Yes, if you think it is kindness to save them from work.

But it really isn’t kindness. To remain firm and healthy, gums need stimulation and a good rousing circulation of the blood within their walls.

Given that, you can laugh at pyorrhea. You can be free of all those tooth troubles which have their origin in flabby and congested gums.

How soft food causes “pink toothbrush”

Most of the trouble starts with the food we eat. It is soft; it does not stimulate the gums as it should. Often we eat too quickly, again depriving gums of stimulation. Our gums grow soft and flabby. “Pink toothbrush” appears—the forerunner of those troubles of the gums which are increasing at such an alarming rate.

With this condition to face, it is not remarkable that people are coming to understand that ordinary methods of cleaning or scouring are inadequate. Properly to care for your teeth, you must also care for your gums. You need a preparation that stimulates the gums as well as one that cleans your teeth.

How Ipana helps the health of your gums

For this reason, thousands of practitioners now use Ipana in their practice. In fact, to professional recommendations the first success of Ipana can be traced.

Many dentists, in the treatment of soft and tender gums, recommend a massage of the gums with Ipana after the ordinary brushing with Ipana. For Ipana contains zinc, a valuable hemostatic and antiseptic, used throughout the country by the profession, to allay the bleeding of the wound after extraction. Because of its presence, Ipana has a definite virtue in the healing of bleeding or tender gums, and in keeping healthy gums hard and firm.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums are tender, if they have a tendency 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.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica
Will He Ask for a Second Dance?

MODERN men are pleased to see women returning to the healthy, active, outdoor life and the freedom from stuffy and hobbling fashions in dress which characterized the women of ancient Greece, and has been admired for centuries.

The girl who refuses to dress in the fashion of the hour—in filmy, sleeveless gowns or the sheerest of waists—or who fails to rid herself of the disfigurement of under-arm hair; the girl who sits inert and lifeless, with arms furred to her sides, rarely meets with masculine favor. She is thought lifeless and behind the times.

Many women have hesitated to use a razor, believing it unwomanly and risky, and justly so. But Neet makes the removal of unwanted hair a thoroughly feminine and dainty process. After an application of this fragrant velvety cream you simply rinse the hair away. If Neet is not available at your favorite toilet counter use the coupon below.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

It costs you nothing unless you are perfectly satisfied. You are invited to test Neet on one or department store—purchase the generous package for only 50c. Apply it according to the simple directions enclosed. If, after using Neet, you are not thrilled by the soft, hair-free love-line of your skin, let us hear from you. Neet must absolutely please you in every way or you can return the package to us and we will refund your purchase price plus the postage it costs you to return it to us. If you are unable to find Neet at your favorite drug or department store, use the coupon below.

Nurses and Physicians:

The sterile, antiseptic, hair-dissolving qualities are so highly developed in Neet that it is in favor with many of the profession for depilating in preparation for obstetrical and surgical work.

A liberal trial tube with complete instructions for use will be mailed free to any physician or registered nurse requesting it.

Neet

Removes hair easily

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

H. R. H., AURORA, ILL.—For a way to distinguish Tom Moore from his brother, Owen, you might write and ask one of them to dye his hair or something. Personally, we don’t have much trouble. Why don’t the producers pursue Maurice (Lefty) Flynn? Perhaps they haven’t noticed that he is “a little John Barrymore’s type.” He is thirty-one years old and was divorced a few weeks ago. Played in “The Uninvited Guest” and “The Code of the Sea.” Huntley Gordon is about thirty-three. He is six feet tall and is not married. Among his pictures are “The Enemy Sex,” “True as Steel” and “Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife.”

B. V. D., ST. CATHARINES, CANADA.—Barbara La Marr really bobbed her hair. Someone told her that the “horse and buggy” coiffure didn’t match her Rolls-Royce style, so off it came. Pola Negri is twenty-seven, as are Natasha Rambova Valentino and Joseph Schildkraut. The latter is happily married to Elsie Bartlett.

A. S. KING, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—You ask why Theodore Kosloff, “the most artistic man you have ever seen,” is not seen more often in the movies? M. Kosloff undoubtedly suffers from the embarrassment of riches, having as great a talent for dancing as for acting. He is, as you probably know, one of the country’s leading dancing teachers. However, you will see him in “Triumph.”

T. L. K., CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.—Indeed Bebe Daniels has not retired from the screen. Right now she is making idol-worshippers of most of New York’s citizenry, having taken up her temporary abode there while making “Monsieur Beaucaire” with Rudolph Valentino, and “The Unguarded Woman” at the Lasky Studio, Long Island City, N. Y. She was born in Dallas, Texas, January 14, 1901.

MILDRED, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Admire Kenneth Harlan on the screen. A cagy young person you are, Mildred, to add that qualifying phrase. But you come back and remark that “he is the most charming young man you have ever seen,” and that you see all his pictures three times.” That’s popularly,

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine 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. These, together with addresses of players, require a stamped and addressed envelope. A complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Do not ask questions touching on 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. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th St., New York City.

Frank Braud, BALTIMORE, MD.—We want to be a little pal, Frank, but the addresses of fifty-five actors! It would be simpler to send you a motion picture directory. See the announcement at the head of this department.

JOSEPHINE C., OAKLAND, CAL.—Harrison Ford your old love, is he? You know the song. “Old loves are the fairest, old friendships the rarest?” Anyway, Harrison is not married and he has slick brown hair and soulful brown eyes and you will see him soon in support of Marion Davies in “Janice Meredith.” I guess that’s handing you a bright little portion of news, isn’t it?

MISS MERCEDES, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Norma Talmadge is twenty-seven and weighs about a hundred and ten pounds. Anita Stewart has not retired from the screen. Her latest picture is “The Great White Way.” She will start work on another picture soon.

C. W. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Neil Hamilton is married. His age is twenty-four years. Charles Mack has been making personal appearances with “America.”

C. J. K., LA HARPE, ILL.—Reginald Denny is married. While I write this he is at work on a production of “The Misanthrope.” His age is thirty-two. Jack Mulhall is a benedict.

SUNSHINE SPECIAL, HOUSTON, TEX.: You have missed some of Norman Kerry’s pictures. He is almost continuously busy at the studios. Two of his recent appearances were in “Cynthia” and “Between Friends.” Mr. Kerry is twenty-nine. He is not married.

ETHEL, BUTLER, N. J.—Charmed to be of service. Webster Campbell is the leading man in “The Pleasure Seekers.” Tom Moore plays on both stage and screen. He was in the play “Thieves in Clover,” which closed recently, and his last appearance for the screen was with Gloria Swanson in “Manhandled.” Yes, Corinne Griffith has married again.

SEVENTEEN, CHICAGO, ILL.—Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, in 1886. His height is five feet ten inches; his weight, one hundred and sixty pounds. His hair and eyes are black. He completed “The Arab” in Algiers in February. The picture that follows is “The Red Lily.” Cullen Landis is the only southern gentleman who does not answer when you say “Colonel.” His dimensions are five feet six inches, and one hundred and thirty pounds. Slim. His latest picture is “The Fighting Coward.” It was Andree Lafayette who played the title role in “Trilby.”

M. K., CHICAGO, ILL.—Roscoe Arbuckle is assistant director for Buster Keaton.

HARRY, GRASSE POINT, Mich.—You lose, Harry. Your mother wins. Gloria Swanson has bobbed hair. Haven’t you seen the Gloria Swanson bob?
Meet the Champ

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

built, that in dinner clothes he is as deceptive as a man could well be. Nothing of Bob Fitz-simmons' long, powerful arms, or Jeffries' hulk about Dempsey. Why, he might tackle him on the street without a qualm.

I was thinking that when I happened to look at his hands. I have never seen such hands in my life. I had a sinking sensation as I imagined one doubled, crushing forward, like a giant battering ram, with one of those strange, fighting brains behind it. And slowly, a sense of his great power and his great bodily control came over me.

As I said before, I caught him off my feet, this strange, negative, likable personality. I took the count several times as I sat watching him, wondering what on earth I'd better say first. But his mildly patient and pleading gaze finally made me clutch at my professional pole. After all he wasn't under a microscope for dissection.

"Do you like acting?" I asked him.

He smiled at that, and he has a nice, slow boyish smile that has much charm in it. "I can't say I've ever tried any of it," he said, quietly. "I can't act, you know. I wouldn't pretend I could. I'm doing my best to do just like you. I'm getting by."

He paused, diplomatically, though most of the time he talks with surprising ease and naturalness. He makes no pretenses and therefore he is never embarrassed. His self-possession is extraordinary. "I tell you one thing, though. The first time I saw myself on the screen, I like to went out and cut my head off. That's a terrible experience for a man like me. I haven't looked in a mirror since."

A. B., Trinidad, Colo.—Baby Peggy's latest picture is "Helen's Babies." Harrison Ford is coloring his bristle-tipped hair and eyes. He has not married since being divorced from Beatrice Prentice.

SPRING, Summit, N. J.—You missed it. Thomas Meighan is forty-five and looks twenty-eight. I saw him yesterday. His smile won an entire business office, including the Nubian who commands the elevator's activities. Said the Nubian: "I knew him by his smile." Yes, I will repeat Richard Dix's oft given answer to "Who's that boy?" Twenty-nine. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is thirteen years old. Your "stunning man, Antonio Moreno's", last picture was "Tiger Love."

C. W., Wakefield, Mass.—Bebe Daniels' age is twenty-three. Her last picture was "The Unflagging Woman."

G. K. S., Attica, N. Y.—With speed, I obey. Jolanda Kreshell was born in Tennessee nineteen years ago. She attended dramatic school in New York for a year. Appeared in the musical comedy "Two Little Girls In Blue."

M. F. B., Chicago, Ill.—Rodolph Valentino has been making the picture "Monseur Beurisse." It will go in the title role. To secure copies of Photoplay Magazine which contained pictures of Mr. Valniento, preceding 1923, write to the office of this magazine, 750 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Send a quarter for a copy for each September, November, January, February, April, May, June, July, 1922 (cover), September, 1922.

Connie, Freeport, Long Island, N. Y.—Don't worry about James Kirkwood, Connie. He is as hard at work in the Thomas H. Ince studio, if not harder. He's a product of my movies. They got Gerald Beaumont to write 'em, and he's a swell writer. There's a funny thing about that. Beaumont refereed the first fight I ever fought in California. He didn't know who I was— nobody did—and I didn't know him, but when we got to talking, it came out. He's an old friend of mine now.

"I've got a lot of my pats out here. I feel easier. Chuck Reiner is playing the villain and I've known Chuck all my life. I feel as comfortable as an old shoe, with Chuck. And he doesn't really hate me, when I'm in wrong."

"How'd you happen to go into pictures?"

"I didn't. I never had so much idea. One day I get a telephone from Universal studio, and they say Jack Kearns, my manager, has signed a contract for me to make pictures and I better come out. I said 'All right.' I went and when they showed me the contracts and the salary, I see it was good for nine numbers or something. But I said 'All right, when do I go to work'? They said now. And in half an hour, I was making a picture. That's fair. I'm a swell fellow, and I'm in a picture now."

Meet the Champ [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]
Conrad Nagel

Lights—
Action—
Camera!

Under the blinding glare of the Kliegs, through the relentless eye of the camera, every mannerism, every action, every item of the dress of the star is accurately recorded to be afterwards critically scrutinized by the observing and inquisitive eyes of the nation.

Conrad Nagel never fails to convince and impress, not only by the exuberance of his personality and the realism of his acting, but also by the quiet elegance and completeness of his attire. Like many other stars of the first magnitude he insures the correct appearance of his footwear by insisting that his Goodyear Welt shoes be finished with visible eyelets—the mark of good workmanship, high quality and true style.

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.

Ask for shoes with visible eyelets!

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

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
LITTLE THOMASINA MIX, "the million dollar baby" daughter of Tom Mix, picked the little Raggedy Ann doll as her favorite of all her toy-filled nursery. Nothing raggedy about Thomasina with her beautiful nursery furniture and her "simple but expensive" Paris clothes.

The latest amorous development in the life of the screen's greatest vampire is her final separation from Jack Daugherty, who thought he was her husban until some legal tangles arose, and a rumor that young Ben Lyons, a new juvenile, is Babby's latest flame. Originally when Barbara and Jack separated the plan was that they should be re-married as soon as her matrimonial complications were sufficiently removed. Now, it seems to be agreed that they will allow the break to be final. Everybody misses Barbara very much when she is gone. There is so much less to talk about, and there's always less one person to turn to when you need help for somebody that's down and out, or cheer up some discouraged soul.

HAROLD LLOYD's happiness is complete. A bouncing baby girl—no, it's only boys—that are bouncing—now binks her eyes and wriggles her tiny toes and nestles down in the luxurious bassinet that has been waiting many a day to receive her diminutive eight pounds, in the Lloyd home. There's only one person that's happier than Harold—if that is possible—and that is Mildred. But Harold is so beaming and proud and pleased that one can't help waxing enthusiastic over his demonstrations of joy.

The little stranger has caused a lot of changes in the studio plans of both parents. Mildred's return to the screen has been delayed and Harold, some months ago, is said to have promised his wife he would never again take such risks as those in "Safety Last." In other ways, too, the tiny newcomer, like women everywhere, is causing trouble. Just now there is a hot argument in Hollywood as to whether it's Mildred's eyes or Harold's that baby's most resembles. As Ben Turpin puts it: "It's not the color of the eyes that count; it's the expression."

Anyway, we're going to try to show you a picture of the new baby next month, and perhaps then you can decide for yourself.

EW CODY tells this one.

"When I came home from the theater the other night my colored boy met me at the door. "Mistah Lew," said he, "I hopes I done right and proph."" "You hope you done right and proph about what? I asked him. "About Miss Mae Busch. "'This afternoon her and her maid moved into that new house back of you-all. Couple hours ago her maid went away 'n'bout a hour ago Miss Busch gets to yellin' sumthin' fierce. "Burglars," she yells, "Burglars, Mistah Berry! Burglars, Mistah Vidor! Burglars, Mistah Cody!" "From the way she kept on hollerin' I knows that Mr. Berry and Mr. Vidor that lives across the street don't hear her and I knows you ain't home. Then she yells, "Burglars, Joe! That's me.""
How the Clasmic Beauty Method Revived My Skin

Goodbye to All the Things that Have Only Pampered Complexions; Skin of Any Age Can Now Be Revitalized!

By Florence Cruzell

I GLORY in a skin which not long ago was misfortunate. With fairly regular features, my complexion used to set at naught every effort toward beauty.

Today, I am delightfully unconscious of my complexion—except for the second glances of those who wonder if it can really be my own.

The method that clarified and smoothed my skin, and let the color through, goes deeper than the surface. It begins with a tingling facial and ends with a gentle caress. Four simple steps—and it's done—for the day, or evening. Try the clasmic method and you'll rejoice in the swift results which follow. It brings the skin to life; conditions it, and tones it.

All you will ever need for any type of skin is the Boncilla method set. Just four marvelously perfected laboratory products, and this is the way they work:

First, the clasmic beautifier that activates the pores to their depths. (This wondrous smooth clasmic substance is what makers of crude clays have striven so hard to imitate.) It dissolves and disposes of all the impurities which cosmetics only hide.

The second step is a special cold cream that has building-up properties. This tones the skin structure, renders tissues pliant, and restores pores to normalcy.

Third, a vanishing cream unlike any we women have had before. This cream is greaseless; the proof is its invisibility!

Fourth and last comes the indispensable powder touch—but what a powder! Some call it the permanent powder; it does cling, for hours, and has the softness of fleece. It has a perfect affinity for skin which has been Boncilla treated.

Complexions are fairly transformed by this complete and far-reaching method. The whole skin structure is energized and clarified, and takes on real color. Tissues time has made flaccid become firm and smooth. The surface of the skin becomes naturally soft. For Boncilla is a scientifically balanced treatment that leaves nothing undone—nothing more to do. With a Boncilla set you have the advantage of women ten years your junior.

If you are weary of purely superficial beauty efforts try this miraculous restorative method. Boncilla Laboratories offer it in a handy set of inexpensive, highly effective products. Any store serving women, practically every drug store here and abroad, has them—in sets, or separate. Or, for introductory purposes, the laboratory will send you once a generously sized set (not samples) for only a dollar, or a special trial size for twenty cents! See coupon.

"Skin that Lives and Breathes, and Seems to Say "Cared For!"

A Very Unusual Trial Offer

Your favorite drug or department store aims to keep supplied with Boncilla in sets of all sizes, and individual packages. But if you wish to provide for the test now, while it’s in mind, take pen or pencil and fill out the coupon. This will bring you a wonderful Boncilla set of special size. (The dollar bill which you enclose represents about half the actual cost of placing this introductory set in your hands.)

The Introduction Set is complete; a large tube of clasmic beautifier, ample tubes of both creams, and a box of powder. Your first day with Boncilla will win you completely to this method, but the set will last you for weeks. The new Boncilla Beauty Book will be included.

This home demonstration of the Boncilla method is without risk. The dollar you send in

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
In summer your hair needs even more care

JUNE, July and August are trouble months for the hair. Then sun, wind and water all conspire to rob lovely hair of its lustre and its charm.

With proper care, you can keep your hair charming and healthy this summer, and even add to its attractiveness.

Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo prevents warm weather's ravages to the hair and at the same time keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

Its purity makes it safe to use even on a baby's silky hair. Its mildness keeps it from irritating the most delicate scalp. Its dainty fragrance adds to any girl's attractiveness.

It is surprisingly economical. For only 50 cents your druggist will give you a large six-ounce bottle so that you may see for yourself how easy it is to keep your hair healthy, sweet and lovely. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

"And you went over to help her, of course?" I asked.
"'Deed I didn't," says my brave boy. 'I yells back "Mistah Cody has went out for the evenin' and I ain't been here since eight o'clock.'"

COLLEEN MOORE finished a picture and rushed to her new Rossmore home to catch up with her gardening.

She found a pickax, custom-tailored to fit almost any Irish gentleman, but much too heavy for a little colleen. Swinging it with a technique that can only come with Celtic origin, the little star aimed it at a weed, missed and plunged the spike through her foot.

She is in the care of her physician at home and navigates on crutches.

Miss Moore's almost a total loss as a heavy gardener, in the opinion of the Hon. K. Izawa, Japanese botanist, whose life work is the cultivation of the grounds around the star's home.

"Not so good pull week with pick," he explained technically. "Miss Moore loves flowers, but more better let K. Izawa do work."

GOSH darn it, if they keep on leaving, there won't be a picture star left in Hollywood. First a bunch left for the New York studios. Then another slew of them hopped over to Italy to work in "Ben Hur" and the new Griffith picture. Then still another company ran off to Africa. And now Mae Marsh is going to Berlin to star in a big circus picture.

It was when she went to London three years ago that Miss Marsh first set the fashion for American actresses to become international film stars. Since then she has played in D. W. Griffith's "White Rose."

INKY DEAN, the young white hope of the Chuck Reiner family, and little Mary Arthur, the cunning youngster, who, according to many reviews, stole the honors in "Gentle Julia," live across the street from each other in Hollywood. Recently they combined forces and gave a week-end party at Hermosa Beach to twenty little friends. It was supposed to be a swimming party, but when they reached the beach they found that not one of their guests could swim.

THEY say along Hollywood Boulevard that Raymond Griffith is engaged to marry Bertha Mann, leading woman in dramatic stock in Los Angeles, where she has a large following.

BEING a good-looking athlete does not necessarily mean that a man makes a good husband. At least not according to Blanche Palmer Flynn, wife of "Lefty" Flynn, who ten years ago shone as Yale's star halfback and who has more recently won fame as a film player. "Lefty" has just been divorced by his wife on grounds of the desertion and abandonment.

There is now a great deal of speculation on whether this divorce will be followed shortly by the announcement of Viola Dana's engagement to Flynn. A few months ago this would have been a foregone conclusion, but recent rumors of a quarrel between Viola and "Lefty" leave it a matter of doubt.

ANOTHER of Hollywood's deep, dark mysteries has been solved. Miss Dupont—she was shorted when Christian names were so generously given out by Hollywood producers—and who has always been billed simply as Miss Dupont since her screen career began, really has a given name and a pretty one—it is Pattie.

We might say, "Meet Miss Pattie Dupont," but that wouldn't be telling the truth either, for Miss Dupont is really Miss Pattie Hannan. It all came out in a Los Angeles court the other day when she filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy and she had to tell the judge her real name.

PAULINE FREDERICK has built a log cabin on her beautiful estate in Beverly Hills and this same log cabin has become the macaroni headquarters of the motion picture colony. Perhaps Polly found macaroni just a little too noisy for the home. Anyway, she built the cabin at considerable distance from
Which tooth brush do you buy?

ISN'T this first picture brought home to you vividly at times? Tooth brushes—lying exposed on a counter; picked up and thoughtlessly fingered; then put back for you to buy? Even those packed in cartons are taken out to be seen and thumbed!

Just contrast that unsanitary handling with the clean Owens Staple-tied Tooth Brush! Each one is sold in a sparkling glass container. Every feature of the brush may be seen without dangerous exposure or handling.

Contrast, also, the improved Owens design with any other tooth brush made. You'll see why prominent dental authorities have declared it the best all-purpose tooth brush ever devised!

The small brush is trimmed to fit the teeth. Each bristle tuft is wedge-shaped—to clean thoroughly in every crack and crevice. The large end tuft cleans around the usually unreachable back molars. The gracefully curved handle makes correct brushing easier. The improved Staple-tied process holds every bristle tuft securely into the handle by a hidden staple. Handles come in six different colors, an individual brush for each member of your family.

You cannot get all these improvements in any other tooth brush made! Yet the Owens, in the protecting glass container, costs you no more than ordinary tooth brushes—30, 40 and 50 cents each, for child's, youth's and adult's sizes. See it at your druggist's.

IMPORTANT. Every Owens Tooth Brush is delivered to the customer in a sanitary glass container. This method of packing is the most sanitary ever devised for tooth brushes, and the glass container is meant to be thrown away when the tooth brush has been removed.

OWENS

Staple-tied TOOTH BRUSH

THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO

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Address

Holmes Herbert as the blind man in “The Enchanted Cottage.” Look closely at the eyes and see what the photographer did.

trumped with green duchyene, and wearing a white hat with a funny little doo-dad sticking up on one side. Immediately the hearts of the flustered clerks began to flutter also.

Pola said she was divorced from Eugene Dombsha. She gave her age as twenty-seven, her weight as 125 pounds, and her height as five feet five inches. Her complexion was described as “fair,” eyes grey and hair black.

ANNOUNCING the reopening of the Chaplin Matrimonial Sweepstakes comes rumor No. 997 linking the name of the famous comedian with pretty Thelma Morgan, one time New York society belle, twin sister of Mrs. “Reggie” Vanderbilt, former wife of a wealthy New Yorker. Mrs. Converse is Hollywood’s very latest recruit for film glory, and her arrival in Hollywood was simultaneous with her engagement to appear in “Cicereia.”

“It is all untrue.”

This is Mrs. Converse’s defei to Dame Rumor. And she ought to know, for she is the young woman who Hollywood has discovered claims most of Charlie Chaplin’s leisure hours. The colony has suddenly found that the comedian, in his hours of ease, is very likely to be found within camera radius of the attractive New York girl.

THE Hollywood sheiks seem to be in for a rough summer.

First there was a marked “flare” among some of the younger girls of the colony for some of the boxing heroes of the Hollywood stadium. And the sheiks sat back and waited—they were sure their time would come when the girls passed through the “hero worship” stage and once again wanted “real men who could shake a wicked pump on the dance floor.”

And, in a degree, they were right. But the girls have seemed to tire of their “boxing gentlemen.” But the sheiks are still waiting.

Now the “knights of the roaming road” are having their lining at the expense of both the boxers and the sheiks.

Agnes Ayres has shown a marked preference in recent months for not one but several of the boys who tear over the Beverly and Indianapolis speedways.

And Harry Hartz, who was one of the most consistent winners in 1923, is seen even more often with Helen Ferguson than with William Russell, who for a long time was considered engaged to Helen.

The latest racer to take the winner’s flag is Harlan Ferguson, who is reported to have cut Bobbie Agnew out neatly and with dispatch in the affections of pretty Shirley Mason.

PRETTY and talented Dorothy Mackaill just simply cannot sleep o’ nights because of the persistent rumors which are floating around Hollywood to the effect that she and George O’Brien, son of Chief of Police O’Brien of San Francisco, and a promising young screen actor, are engaged to be married. Dorothy admits George is a fine, handsome chap, but strenuously denies they are engaged or even thinking about it. She says neither of them has ever thought of such a thing as marriage—at least not to each other—and she wishes people would let them alone so that they might be good friends, like other girls and boys who are not in the spotlight.

AFTER June 1 Norma Talmadge will be homeless. Rather startling, but true, although Norma will have no trouble to find a roof to shelter her.

Her $100,000 mansion in the fashionable West Adams district of Los Angeles has been sold to Mrs. E. L. Doheney, Sr., and Miss Talmadge and her husband, Joseph M. Schenck, must vacate by the end of May.
Mrs. Schenck and her husband recently purchased an expensive acreage in Benedict Canyon, Beverly Hills, where they expect to start building immediately. Their estate is near the magnificent new home of Thomas H. Ince and the new building sites of both Harley Lloyd and Frances Marion.

The Talmane home, consisting of more than twenty rooms and a half-dozen baths, was built by Mrs. Randolph Huntington Minor, a social dictator of Los Angeles, who later sold it to Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle. It was during his trial, when he was sadly in need of ready cash, that Fatty sold it to Joe Schenck for his wife.

WHY do some strawberry shortcakes make excellent paper weights but exceedingly poor food? What is the least method of manuciring one’s nails? How would you start to design a simple house dress?

These are just three of the questions which one must answer correctly before one is eligible to become a member of the Hollywood Regular Fellows’ Club, which meets each week at the home of some member.

The club is composed of a group of embryonic feminine screen luminaries and goes in for the serious things of the profession, such as cooking, manicuring, dressmaking and designing and the necessity for “giving one’s best to one’s art.”

There are about fifteen members already in the organization, among whom are: Duane Thompson, Marjorie Bonner, Menifee Johnston, Virginia Brown Faire, Dorothy Devore, Lucille Hutton, Marion Nixon, Priscilla Bonner, Maryon Aye, Mary Philbin, Pauline Cyley, Grace Gordon and Pauline Garon.

ERNST LUTCHTSCH will receive $7,500 for directing Pola Negri in “The Czarina,” adapted from Edward Sheldon’s play in which Doris Keane appeared on the stage. Pola threatened to land in her re-ignition to Paramount unless given her way completely in the matter of directors and stories. She insisted upon Lutchtsch directing her in one picture a year. The powers replied that all her pictures were making money, so why worry. To which Pola retorted, “But how long do you suppose I can make you money with bad pictures?” The officials have given her full authority. The result is the contract with Lutchtsch. “He may cost them a lot,” says Pola, “but he’ll earn them many times the amount paid.”

The First Step in Beauty
is more beautiful teeth

Look about you. Note the glittering teeth you see. Note what they add to beauty.

This offers you a ten-day test of the method which brings these results. Millions now employ it in justice to themselves. Learn what it means to you and yours at once.

Film forbids beauty

You feel on teeth a viscous film. It is ever-present. That is what causes most tooth troubles and the wreck of poorly teeth.

That film is clinging. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. Soon it becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. That is why 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 by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Protect the Enamel
Pepsodent disintegrates the film then removes it with an agent far superior to normal tooth paste.

Never use a film combant which contains harsh grit.

Even among careful people, 49 in 50 suffer these film-caused troubles.

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many tests have proved these methods effective. A new type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists everywhere began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 million use Pepsodent every day.

Other benefits
Pepsodent brings other benefits. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, neutralizes mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva, digests starch deposits on teeth.

These multiplied effects are bringing to millions a new era in teeth cleaning. Let it bring those same effects to your home.

He is seventy-nine years old, but William H. Crane, playing Commodore Fairfield in “True as Steel,” is a better actor than many a younger one.

Pepsodent
The Now-Day Dentifice

Watch it act
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.

You will see new beauty in the teeth. You will realize new protection.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOToplay Magazine.
A CURIOUS thing happened at the N. V. A., benefit given recently in Los Angeles. The curtain was raised by mistake, as often happens at a benefit, disclosing the scene shifters at work. Among them was Fatty Arbuckle in overalls, moving a piano off stage. The audience, recognizing him, broke into applause and whistles, and then called for a little talk.

It is not generally known that Arbuckle directed Buster Keaton's "Sherlock Holmes, Jr." His name as director appears on the screen as Will B. Good! Thus adding a comedy touch—if you get it.

I SAW Conrad Nagel posing in various top coats on the Goldwyn lot for the fashion camera. James Kirkwood stood alongside raving bitterly. "What I'd like to know," he said, "is how an actor came honestly by so many coats."

Jim has signed to work with the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company until October. Then he says he will go on the stage to stay, except for a picture now and then, as a recess incident. You will recall that he scored a hit in Channing Pollock's "The Fool," in New York.

MAE MURRAY is scheduled to play "The Merry Widow" under the direction of Eric Von Stroheim. She recently signed a new contract with Metro by the terms of which she comes under the supervision of the company instead of heading her own unit under the direction of her husband, Bob Leonard.

THERE'S much laughter over a new cult in Hollywood, caused by a new and novel type of siren. The enchantress is none other than Florence Vidor, who receives many in her home but favors none particularly. She is known as the lady sans reproach, a stickler for the most rigid propriety, but that doesn't keep swains from worshipping from afar. It is said that many a bounder who once used stronger words than "gosh" and "darn," now flushed indignant when a risque story is told and refuses to have anything to do with even a parrot that swears. All the while Florence sits aloof and cool in her court, smiling on all quite indifferently.

TIMMY CRUZE, famous as the director of "The Covered Wagon," became a hero in earnest when he probably saved the life of his beautiful fiancée, Betty Compson. Betty and her mother were spending the hectic era at the magnificent Cruze home at Pluridge, and during the evening Betty slipped on an Oriental rug and crashed into an open door. The edge of the door, according to Jim Cruze, cut a four-inch gash in her head and severed an artery.

Frantically telephoning for the nearest doctor, Cruze was told that he must do his best to keep the bleeding in check until the doctor arrived or results might be serious. So for twenty minutes Cruze held the ends of the cut artery down with his hands and controlled the loss of blood sufficiently so that Miss Compson only endured a moderate loss of blood and the injury did no permanent damage. Fortunately the cut was back under the hair, so that no scar will show.

ALICE TERRY spent an afternoon watching Blanche Sweet enact scenes of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" under the direction of husband Marshall Neilan.

"What are you going to do?" Miss Sweet asked her Alice. "I'm all bewildered over the reports. First, I hear Mr. Ingram will make no more pictures, then I hear you will produce abroad, and now I read he may produce in New York."

In reply Alice gave a shrug indicative of similar bewilderment.

"I know," said Miss Sweet sympathetically. "I'm married to an Irishman, too."

JACKIE COOGAN has one more picture to make under his Metro contract, and then, what? "Long Live the King" was an error in that it cost something around $600,000 to produce, with Jackie lost in the shadows of pompous sets. Now the policy is for smaller and simpler pictures, as indicated by "The Boy of Flanders" and "Little Robinson Crusoe," now in the making. Anyhow, Jackie doesn't need to worry. He recently broke ground for a new apartment house which he is building in Hollywood. It is just one of his many property possessions.

Make Your Little Girl Happy with an Add-a-pearl Necklace

It's the gift that grows more precious in sentiment and more valuable with the years. Start with a strand on her birthday, or any occasion. Add to it on every gift day—and when she graduates she will have a valuable necklace of oriental pearls.

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Every advertisement in PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
VIOLA DANA, who was receiving around $1,500 as a star with Metro, refused to sign another contract with the company, preferring to be in a position to choose the parts and pictures she liked. As a result, she has been signed by Lasky to play the choice role opposite Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies," directed by James Cruze. And her salary numbers some twenty-five hundred dollars. Following "Merton" she will be featured in "Open All Night," the first directorial effort of Paul Bern, hitherto a scenarist.

Viola can well afford to treat herself to good parts—at a couple of thousand a week—since she owns garages, chicken ranches, rabbit farms, houses, bonds and other such trinkets.

THE business differences between Richard Barthelmess and Inspiration Pictures seem about to be settled as the July Photoplay goes to press. Will Hays has been acting as peacemaker in a series of conferences and it seems likely that the trouble will be settled to Barthelmess' satisfaction. It is said that this adjustment will give Barthelmess complete authority over his own unit, together with certain assurances as to a financial allowance for the purchase of stories and so on.

Barthelmess wants to do the George M. Cohan comedy of the vaudeville world, "The Song and Dance Man," next. John Robertson will continue as his director. Mentioning Barthelmess reminds us that his wife, Mary Hay, has been mentioned for the title role in Famous Players' forthcoming production of "Peter Pan." She is under consideration. Gloria Swanson wants to play the role, it is said. Anyway, Herbert Brenon is to direct it.

Of course Hollywood is the very center of the wild and woolly West, but just the same New York occasionally sends us something that gives us quite a thrill.

The latest is Elaine Hammerstein. Just a nice, quiet, New York girl beyond a doubt, but she has a war whoop used regularly about the Goldwyn lot that puts to shame the best any of our well known cowgirls can do. When she turned it loose in the cafetaria the other day, even such a hardened villain as Walter Long choked on his hardtack.

I wonder how she and her new step-mamma, Dorothy Dalton, will get along?

DISCOVERED—one household where the magic names of Pickford and Fairbanks are absolutely without power to thrill and awe. According to a dispatch from Copenhagen, Douglas Fairbanks' press agent informed a Danish newspaper that the famous pair were

The dictation she dreaded

HE was an interesting man, too—a rapidly advancing young executive in the business where she was employed.

Yet she dreaded taking his letters. There was something about it all that made his dictation a perfect ordeal, and yet it was something that she could never have spoken to him about. And something, too, that he himself was probably unconscious of.

* * * *

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—three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmaceutical 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 deodorize the breath, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations. * * They are 25 cents a package.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

Remember Cipriano Castro, who used to be more or less prominent when president of Venezuela? Well, his daughter is in pictures under the name of Lucille Mender. Here she is...
HOLLYWOOD golfers were alarmed recently by a rumor that the order from the state health department that closed all the public parks for the purpose of checking the epidemic of hoof and mouth disease would be broadened to include the links as well. "They should close the golf links," Conway Tearle said seriously when a group of golf bugs were discussing the possibility. "Every golfer has the disease. They hoof all day and mouth all night!"

ALYCE MILLS is a very much worried young woman. She has reached a crisis in her career and she doesn't know whether to give up her motion picture work or go out and get—but let Alyce tell it. "I've been reading what Barbara La Marr said about an actress not being able to act until she had actually lived it, and I've just been offered a lovely part in a new picture where I'm supposed to be shipwrecked. It's a great chance for me, but I've never been shipwrecked!"

SILVER KING," the horse that gets fan letters, has developed Klieg eyes. It is the first time that an animal has been known to succumb to the "scourge of the studios," and no prima donna ever got more attention than this pet horse of Fred Thomson's. It seems that Silver King recently began to show signs of blindness and Thomson took him to a veterinarian, who pronounced it a real case of Klieg eyes. The usual treatment of cold cabbages leaves was given him and he was kept in a darkened stall for ten days and now they say he has entirely recovered from the attack but will wear darkened glasses hereafter when not actually working.

MATT MOORE has a new story to add to the collection of "drunk" classics. He tells of walking into the brilliantly lighted lobby of his apartment house one evening and finding a gentleman, much the worse for wear, crawling about on his hands and knees on the marble floor. "For Heaven's sake, what are you doing?" asked Matt.

"I jus' lef a dollar out there in the street," said the inebriate merrily.

"Well, why are you looking for it in here?"

The seeker looked up with unmistakable disgust for such ignorance and replied with great dignity:

"You darn fool, there's more light in here."

ANOTHER Hollywood scandal! And this time it's Ben Turpin, the young chap who holds them with his glittering eye on the Sennett lot. The other day while on the way to his dressing room, he unintentionally opened the door to the one adjoining his. And now he's having his eyes cross-examined.

MAY MCAVOY says that she never worked with anybody who was more considerate than Ernest Torrence. A lesser personage than he might have felt a degree of conceit because of the attention and praise that has fallen to his lot, but Mr. Torrence is just as sweet and unassuming as an extra—more so than many extras.

"When a bit of action is about to be shot," says May, "he has a habit of turning to the people who are working with him. And, 'Is there anything I can do?' he always asks, always, 'to make your parts go better?' Anything that I can do to make you feel more comforta'ble at ease?'"

This—in our opinion—is greatness!

Hollywood's latest way to reduce. Here we have Viola Dana and her sister, Shirley Mason, taking their morning exercise on roller skates. Viola declares it is great for the figure.
It is easy to keep teeth good-looking

TARTAR is a dangerous enemy of tooth beauty. The best way to keep teeth gleaming white and beautiful is to keep them clean of unsightly, yellow tartar. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, because of its scientific design and special construction, makes it easy to keep your teeth clean and to prevent the formation of tartar.

THE BRUSH TO USE

The wide-spaced bristle tufts of the Pro-phy-lac-tic are set in a curve that fits against all your teeth. The saw-tooth points reach all teeth and penetrate the crevices between. The large end tuft cleans the backs of teeth, especially the backs of back teeth. The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets teeth really clean, and A Clean Tooth Never Decays.

Sold in the sanitary yellow box by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Three sizes—Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult; Small, especially suitable for boys and girls; and Baby size—are made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium and soft.

Send for "Tooth Truths," our interesting booklet on the care of teeth. Florence Manufacturing Company, Florence, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

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positively removes your freckles—often the only detriment to a perfect complexion. A few applications accomplish wonders and even your most stubborn freckles soon disappear. Price—$1.25 and 65c.

For more than forty years Kremolona has played a prominent part in the toilet of women of discrimination. In addition to being a perfect face bleach, Kremolona tonics the skin, and jaded complexion. Its invigorating and beautifying properties assert themselves immediately upon its application. Price—$1.25.

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—CREME DAMASCUS—An excellent preparation for removing wrinkles. Per jar, 50c. Postage, 20c. MADAM MARIE SHIELDS, 32 W. 42nd St., N. Y. City.
She is unfailingly vital and "alive" and always on her tiptoes, so to speak. Her sense of humor simply carries one along with her. And when the day's work had ended I always hated to quit.

Before each love-scene Betty would call to me: "Come on, Dixie, let's give another masterpiece to the world!"

"Hot Dog! Let's go!" I'd answer.

And then the scene, scheduled to run fifty feet, would run to at least one hundred and fifty while the whole staff would bawl:

"Cut! Cut! Finish! Breakaway. Hey there! Stop!"

Understand me, gentle reader, this was all art for art's sake! But who is this guy, ART anyway? I award Betty Compson a prominent place among America's leading humorists including Josh Billings, Mark Twain, Bill Rogers, Irvin Cobb, et al; and that's no laughing matter.

Peaches Jackson
By Thomas Meighan

Although I have had many charming leading women, it is very easy for me to select my favorite among them. The first time I saw her I fell in love with her brown eyes and her shining hair, and she tells me she fell in love with me too. For that reason, we play lovely love scenes very easily together. Her name is Peaches Jackson and she will be nine years old her next birthday.

Soup Etiquette

Tom Mix gave a big banquet for the cowboys in his company at one of the leading hotels of Los Angeles and everything was done with all the necessary luxuries. Among other things, consomme was served in cups. One of the cowboys received his with evident delight and proceeded to improve it with much sugar and cream. The cowboy sitting next to him gave him a dig in the ribs and said in a loud whisper, "Hey, look out. That ain't tea. It's soup."

The first cowboy gave a little start, and then, looking at his neighbor with infinite disdain, said: "Don't you suppose I know that? I always take my soup that way."

Unwept, Unhonored and Unfilmed

[Continued from page 67]

Sidney Olcott, cut and edited and wrote captions when in the United States, got up a large part of the advertising matter, and, with it all, averaged a reel a week.

"It was work in those days—but creative work, blazing the trail. We were always discovering new possibilities and each little success or surprise fed our enthusiasm. Mr. Olcott and I had no one over us. I scarcely ever submitted a scenario and never while abroad. The Kalem never knew what our picture was to be until they saw the first run in the projection room."

"We would have risked our lives (and did many times) out of sheer love for, and loyalty to, the Kalem. For four years the same friends were together and we were known as the O'Kalems, and later, during the oriental tour, as the El Kalems. Among those remaining so long and happily together, besides Mr. Olcott and myself, were Bob Vignola, J. F. McGowan, Jack Clark, Allen Farnham, the technical director, George Hollister, the cameraman, and Alice Hollister. There were others who came and went: Jimmie Vincent, George Mellford, Kenean Buel, Pat O'Malley and Helen Lind.

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Here Are the Stars of Yesterday


JANE GAUNTLET, Laboratory manager, Stockholm, Sweden.

FLORENCE LAWRENCE, 1534 Argyle Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

LOTTIE BRISCOE, Hotel Princeton, West 43rd Street, New York.

DOLORE BERNARD, 112 Twenty-Third St., Elmhurst, L. I.

ALICE HOLLISTER, 1120 Melrose Avenue, Glendale, Calif.

MARION LEONARD, c/o S. E. V. Pictures, Inc., 41 East 42nd St., New York.

LILLIAN WALKER, 150 West 72nd St., New York.


EDITH STOREY, Northport, L. I.

HELEN HOLMES, 6054 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Maurice Costello, Pasadena Hotel, 10 West 61st St., New York.

Rose Tapley, 644 Springdale Ave., East Orange, N. J.

LOUISE GLAUM, 400 South Catalina St., Los Angeles, Cal.

MARGUERITE CLARK, 50 Central Park West, New York.

Irene Rich

"Mr. and Mrs. the makers of Malvina preparations have been furnished with their secret by the famous Dr. Frankel of Germany, who have given them the greatest results in their treatment of freckles. Their patients are reported to be very happy and have been cured of their freckles. It is especially soothing and keeps the skin soft and smooth. One drop of the drops brings the desired results on the 4th.

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50th Anniversary

Since 1874 Malvina preparations have been popular with beautiful women who were interested in preserving that beauty, and with those whose complexion and skin required softening and clearing of freckles. Unsolicited testimonials bear evidence of amazing results from the use of these Malvina products—

Cream ................. 55c
Lotion ................ 55c
Ichthyol Soap ....... 30c

Availed complete, POSTPAID, upon receipt of order for money one dollar. Your druggist can probably supply you. If not—write us.

FREE! Write order for free booklet, 'How She Won a Husband,' which contains some valuable beauty hints.

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quickly relieved, gently healed by massaging with cooling, antiseptic

Mentholatum

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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BEAUTYPEEL

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burning building during the filming of a photoplay scene—and then came the long years of retirement in forgotten loneliness, not to mention the many months of suffering and illness.

"Pictures put me out," Miss Lawrence told me, "it is but right that they should bring me back. I am not asking for stardom. I will get there on my merits if I am given half a chance. I have thousands of friendly motion picture fans who remember me and I know they would like to see me back. Indeed, I still get many letters from all over the world.

"It is pretty hard, at the age of thirty-one, to be left, forgotten by an industry you helped so hard to develop. It is hard to feel that you have given the best of your life to motion pictures—and that they have no place for you.

Miss Lawrence early made connections with the old Vitagraph Company. There her first picture was "The Athletic American Girls," in which she had to box a young woman with considerable pugilistic experience. "She had the science—but I had been brought up with two brothers," explains Miss Lawrence. Her first hero smashed the beaded eye lashes of the lady fighter, with the result that the black cosmetic gave the appearance of a black eye. Miss Lawrence thought she had ruined the film, but, when J. Stuart Blackton stopped crankmg the camera, she found everyone convulsed with laughter—except the boxer.

AFTER this Vitagraph effort, Miss Lawrence alternated between the stage and the screen. She was uniformly successful in both. She had left Vitagraph and was connected with Biograph when'll luck touched her for the first time. Thinking to better herself, Miss Lawrence wrote to Essanay for a joint contract including her husband (who had secretly married Harry Sother). The Essanay officials reported the letter back to Biograph—and the Sothers were dismissed.

They found it impossible to get a position with any of the licensed companies. This was the first instance of blacklisting in filmland. Miss Lawrence was about to go on tour in Ezra Kendall's Company when Mr. Ranous sent for her. Carl Laemmle had organized the Imp Company, engaged Mr. Ranous and he wanted Miss Lawrence.

Miss Lawrence became an Imp star and was highly successful. In 1910, she made the first screen sensational appearance on record, when she went to St. Louis to refute a rumor of her death. In 1911 she left the Imp Company for a vacation in Europe, returning to join the Los Angeles. In 1013 she departed for another vacation, this time making a Mediterranean tour.

While she was absent the independents banded together and invited her to head their company. She came back to be a star of the Victor Company and continued, one of the biggest favorites of the screen, until 1913, when her tragic injuries occurred during the making of a picture.

Miss Lawrence fought desperately to recover and, in 1916, came to Universal for one picture. But the shock of her injuries had been too great and Miss Lawrence collapsed. She was totally paralyzed for four months and incapacitated for four years. Much of this time was spent on her farm at Westwood, N. J., some fifteen miles from Fort Lee, the scene of her many silver screen triumphs. Incidentally she received a cent for her injuries.

Mr. Sother died in 1920. Subsequently Miss Lawrence tried vaudeville and then musical comedy, but the goal of a successful return to the screen was always before her. In 1921 she tried a return, in a picture called "The Unfoldment," but, through mishandling, the production failed of its purpose. The jinx still had Miss Lawrence in its power.

Miss Lawrence has remarried and has her full measure of domestic happiness, but she longs for the films again. Why shouldn't she? Just thirty-one! Less, indeed, in years than most of our successful stars.

Helen Holmes is still an active player, al-

The canary in the mine

Often a canary is lowered down to test the air in a mine before men are allowed to work there. We cannot see bad air, do not easily sense its harmful effects.

Today people everywhere are demanding cool, live air to live in—for healthful indoor surroundings.

Do you know that a G-E Fan, giving cool, live air and comfort in living room, in sleeping room, workshop or office, costs but one-half cent an hour to run?

G-E Fans

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Just Off the Press
See Page 17

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Maurice Costello is still a fine actor, player. He made several recent appearances in Famous Players-Lasky productions, which are now in the screen. Mr. Costello lives at the Pasadena Hotel, 70 West 61st street, New York.

Another broken career recorded by 'the most showering talent in the world' is that of Cleo Madison. Not so long ago Miss Madison was a Universal star. Perhaps you recall bow she preliminary sketches, in 'Black Angel,' the role of the lovely Miss Madison when Rex Ingram remade his story as 'Trilling Women.' Miss Madison had a complete breakdown from overwork and when she returned to the stage, playing mother roles, her return to filmdom were in "The Dangerous Age." Any of the veterans of the screen is Charles "Big Bill" Mackey, with the Famous Players-Lasky Company on the coast. I have been in pictures steadily since 1900, with just one month off," Mr. Ogle told me. "I believe I
have played more parts than any other actor in the business." On August 21 of this year Mr. Ogle will have completed his eighth year with the Famous Players-Lasky.

Mr. Ogle names the original Edison stock company as numbering, besides himself, Laura Sawyer, Kolinda Rainbird, Berdanine Lest, Herbert Prior, William Sorelle, William West, Charles Scay, Charles Sutton and Ed Boulden. Mabel Tranelle, Mary Fuller and Marc Derrmott joined the following year.

Marguerite Clark is happily married, the wife of a wealthy Southerner, H. Palmeron Williams. She lives in New Orleans, La., but she still receives fan mail at her old address, 20 Central Park West, New York.

Ralph Ince, at one time a popular member of the Vitagraph Company, is living at 844 Springdale Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

The trail of the past leads through every one of the big studios of today. Sidney Olcott, the "O'Kalem of yesterday," is directing Norma Talmadge, having just completed Rudolph Valentino's "Monsieur Beaucarie." Robert Vignola, another "O'Kalem," is making specials for Metro-Goldwyn release. Larry Trimble, who directed Florence Turner in London, is now making the photoplays featuring Strongheart. George Melford, another "Kalemite," has been directing for Famous Players-Lasky and is launching himself as an independent director. Francis X. Bushman, who began his career of early popularity at Essanay in 1911, is now in Italy, playing in "Ben-Hur." The production is being directed by Charles Brabin, who gained his directorial experience at Edison in the early days. Theda Bara (Mrs. Brabin), is now in Los Angeles, her return to the screen having been postponed, at least temporarily.

King Baggott, the popular star of the old Imp forces, has been directing for Universal Harry Beaumont, first an actor at Edison and later a director of Essanay and Selig, is directing for the Warner Brothers. J. Stuart Blackton, one of the three organizers of Vitagraph, is at work at the coast Vitagraph studios. Carlyle Blackwell has been making pictures recently abroad.

Harry Carey and Henry B. Walthall are both active players. Alice Joyce has just gone to England to make a picture, having made her return to the screen after her marriage and retirement, in "The Green Goddess."

Rapelye Holmes, who used to play in Essanay pictures, with his wife, Gerta, has been playing the role of the South Sea trader in "Rain," on the stage in New York for two seasons.

Raoul Walsh is the director of "The Thief of Bagdad." His wife, Miriam Cooper, has not appeared in the films for a while. She was once a favorite Griffith-Biographer. Mrs. Linda Griffith has not been active in pictures for years. She has contributed to magazines on motion picture subjects and is living in New York.

James Cruze and Marguerite Snow were recently divorced. Remember when they used to play at the old Thanhouser studios? Mrs. Snow came to the Thanhouser studios after, as he expresses it, "a historic training gained in medicine shows."

Miss Mouch (Mrs. Louis Leon Arms) has just gone to Germany to appear in a screen play. She has not appeared in pictures since Griffith's "The White Rose." Zena Keele, who used to be an ideal of Vitagraph, appears now and then in pictures and lives in Kew Gardens, Long Island. Julia Swayne Gordon, another Vitagrapher, is still playing in front of the cameras. Gladys Leslie, one time Vitagraph star, has been married for two years and is definitely retired to domesticity. She is living in New York.

Louis Huff, the former Lubin star, devotes his time entirely to the stage now. Her sister, Justinia, has been married for some years and lives in Savannah, Ga. Edwin Carewe, another former Lubinite, recently completed a picture, "A Son of the Sahara," in Paris and has returned to this country.

Why will so many married women consider themselves so safe?

Is it that they are blind—or just indifferent—to the secrets of appeal which single girls know so well?

Reporting an interview with 350 women in which some significant facts were revealed.—by Ruth Miller

The "eternal triangle"—A new novel had set me thinking about this subject when I started out recently to get some information from 350 women, single as well as married. And I found an unexpected situation—perhaps significant! I found that an alarming number of "safely married" women are running a risk few single girls are taking.

Attractive women they were—well dressed, well coiffed and manicured. Yet they were neglecting their most appealing charm—were, in attention to it, outnumbered 5 to 1 by single girls with their "commodity" yet to make.

A woman's personal daintiness is one of her strongest appeals to a man and its most deadly enemy is—perspiration! You may be fastidiously soap-and-water clean and still that repellent odor will creep in.

There is only one way to guard against this dangerous form of unloveliness. Just as the teeth and fingernails, the underarm too, must have regular, special care. Today 3,000,000 women are finding their one dependence in Odorono, the Underarm Toilette.

Odorono not only corrects perspiration odor but its anodyning moisture as well. A clear, clean liquid. Odorono was originally formulated by a physician. It is now widely used in hospitals, by physicians and nurses who know its antiseptic qualities and scientific action.

Twice a week is all you need to use it! One application is effective for at least three days; giving absolute protection from the distress of clothing soaked, stained and even ruined; from that offensive odor which destroys personal daintiness. Safeguard your clothing and yourself with Odorono—today. At all toilet counters, 35c, 60c and $1, or by mail postpaid.

Creme Odorono—for odor only

Everyone is subject to perspiration odor—even though not bothered with moisture. Expressly for odor, Creme Odorono was perfected. Exquisitely soft and smooth, vanishing and non-greasy. It is effective at once and gives all day protection. Large tube, 25c.

Send for three samples

For 10c I will send you 3 generous samples for the complete underarm toilette—Odorono, Creme Odorono, and Odorono Depilatory, together with booklet of complete information. Or sample of any one for 5c Mail the coupon today.

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907 Blair Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

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Enrolled 10c. Send me, please, samples of Odorono, Creme Odorono and Odorono Depilatory. Also booklet.

Name...
Address...
(Note: For sample of any one of above, enclose 5c and cross out those not wanted.)
Sixty miles on the speedometer—twelve noon by the clock—a quiet, shady grove by the roadside—a lunch basket packed with good things to eat—and five hungry people ready to sit down to a feast at nature's table. That's the time for a little music from the pocket orchestra—a few lively selections on a Hohner Harmonica—

**Good Music—Wherever You Go!**

Brown Eyed Betty, Summit, N. J.—"Old Bill" will do as well as any of the other variants of "I Am a Man," of which my correspondent endow me. You "think I have brown hair but not much of it." Wrong, Betty. I'm plentifully endowed. Ask my barber or beauty shopkeeper. Milton Sills is thirty-eight. Married. If you "fell in love with him in the only picture you ever saw of him" what will be your state when you have seen ten?

Inez, New Zealand.—Do motion pictures brighten your life on the island amid the mists and mumbles? If not, perhaps they must, else you would not have the deep interest and vast knowledge of them your letter shows. Marguerite de la Motte and Pat W'Maller in "Dancing Daughters," Allan Forrest played opposite Shirley Mason in "Lights of the Desert." Yes, I. Smith (Smith) Thomas was the first Mrs. Jack Pickford.


C. B. E., Oakland, Calif.—You like to think that I am "in a book of Cullen Landis." I'm afraid Mr. Landis wouldn't. Dream on, sweet one. Mr. Landis' age is twenty-eight. Recent appearances of his have been in "The Raider," "Indian Trails," "The Alibi," and "The Fighting Coward."

Frances, Estes Park, Colo.—Do you longer judge persons by the books they read, nor by their friends, but by their motion picture favorites? You are willing to be judged by yours. Norma Talmadge, Pauline Lord, Helen Westley, Dolores Del Rio, and Pola Negri are the actresses and John Barrymore, Charlie Chaplin, Lon Chaney, Ernst Lubitsch, and Gay Bates Post are your favorite actors. Now what do I think of you? I think you are an intelligent, self-reliant young woman. You prove it when you say you think Charles Chaplin a great artist and that you go to all his pictures; best of all, you are a "right" Republican. Do your own thinking and feel too, Frances.

Eleanor, Newark, N. J.—I don't mind your calling me "Daddy" if you like it. Makes me feel important. For,—come close, Eleanor, while I whisper,—I have never been one. Lloyd Hughes, my specimen of a six feet tall, weighing one hundred fifty pounds. His age is twenty-six years. He is married.

L.V.A., Brooklyn, N. Y.—All right, Lloyd. Your favorite actress was born in Port Huron, Mich., August 10, 1900. Colleen Moore was educated in a convent in Cleveland. Her height is five feet, three inches and her weight one hundred pounds. A chance meeting with a producer brought about her engagement in pictures. She has made about twenty pictures in five years. Her maiden name was Kathleen Morrison. She was married last August to John Emmet McCammon, a recent picture in which she appeared are "The Huntress," "Flaming Youth" and "Painted People."

Cheery, Athens, Tex.—A tootsie hoop name. Eugene O'Brien has not a brother who plays in Marshall Nelson productions, but himself, plays in "Secrets," with Norma Talmadge. Ramon Novarro changed his family name to Novarro, for the sake of his acting, because he feared the public found it unpronounceable. But he did not go out of the family, for he uses his mother's name, Novarro. He spent part of his winter in Tunis. Not, however, in idleness. See his new picture, "The Arab."

Kathryn, Northampton, Mass.—You saw Richard Dix in "The Christian" and you admire him. He is twenty-nine years old. He is also and attended the University of Minnesota. He is not married.

R. H., Cedar Falls, Ia.—A cure for the blues is that round, jolly little face in that snapshot pasted at the top of your letter. I hope that life will never cause that smile to fade. Perhaps you can, like turquoise and con- frere, Carolyn Van Wyck, will tell you how to modify a pronounced pug nose. My advice is to call the feature retrousse and let it go at that.

Missouri Matron, Joplin, Mo.—Do I "think it is wrong for a married woman, the mother of two lovely children, to see handsome men in the movies?" I do not. Especially since you say you would be glad if your two little sons would ever "become as manly and successful." Your favorite actor, J. Warren Kerrigan, was born in Louisville, Ky., July 25, 1884. He has black hair and hazel eyes. His height is five feet, eleven inches, his weight one hundred ninety-five pounds.

M. Lr., Minneapolis, Minn.—"You bet that I am a girl." What stakes do you offer? Norma Talmadge was born May 2, 1895, Constance Talmadge April 19, 1900. Count Talmadge and Mike married them in 1908, and they serve as a model for artistic and harmonic good exercise for the brain, Mauvette.

Jma Fan, Detroit, Mich.—What an inventive young person. That "nom de plume" is an inspiration. So was your salutation, "Dear Sir or Madame or Otherwise." You have invented a novel word, or rather, for unattached women, "Otherwise.""Wonder if they will like it? Mary Astor's age is nineteen, her height five feet, five inches, her weight one hundred and twenty-five pounds. By the way, have you ever seen, or do you say, is whether she is married. Breathe freely once more. No man has led her to the altar.

Jackie, Peterboro, Ont.—You want to know "all about Buck Jones." What an order! Well, he was born in Vinncennes, Ind. His eyes are gray, his hair brown. His com- bination is height—six feet—weight—one hundred and forty-five pounds. His height is five feet, eleven inches. He was thirty years old when he began his career as a screen actor at Los Angeles. That was five years ago. He is married.

Queen Sophie, San Francisco, Cal.—When will you send me picture of your friend? I don't recall the ceremony. Percy Marmont would be as proud if he knew all you said about him. He was born in London, England. He is on the stage in London and New York. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. English slimmness. His eyes are blue gray and his hair blond. Like many of his contemporaries, he is an athlete. His age is approximately thirty-five years. I had not noticed that Margaret Livingston's type is reminiscent of Marguerite Clark. Miss Livingston was born at Newport, R. I., and was educated there. She has had five years of screen experience.

E. D. D., Raymondsville, Tex. Enid Bennett is twenty-eight. She is the wife of Fred Nilco, the director. Jolysna Ralston is nineteen. Myrtle Stedman is a blonde. She is thirty-five. Like blondes, E. D. D.?

Betty, Montgomery, Ala.—Let not your heart be troubled. Betty, Gloria Swenson's hair is brown, not red, but brown. Yes, she is beautiful in any light or at any angle. It is usual to send a quarter with each request for a star's photograph. The number of requests is enormous and even wealthy motion picture stars dread poverty in old age.
a cigarette from a property-man. But the twinkle in his eyes was somewhat insinuating.

"Oh, I have a long way to go as an actor," he said modestly, as he resumed his position on Miss Dalton's throne. "Take 'The Marriage Maker.' I was terrible in that."

"Suppose William de Mille learns that you said that."

"He knew it. I like to play heavies as I used to. But there's more money in being a hero. A hero gets all the money and all the sympathy. And a villain works just as hard."

"Work! You mention work! (Everywhere in the studio, there were examples of inspired inactivity.)"

"In just a minute you'll see how hard I work. We're having a big fight."

With this, Mr. Holt was called away to confer on the details of it.

"Now you bang each other's heads against the bookcase, but be careful not to shake the scene," instructed the director. And Jack Holt and the villainous Apache complied with such artistic fire that the banging produced a slight tremor in the walls of the counterfeit apartment, and the scene had to be retaken. The second result was perfection. Mr. Holt laid waste the rascal with the sure touch of genius. He was not only the hero, but getting the most money, and the highest-paid actors always live to work in the last foot of film.

"I like to play what is known as 'heavy-leads'," confessed Mr. Holt, when I asked him how comfortably this recent nobility rested upon the top of a career founded upon the roles of rogues. "An actor must have a good story if he is to do good characterization. A bad story can spoil anyone's work. Still, some of the best and most popular actors are consistently buried in weak material. Directing interested me a lot. When I've done all I want to do as an actor, my ambition might include it."

"What do you want to do as an actor?"

"I would like to be as popular as Thomas Meighan, for instance."

"That's your professional ambition. Have you an unprofessional one?"

"To get back to California and my polo."

"Polo is known as the 'gentleman's game.' With whom do you play in Hollywood?"

"That has all the earmarks of a dirty crack. Do you think there are no gentlemen in the picture business?"

"We know there are. You, for instance, are known the width of the land as one. Even the shushed sensibilities of the most completely submerged tenth recognize in you the very embodiment of the title 'a perfect gent.'"

Mr. Holt laughed and borrowed another cigarette from another property-man with a democratic grace only an authentic thoroughly could accomplish. It was the real test. The congenital roughneck would have been pally. The pseudo-gentleman would have been patronizing. Jack Holt was neither.

"Wonderful fellow, a real he-man," commented his cigarette-creditor, as he went back on the set.

"Isn't he charming?" said beautiful Lucy Fox, taking the chair he had vacated.

And I wondered whether that was the word for him.

"I'm sick of beautiful women," he had said to me.

"Aren't you sick of wonderful movie-heroes?" asked the sweet little actress.

"I should say so," she answered. "But Jack Holt isn't that kind. He's a gentleman. A real he-man."
**The Story Without a Name**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

“Mum” is the word!

“Mum” prevents all body odors

What a comfort!—to preserve all day that fresh, “after-the-bath” feeling of daintiness!

“Mum”, the snow-white cream—not only prevents perspiration odor, but all body odors. “Mum” is so effective and so safe that dainty women use it with the sanitary pad. 25c and 50c at all stores.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
"Why do you say that about a friend of ours?" asked Mary, her color a trifle higher.

"Because when I was a convalescent at Cannes I spotted an international gambler who was making a half-million francs a month out of an electrically controlled roulette-wheel. He used a startling attractive young woman as his silent partner—and I have a very good memory!"

Mary was about to speak, but she stopped short the sound of two muffled reports across the twilight hills.

"What are those signal shots?" demanded Alan as he caught up the binoculars. "And why isn't Hyde stopping that closed car there at the field-gate?" He swung about to his assistant without waiting for an answer.

"Go to your tower, as quick as you can, and bring back what you need." Then, still tense with excitement that seemed mysterious to the watching girl, he drew his triangulartocase to one side of the littered floor and knelt beside it as he packed away his apparatus.

"I believe you love that more than you do anything else in the world," protested Mary as she reached a hand out to his shoulder.

He looked up quickly at her touch, but he remained on his knees beside his model as he fitter it delicately yet deftly into its case.

"And when you're through with this, Alan," continued the quiet-eyed girl, "there's one thing I wish you'd make. I wish you'd make some sort of love amplifier so that people who care for you can make themselves heard when they want to be heard!"

He stopped at that, with a look of contrition in his eyes.

"Nothing is stronger than love," he said, trying to speak steadily. "But in some way, Mary, this is different. This stands for service, service to my country. I couldn't quite explain it to you, but the nation that owns what I'm packing away in this carrying case is the nation that is going to win the next war, that is going to be mistress of the world. It doesn't look very big, but it can save our cities from destruction and our fleets from going down. It's something I'm giving to my country. And until it's safe in the Department's keeping I don't think I'll ever draw a free breath!"

"But what is it you're afraid of?" asked the intent-eyed girl.

"I wish I could answer that," was the other's quick response. "But I can't. And that's where the trouble lies. Only, I feel like a field-mouse with a black-snake called over its grass nest. There's something going to strike, but I can't tell when and how, yet it's not the loss of the model that worries me. I hold the secret of that right here in my own head. And I could make a hundred more, whenever the need arises. But if this——"

The one thing I'd ask," said Alan as he rose to his feet, "if anything should happen to me, would be to have this model destroyed where it stood, I'd rather see it all smashed to smithereens, before an enemy could get it on it.

He stopped short at the ringing of a phonebell, but as he held the receiver to his ear and got no answer to his call. From below the tower somewhere a motor-horn broke through the twilight. And the frozen deepened on Alan's face as he turned back to Mary, startled by the sudden cry from her lips. In her staring eyes he had a look of surprise, touched with wonder. Wheeling about and following the line of her vision, he saw a flare of flames surmounted by a billowing drift of smoke.

"That's our auxiliary tower on fire!" he gasped. "It's doomed, every timber of it!"

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**Advertisement:**

**A Woman is Only as Old as She Looks**

Beautiful Women on the Stage and Screen use Angelus Lemon Cream to Remove Make Up.

Helene Chadwick, the popular screen star, states that the continuous use of "Make Up" would be ruinous to her complexion if she neglected to thoroughly cleanse her skin with cleansing cream—that's why the beautiful women of Stage and Screen use ANGELUS LEMON CLEANSING CREAM. It cleanses so thoroughly, it is so soothing and refreshing and it thoroughly protects the skin from the coarsening effects of the sun, wind and dust.

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**Angelus Rouge Incarnat**

Practically indelible. It looks so natural under the bright sun, and resists heat and moisture. It stays on Four shades: light, dark, medium and new orange. "In the Little Red Box."

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**Angelus Lipstick**

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**PARK AND TILFORD**

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Please send me a guest size tube of Angelus Lemon Cream. I am enclosing ten cents for postage and wrapping.

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Sani-Flush keeps the toilet bowl looking like new—removes all marks, stains and inerustations—leaves the porcelain white and shining.

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Dorothy Ray, 146 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 112, Chicago

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"There's Don and another man running towards it," cried the trembling girl at the railing. And both men were under the tower here. Oh, Alan, what does it mean?"

Instead of answering her, at the moment, Alan dodged into his cramped generator-room. Then he returned to the balcony, buckling a bolstered army revolver about his waist.

"It means that fire was set to draw us from this tower to the auxiliary one," he cried as he crossed to the door with a double glance at the keyhole. "And it also means that I'm about to have some visitors here!"

"But what can they do?" asked the girl, still further disturbed by the sternness of his face.

"That's what I've got to find out," was his hurried retort. "And there's a chance it may not be pleasant... So I don't want you to be seen here. Get back in that generator-room of mine. And stay there until I come for you."

"But if you're in danger, Alan?" she said, with a valorous tightening of the lips.

"Quick!" he commanded, looking sharply at the familiar drone of a seaplane as it circled and settled down somewhere along the valley of the Potomac, beyond the drifting tower of smoke.

A knock sounded on the tower door, but he did not answer it. Instead, he stopped and snatched the enfilading key from the core of his trapezoidal, crushing a row of cigarettes as he forced shut his chiseled silver cigarette-case on the door delicate with weathering, and raised his prayer-book and thrusting it deep into an inner pocket. Then he snapped down the case-cover and went to lift the trapezoid itself, apparently to some sheltering corner of the tower. But before he could do this the locked door was shouldered abruptly back and two heavy figures stroke in.

At their appearance and watchful, stepped slowly away until his back was against the tower wall.

"How dare you violate government territory?" he barked at the man's belt.

"How dare you lock out government agents?" the older of the two intruders challenged back.

We're here on business—to take you to Fashion Park and court.

"On whose instructions? asked Alan, inching forward until he once more stood over his trapezoid.

Here's order from the Secretary himself," retorted the other, producing the document in question.

"That order does not agree with the Department's wired instructions," asserted the tight-jawed man confronting them.

"Well, they're orders, and they're official, and they're going to be obeyed," cried the thicker-lined man in the background as he kicked aside a tangle of insulated wire.

The girl crouching in her narrow quarters was never conscious that she actually started. But at the same moment that Alan Holt flung out the claim that his captors had nothing to do with his Department or any other, he reached for a triangle-shaped key for an automatic pistol and Alan himself whipped out his service revolver. But as he fired his arm was knocked aside by the second intruder before he had recovered himself. A blow on the head sent Alan reeling back against the tower-ledge. Then he grappled with his assailant, fighting to reach the fallen revolver that would end his reach.

It was then that Mary Waltesworth emerged from her hiding place. She appeared in time to see the heavier man bring the metal grip of his automatic down on the back of Alan's stained head, striking cruelly, until the stunned figure relaxed on the acid-stained floor. She saw the second man promptly gather Alan up and off the stairway, and then with his hands trailing limp and a small runnel of blood trickling from his temple as he went. She saw her remaining enemy stand in the open doorway, his pistol still in his hand as he called his orders down after his confederate.

And she saw Alan's trapezoid, standing there in its case, within ten paces of the crime who had betrayed her.

Mary came of fighting stock, and, if she hesitated, it was only for a moment. Stooping low, she hurled her slender young body against the door, and with a scream of triumph thought aloud as she saw that startled figure go tumbling down the twisted steps. Then she swung shut the broken door, tilted over a window and threw back one hundred and forty-six sheets of paper, clamped them, and took the one barrier that stood between her and her enemies. Punting from her efforts, she listened for a moment as she heard the sound of voices below. She heard a car engine race, stop and start again, a repeated low whistle answered by a second whistle farther down the hillside, a mounting tram of feet as if still drawn up to the hill, disappeared, turned up towards her flimsily barred retreat.

**When she heard their blows on the cracking wood she no longer knew hesitation or fear. She snatched her revolver from her hip and ran to where a red fire-axe hung beside an extinguisher-cylinder. She snatched down the axe and, pivoting it above her head, turned back where to the trapezoid stood.** Then, with her jaw clenched tight, she brought the heavy metal axe-head down on the fragile machinery so deftly concealed itself. As she did it down again and again, until the complicated instrument lay an unintelligence and tangled mass of metal. And she was still crushing the structure, her fingers bloody, her nail fell away and a swarthily-faced man of middle age rushed in and seized her by the wrist. Then he stood in his tracks, with his gorilla-like breast puffing for breath, as he studied what the falling light revealed to him.

"Don't kill her, you fool!" suddenly barked at one of his followers who had drawn his revolver and crossed the room in a frenzied time struck at her captor. And Mary Waltesworth, even in that moment of stress, knew it was Mark Drakma speaking, Drakma, the man she had once sat up with for sport and yet so inexplicably about the fringes of Washington life and trailed a wake of confirming rumors after him.

Yet it surprised her to hear him laugh, though it was a laugh without mirth.

"We may have lost our fish," he said with a forced smile, "but we can at least carry the laughs with us!"

He stood silently, deep in thought as he stopped and picked up a broken dial-indicator.

"We must regard you, Madame, as quite a heroine," he said with mock gallantry. "But you have worked well. But you will work much harder, before we are through with you, to repair what you have just done!"

Mary, standing in the heavy face with its ominous flash of white teeth, made an effort to answer him. She tried to tell him that Alan Holt was still alive and while he lived would hang by his tooth her and protect her. But the words were cut off by a gross hand clamped over her mouth as she was caught up and carried hurriedly down to the closed car that stood just outside the house. The silver bar was thrust into this car and held and thussed there while they swerved away in a cloud of dust, her distracted eyes caught sight of a Pacific mail tray to rapids on the west, mounting like an eagle and moving in widening circles that spiralled higher and higher until the land flattened out and the broken hills just beyond, sea contour of the darkening hills, took up its course, heading away from the darkening hills straight for the open Atlantic.

It hummed on its way, carrying a blood-stained trail of dazed craters over the world. Black eyes saw him in the window as he passed, his eyes in bewilderment, at last, and lay back listening to the familiar drone of the engines and the whine of the wind through the plane's struts. He tried to put a hand up to his throbbing brow, only to find them pinioned close to his side. And he realized that he was being carried away, helpless and outlawed, from everything that had made his life. He was silent and still going...
I used up the ticket on the way and, a week after I arrived, I had only the amber left. So did what many better men have done—joined the mob. As we used to say back in Pendleton—'Them was the days.' Three dollars a day—when you worked. And that wasn't any too often. Eating and sleeping came by luck. Once in a while I'd get a job where a director with a realism complex would insist on serving real food at a budget corner. I could stoke up enough for a couple of days and, if I was lucky, could carry away enough food for a day or two more. I appreciate how Merton felt. I didn't pray to be a good movie actor, but I came pretty near praying for a part in a Mary Pickford production.

But by bit, he got one small part after another. There is no doubt about George's ability as an actor, and he made quite a reputation for himself. That the reputation was justified is proven by his work in "Merry-Go-Round" and "Human Wreckage."

"But it was slow work," he says. "Then, one day, came a call from the Mary Pickford studios. My dream was out. I dropped everything and ran. Miss Pickford was in the casting director's office. She looked at me, murmured 'not the type' and I walked out. Right at that minute, as Octavus Cohen says, suicide was the one thing I couldn't think of doing nothing else but. Well, I didn't commit suicide, as you can see, and I did finally play with Mary Pickford in 'Amatory of Cheeseline Alley,' so I suppose I ought to be contented."

Mr. Hackathorne never was a director's discovery, like so many of the younger stars. "Though goodness knows," he said with his swift, appealing smile, "I tried hard enough to get Mr. Griffith to discover me. I worshiped his work so much and I was so conceited enough to have the idea that I was the very type he found most satisfactory to work with. I hung around him and followed him for days, until he said he thought I was a gunman or something."

He isn't married and he lives in a charming sort of "bachelor diggings" and is so well taken care of by a Chinese houseboy that he probably doesn't miss a wife to put on his button and darn his socks. He needn't worry. Somebody will. In fact he's an awful temptation, even to a married woman like me. He's so helpless—he really should have somebody to look after him. He's always late to everything, I discovered, and if I were for that helpless and charming way he has of making apologies I'm sure hostesses would write him off their lists. He's always being in automobile smash-ups, and putting his money into fake oil wells. And in spite of his scrupulous neatness I'm sure if it weren't for the Chinese boy he'd be quite capable of not matching his socks.

Well, he must be a terrible temptation to thousands of efficient young women.

And he's the only actor who ever received two of Photoplay's six best screen performances of the month at the same time. He says he's prouder of that than anything else that's happened to him in his whole life so far.

It will delight users of that face powder supreme—Bourjois MANON LESCAUT*—to learn that Bourjois has now created Bourjois MANON LESCAUT Talcum Powder—a talcum which, in fragrance, daintiness and consistency, is well worthy of the name Bourjois. Bourjois MANON LESCAUT Perfume and Toilet Water now also may be had at your druggists.

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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

G. E. D., CAL.
Forty pounds is a good bit to reduce—a strenuous method must be used. Exercise and diet, certainly. Plenty of both, and in regular quantities. I should suggest a diet for a while, from which you eliminate all starches, sugars and fats.

Bobbed hair is very smart. If your hair is cut in becoming style I should leave it alone, for a while at least.

Because of your weight you should wear clothes that are well cut, along the simplest of straight line styles. A long waist line will make you seem a bit slimmer. Flowing sleeves—long ones—will cover your arms and yet accentuate the beauty of your hands. And long skirts will be far better for you than the shorter ones.

The rouge that you wear is quite all right. I should suggest, too, a dark lip stick. If you seem to follow the Spanish type wear a good deal of black—with a touch of scarlet, often, or a dash of bright green or flame or orange. Black will also make you seem more slender.

BETTY, CINCINNATI, OHIO.
No, indeed, you do not look older, to me, than your eighteen years. Anyone who tells you that you look over thirty is being cattish—and untruthful. I think that your photographs are charming. I see a slight resemblance to the lovely Mae Busch in them. You are not a usual type—you are "different."

Having a baby should not change your style of dress. Wear becoming frocks of color and line that suit you. Do not try to look matronly. From what I see of your frock and hat, in the picture you sent me, I should say that you have very good taste. Your weight? That is quite all right.

If you have a capable woman, one whom you trust, to keep the baby with you do not see any harm in going out, of an evening, with your husband. You must be very careful, though, in your choice of a nurse. The baby is very young—you must take no chances in regard to his welfare. But you must not sacrifice your husband, either. Many women neglect a husband for a baby—and some women go to the other extreme. Don't make either mistake.

MRS. L. H., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
I am afraid that I cannot answer your inquiry through the columns of the magazine. It is just a trifle too personal. But if you send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will be more than glad to give you whatever advice I can.

LUCILLE, BOSTON, MASS.
I think that you will undoubtedly find Woodbury's facial soap satisfactory. It is beneficial to the skin, and contains only pure ingredients. If you have an oily skin, you will know it—and won't have to ask questions! Oily skins are hard to handle, as the unhappy possessor of such a complexion knows. But with care and treatment even the most oily skin may improve. If you will send me a stamped, addressed envelope, I will be able to give you more detailed advice.

IRISH, WORCESTER, MASS.
This is the month of the overweights! No one, so far, has complained of being too slim! Large arms may be reduced by massage and by exercise—the exercise that gets the best results is not hard to do: merely stand with heels together and back straight and the offending arms stretched at right angles from the body. Turn the arms wide, and separate them as wide as you are able to reach with your shoulder blades. Then, while stretching as though you were reaching for some object. Describe twenty-five arcs—if it does not tire you, thirty-five, turning first the left arm, then the right, and then both together. Either electric, violet ray or hard rubber massage will be effective.

With blue eyes, fair skin and a quantity of black hair, you can wear nearly every color. Blues and violets will be most becoming to you, however. The darker shades will make you seem more slender.

A good astringent, or a fine astringent cream, will reduce the enlarged pores.

"TROUBLED HEART," SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
You assure me that you absolutely trust the man to whom you are engaged, and then, in the next breath, you say that you are bitterly unhappy because he was attentive to your house guest at a dance that you gave in her honor. My dear, wasn't it just exactly right for him to make your friend's evening a pleasant one? If you were giving the party for her, wasn't it almost the young man's duty to amuse her, and to pay her the most courteous of attentions? "Of course," you write sadly, "I told him to be nice to Mabel. But I didn't expect him to be so nice!"
As I see the situation, your fiance was obeying your instructions to the letter. You asked him to be kind to your friend, and he was just as kind as he could possibly be—for your sake. And you allowed yourself to be small, and jealous. If you are going to allow yourself to have those feelings, after you are married, you are almost bound to have periods of intense misery. And so, for that matter, will your husband!

Look on the fair side of the case. Realize that a man does not put the shades of meaning into his every chance word and action that the woman, who loves him, can sometimes read there. Often, quite unconsciously, he gives a false impression when he is just being courteous and—in the case of your fiance—obedient.

"THE GIANT," BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

What a silly girl you are! You are not a bit too tall—your height is just about medium. Perhaps you think you are so slim—a few added pounds would help very much. Drink plenty of milk, and get more than your share of rest.

The Autobiography of Harold Lloyd

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

afford to pay me three hundred. Times were hard, and they'd spent a lot for this and that, and two hundred was the limit. My heart went right down in my boots. I'd counted so much on that raise and planned so many things.

Then, as usual, I began to get spunky. I knew, as salaries went then, I had a right to three hundred. It was only just that I should have it. I said it was in my contract. Hal said he was sorry, but they couldn't pay it. So I said, "All right, I'll see!"

I went home, in the dumps, and Dad and my brother Gaylord and I sat there talking. It was ten o'clock and all of a sudden I said, "See what time the next train goes to New York. I'm going back and talk this thing over with the heads of Pathe."

Gaylord phoned and said the next train left at eleven o'clock.

"Let's hurry," I said, "because I'm going to be on it." And I was. And that was the way I went to New York.

Right here I would like to say one thing, because it may help some other fellow in the same place. Whatever I have been able to accomplish in pictures that the public has liked, has been made possible, I believe, by one thing—my independence. I have never been forced to make bad contracts.

In the early days I made pictures under all sorts of handicaps. Sometimes we turned them out in four days. But since "A Sailor Made Man" I have been free to make the best pictures I know how to make, to spend as much money as I wanted to, and as much time as was necessary to make them right.

And that independence of mine has been largely upon the fact that I was financially independent almost from the start, because I saved my money. I was never in debt, never up against it, and I could choose my own path.

In this business—in every business, but in the picture business more than anywhere else—unless you are building on a solid foundation, you are at the mercy of every wind of chance. You can never wait, judge, estimate. You can never go ahead with your own ideas, and carry them out according to your own methods.

The thing to do, in any career, is to start to save something out of whatever you make. And save it, no matter how tempted you are to spend it. If you earn fifty dollars a week, pretend you're only earning forty. Stick that ten dollars in the bank. When I got sixty, I saved fifteen. When I got a hundred

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habit"
Icar to have Harlan buy me things that cost so much. May I keep it, even if it isn’t an engagement present?”

He loved the sound of pride in her laugh. How much it had done for her wounded spirit, that bracelet.

“I’m not an Indian giver,” he said. “I won’t take back my present just because you threw me down.”

The quick brown fox came to her heels. “Oh, I didn’t, really,” she said happily, “did I? It seems funny, doesn’t it?—Gertie Morrison—should refuse to marry the great Cleveland Brown. But listen, dear. It’s for you, too. I’d be cheating you horribly. Even if I didn’t love Harlan, I’d be cheating you. I’ve given the best of myself to another man.

A woman never loves anyone else quite like she loves the first man who is her husband, and the father of her first baby. No matter how completely she loves others, there’s something about that first love, especially if it’s happy, that’s different. He’s always in her heart. She’s given him the thing that God created her to give.

“You deserve a woman who loves you that way, and only you, and who had never loved anyone else. I—may be awfully old-fashioned, but that’s the way I feel. I know you’ll find her, too.”

It was a little difficult to go to Ray Connable after that.

But he had to go. He had promised. Besides, a queer feeling had come over him that nothing could go wrong. There was magic in the experience. Direct and simple magic.

Also, there was a purpose in all this. Hidden from him as yet, but wonderfully potent. It was the elimination of all the confusing elements with which his life, his great success, his fame, had surrounded him. It was leading him back to the primitive, the natural, the simple. Where he belonged.

He had never been to Ray Connable’s apartment. They had always been upon pleasure bent and Ray Connable belonged unmistakably to that realm set apart for sadness, as a butterfly flutters in a flower garden.

A gigantic colored woman let him in and he sat down on a big couch which was covered with an old but many-colored Spanish scrap.

“Miss Ray’ll be right out,” said the colored woman majestically. “You set down and rest comfortable. Would you like a drink?”

“Sure,” said Ray Connable, as she, an adventurous smile. “No, thank you, Ella,” he said, “I’m fine.”

She went out and he inspected his surroundings. He had the South American flip in their tails in an ornamental glass bowl, the canaries asleep in a gaily painted wicker cage. There were fresh flowers everywhere. Marigolds on the upright piano, and heavy purple asters in a basket on the round table, and red dahlias that were almost black in a tall, black, and gold vase on the writing table.

It was like Ray Connable. Jazzy and full of life and color, and oddly incongruous. Ella shut the door and went into the tiny, combination bath and dressing room.

“Do you suppose he wants?” asked Ray Connable nervously, as she touched her eyelashes with mascara.

“I don’t know, but whatever it is, it’s all right,” said Ella. “He’s smiling like anything out there, and it ain’t a mean smile either. Whatever he’s going to say to you, Miss Ray, it’s all right.”

Ray Connable gave a final hitch to the flaring trousers of her Chinese house suit and went out.

“Hello, Clevie,” she said. “This is what the etiquette books mean when they refer to an unexpected pleasure. I’m a bit neglected, as the saying goes, but I can stand it if you can. I was so doggone tired tonight my teeth ached. That guy Vanelli is terrible. I had to remind him today that I was an alleged actress, not a
Take away

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The Emeralds had a fresh green, the color of the spring leaves in the hillside woodlands where Ray Connable had played as a raged and barefoot child.

"Look here," she said suddenly, "I can't go through with this thing, Cleve. I'm no blackmailer. I thought I could and I know I'm a damn fool not to, but—I can't. I'm—much obliged for the bracelet—and—"

She went to the desk, an absurdly small, childlike figure in the frivolous little, gay little scarlet pajamas she wore.

"I'm sort of superstitious," she said, gallantly, "and—I feel funny about it. You don't love me and I don't have a right to something better. It's all right to do some folks, Cleve, but there's folks you can't do and keep your chin up. And I've always kept my chin up, no matter what they may say."

She tossed a crumpled ball into his lap, and he knew without looking that it was the papers she had saved on the car.
And that knowledge filled him with an immense awe of Janice, who was young and lovely and sweet and clean and strong. Just that. How simple, and yet what a splendid thing for a woman to be!

When he saw her curled up in a big chair with her feet over the arm, and her hair rumpled, she did not even look like the everyday Janice he knew so well. Her eyes were dreamy and her cheeks were flushed over a book.

He picked it up. She had been reading the story of Launcelot and Elaine. Did anyone, then, read Tennyson, in Hollywood, in this day and age? He remembered something of this story and he touched her with soft fingers, like a moonbeam.

He liked the little brown library that was hers. A boy's room, he had always thought it. 'This' that packed the plain shelves, from floor to ceiling. The big, deep chairs. The bright Chinese rug. The dull, yellow reading lamps. Somehow he had never pictured Janice with books. He pictured her in the open air, with gusts of wind blowing her hair, or the salt spray on her lips. Yet there were hundreds of well-written books in that little room.

"He said," she said in her full, boyish voice, without moving, "what are you doing here so late? You look—excited?"

"Nothing. I brought you a present. Janice." Her deep blue eyes, fringed with their straight, heavy, black lashes looked up at him, wide open. She sat up.

"Oh—really? I adore presents. What is it?"

Let me guess," he beamed. "Guess."

Her eyes danced at him. "Have you got it with you?"

"U-mm."

"In this room?"

"U-mm."

"Oh my! Is it nice? Did you think just about when you bought it?"

"I bought it just for you and I thought a lot of things when I was doing it."

She laughed, the prettiest, clearest, little laugh he had ever heard. Exquisitely, she tucked her pretty feet beneath the skirt of her blue linen dress.

"Book?"

"No."

"Is it something to eat?"

"No.

"Does it smell nice?"

"Not specially."

"Then it just must be something to wear."

He nodded.

"Oh, I never was so excited. Is it clothes or jewelry?"

"Jewelry."

For an instant she could not speak. Her face grew tense. "You'll have to show it to me, that's all, or I'll burst."

He brought from his pocket a white, flat box and held it out to her.

Breathless, and with fingers whose trembling he could see, she opened the box.

Oh, they were most beautiful of all, those deep blue stones. They had a gracious spirit. They were the color of all things closest to God. Why, they were exactly the color of Janice's eyes.

He heard her gasp. There was an awed, almost frightened silence. Janice's eyes grew bigger and bigger, like a child's on Christmas morning.

"Why-ee, Cleve. Oh, the beautiful, lovely things. Is it for me? Really and truly for me? Oh, Cleve, put it on for me—I can't."

He snapped it about her firm, tanned little arm, with its delicate wrist.

And he placed the box he had held himself before a pair of strong young arms, and hugged violently. A cold, hard little kiss—a child's kiss—fell somewhere between his nose and his right eye.

"It's the most beautiful bracelet I ever saw," she said happily. "I've wanted one so long. All the other girls have them, but none so exclusive feature—certain remedial properties that relieve redness, roughness, tan, freckles and slight imperfections. No other cream is like it. No matter whether you use it as a cleanser, a protection or a powder base—its nourishing and healing properties will bring fresh beauty and new life to your skin.

Buy a jar today and see the immediate improvement it brings. $1.00 and 50c jars at all drug and department stores—the discount house maintains three times the quantity."

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Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

beautiful, so perfect, as this. You know—it's funny—but this little old ring that father gave me is the only jewelry I ever had in my life.

She held up her smooth, but hand, is fit with a small gold seal ring upon the third finger. "I always wear it, because he gave it to me," she said seriously, and "I'll always wear this because you—gave it to me. I love it, Cleve. I can't tell you how much."

Something within Cleveland Brown began to quiver and sing, like a butterfly bursting its roof, when she said that. "You—gave it to me, and it meant so much. It was himself—just himself—not the great and famous and wealthy Cleveland Brown she meant when she said "you—you." And he knew that if he had been a stalwart young electrician, or a tired young camarader pig, for a chance, she would have said exactly the same thing. And that was a very wonderful thing for Cleveland Brown to know.

He was glad he had given her the bracelet. But he felt it would be just as much fun to give her anything else. A bunch of sweet peas on a spring day. Or a new pair of shoes. Or a trip around the world.

That was Janice.

He thought of the countries he was going forth some day to see. And he had a vision, as men will have visions when they stand upon the mount of revelation, of Janice beside them. They belonged together.

They two. They two.

Strange enough, he had forgotten all about the test. He had forgotten that there had ever been a ruby bracelet, and an emerald brooch, and a diamond bracelet. Those things, those wanderings, might be all right for other men. Other men might need them. His was a different need, a different thing.

This was Janice, his Janice, and he was filled with something new and sweet and wonderful that flooded into his throat and must be said. "Janice," he said, "will you marry me?"

The arm with the bracelet fell to her side.

She drew herself up to her full, boyish height, towering as straight and regal as a young lily tree.

HER eyes met his and, to his amazement, they were filled with anger and scorn and a great hurt. "No. I will not marry you," she said very distinctly.

Why had he never noticed the proud, free, fearless way she carried her head upon her young shoulders? "You won't?" he said stupidly.

"I should say not. Don't look so surprised. I suppose you thought every girl in Hollywood was chasing you, eh? Well, here's one that wasn't."

"Oh, I found out what my mother did. I made her tell me. And my mother means well, but she's just that foolish, incomprehensible woman. She doesn't know what she's talking about. You haven't compromised me, and if you had, I guess I could darn well stand it. As for marrying you, not even the last man on earth. And now take your old bracelet and get right out of here. I don't need bracelets that had."

"I don't think you understand, Janice," said Cleveland Brown.

"You just bet I understand. And let me tell you, I wouldn't marry any man in this world that didn't love me with everything in him, and want me with every drop of blood in his body, and think it was the greatest honor and glory and delight on earth to win me."

"I'm not afraid of love. I don't think love is something unclean, or sorrowful, or unfaulty, like you do. I think the oldest, most beautiful, most wonderful gift God gave to man."

"I'm not afraid of marriage. It isn't a small, mean, ridiculous thing to make a cheap joke about. It's the highest joy that can happen to anyone—a beautiful marriage. It's what all these people are seeking, in their poor, blind, womanly, weak ways—"womanly—isn't a man's word."

"Why—the marriage vow is the greatest poetry that's ever been written—and we can live it. We can live it, as they used to live it, if we don't let ourselves get caught in the rotten and cheap things people say and think about it."

"But I've been thinking of you first, and he's going to tell me that he loves me and that I'm the end of every dream and the beginning of every reality to him. And then I'll be left to cast everything else away, and follow him."

"So—you know how I feel. You've fulfilled your obligations and eased your conscience and I'll be able to take off and see the whole world you asked me and that I wouldn't marry you—if you were the President."

Quite deliberately, though she was very white, she took the bracelet from her wrist and handed it to him.

Her eyes had a high, bright look, and she held her head as a standard bearer carries his flag.

He took the bracelet and turned to go.

And he had dared to think she might love him, such an ordinary, prosaic mortal. He had let himself be dazzled and blinded by things that didn't matter and he had lost his pearl of great price. Fear—fear—a little, cheap fear of unhappiness for or of the world that rose along the road, had tricked and cheated him.

There had been no big, splendid vision within to show him that love is always worth while, no matter what result it may have, no matter where it ends, or how. Because he had been so close to the hectic, cheap, abnormal loves of Hollywood, so surrounded by its cutting wit and its easy passion, his feet had missed the path.

He was very unhappy, because he had been so rudely awakened from his new dream that had lost them completely.

And as he put his hand upon the door, he looked back. He couldn't help it. He loved her very much.

What he saw in her face brought him around swiftly.

Her pride had gone, her anger had gone, with his going. She was only a girl, standing upon the grave of high hopes, and saying good-by to the man she was too proud to take except he desired her as greatly.

Her chin trembled a little and in her eyes was a look that gave Cleveland Brown back the courage and the daring and the loneliness he had won from Paula Swayne and lost upon her doorstep.

"I do love you, Janice," he said hotly. "I didn't know it, but I've always loved you. Only I'm such a fool I had to go and find out what love wasn't, first. I love you—oh, so much."

"You mean—you really love me?" she said humbly.

"I love you better than anything else in the whole world," he said, and I'd walk right through hell to get you."

He kissed her.

And he knew, even with that first kiss, that the fire that O'Neill had been a time too and that did not warm, beside the passion that lay behind Janice Reed's cool, young lips. That the merriment of Ray Brown had been the merest rickety of the vaudeville clown, beside the joyousness of Janice's high heart. And that the motherhood in Janice's soul need feel no shame before that of Gertie Morrison herself.

For with that kiss he knew that he had found his woman.

He telephoned to Paula Swayne much later. It worked," he said. "So? I shall paint you a portrait of Janice for a wedding present."

"You know would be Janice?"

"But of course. Nature—that great artist Nature—always governs the process of selection, if we but let her. You will have wonderful babies. And so you are not afraid and more, from the depths of a re-born soul within him. I'm not afraid of anything in this world any more."

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Close-Ups and Long Shots
[Continued from page 42]

THERE is more talk of moving studio operations to New York. An executive, explaining the reason for such a move to Conway Tearle, said: "When a man back in New York has three million dollars tied up in productions he naturally likes to see what is going on."

"That may be," replied Tearle, "but I have never heard of John D. Rockefeller coming out here to peer down his oil wells."

Monte Blue was telling me of the most awful experience of his life.
It was his first trip to New York and his first tea party. He was entertaining two ladies of the press at the Biltmore hotel. With the semblance of social ease that masked a heavy heart Monte took a firm hold of his tea cup and sipped daintily. Everything was running smoothly according to the Book of Etiquette until he replaced the cup in the saucer and found to his horror that he couldn't get his finger out of the handle. He toyed and tugged to no avail, all the while chattering merrily, with beads of perspiration mobilizing on his brow. Finally, when the ladies happened to glance in another direction, he slipped the cup under the table and broke off the handle. With the aid of a napkin he then sneaked the dismembered article back on to the table.

"It was the closest call I ever had in my life," declares Monte, who on this day trembles and perspires at the recollection.

Since a number of the ladies of Hollywood have had their noses straightened with beautifying results, Bull Montana is thinking of having his cauliflower ears done over, at least for summer wear, replacing the heavy upholstered effect with something chintzy and gossamer.

Great ceremony attended the taking over of the Goldwyn studio by Louis B. Mayer and his staff, following the merger of the Metro, Mayer and Goldwyn interests. The chief of police, the mayor of Los Angeles, three hundred marines and representatives of the army were there in martial array while ten airplanes circled overhead. I don't know why, unless it was feared the departing officials might lug off the Goldwyn lion or Eric Von Stroheim.

Will Rogers acted as toastmaster and general cheer leader. He said optimistically, "Well, one thing's sure, the new bunch can't make any worse pictures than the old crowd did."

The "Open-Minded" Censor

While on a personal appearance tour Walter Hiers had the honor of meeting several well known and much cussed and discussed censors. According to Walter and his conversation with these jovial gentlemen, they claim that they have become more lenient toward photoplays recently because they are, now, get this—learning that actors and actresses as a rule are decent, home-loving people instead of the wild colonists they are painted by some of the yellow newspapers and journals.

"Two years ago," explained one of the censors, we were making severe cuts in pictures because we entered a theater in a frame of mind not at all favorable toward the actors. Personally, I reviewed many a picture just after reading stories maligning the stars, and I would cut out scenes that were the least bit questionable. Now, with the question of the various players' reputations cleared, I go into a theater more open-minded."

 Doesn't a statement like that hand you an awful chortle? Especially when you think of "A Woman of Paris" and the Ohio state board.

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Enter yours truly—TRE-JUR— the daintiest and newest of toilette treasures!
At a touch, mirror and powdered are revealed—a powder exquisitely fine, redolent with that glorious scent—Joli Memoire!
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At your favorite toilet counter $1.25
In three shades of powder, medium or orange rouge. Or, by mail from us. Tre-Jur Single Compacts, with extra refill; also Tre-Jur Lipsticks, may now be had—$1 each.

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FRECKLES
Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask at the drug or department store for the double-strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.
Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue.

**DOES THE VERNON OF HADDON HALL?**—United Artists. Story by Charles Major, Adapted by Marshall Neilan. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: Dorothy Vernon, Mary Pickford; Sir George Vernon, Anders Randolf; Sir Malcolm Vernon, Marc McDermott; Miss Maude May; John Navarro, Allan Forrest; Earl of Rutland, Wildred Lucas; Queen Elizabeth, Clare Eames; Mary, Queen of Scots, Estelle Taylor; Gentleman, courtyard footman; Jennie Faxon, Lottie Pickford Forrest; Dawson, Colin Kenny.

**C'YHERA**—First National—Story by Joseph Herscherson. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Fanny Raven, Irene Rich; Lee Rondan, Lewis Stone; Peyton Morris, Norman Kerr; Claire Morris, Betty Blyton; Serina Grove, Alma Rubens; William Grove, Charles Wellesley; Missy, Constance Bennett; Rondan Childress, Peaches Jackson, Mickey Moore.

**THE GOLDFISH**—First National—Adapted from the stage play, "The Goldfish." Directed by Jerome Storm. The cast: Jennie Hatherly, Constant; Tilly Whistler, Jack Mulhall; Duke of Middlesex, Franklin Elliott; Herman Krauss, Jean Hersholt; Amelia Pagley, Zasu Pitts; Count Nekro, Edward Connelly; Miss Hamilton, Penzes, William Conklin; Casimir, Leo White; Ellen, Nellie Baker.

**THE REJECTED WOMAN**—Districity. Story by John Lynch. Directed by Albert Parker. Photography by Roy Hunt. The cast: Dione DuPre, Alma Rubens; John Leslie, Conrad Nagel; James Dunbar, Wyndham Standing; Samuel DuPre, George MacQuarrie; Jean Gagnon, Bela Lugosi; Craig Burnett, Antonio D'Algy; Lucille Van Twyl, Leonora Huizenga; Miss McLeod, Miss LaViolette; Peter Leslie, Aubrey Smith; Lyon Cater, Fred Burton.


**MEN**—Paramount—Story by Dimitri Buchovetzki. Scenario by Paul Bern. Directed by Dimitri Buchovetzki. Photography by Alvin Wyckoff. The cast: Clio, Pols, Negri, George Kleber, Robert W. Fraser; florid, Robert Farnsworth; Adele, Father, Joseph School; Franko, Montti Collins; the Stranger, Gina Carrado; The Baron, Edgard Quilty.

**THE DANGER LINE**—F. B. O.—Story by Claude Farrere. Adapted by Margaret Turnbull. Directed by Robert E. E. Van Ryn. Photography by Asselin, Dubuis and Quentins. The cast: Marguerite Foyr, Sesuai Hayaka, Marguerite Foyr, Otta Hayakawa; Miss Hojo, Miss Hojo; Glen Plummer; Miss Van, Cady Winter; Captain Herbert Gergan, Felix Ford.


**THE WOMAN WHO Sinned**—F. B. O.—Story by Finis Fox. Directed by Finis Fox. Photography by Hal Mohr and Jean Smith. The cast: Margaret Morris, William Moraccan; William Heat, Irene Rich; A. mustard, Lucien Littlefield; His wife, Mae Busch; Their son, Dicky Brandon; An evangelist, Rev. Lewis; A queen of burlesque, Classy Fitzgerald; Mimi, Ethel Teare; Tull, Hank Mann.

**UNTAMED YOUTH**—F. B. O.—From the play by G. Marion Burton. Adapted by Beehan and Stillson. Directed by Emile Chautard. Photography by J. A. Dubray. The cast: Grace, O'Day, Ethel; Wedding; Robert Ardis, Lloyd Hughes; Joe Ardis, Ralph Lewis; Emily Ardis, Emily Fitzroy; Pietro, Joseph Swickard; Keo, Loranger, Joseph Dowling; Jim Larson, Tom O'Brien; Ralph, Micky McBeal.

**THE TROUBLE SHOOTER**—Fox. Story and scenario by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Directed by John Conway. The cast: Tom Steele, James; Margarette, Katheline Key; Francis Earl, Earl Fox; Pete Higley, J. Gunnis Davis; Jim Howar, Howard Trueval; Benjamin Brewster, Frank Currier; Chief Connors, Miles Dog; Biscuit, Dobbs; Rouse; Sceeny McTavish, Charles McHugh; Stephen Kirby, Al Fremont.

**A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST**—F. B. O.—Story by Gene Stratton-Porter. Directed by James Leo Meehan. The cast: Ethna Comstock, Gloria Gay; Kate Comstock, her mother, Ethna Strong; Jack, Arthur Currier; Philip Amnon, Raymond McKee; Philip Amnon, Sr., Arthur Millet; Hart Henderson, Cullen Landis; Edik Caro, Madeleine; Bertha; Lee, Alfred Allen, Margaret Sinton, Virginia Boardman; Elmo Carney, Myrtle Vance; Freckles, Jack Daugherty; Freckles' Wife, Ruth Stonehouse; Freckles; Ruby, "Put" O'Malley; Billy, aged 5 years, Buck Black; Bilky, aged 0 years, Newton Hall; The Bird-Woman, Lisanem Gregory.

**LISTEN LESTER**—F. B. O.—From the stage play by George E. Stoddard, Harry L. Curt and Harold Orlob. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: Listen Lester, Harry Myres; Arbuthn Quilty, Louise Farneda; Cal, Dodge, Ale Francis; Mary Dodge, Eva Novak; Jack Griffin, George O'Hara; II., Penn, Lee Morran; Miss Pink, Dot Farley.

**BLUFF**—Paramount—Story by Rita Weiman and Josephine L. Quirk. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Billie Fox, Robert O'Brien; Richard, James; Walter MacWilliams, Antonio Moreno, Vernon Corry, F. H. Calvert; ca de Boy, Gabriel, Clarence Burton; Mr. Kitchell, Fred Butler; Dr. Curtiss, Jack Gardiner; Fifi, Pauline; Jack, Mark,acco, Kerns; Algy Henderson, Arthur Hoyt.


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*Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.*

"MILE. MIDNIGHT"—Metro—Story by Willard Mack and Carl Harbaugh. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Photography by Oliver T. Marsh. The cast: Prologue—Renee De Groat, Mae Murray; Colonel de Groat, John Sarony; General Jeff, Paul Weigel; Eugenie, Carlotta Selwyn; Maximilian, Earl Schenck; Duc de Moing, J. Farrell MacDonald. Story—Reyne de Quiras, Mac MacDonald; Queen Burra, Monte Blue; Jose, a bandit, Robert McKim; Don Pedro de Quiras, Robert Edeson; Don Jose de Quiras, Nick de Rulz; Dr. Sanchez, Nigel de Brulier; Carlos de Quiras, Johnny Arthur; Padre Francisco, Otto Harlan; Chiquita, a maid, Evelyn Selbie; Duvana, Mme. Nellie Comont.

"RIDERS UP"—Universal—Story by Gerald Beaumont. Scenario by Monte Brice Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: John (Information Kid), Creighton Hale; Henry, the Rat, George Cooper; General Jeff, Robert Brower; The Fiddlin' Doll, Ethel Shannon; Kid's Mother, Edith Yorke; Kid's Sister, Charlotte Stevens; Cross-Eyed Negro, Harry Tracy.


"RIDGeway OF MONTANA" — Universal—Story by MacLeod Raine. Scenario by E. R. Schayer. Directed by Griffith Smith. Photography by Harry Neumann. The cast: Buck Ridgeness, Jack Hoxie; Aline Hanley; Olive Hashbrow; Simon Hanley; Bert Fortier; Steve Pellon, Lou Mechan; Rev. McNabb, C. E. Thurston; Pete Shagmire, Pat Harman.

"THE DANGEROUS BLONDE" — Universal—From the story by Hubert Footner. Adapted by Hugh Hoffman. Directed by Robert F. Hill. Photography by Jackson Rose. The cast: Diana Faraday, Laura La Plante; Royall Randal, Edward Hearn; Mr. Faraday, Arthur Hoyt; Gerald Skinner, Philip McCullough; Henry, Rolfe Sedan; Forte; Eve, Coupe; Mr. Barnett, Harriet Cowen; The Cap, Dick Sutherland; Roger, Frederick Cole.

"DARING YOUTH"—Principal—Story by Dorothy Faruma. Scenario by Alexander Neal. Directed by William Beaudine. Photography by Charles Van Enger. The cast: Miss Allie Allen, Bebe Daniels; John J. Carrwell, Norman Kerry; Arthur James, Lee Moran; Winstun Howell, Arthur Hoyt; Mrs. Allen, Lilian Langdon; Mr. Allen, George Pearce.

"WANTED BY THE LAW"—Avton—Story by Robert North Bradbury. Directed by Robert North Bradbury. The cast: Jim Lorraine, J. B. Warner; Bill Baxter, J. Morley; Buck McGraw, Bill McColl; Jerry Hawkins; Frank Rice; Hat Mattson, Tom Lingham; Jessie Walton, Dorothy Waterloo; Sandy Walton. T. Hunt; Mrs. Lorraine, Billie Bennett.

Your FRECKLES ruin your appearance

Be free this summer from their embarrassing. Don't have freckles all over your face again. If you do—goodbye to lovely complexion!

Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove every freckle—yoor money refunded. It has a double action. Freckles are dissolved away by this sunny, transparent cream. Your skin is whitened, refined and softened at the same time.

Guaranteed to remove every freckle

You simply apply Stillman's at night like any ordinary cold cream. While you sleep its magical action takes place Gradually the freckles fade from sight, and your complexion grows clear and milky white, beautiful as a baby's skin.

Stillman's Freckle Cream

Stillman's Freckle Cream, a natural secret which has been used for years, is now available to the public. It has been tested and proved to be the most effective freckle remover. It has been used by thousands of people and has given them wonderful results.

Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove every freckle—your money refunded. It has a double action. Freckles are dissolved away by this sunny, transparent cream. Your skin is whitened, refined and softened at the same time.

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in the game. Her sport clothes were white, that was the thing. A glowing sort of was under a jacketette of white Persian lamb, and her yellow hair gleamed gloriously against an audacious white silk sport hat with some sort of a motor wrap draped over it. She wore a picture that took your eye because she was so different.

On the golf links at Del Monte. She is quietly attentive. She wears her linen knickers and a guy sleeveless sweater and a white knit sport hat. Her woolen stockings and her white sport shoes hide the sharpness of her ankles, and, sharpness, they are often enough of their own. Only—somehow her sport garb doesn’t give Her the faintest hint of boyishness or masculinity, or even the usual look of sporting red and devil-dash as she would be in a negligee in a rose-colored boudoir.

She has that precious instinct for dramatizing herself, her personality, her beauty, and it is considered, that’s all. Why, she showed it the very first time anybody ever heard of her, when she went on in a Ziegfield chorus as the Nell Brinkley Girl.

What could she have chosen that would stand out, that would lend itself to exaggeration and striking effects, as well as the Nell Brinkley Girl? It was an inspiration of dramatic sense.

Incidentally, don’t forget that Mae Murray continues to be one of the real, outstanding, consistent successes of the stage. The court of last appeal, the Box Office, reminds us that, while other people may have talked more about their pictures, they haven’t necessarily sold more of them. Mary Pickers always make good money for herself and for the exhibitor. She is increasingly popular and, what every exhibitor will tell you is the most valuable thing of all, she is consistent and always producing. Her fan mail is enormous. Since she made “To Have and To Hold” for Famous Players-Lasky years ago, opposite Wallace Reid, she has never had a box office failure.

I wanted to ask her about herself, so she invited me to lunch. It was a warm day. A Japanese butler let me in—a perspiring and exhausted luncheon guest indeed.

The man of the house is in a big, high-ceilinged room, I feel cooler. The air of space and formality, the profusion of green ferns and soft flowers, the veiled windows, lowered my temperature in a degree or two.

And when Mae Murray came in, I felt positively ashamed that I had let the heat affect my appearance and my disposition. She locked eyes with me, and collected, so completely mistress of herself, the weather, the situation—any situation. That is one of her outstanding characteristics—that serene and cheerful job.

She had on a short coat of braided red silk over a straight white frock, and she wore a hat of white braided silk. And, oddly enough, considering the costliness that has marked upon the screen, Mae Murray suggests an almost prudish modesty.

And yet—”I think,” she told me once, “I could do anything that a part required without any sense of indecency or embarrassment, but I should die of mortification if I lost my petti-

coat in the lobby. That wouldn’t suit.”

Then we talked about clothes and some of the people we know and she told me one amusing little story that I wish I could tell you, because it also made me laugh, and humor I was not sure she possessed. And then her husband came in. He, too, is one of her contrasts—an enormous man, with a vivid, hearty, genial personality. Beside him, she looks like a French doll.

Oh, she’s a unique study in contradictions is Mae Murray!
Takes Off 41 Lbs
In Exactly 7 Weeks!

The lady in the picture is close to an ideal weight. Yet two months ago she was far too stout—was heavier by more than forty pounds! Mrs. Ella Carpenter, New Orleans, explains how she reduced with such success:

"I had long wished for some means of reducing my 170 lbs. Being a business woman I had no time nor money to waste on fads; but two months ago I decided to try a method that somehow seemed sensible. The trial didn't cost anything; it required only a week—so I gave Wallace reducing records a chance and here is what happened.

'Easiest Thing I Ever Did'

"Fifteen minutes each evening I took the reducing movement—music. It was uncommonly interesting; I felt better from the start. But I watched my weight, and that is what thrilled me; I lost 41 lbs. that first week. Naturally, I went on with it. The second week I lost 8 lbs. more.

"I didn’t do a thing to supplement my course with Wallace—no Turkish baths—no starving, nor patent foods or drugs—I just got thin to music as the offer stated. It was delightful and easy. Today, my bathroom scale said 129—not bad for my 5 ft. 5 inches!"

Reduce without punishment; without any "reduced look"! Proof that you can cost nothing. Trial is really free. Coupon brings the first full lesson—record and all—without payment now or on delivery.

WALLACE
630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week’s free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name _____________________________

Address ___________________________

[ ] Protective Package.

[ ] Remit $3, payable to WALLACE.

$3 Brings you a Genuine UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL Your $3.00 unconditionally if you are not satisfied with this fine model UNDERWOOD typewriter purchased at end of trial period. Rectangular from the factory with returnable case. Directly from the Underwood Typewriter Factory.

GREAT PRICE SAVING IDEAL FOR PERSONAL USE. A wonderful gift that will be appreciated by anyone. You will find it a wonderful aid at the office, home or school.

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS So small that you will hardly notice it while you enjoy the use of this wonderful machine. The Underwood Typewriter Industry is a perfect medium for home or personal use. FREE BOOK OF FACTS Sent on request.

Act Today! Mail Coupon

5 Year Guarantee

[Signature]

[Stamp]

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

They were Tucker, Herbert Brenon, King Baggott, Jack Cohn and Oskar Fisch. Luck played into their hands. Julius Stern, the Imp studio manager, was called away to Europe to settle a dispute between Baggott and Brenon, who had both been sent to England to make "Ivanhoe." Stern was connected with Laemmle by family ties and he was the watchdog of the administration at the studio. In his absence, Matsatel, who was aware the Champion brand pictures on the Universal program, was brought across the river from New Jersey to take charge of the Imp studio. Neither Baggott, who had embraced the camera, nor Dinofens, was up to his ears and sometimes over them in the internal wars of Universal and the battles at 1600 Broadway.

Tucker's "Traffic in Souls" Is Filmed

While Diintelwas was busy concentrating his attention on the Powsers-Laemmle war, the boys at the studio were quietly engaged in photographing "Traffic in Souls," a scene at a time in odd moments when opportunity joined with art. But it was not until the continuous grind of one and two-reel pictures. "Traffic in Souls" was cast by Jack Cohn and directed by Tucker.

In a single week, the picture was photographed. It was ten reels long, without titles. By this time Diintel was to have spent more attention to the studio, resulting among other things in altercations with Tucker, who quit and went to the London Film Company in England. Meanwhile Universal was unaware of the existence of the ten-reel negative. Tucker said he was told it was shot at the steamship dock not cut to the picture below seven reels in length.

Cohn was left alone with the ten reels of negative left Laemmle. He was such a small film for America. It was negative in the bottom drawer of his safe and worked on it secretly at night with the door locked. In a month he had it in six reels, including titles.

The day had arrived for the showdown. Cohn swallowed the lump in his throat, loaded the film into a taxicab and headed for 1600 Broadway.

The home office viewing committee was called together and filed into the projection room to look at "Tucker's Folly." But the film was a small one. A single roll of bricks in the Powsers-Laemmle fight. Carl Laemmle and one of his lieutenants sat through the picture in angry whisper discoursed about the new line of action. Cohn left downhearted. He looked as though he was going to be liable for his share of the guaranty of the five underwriting the projects for the picture. It also looked very much like he was going to be the goat in a dismal failure.

Late that night Cohn reached the despatch of a decision. He had to put this thing through. In the middle of the night he went to Laemmle's residence and aroused him.

"I've come about 'Traffic in Souls.' You talked all through the picture and you didn't see it. N'o-o-o-ody can look at a picture and talk business at the time. Won't you come down now and really see it?"

Laemmle promised to see it the next night.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
A Tidal Wave of "White Slave" Films

George Loane Tucker, meanwhile, was in England with the London Film Company. He never produced this film and its completed form on the screen, although its astonishing success contributed considerably to his career. By the time he returned to the United States it was off the screens and never to the day of his death some years later did opportunity present itself for him to screen it.

A vast wave of contemporary and ensuing white slave pictures swept the screen. "The Fall of Troy," "A Salad of the White Slave Traffic," produced by a series of concerns built around the promotional activities of Samuel H. London, a former government investigator, was presented at the Park Theater in the Ritz-Carlton Circle, New York, December 8, 1913. It became the focus of vast debate and considerable police action and various kinds of litigation which helped to establish various precedents for the motion picture.

This picture carried the advertised endorsement of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Mrs. Million Holland Heisel, and Frederick H. Robinson, President of the Sociological Fund, Medical Review of Reviews.

Here was the beginning of the testimonial and endorsement method of motion picture exploitation, an application to the screen of the method that has never failed in the patent medicine advertisements, by which agents now seek to invade the White House with their productions for presidential testimonials, show them for charity at functions where the screen titles can be associated with the glamour of the names of the elect, select and wealthy, or at manufactured functions held in the sacred ballroom of the Shuberts.

It can with the borrowed garlic of glory.

The End of One-Reel Drama

The stage presentation of "Damaged Goods" by Brieux, technically the best of the plays on the vice theme, opened at the Grand Theater in New York, December 21, 1913, with Richard Bennett in the leading role. This play became the vehicle of the last important motion picture story produced by the American Film Company through the Mutual Film Corporation in the autumn of 1915. Richard Bennett appeared also in this screen version of "Damaged Goods." It was a pronounced success. Made at a cost of about $40,000 for the negative and the promotional opening at a Broadway theater, including the prayer and anti-negro campaign, it brought in a gross of $600,000.

In the two years that had passed since "Traffic in Souls," the nickelodeon market for one-reelers was rapidly taking the place of the motion picture theater as we know it today. There were more customers for "Damaged Goods." Its success brought a final wave of imitations in the fringes of the state's right market, but the theme was exhausted.

The public's interest in sex had passed to new texts. Vice was going out of fashion in professional circles, and sex, once taking its place, in parlor and screen, only to yield during the excitement of the war period to psycho-analysis and to the new assertiveness of youth. Sex now was discussed with photographs of both hair, the flapper and her friends, with such screen derivatives as "Flaming Youth," etc., etc. The whole sequence being the while merely successive transition from the producing of the same subject.

One Story That Is Always "Sure Fire"

All this evolution has helped the motion picture to grasp the ultimate fact that there is only one story that will get the money at the box office every time. For verification turn to the motion picture announcement columns of any newspaper any day.

When Dr. Parkhurst started in the nineties the complexion was ‘white’ and, with propriety, be discussed only for medical and scientific social purposes. To enjoy sex fully it was necessary to be either an uninitiated innocent or an ignorant and utterly lost soul. Now by the generosity of an evolution in which the motion picture has aided so mightily, sex talk is available to the masses, bedecked with a new general sanction. This has undoubtedly reduced the rush to careers of

LET'S GO

Why waste time over these things? You want music. You want strength. You want life. What you want, I can give you—it's yours for the asking.

I don't try to kid you on with a lot of idle promises. I guarantee these things. You don't take any chances with me. Come on now and get on the lot. Be the man you have always wanted to be.

Send for My New 64-page Book
"Muscular Development"
IT IS FREE

It contains forty full-page photographs of myself and some of my prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me in pitiful weakness, imploring me to help them. Look over these now and you will marvel at their present physiques.

This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEBERMAN
Dept. 107 306 Broadway New York City

EARLE E. LIEBERMAN
Dept. 107 306 Broadway New York City

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith $10 by which you are to send me without obligation on my part whatever a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."
The Sunshade in a Tube

A soothing, healing, transparent vanishing cream, which absorbs the burning rays of sunshine, keeps the skin white, cool, unburned and unfreckled.

It improves the complexion and enables you to enjoy the full, baking, scorching, boating, all outdoor exercises.

Bottles of 1 oz. and tubes at all good drug stores. If your druggist cannot supply you, send ten cents (stamps or coin) for trial tube.

SUNLEY
4755 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Dimples — that men adore!

Lovable dimples, intriguing dimples — dimples that are irresistible in their fascination. Don't envy the girl whose dimpled smile delighted her admirers — you, too, can have dimples that play hide and seek when you smile.

DOLLY DIMPLER

A simple, harmless, easily-used device that eliminates dimples quickly. Many film stars get their dimples the Dolly Dimpler way. Recommended by facial specialists. Absolutely harmless. Results are guaranteed.

Just use the coupon below and send $1 for everything, including complete instructions, mailed sealed in plain wrapper. Don't delay — write today.

DOLLY DIMPLER Co.
Dept. W. 210 Pacific St.
Dayton, Ohio

Here's Real $1 for the famous DOLLY DIMPLER, with full instructions for use.

Name, Address

Double Chin

saddle, quickly and easily reduced, firming facial muscles and drawing muscle and fat of face into firm two-dimensional unit as to balance the face. Every Health Expert endorses it. Free trial offer, eight meals for 25 cents. All orders filled by DOLLY DIMPLER CO., Dept. 209, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Davis Chin Strap

and in the morning when you take it off, simply place on the strap and fasten it to correspondent, or send 25 cents for same, with self address and name. All shipments postpaid. For use in the above-mentioned manner, the Davis Strap is used by thousands of men and women. Strong, every bit as effective.

Just W. W. Hodkinson. He has no nickname. He is probably the only man in the motion picture industry who has not. It can not be denied that W. W. Hodkinson has been to the motion picture industry rather more definitely and exclusively an idea, the embodiment of an abstract conception and thought, not only a gloomy, but just a brass tacks, fact.

Hodkinson differs so widely from the typical personalities of the motion picture that is even difficult to describe his important place in the world of motion picture drama. For one thing he is a fisherman. Mostly the people of the motion picture follow other diversions.

Hodkinson is of the kind of a fisherman with a large tackle bag which is full of fish. He is a fisherman of the kind a fisherman who can fish all day trying to get one fish, returning with a large inward elation if he gets that fish and no disappointments if he does not. He fishes alone, mostly.

Although it was not until this year of 1914 that his name began to appear importantly in the annals of the industry, his attainments were much earlier, and because of the large developments that came through institutions whose format it was important to trace back for a way the outlines of the experience that made up his background.

In 1909 Hodkinson was a night telegraph operator, a job which he held in the offices of American Telephone and Telegraph Company at Grand Lake, Colorado. He had come into that post from a job in a signal tower. There are two kinds of telegraph operators — those who say the telegrams while they never had such a chance, and those who plan to go up in the business and some day ride the line in a private car. Young Hodkinson had his eye on personal train dispatcher and an ascending official career. Meanwhile he was studying the business of railroading and telegraph engineering from the textbooks of the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton, Pa.

Then the Gould interests came into control of the D. & R. G. and the new regime swept out the man higher up to whom Hodkinson looked for recognition.

An Ambitious Seller of Correspondence School Courses

Presently Hodkinson left the telegraph office and became a correspondence school salesman. He seems to have put a large, conscientious zeal into his work. He became quite a model salesman, tenaciously working his customers sold he labored to make their studies intelligible to them. The system worked. In 1907 Hodkinson was established in Ogden, Utah, and has represented, sold, and in fact he has built up a selling organisation built up about him covering a wide territory. This year of 1927 was a panic year, "stringency" was the Wall Street catchword for the year. There was a depression and there was a national unemployment situation which presently reached the mining belt and Utah. His business was to sell school courses to fit men for better jobs when there were no jobs at all.

Hodkinson redoubled his efforts in vain, and so the result was that he was too busy by day trying to sell where there was no market, laboring into the night with clumsy-handed laborers sweating over correspondence school arithmetic and the terrors of long division.

It was always near midnight when he went down to the Ogden postoffice to mail the daily report that went back to Scranton, Pennsylvania. He was never alone, but the office was a dance hall, ever at this hour gay with music and the merriment of careless crowds.

The solemn Hodkinson, gripped in the fever of his work, reflected on the discouraging evidence that it apparently took no effort to sell dancing and amusement, and that it was exceedingly hard to sell self- improvement and the I. C. S. His interest seems to have been deeper than mere salesmanship.

In this period a carpenter appeared in Ogden and opened a small motion picture theater, "The Dreamland." Then competition appeared with "The Electric," both storeshows typical of the time, simple, picturesque buildings, but neither of them a real stage. Hodkinson's interest was the management of the bottom. It was not the sort of place where white collar folk felt comfortable. But it also drew the youngsters of all classes. One of Hodkinson's neighbors with a family of children spoke to him often, complaining of the pictures and the impressions that the offspring brought home.
Hodkinson edged into the theater occasionally. He found the pictures mostly inferior, some absurd and terrible and some vastly interesting. He had never seen the sea. Pictures of the ocean and ships fascinated him. His immediate problem was selling and teaching teaching that he might sell and selling that he might teach. Somewhere in this motion picture thing he sensed a notion of teaching something that might carry as well were some of the lures of amusement that seemed to sell so readily at the dance hall. He inquired a bit and found that the proprietor of “The Electric” was quite satisfied and willing to sell out for four hundred dollars.

Hodkinson Feels the Lure of the Movies

In a few weeks Hodkinson and his neighbor acquired the show. They had the house mopped up, painted and changed the name to “The New Electric—the place that’s home,” and increased the admission price to ten cents. This was revolutionary. Not all of Utah had ever seen a ten cent picture show. The motion picture show was as standard at five cents as the cigars of the ‘90s.

“The New Electric” became a theater with a policy, prospering under the sunshine of a little attention and an idea. Film service came from a typical exchange of the time, the Twentieth Century Optoscope of Chicago, R. G. Bachman, proprietor.

The social demands that grew into a correspondence with the exchange and developed an aggressiveness that resulted in Hodkinson becoming a branch agent for the Chicago concern. He went down to Salt Lake looking for customers and made some startling discoveries.

His films were scorned as old. He found that film service depended on age and delivery. He wrote and presented an end to the old factors that he had not suspected. He found also that there were such curious things as “duplicates,” or pictures made from copied negatives, and that the new business had evolved whole new categories of new commercial sins. This was a business, something to be studied. Presently came a call from Bachman in Chicago, who wanted to leave and turn his business over to a manager. He had chosen Hodkinson, the man who wrote so many letters, for the place.

Hodkinson Becomes Manager of a Film Exchange

It was the spring of 1908. Hodkinson headed East from Ogden with high hopes and a brilliant vision of the coming of the magnificent headquarters of this interesting business. What he stepped into was a typical Chicago film exchange of 1908.

The Edison Company, riding high in its patent war with the Biograph Company and George Kleine, was forming the Edison Licensees and seeking to whip the business into a sort of order. Frank N. Dyer of the Edison Company went to Chicago and called the exchange men in to hear the reading of the riot act, a new law of Edison rule.

There were to be, so Dyer announced, definite release dates on pictures, which all must obey. There was to be an end of price cutting by the exchange men. All the old unfair cutthroat methods which were the standard practice of film exchanges were to be abolished. The experience-wise exchange men listened in obvious manner and laughed outside. But Hodkinson was impressed. He took it at par.

As the new manager of the Twentieth Century Optoscope Company he set about to do arranging things on the new order of business.

“You can not do it that way, because none of the other fellows will—I know them.” And of course Bachman did know them.

Hodkinson stood out for following the rules and prevailed. Bachman went on his trip Hodkinson stayed to fit it out alone.

---

**Trial Bottle FREE**

**GRAY HAIR OUT-OF-STYLE**

—and you needn't have it

No up-to-date, fashionable woman lets her hair turn gray—she stops it when the first gray streaks appear.

How?—very easily, as you can prove. Just let me explain my safe, simple way.

Fill out and mail me the coupon—by return mail I will send a free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Test it, as directed, on a single streak, and let results tell their own story.

**I Used It First**

I perfected my scientific preparation to get back the original color in my own hair, which was prematurely gray. I have used it many years, and my hair has always been admired for its beauty.

My restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, easy to use and economical. Apply it by combing through the hair, simply and easily. No help required.

**What It Does**

Brings back the original color to your hair quickly and surely. Restored color even and perfectly natural in all lights—never any artificial “dyed” look.

No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off. Just soft, silky, fluffy hair, ready to wave and dress. All this is proved by the free trial bottle, which you should send for without delay.

**Just Mail the Coupon**

Fill it out carefully, stating the natural color of your hair. If possible enclose a lock in your letter.

By return mail, postage prepaid, comes my special patented free trial outfit, containing a trial bottle and full instructions. (All absolutely free.)

When you have learned what Mary T. Goldman's is and what it will do, get a full-sized bottle from your druggist or order direct from me.

---

Please print your name and address

Please send me 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... red... blonde...

Name...

Address...

---

**Fine Photographs of Stars Only 25c Each**

You can now secure exclusive photographs of your favorite players at a minimum cost. By arrangement with some of the best photographers in the country *Photo Play Magazine* has inaugurated a new service by which you can purchase, at a low price REAL PHOTOGRAPHS of film favorites. These are the pick of all the photographs made during the month, the ones of such high quality that they are reproduced in the special rotogravure pages of the magazine.

From this issue you can secure the following portraits reproduced in the rotogravure pages of this issue: Clara Bow, Gloria Swanson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pickford, Alma Rubens, and Julanne Johnston.

These photographs are fine prints on special heavy photographic paper, 8 by 10 inches in size. The price mailed is 25 cents for each photograph.

Address Photo Editor, *Photo Play Magazine* 221 West 57th St., New York City
If you are thin and want to gain weight, weak and want to be strong, I will sell you a set of famous Alexander Vitamins absolutely Free. No money, just name and address for sample. Alexander Laboratories, 1206 Gateway Street, Kansas City, Mo.

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

If you are thin and want to gain weight, weak and want to be strong, I will sell you a set of famous Alexander Vitamins absolutely Free. No money, just name and address for sample. Alexander Laboratories, 1206 Gateway Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Kill the Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing. Easy, simple, harmless. No pain. Booklet Free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

J. MAHLER

PHOToplay Magazine—Advertising Section
Hodkinson Seeks Big Pictures

When January, 1914, came around Hodkinson, who had successfully experimented with feature pictures, including those first products of Zukor’s Famous Players concern, and the Lasky pictures, came to New York to look into the problem of getting a sufficient supply of such pictures to support the new business they were establishing. The foremost and most ardent advance of Hodkinson came J. D. Williams, employed by Hodkinson in a project to market the first of the Hobart Bosworth productions, Jack of Diamonds.

Hobart Bosworth, who had begun his screen career with Selig, enlisted the financial interest of Frank C. Garbutt, a Los Angeles real estate operator, and founded a producing company, which subsequently was merged into the Lasky Company.

Williams had come over from Australia. In that remote land the motion picture was even earlier developing into an important entertainment, presented in big pretentious houses. It was natural that it should be with the Australians an object of high hope for the arts of its kind, numerically too weak to create them, and off in the Antipodes beyond the commercial notice of the travelling drama companies. Australia had to make the most of what it got. It got the motion picture. Geography here built destiny for the motion picture there.

In New York, for Hodkinson and the “Sea Wolf,” Williams rented an office at 110 West Fortieth Street. That was to be a pivotal address for a deal of motion picture history.

Hodkinson entered negotiations with the Famous Players for their coming schedule of feature pictures. Here at once the stage was set for the most interesting and sometimes bitter drama.

Hodkinson represented and personified the machinery of motion picture distribution. His major ambition seems to have been to make them as available as possible. He did not seem to have any of the evidences to have carried any very strong personal ambition or personal quest of power.

Two Great Human Forces Meet

Adolph Zukor, head of Famous Players, represents one single element in the making of pictures. His ambitions seem to have been Napoleonic. It was distribution against production. And in the end it was the individualistic ambi-

There was endless negotiation, conference and counsel.

One night in this period Adolph Zukor, beset by his problems, his distribution in the control of others would make a slave of production as controlled by him, walked the streets of New York from midnight to dawn. Two Famous Players employees who watched him beside him saw the Battery and then One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.

Let every little hopeful, ambitious clerk and hick and all the other hopeful and emi-

One day came what was to be the final conference, a session at the office of Elk J. Ludvig, Zukor’s lawyer. Hodkinson and Zukor sat across a table.

When the papers were spread out Hodkinson saw the plan in the light of a Famous Players’ deal that jeopardized his agreements for pictures from Lasky.

Somebody murmured that “We can take care of Lasky.”

It was all off. Hodkinson left and went back to his office in Fortieth Street to mark time.

Al Lichtman, sales manager for Famous Players, sent out the call to the big buyers of features all over the country. Presently the five big men of the feature picture trade assembled in New York for the grand joumey.


Hiram Abrams, today the executive head of Universal, had been an intimate of Walter E. Greene in motion picture distribution and theaters in New England. Greene began in the remote days of the little traveling picture show and grew to be a significant figure in the successive steps to motion picture theaters and then an exchange system. Abrams joined later in the ascent, in the course of a business career picture theatricals in Portland, Maine. He was carrying a paper route, when his mother’s complaint about watered milk put him in the notion of dairying and a milk route. That route led to the restaurant and near the restaurant was a music store. Through the music store Abrams became a collector of installment payments on pianos. The music business brought him to the sidelines and the performing artists appearing in the motion picture theaters. Abrams and Greene met through the Greene Theatre in Portland. The threads of destiny joined.

W. L. Sherry, the New York exchange factor in the situation, brings in a flash of the infinite dazzling change. He was a partner in the New York Times. Sherry, in 1912, was a salary loan agent in the downtown section. Scanning the “Business Opportunities” column of the New York Times one morning he discovered an intriguing advertisement.

A “Blind” Ad that Brought a Fortune

WANTED—A man to put $5,000.00 into a promising, etc., etc., etc.

It was a “blinding” advertisement inserted by Al Lichtman, the new man in the row with Famous Players, trying this despairing last expedient to find a buyer for the first of their features, the historic “Queen Elizabeth,” with Sarah Bernhard and used created the advertisement, and was swiftly on the road to riches. In a few days he had amassed more than a million dollars in motion picture profits.

Later ventures have prospered him in the motion picture business.

The season of 1923-24 found Lichtman in charge of Universal’s special picture campaigns, and Sherry in charge of one of the road shows, the “Big Band of the North.”

Back again to 1914. In the New York dickerings the four other buyers of the group came to be of the notion there was some sort of secret understanding between Hodkinson and Zukor in the outward war of negotiation.

Affairs had reached an impasse. A rather casual conversation arose in Hodkinson’s office at 110 West Fortieth Street, a discussion of the apparent deadlock.

“Well now,” observed Hodkinson, “it looks as though I have been where we wanted them. We have the power.”

“Why didn’t you talk like that before?”

“I didn’t know you wanted me to,” Hodkinson answered.

How Paramount Had its Origin

In that moment came the understanding that became Paramount Pictures Corporation.

On the other side Zukor, Lasky and Garbutt were, by this new pressure of distributor unity, forced into a real understanding based on their common interest.

It had already begun with a message from Zukor to Lasky congratulating him on his feature picture interests and acting as the model of support.

Zukor’s long experience had indicated that the key in picture sales was the story. He would send a hand-written note to Lasky and the producer would be called to the door of his large office at the Paramount Studio to hear the story at which Lasky and his associates would break and nod. With the Paramount pictures, Zukor’s producer would be called to his office at MGM’s studio. And a note would come: "You will have the picture, sir. Only you can have it and you will have it. Goodbye."
merged in the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. And Paramount has long since been absorbed too—but that is yet another story. They returned from the ride with the lady inside and a smile on the face of the Tiger.

I trust that the new five-part distributor combined was under way, with several projected names.

Hodkinson was reaching after a name that should express the quality idea, a super-utility to the old program picture idea. Then came a chance glimpse of a sign announcing the Paramount Apartments and the corporation was named. While a row of the roadster heads by the distance phone in Albany for the filing of the papers the decision was made. On the blue face of an advertising blower Hodkinson struggled with the letters of the brand mark. He drew at last a "paramount," the mountain or volcano as it may be, of the Paramount trade mark. A lithographic artist added the circle of safety to Hodkinson's original design and it was complete. Millions have gone into establishing that trademark symbol, born of Hodkinson's Rocky Mountain country and a New York publishing job.

Paramount entered into a deal with the producers, Lasky, Zukor and Garbutt. An advance of $25,000 per picture was to be made. The producers were to receive 25 per cent of the earnings while the director took 35 per cent. This ratio, evolved out of Hodkinson's exchange experience with the General Film, has been a curious element of motion picture practice for many years.

**Mary Pickford Paramount's Big Asset**

Meanwhile Mary Pickford was becoming the outstanding public fact of Famous Players, the greatest asset of the company. In January of 1914 while the movements toward Paramount were taking shape, Edwin S. Porter, in charge of production, took Miss Pickford and a company to Calligraphic "The Story of a Country," for its period the greatest of her pictures. Mary Pickford was now earning $7,000 a week.

And the while affairs were much astir in the rising Mutual Film Corporation. In it the symptoms of the chronic disorder of film concerns, the struggle between special individual pictures and the common grind of program output, were apparent even as Mutual began to function. Adhering for Mutual to the program idea, H. E. Atken launched the Continental Features Corporation to sell the bigger pictures rather independently but linked in some degree with Mutual. D. W. Griffith, whom Atken had acquired for Reliance-Majestic in the South, Inc. of Baumann & Kessel's New York Motion Picture Corporation, were making the best of these features, among them "The Battle of the Sexes," "The Birth of a Nation," and "The Battle of Gettysburg," from Inc. There were many other features and other corporate names than Continental, the Sapello Feature Film Company for one. It was a tangle, futile to unravel for history.

**Dr. W. Griffith Decides to Make World's Greatest Picture**

But Griffith, whose contract, it will be recalled, permitted him a number of independent pictures each year in addition to his service under the Atken banner, was now rather secretly on the road to his greater effort. On February 13, 1914, Griffith arrived in Los Angeles and started rather quietly on some major operations, involving such items of lining up organization to give him several thousand extra people, some thousands of uniforms and other odd bits of studio properties. Outwardly he was mostly busy with the finishing of "The Escape," the Armstrong drama, a minor feature.

Inwardly, Griffith was consumed with the enthusiasm of his project to make a picture based on "The Clansman." the novel by Thomas Dixon. This story had been brought to Griffith by Frank Woods, head of the Mutual's news department. It was in the form of a script for the speaking stage. Griffith's first casual attention was paid to the "Clansman."

Griffith was deliberately out to make the world's greatest motion picture. The proclaming advertisement in the Dramatic Mirror startled the trade. It showed the Griffith hunger for recognition, the force which made him depart from Biograph.

It would require the space of a large volume to tell a grand tale of the road and of arrival at the grand financial and finance involved in the making of "The Clansman." A half a dozen times the completion of the project was threatened when back of Griffith's studio there reared up a mountain of money to keep the fires of his furnace going. In one desperate circumstance J. D. Barry, secretary to Griffith, obtained a loan from a Pasadena capitalist. Griffith, grateful, insisted that Barry keep the usual commission, some seven hundred dollars. Barry refused. taking stock in "The Clansman" to this amount to cheer his chief. Barry finally arranged to have a little money back. It was. But it came back, bringing a profit of $14,000.

The Mutual Film Corporation, through E. H. Atken the producer, made a bid for the picture in the sum of $25,000. When this came to the attention of the directors there was a bitter session. They insisted that Atken had acted without authority, and refused to relieve the Mutual of this wild venture. He did. The ensuing profits of that block of stock amounted, Atken admits, to something more than a quarter of a million dollars.

**Griffith Finds Problem in Distribution of His Film**

"The Clansman" was to be released in twelve reels. As the time for its marketing drew near, this before the showings mentioned, the question of its distribution became a serious problem. It was such a product as could not be handled by any of the existing distribution machinery of the older concerns. In the past it had been the custom to make feature exchanges and various exchange affiliations in Paramount was considered.

Famous Players them also had a big picture in the making. They put Robert Harron in the role of Frederick in the leading rôle, under production by Porter in Rome. It involved some financial problems and many conferences with Paramount. Porter, in his capacity of something in the nature of a producer, was deciding what he had set out to avoid, a program concern, with ten reels a week in two features. The old problem of a consistent regular commercial supply from sources which should be governed by often inconsistent and irregular course of art was reasserting itself. "The Eternal City" was costing large attention possibly $50,000 in total, and it was necessary to require special selling and presentation on a level above the Paramount routine to get back the money. This gave rise to a project for the Select Film Booking agency, as a Paramount special organization to place super-pictures in a super-market. It was an early step toward a solution of the problem of distribution. This Select Film Booking agency was met by the special road-show presentations of such pictures as "The Covered Wagon," "The Ten Commandments," and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

This Paramount effort toward the bigger market brought thoughts of the great Griffith picture in that direction. An appointment was made with Griffith the drama producer."

Word of this went to the office of Famous Players. Then word went back that "The Eternal City" could never be handled by the same concern along with "that dirty Clansman picture." So does gospel shape the course of history. It was an erroneous judgment, but understandable.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPHAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Clansman" had its premiere at Clune's Auditorium in Los Angeles on the night of February 8, 1915. It was the greatest motion picture event of that motion picture city. Talk of the vast operations on the Griffith lot, talk of the theme, had the city agog. There were mutterings of race war because of the negro element. Politicians, scenting trouble with the dark vote, grew hostile. The police were massed against a possible riot. The picture was a sensational triumph before the first night audience. In Washington the picture was shown at the White House to President Wilson and his family, and at special showings for the justices of the Supreme Court and members of the diplomatic corps. In New York a special showing was given the night of February 20, 1915, at the Rose Gardens, Fifty-third and Broadway. Thomas Dixon, author of the basic story, as the final scene passed, shouted to Griffith, "Clansman is too tame—let's call it "The Birth of a Nation." On March 9, under its new title, the picture opened for the New York public at the Liberty Theater, with a top admission price of two dollars a seat.

The nation picture had taken its place on a parity with the drama.

"Birth of a Nation" Breaks All Records

Seven years before the producer of "The Birth of a Nation," then just Larry Griffith, an actor out of a job, found a chance to play a role in a little one-reel Edison drama for five dollars a day. Seven years since he sold his first script to Biograph for fifteen dollars.

"The Birth of a Nation" broke all manner of theater records in various world capitals and became, as it remains today, the world's greatest motion picture, for greatness is to be measured by fame. It has ever since continued to be an important box office success. Early in 1924 "The Birth of a Nation" played in the great Auditorium Theater in Chicago, surpassing any previous picture audience record for that house. "The Birth of a Nation" is nine years old. No other dramatic screen product has lived so long, with the single and interesting exception of the little one-reel Sennett Keystone comedies featuring Charles Chaplin. Here, perhaps, is a test of screen art.

"The Birth of a Nation" was Griffith's vindication for his flourishing departure from Biograph.

Because of the halo that "The Birth of a Nation" has conferred upon them, some of the now famous names from the cast must be recalled: Henry Walthall, Mae Marsh, Elmer Clifton, Robert Harron, Lillian Gish, Joseph Henabery, Sam de Grasse, Donald Crisp and Jennie Lee.

Griffith's attainment in "The Birth of a Nation" may be credited with a large influence in extending an acceptance and appreciation of the screen art into new, higher levels. Here was a picture that could not be ignored by any one. It also exerted a large, even if indirect influence on the course of motion picture finance. Hundreds of thousands and millions were now to become easy figures in the manipulation of the thought of the industry. "The Birth of a Nation" is said to have cost over a quarter of a million. It would have been cheap at a million. The public has paid $1,250,000,000, according to the estimate of J. P. McCamly, who has the picture on the screens of the world.

In this single picture, Griffith, above all others, forced an indifferent world to learn that the motion picture was great.

In the next chapter we shall tell some untold tales of screen destiny, rich with personal drama and adventure, stories of Charles Chaplin, Pancho Villa, Jack Johnson and Jess Willard, a curious bypath story of the world war and Broadway, and the amazing truth of how one idea and one little girl, Mary Pickford, rocked the whole vast institution of the screen and set all of its invested millions a-tremble.

[TO BE CONTINUED]
Warm weather demands a Rouge that stays on

THAT is why so many women are delighted with PERT. Apply it to the mouth and it will remain all day through constant powdering, through wind and warmth and even when swimming.

PERT changes its color to match your own. In its dainty, unusual jar, Pert Rouge is orange colored. But the moment it touches your skin a strange thing happens. Its coloring changes to the very shade of roseper which blends perfectly with the tints of your own skin. It is because of this process of change that Pert looks so wonderfully natural. And its creamy base protects the skin against the formation of large pores. 75 cents.

Use PERT Waterproof Lipstick to match your Pert Rouge and preserve the naturalness of effect. Rouge and lipstick obtainable at drug or department stores or by mail.

Send dime today for a sample of Pert Rouge.

ROSS COMPANY
241 West 17th Street
New York

A Perfect Looking Nose
Can Easily Be Yours

Trades Model No. 25
Rises Model No. 25
Lies Model No. 25

These models now all give the nose the looks quickly, painlessly, perfectly, permanently, no matter how delicate or imperfectionable at some. It is the only nasal and guaranteed instrument, or device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. In over 67,000 satisfied users. For years recommended by physicians. 16 years of experience and scientific data shows that, and thousands of noses have been improved by this service. Model 25, $1.00 for children.

Write for free booklet, which tells you how to訓練 a perfect looking nose. Free booklet issued on application. For further details, make inquiry at your local drug store.

DR. PALMER’S
Almomeal
COMPUND

For the skin that don’t soap irritates, or that cold cream makes too oily, or that fatan cream that reacts on the face. Almomeal is the ideal cleanser and skin food for daily use. It refreshes, cleans and corrects like magic. Use it like soap, at all drug stores and drug stores.

How To Have a Clear Complexion

Almomeal is the ideal cleanser and skin food for daily use. It freshens, cleans and corrects like magic. Use it like soap, at all drug stores and drug stores.

Dr. Palmer’s Almomeal

Send 10c for large sample package.

HOTLIN & ADAMS, 25 East 22nd St., New York

Pictures That Talk
[continued from page 58]

asked by exhibitors. And the answer is always ready for them.

If the print breaks, it is patched together just like any other motion picture print. The pictures are taken at the rate of twenty to twenty-two per second, so that alone, or even three "frames" may be cut out of a film without being noticed in the synchronization.

"My talking pictures have not yet been perfected," says Dr. De Forest, "but I never abandoned the idea. But I will make this prediction: Within a year from now we will have perfected talking pictures to a point where the voices will be recorded with such clarity that it will be impossible to distinguish between the actual human voice as spoken by a person present and the voice of the same person recorded on the film, we have found out what causes the metallic sound that makes the voice unnatural. It is so simple that I am amazed we did not discover the cause at the start. That will be remedied immediately.

"It is perfectly possible now to record different voices so that they are instantly recognizable to one familiar with them, just as it is possible for you to recognize the voice of a friend over the telephone."

Dr. De Forest's first experiments with recording sounds for the Phonofilm were in connection with the reproduction of music. Everyone knows how absurd it is to see a motion picture of a man playing, for example, a piano, when the pianist's own piano is pulled out and he gets red in the face with the exertion, and never a sound is heard. De Forest made his saxophone player heard.

Then he experimented on dance numbers. The motion picture producer always stereo clear of dancing on the screen as much as possible because it is impossible, even in the best theaters, for the orchestra to play so that the dancers will be "in step." So Dr. De Forest photographed the music and the dancers on the same film.

Through the interest of Dr. Riesenfeld, permission was given Dr. De Forest to experiment with "The Covered Wagon" film. Dr. Riesenfeld arranged the musical score for this production, and Dr. De Forest is photographing this music on the negative of the picture. This means, if the work is successful, "The Covered Wagon" may be seen in any theater, no matter how bad, in the same musical program that was played with it for more than a year in New York.

Polas, Barabara and Gloria
[continued from page 81]

relative value to detail, description and development, uses the same methods for effects. A novel is a movie in words; a movie is a novel in pictures. The woman's story is an appeal to the emotions through the intellect and the imagination. The woman in the film makes her appeal to the emotions more directly—through the acting and the imagination alone.

"Her appeal to the imagination of the male sex is obvious. Her appeal to the imagination of the women is more compelling, more haunting, because the women cannot visualize the pictures themselves in the place of the alluring heroine on the screen. She wishes that she were that beautiful creature whose career she follows to the end, and whose imagination alone is the conclusion of the story. And what is the result? Imitation."

With this friendly form of envy, the celebrated Spanish dancer, her fame spread over the world of the influence of the American picture star. There are as many decided interpretations of her, as there are nations she amused.

A Real Diamond or A Glass Bubble
—which would you choose?

There's just that difference between the regular so-called Alaskan picture and the CHECHACHOS

First and only picture ever actually filmed in Alaska.

A tremendous story of the days when gold rated far higher than a woman's honor.

ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN IT'S COMING

Freckles

Dissolve Them With New Cream

Why let freckles spoil your complexion? Domino Freckle Cream will erase freckles quickly. Yes—almost over night.

This remarkable, exquisitely perfumed cream is applied with the finger-tips and allowed to remain over night. Every woman who has tried Domino Freckle Cream finds that it not only removes the freckles, blanches and brown spots, but refines and beautifies the texture of the skin as well. Don't let the sun and wind wreak havoc with your complexion. Don't use any other cream with dear Domino Freckle Cream now. Our guarantee of satisfaction, backed by a $10,000 deposit in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia, insures the return of your money on request if not satisfied and delighted with the results. Get Domino Freckle Cream at your favorite store today. If they haven't it in stock, send us $1.00 to Domino Freckle, Dept. E, 267-269 No. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PERSONAL STATIONERY
200 SHEETS and 100 ENVELOPES $1.00

Printed with your Name and Address
Clear, white bond paper, with envelopes to match. Your name and address printed in beautiful, 75c, 100c ink on both paper and envelopes and sent to you postpaid for only $1.00. (West of Denver and outside of Pa. it is $1.13.) If inconvenient to send the money, we will ship C.O.D. Money returned if not satisfied and delighted. Order today. Write name and address plainly.

ELITE STATIONERY COMPANY
5801 Main Street
Smetport, Pa.

Develops Bursts Amazingly Quick and Easy!

Just what every woman has been waiting for at a price everyone can afford. "BEAUTIBUST" for real bust and neck development. No tricks on ingenious systems, but a real and very successful natural method, which, with the aid of a simple apparatus, produces extremely pleasing and beneficial. You can't fail to please. Order now. Everything mailed directly for only 50c. Do not miss the opportunity. In any drugstore.

BEAUTIBUST CO., 1104-PE LEXINGON BLDG., BALTIMORE, MD.
It is proper at any time for a gentleman to mop his brow and neck with a pocket-handkerchief, provided the handkerchief is taken from, and returned to, the outside breast coat-pocket.

All tradesmen's deliveries in the homes of the socially elect are made after dinner in the evening, round the door. And the unfortunate butcher should always receive the packages and bring them at once into the drawing-room. At first thought, this proceeding may seem somewhat undesirable, but the advantages of it are quite obvious. At this time of day the husband and wife are together, and the package is apt to be a new hat, gown, or fur coat which the extravagant wife has had charged, contrary to her husband's orders; and thus he discovers the fact, and a stirring emotional scene follows. Or, it may be a pearl necklace which the perfidious husband has ordered for his mistress and thus his double life is revealed to the wife, and a still more stirring emotional scene follows.

When proposing to a lady out-of-doors, a gentleman should choose the following locations: If at the seashore, he should select a cliff or promontory against which the waves are dashing. If in the country, a rustic seat built between two large trees. If in the mountains, an isolated peak outlined against the sunset.

No one is anyone who ever goes out in the evening, under any conditions, except in the most formal evening dress.

All bachelors, when receiving guests in their apartments, should wear long satin dressing-gowns, cut like Japanese kimonos, and embroidered with chrysanthemums the size of cabbages.

No young unmarried girl should accept an invitation to go automobiling alone with a man of the opposite sex, until engaged to marry him.

When greeting a friend or a familiar acquaintance, a gentleman should either put an arm affectionately about the other, or else slap him soundly on the back. At a stage affairs the gentlemen should shake hands vigorously between each drink, always saluting one another as "old man!"

Questions and Answers [continued from page 106]

Mrs. J. Mck, T., Louisville, Ky.—The picture made by the star you mentioned are always good entertainment for children. To give the children credit, I don't think they enjoy them. Photoplay's reviews list pictures that are for the family. I don't agree with you about comedies being harmful for children. Most of them are all right, especially the ones made by Harold Lloyd and Hal Roach. Why don't you allow your little daughter to write Leatrice Joy for a picture? It's a natural enough wish.

Just Prudence, River Falls, Idaho.—No, neither Katherine MacDonald nor Mildred Davis has ever been in the Folkies. Neither Ziegfeld's nor John Murray Anderson's Greenwich Village variety.

Mary L., Shreveport, La.—I repeat through these columns to "Tommy Meighan" what you said, that Detroit wishes he would make some pictures in that city's picturesque environs, and that you girls "would receive him with open arms and park yourself on the petticoats of the studios to see him walk by."

Mary J., Hackensack, N. J.—You have loved June Caprice since a child. Your childhood or hers? Miss Caprice is, in private life, the wife of Harry Millarde, a Fox director. She intends soon to return to the screen. For two years she was engaged in administering motherly care to June Caprice Millarde. Theda Bara retired from the screen and stage. Object, maternity. There is persistent rumor that she will return.

Dot, Flatbush, N. Y.—You are "mine till Niagara Falls. Ha! Ha! Another Ha! Certainly. You and your girl friend have had a 'pat about Nita Naldi" You say she was born in America. Your friend says in Russia. You win. Miss Naldi was born in America, of Italian and Irish parentage.

Widow with Five Children, Iron Mountain, Mich.—Your suggestion that Mary Pickford "adopt some poor little orphan" should be sent directly to her. But before you do, let me tell you that she and Tommie Meighan are the largest contributors of money and time to the largest orphanage in Los Angeles.

K. Summersville, White Plains, N. Y.—I wish I knew where Ricardo Cortez received his training as an actor. But I don’t think he ever played in the stock company you mention. He was dancing in Los Angeles when Fate and a movie contract struck the decisive blow.

Rose, New Haven, Conn.—Out, out, brief scandal! The couple you mentioned never married and they are no longer engaged. Don’t blame it all on Broadway.

Cure, Altoona, Pa.—Ye-es, Miss Curious. At least, well enough. Anna O. Neilsen’s husband is John G. Gunnerson. Shirley Mason’s eyes are the color of the sea on a cloudy day in winter. Right. Gray. Hair, like chestnuts in a gum. Shining brown. Right again. You are clever.


R. S., Mobile, Ala.—The first important event of Hoot Gibson’s life was his birth. That occurred at Tckamah, Neb., 1892. His second was his marriage to Helen Johnson.

Miss Freddie, W. Va.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.’s age is fourteen. You think Bobby Agnew an ideal high school boy. So do others.

R. H., La Crosse, Wis.—Glad to hear from you, Russell, old chap. You think the camera does not do justice to Eugene O’Brien's good looks and you enjoy seeing him in a play. He should be proud of that estimate of him by an unbiased member of his own sex. You think Norma Talmadge, "when it comes to acting, runs away with the prize." You have many fellow admirers of Miss Talmadge for her sincere portrayals.
Mellin’s Food

Use the Mellin’s Food Method of Milk Modification for your baby

Josephine Sullivan,
New Orleans, La.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Toasting brings out the hidden flavor of the world's finest tobaccos. A combination millions can't resist.

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"
An Age-old Secret

Lovely women throughout the ages—women who swayed men’s hearts and had the world at their feet—knew the powerful fascination of perfume, and sought the rarest and loveliest for their adornment.

Times and fashions change, but perfume never loses its power to charm and fascinate. Clever women have always known this, but the woman of today has learned a new secret. She chooses a perfume that will harmonize with her type. She selects it just as she selects a hat or gown—for its becomingness.

Women of many types have found in FLORIENT the perfume that suits them exactly, but if your type demands some other fragrance, you will be sure to find it among Colgate Perfumes.

There is a new way to choose your perfume. It is called the Colgate Perfume Test. Write for the three trial vials of perfume, perfumers’ testing slips and directions for making the test. Enclose a 2 cent stamp. Address Colgate & Co., Dept. 531, 199 Fulton St., New York City.

COLGATE’S Perfumes
Cannes, Fashion's Rendezvous, sends word of today's Perfume Mode

**Polo at Cannes!** The King of Spain plays. England sends her cleverest horsemen. Royalty attends—and the smartest of the Parisiennes. Here, in Fashion's rendezvous, may one not hope to learn the approved mode des parfums?

Indeed, yes—it is this: "On ne mélange pas les parfums." (One never mixes varying perfumes. Rather shall all your toiletries be of the same Parisian fragrance.)

So, then, will the fashionable Américaine decree that her boudoir be graced by the spécialités Djer-Kiss. Her Parfum will be Djer-Kiss, that alluring French odeur created in Paris—in Paris only—by that genius des fleurs, Monsieur Kerkoff. That same French Djer-Kiss will subtly perfume her Eau de Toilette, her Soap, Sachet, Creams, Compacts and Lip Rouge. And she will choose, as companion aids to summertime charm, Djer-Kiss Talc and Djer-Kiss Face Powder—so soft, so fine, so cooling.

Will not Madame today seek these many spécialités Djer-Kiss at her favorite shop, and through them all achieve a true Parisian harmony of the toilette, an allure that is French alone?

---

Two Djer-Kiss Aids to Midsummer Charm

**Talc Djer-Kiss**
French, French Talc= Talc Djer-Kiss! So smooth, so fine, so delicately fragranced in France with Parfum Djer-Kiss.

Packed, too, in this new, handsome bottle of fluted glass, a most graceful accessory for the dressing table.

**Djer-Kiss Face Powder**
Fragranced in France only, with that same Parfum Djer-Kiss itself. Soft, soft it is, and unbelievably fine—delicately adherent in its fashionable shades.

---

**New!**

**The Djer-Kiss Loose-Powder Vanity**
Now Madame may carry in her handbag, loose Djer-Kiss Face Powder (so incomparably fine) as easily, as safely, as she would a Compact.
A Challenge to Authors

Write, if you can, a story as fascinating, as thrilling as entertaining as the life story of

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

NOW at last comes a motion picture that touches every emotion; that tingle every heart string. "Abraham Lincoln" is the miracle of entertainment. Its love story is a living poem; its drama a succession of thundering climaxes.

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Produced by

Al and Ray Rockett

Scenario by FRANCES MARION

Directed by PHILIP ROSEN

A First National Picture

"The episode of the love of Lincoln for Ann Rutledge is one of the most beautiful romances of American history," said Photoplay magazine in reviewing this picture. George Billings plays Lincoln and Ruth Clifford is Ann.
Beautiful Betty Blythe

The exquisite artlessness of Miss Blythe's costume, which so effectively emphasizes her beauty, is achieved only by the absolute correctness and perfection of even the minutest details of her attire.

Visible eyelets, Miss Blythe believes, should be evident on the lace footwear of every well-dressed woman, because they are so essential for the correct appearance and good style of her shoes. With the simplicity of the tailored suit focusing the attention on the hat and shoes, visible eyelets are an important consideration when you select your footwear. Insist that your shoes be finished with visible eyelets—they are both decorative and practical.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

Vol. XXVI  No. 3
August, 1924

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The World’s Leading Motion Picture Publication

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Illustrated by Douglas Dyer

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Photoplay’s Fashion Authority

Don’t miss pages 66 and 67 in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. It’s merely an
announcement, but it’s one of tremendous interest to every woman
interested in motion pictures and interested in good taste in clothes:

Miss Grace Corson, one of America’s few real fashion authorities, will
conduct a department on clothes that are worn in motion pictures, be-
inning next month. It will be something entirely new as a fashion service.

The Great Title Contest

has created a tremendous interest, amounting almost to a sensation,
and if you have not yet started it, you should do so in this issue. You
have as much chance as anyone else to get the cash prizes or a radio
set.

Order Your Next Issue in Advance
Maybe you don’t believe this
—then try it yourself

YOU have doubtless read a great many advertisements recommending the use of Listerine as a deodorant—as for instance, Listerine for halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath).

But do you really appreciate just how unusual Listerine's deodorizing properties are? Make this test yourself:

Rub a bit of fresh onion on your hand. Douse on a little Listerine. The onion odor immediately disappears.

It will be a revelation to you. And then you will appreciate all the more why Listerine enjoys so widespread a popularity as a deodorant.

Women lately have developed a new use for Listerine. They wanted a perspiration deodorant—one absolutely safe, non-irritating, and one that would not stain garments.

They found it in Listerine—which is, after all, the ideal deodorant. Thousands of men and women will be grateful to us for passing this suggestion along. Try Listerine this way some day when you don’t have time for a tub or shower. See how clean and refreshed it makes you feel.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A. * * * * * Makers also of Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Throat Tablets.
PARAMOUNT cuts another deep notch in entertainment records by announcing 40 great Paramount Pictures at one stroke for the nation's entertainment this Fall and Winter!

Public demand on a tremendous scale, not competition, has ever been Paramount's greatest pacemaker, and millions will find overflowing diversion in this gigantic program.

Here are the outstanding hits of the season, full of the pith and juice of the most modern screen art. See and enjoy them as soon as you can.

And don’t forget that any Paramount Picture you haven’t seen is a gold-mine of pleasure in store for you at any time. The numerous great successes of the past created Paramount’s great name, and they are your guarantee of equal delights to come.

Thrills, joys, and laughs are here aplenty, lighting the flame of merriment and hope where only the ashes of monotony were before!
Tell your Theatre Manager
you want to see them ALL! He wants to
show what you want to see!

"The TEN COMMANDMENTS"
Produced by Cecil B. De Mille.

"MANHANDLED"
Starring Thomas Meighan, Jack Holt, Warner Baxter, and Bebe Daniels.

"Wanderer of the Wasteland"
Produced by Irvin Willat.
Starring William Powell, Marjorie Rambeau, and Mary Astor.

"CHANGING HUSBANDS"
Starring Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy.

"Monseur Beauregard"
Produced by Cecil B. De Mille.
Starring Charles Boyer, Rosella DeSoto, and Ethel Merman.

"WORLDLY GOODS"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Greta Garbo, Charles Boyer, and Mary Astor.

"THE ENEMY SEX"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Greta Garbo, Charles Boyer, and Mary Astor.

"THE SIEGE-OF LONDON"
Produced by Cecil B. De Mille.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"THE COVERED WAGON"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring George M. Cohan, and Mary Astor.

"SINNERS IN HEAVEN"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"REX BEACH'S "A SAINTED DEVIL"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"The Man Who Fights Alone"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"FEET OF CLAY"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"THE GOLDEN BED"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"MANHATTAN"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"ARGENTINE LOVE"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"THE CAFE OF FALLEN ANGELS"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"THE BEAUTIFUL ADVENTUERS"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"HEADLINES"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"TONGUES OF FLAME"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"MISS BLUEBEARD"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"A WOMAN SCORRED"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"PLAYTHINGS OF FIRE"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"WAGES OF VIRTUE"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"A BROADWAY BUTTERFLY"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

"THE BURGESS MEMOIR"
Produced by D.W. Griffith.
Starring Ronald Colman, Jean Harlow, and Charles Boyer.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—Rookett-Lincoln.—One of the most effective and convincing pictures ever made, with Lincoln treated truthfully and reverently. Everyone should see it. (March.)

AGE OF DESIRE.—First National.—A woman, desiring riches, sacrifices better things. Interesting picture, well done. (March.)

AMERICA.—D. W. Griffith.—Almost another "Birth of a Nation." Not quite perhaps, but an epic film, nevertheless. Of absorbing interest to every American. (May.)

ALIMONY.—F. B. O.—Just an ordinary program picture, neither better nor worse. (April.)

ARABIA'S LAST ALARM.—Fox.—A joyous comedy, with a clever child, a half pop and a wonderful horse. Well worth while. (March.)

ARIZONA EXPRESS, THE.—Fox.—Whizzing melodrama. Thieves, gunplay, fast trains, 'n every-thing. (April.)

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SPEJACKS.—Paramount.—A remarkably fine travel picture. (February.)

AT DEVIL'S GORGE.—Arrow.—Just another Western, that's all. (June.)

AVERAGE WOMAN, THE.—C. C. Burr.—A defense of the housewife, as told by Pauline Garon. Melodrama, fairly well done. (June.)

BAG AND BAGGAGE.—Selznick.—A time-worn story of the country girl who gets her millionaire. Happens only on the screen. (May.)

BEAU BRUMMEL.—Warner Brothers.—One of the most interesting of the costume pictures, with John Barrymore doing exceptionally fine work as the Beau. Don't miss it. (May.)

BELoved VAGABOND, THE.—F. B. O.—Made from W. J. Locke's story, but most of the charm and witnecness are lost. (June.)

BIG BROTHER.—Paramount.—A really big human picture, made by Allan Dwan. And with a new kid, Mickey Bennett, who is a find. (February.)

BLACK OXEN.—First National.—A good picturization of the popular novel on the rejuvenation of a woman, with Corinne Griffith doing fine acting. For adults. (April.)

BLIZZARD, THE.—Fox.—A Swedish picture and nothing to be ashamed of either. A stampede of reindeer is a novelty. Good audience picture. (May.)

BLUFF.—Paramount.—A fashion parade with Agnes Ayres as a dress designer who wins recognition by bluffing the big shops. Amusingly told in a light vein. (July.)

BOY OF FLANDERS, A.—Metro.—Jackie Coogan's latest and one of the best he ever has done. The boy is developing and this picture proves it. (June.)

BOY OF MINE.—First National.—A Tarkington classic of childhood, extremely well done and with some splendid work by little Ben Alexander. (March.)

BREAKING POINT, THE.—Paramount.—Good cast, fair story, good direction and action galore. Fine entertainment. (June.)

BREATHLESS MOMENT, THE.—Universal.—A commonplace story which the whole family may see. (April.)

BROADWAY BROKE.—Selznick.—An interesting picture of New York theatrical life forty years ago. Mary Carr excellent. (March.)

CALL OF THE CANYON, THE.—Paramount.—A start-Western, with fine acting, beautiful scenery and nearly flawless direction. Don't miss it. (Feb.)

CAUSE FOR DIVORCE.—Selznick.—A lot of troubles about which no one can possibly care. (April.)

CHEECHICOS.—Associated Exhibitors.—Story of the Alaskan gold rush. Not much of a plot but wonderful scenery never before shown on the screen. (July.)

CIRCUS COWBOY, THE.—Fox.—Good circus story with Charles (Buck) Jones doing some breathtaking riding. (July.)

CONFIDENCE MAN, THE.—Paramount.—The always likable Tom Novak in a new version of the redemption theme. Amusing, well done and worth while. (April.)

COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, THE.—Associated Exhibitors.—Charles Ray's latest and most ambitious effort, which doesn't quite register. (March.)

DANGEROUS BLONDE, THE.—Universal.—Light and frothy but entertaining. All about foolish fates and the efforts to vamp recovered by clever flapper daughter. (July.)

DANGEROUS HOUR, THE.—Johnnie Walker.—Eddie Polo's fall from an airplane through a roof is the feature. (February.)

DANGEROUS MAID.—First National.—Good story and entertainment, but not worthy of Constance Talmadge's powers. (February.)

DARING YOUTH.—Principal.—A racy farce, well enough done, with Bebe Daniels and Norman Kerry. (July.)

DARING YEARS, THE.—Equality.—A good little boy falls in love with a chorus girl. You know the rest. (April.)

DAUGHTERS OF TODAY.—Selznick.—Another preachment against the flapper, with a few digs about parents who are inclined to flap. (May.)

DAWN OF TOMORROW, THE.—Paramount.—Cheerful, entertaining family picture about the whole family, well directed and acted. (June.)

DAY OF FAITH, THE.—Goldwyn.—Made of impossible situations; rather silly in spots. (Feb.)

DEFYING DESTINY.—Selznick.—Full of incidents, but just ordinarily good, except for Irene Rich. (March.)

DISCONTENTED HUSBANDS.—Applu.—For- merly the man who his wife gets old. He steps out, but is cured. (May.)

DO IT NOW.—Renown.—The troubles of young love with father. Fair entertainment. (May.)

DON'T CALL IT LOVE.—Paramount.—The screen version of "Rita Coventry," extremely well produced and acted. (March.)

DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL.—United Artists.—A great combination of Mary Pickford and Marshall Neilan and the historic novel by Charles Major. Don't miss it by any means. (June.)

DRUMS OF JEOARDY.—Truant.—Someone steals a lot of emeralds and there is much excitement. But it doesn't amount to much. (May.)

ENCHANTED COTTAGE, THE.—First National.—A charming fantasy, beautifully handled, with a most appealing story, enacted by Richard Barthelmess and Mary Miles Minter. (April.)

ENEMIES OF CHILDREN.—Mammoth.—Conventional story of a girl, tiresomely told. (Feb.)

EXCITEMENT.—Universal.—One of those wives who can't stay at home films. (June.)

EXTRA GIRL, THE.—Sennett.—Chiefly notable because Mabel Normand hosts the cast and her picture are always worth while. (February.)

FASHIONABLE FAKERS.—F. B. O.—You know all about the time are after the first five minutes. (Feb.)

FASHION ROW.—Metro.—The best MacMurray picture in a long time. She has a dual role. (Feb.)

FAT EXPRESS, THE.—Universal.—Old-fashioned melodrama, with wrecks, robberies and other sure-fire stuff. (April.)

FIGHTING COWARD, THE.—Paramount.—A satire on the fire-fighting Southerner of the ante-bellum days, remarkably well done. (June.)

FLAMING BARRIERS.—Paramount.—An interesting comedy, with a tragi-comic note in it. The forest fire is worth the admission. (April.)

FLAPPER WIVES.—Selznick.—The faithful-flirting theme, with nothing new in the story. Fair. (June.)

FLOWING GOLD.—First National.—Rex Beach melodrama of the oil fields, full of excitement and thrills. Fine entertainment for everyone. (May.)

(Continued on page 14)
250 Art Portraits
of Leading Moving Picture Stars
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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Most Responsible Preachers

San Francisco, Cal.

For years I looked upon the motion picture industry as the vestibule to perdition and treated it as such—keeping my distance. I do not know what was responsible for the change but in some unguarded moment, when my nerves were in a pernicious condition, I yielded to the enemy and went into a play house on Market Street to see Harold Lloyd in Dr. Jack.

Instead of feeling condemned, I left the place with rested nerves, and a determination to face the problems confronting me like any true soldier, worthy of the name. Then a new thought came to me; If a clean play had that effect upon me what was to hinder it from having the same effect upon others? I began to think of actors and actresses as really human instead of emissaries of evil. In thinking more about them have come to the conclusion that the calling of a movie man or woman is a noble one, and should be considered as such.

The movie folk are the most responsible preachers of the day!

ZADA BELL

Goodbye and Good Luck

Manning, S. C.

I have been a reader of PHOTOPLAY for years. While I am not a subscriber, I always buy it at a newstand and they always save it for me. I have always been an ardent defender of the movie people when anyone intimated that they were not as good as other folk. But frankly, I am through with PHOTOPLAY if it is going to publish, uncriticized, such statements as appeared recently under the head, “Gossip—East and West,” by Cal York, in regard to Mabel Normand. If Mr. York thinks he can stuff the public with Mabel Normand’s virtues he is very much mistaken.

H. G. NELSON

Helping Corinne Decide

Sacramento, Cal.

In the article, “Great Lovers of the Screen,” I see that Corinne Griffith could not choose between Frank Mayo and Conway Tearle. I think that as a helpmate of lover Frank Mayo is the best for her. In “Six Days,” in which they played together, they were very congenial.

I am not saying Conway Tearle is not a good actor, but for Corinne I’d pick Frank Mayo all the time.

JAMES BUCK

For the “Dependables”

Northampton, Mass.

Why not a few words in PHOTOPLAY occasionally for a few of the “dependables”? I mean those who have set a standard and in each picture give a sterling performance, like Anna Q. Nilsson, Myrtle Stedman, Ethel Bennett, Mary Allen, Huntley Gordon, Lew Cody, Alec Francis, David Powell and several others.

And won’t some one do George Hackathorne a chance? He’s a romantic leading role. Speaking of “dependables,” that boy certainly deserves a better producer and a director can give him. I like your terse criticisms in your reviews. They help immensely.

GLADYS MILLAR

A Friend of Pola’s

Yakima, Wash.

Of all the stars, my choice is Pola Negri. There are several reasons. One is that she is a beautiful striking another, that she is dashy and has fine technique, and puts her whole heart and soul into her playing; and still another that her pictures are always very thrilling and have plenty of action. There can be no argument as to her supremacy among movie stars.

MURIEL M. CORPE

Self-Appointed Guardians

Fredericksburg, Texas.

Isn’t there some weak to rid moving picture patrons of that pest (the censor), the self-appointed guardian? Is it possible to get a law passed, one that will let the people be the judge as to what they want in the moving picture? Federal control would be a calamity. Please, won’t some one save us from this octopus?

R. L. RODMAN

The Handsomest of All

Keyso, West Virginia.

I notice in PHOTOPLAY recently that someone is raving about George Walsh, someone else about Valentino, someone else about Thomas Meighan, which is exactly right! But I want to rave about John Gilbert.

He’s my favorite. I think he’s the handsomest of them all. No, I don’t think that I know it! Besides being the handsomest, he can act!

ADA B. OATES

The Real Culprit

East Orange, N. J.

Theodore Roberts himself might be able, by sheer force of personality, to redeem a poor story, but I do not think anyone else could. I do not think it is the fault of the players but of the scenarios and their writers when a production fails to leave the face.

Permit me to bring to the attention of the readers of this magazine that excellent and little known actor, Rockcliffe Fellows. In my personal opinion Mr. Fellows is among the best, and all his work that I have seen has been admirable. For some unknown reason he receives little or no recognition. Let us see more of such actors who really portray their parts and less of the so-called “sheiks.”

FREDERICK A. SOUTHAMPTON

The Line of Common Decency

Norwich, Conn.

I notice from time to time that you bewail the fact of censorship. What produced it? Why do we have to have it? Simply because the producers of pictures overstreppe “The Line of Common Decency.”

Picture producers are not the only ones who err. The same applies to the theatrical producers. Only recently the police of New York had to step in to keep some clothes on the women in a review. And next is the press. Some magazines I have read, print stories that should not be allowed to go through the mails. They inspect the theater and press, overstep “The Line of Common Decency,” and sooner or later they too will “enjoy” censorship.

STEPHEN M. WALSH

We Stand Corrected

Copenhagen, Denmark.

In your PHOTOPLAY of October 15, 1924, I have read your commendatory mention about the film of “David Copperfield” from the novel of Dickens. I see you point out the film as a Swedish production, which is quite a mistake. The letter, because the production is fully Danish, directed and got up by the Danish stage manager, Mr. H. W. Lauberg, and performed by Danish actresses but directed by the German Mr. Martin Herzberg, alias “The little David Copperfield.”

A DANE

Extravagant Modernism

New York City

Gloria has changed much since her bathing girl days, as the pictures in a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY testify. She has learned to wear her gorgeous gowns and act at the same time. Above all else, she stands, along with Mae Murray, as the epitome of the avant-garde modernism. The other stars may do tame historical films but we can always depend on Gloria and Mae to give us clever modern plays, each one better than the one before. Both actresses have been unjustly criticized and all but condemned, yet they continue to reign supreme among their fans.

TODD MACKENZIE

For a Director

St. Joseph, Mo.

I am going to send a brickbat this time. Not for your magazine but for the director of the "Call of the Canyon." Why, oh why, couldn’t he have left it as the hook?

MRS. LOIS W. BROWN
What Every Man and Woman Should Know—

- how to win the man or woman you love
- how to win the girl you want
- how to hold your husband or wife
- how to make people admire you
- why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love
- why many marriages end in despair
- how to hold a woman's affection
- how to keep a husband or wife
- things that turn men against you
- how to make marriage a mutual honeymoon
- the "dance year" of married life
- how to irritate love—how to keep it flaming—how to retain it if burnt out
- how to cope with the "bunting instinct" in men
- how to attract people you like
- why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age
- why there are no real grounds for divorce
- how to increase your attractiveness in a man's eyes
- how to tell if someone really loves you
- things that make a woman (or man) "go" or "common".

you right about those 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. We warn you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

POOL’S AWAKENING, — -Metro.—Proves that hardness can’t be built on a lie. A picture of the better class. (April.)

POOL’S HIGHWAY, — Universal.—A story of the Bowery, excellently done. Characters well drawn and revealed, with a thrilling ending fitting the plot. Good entertainment. (May.)

FOUR-HORSE HAWKINS—Universal.—A good comedy, cleverly handled, starring Hoot Gibson as a village- jack-of-all-trades. (April.)

GALLOPING ACE, THE—Universal.—A Jack Hoxie Western, with Jack doing some of his best riding and acting. (April.)

GALLOPING FISH, THE—First National.—Trained seal supported by Louise Fazenda and Sydney Chaplin. Snap-tick, but funny. (June.)

GALLOPING GALLAGHER—F. O.—An amusing musical Western, Fred Thomson being the re-""
ICEBOUND—Paramount.—Another William de Mille etching. Restraint is the keynote. Handled by a master, it might have been dull, but he makes it live. (May.)

INNOCENCE—Apollo.—An ineffable melodic drama with Anna Q. Nilsson as a redeeming feature. (March.)

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING—Goldwyn.—A good story, beautifully mounted but carelessly told. Disappointing. (April.)

JACK O’CLUBS—Universal.—Lots of trouble for no reason, except to be photographed. (April.)

JEALOUS HUSBANDS—First National.—Ordinary, with the only outstanding feature of the work of John Dilson. (April.)

JUDGEMENT OF THE STORM—P. B. O.—The Palmer School’s prize photoplay, very interesting and with a great deal of thought put into it. (April.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—Fox.—A swiftly moving crook drama, with plenty of thrills and excitement. (April.)

KENTUCKY DAYS—Fox.—Old Kentucky again with “Covered Wagon” trimmings. Just fair. (May.)

KING OF WILD HORSES—Pathé.—A remarkable picture because of the work of the camera man. Some of wild horses never equaled. The Black a worthy star. (June.)

LADIES TO BOARD—A Tom Mox comedy, with Tonyaddied. Mixes up all his best stunts. (April.)

LADY OF QUALITY, A—Universal.—A charming and unexpected production by Virginia Valli and capable cast. (February.)

LAW FORBIDS, THE—Universal.—Again Baby Peggy, to whose talents the story has been subordinated. The story is good. (May.)

LEAVE IT TO GERRY—Ben Wilson.—A mild juvenile comedy, which is amusing and innocuous. Both the cast and the story are good. (May.)

LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER—Vitagraph.—One of the worst ever made. (April.)

LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE—Paramount.—In spite of the liberties taken with Kipling, a good picture is silently acted. (February.)

LILIES OF THE FIELD—First National.—A story of the sisterhood that “toll not, neither do they spin,” with Corinne Griffith as the feature. For adults. (May.)

LISTEN LEADER—Principal.—Adapted from a musical comedy popular some years ago and modernized, it includes bootleggers. Fast and full of tricks. (July.)

LONE WOLF, THE—Paramount.—A revival of an old favorite with plenty of intrigue and adventure with nothing new to interest and see. (July.)

LONE WAGON, THE—Sanford.—If it hadn’t been for the “Covered Wagon,” this wouldn’t have been worth anything. (May.)

LOVE LETTERS—Fox.—The moral is, don’t pour your troubles on your paper. Two sisters get into all sorts of woes, but few care. (May.)

LUSTFUL Nick—First National.—Strongheart is the star, and Mrs. Strongheart the leading woman. The other’s and the story are not so much. (May.)

LOVE’S WHIRLPOOL—Hodkinson.—A crook story of the better sort, with James Kirkwood and Lila Lee. Plenty of thrills and holds the interest always. (May.)

LOVING LIES—Allied Producers.—Mediocre, in spite of the efforts of Mary Nolan and Brent. (April.)

LUcretia mailman, the—Universal.—The story is a good one, but the picture seems flat. Irene Rich scores, as does a forest fire. (March.)

LULLABY, THE, THE—F. B. O.—Jane Novak’s best picture. It plays the three roles and is excellent in each. (March.)

MAILMAN, THE, THE—F. B. O.—More propaganda for the times but no more interesting and very much for the family. (February.)

MAN FROM BRODNEY’S, THE—Vitagraph.—Wildly melodramatic, but it is good acting and, therefore, good entertainment. (February.)

MAN FROM WYOMING, THE—Universal.—A roaring Western, with Jack Hoxie as the blustering hero. (April.)

MAN LIFE PASSED BY, THE—Metro.—Another interesting interpretation by Percy Marmont of the part of Tom Mix, but it is no better than the picture. (May.)

MAN’S MATE, A—Fox.—John Gilbert and Rene Adoree do their best, but the result is pretty bad. (May.)

MARRIAGE CIRCLE, THE—Warner Brothers.—A masterpiece of direction by Lubitsch which results in a strikingly amusing comedy, admirably acted. (April.)

Martyr Trail, The—Capital.—What one brutal man can’t do to two poor females! But regeneration of the wicked and sunshine follow. (June.)

Mask of Lopez, The—Mongomery.—Another Western of the usual type. (February.)

Maytime—Preferred.—The camera doesn’t help this distasteful musical play. (May.)

Men—Paramount.—Typical Pola Negri film concerning an actress who is the idol of Paris. Not for children. (July.)

Mile-A-Minute Morgan—Sanford.—Just another moving and about as poor as possible. (April.)

Mile-A-Minute Romeo—Fox.—Tom Mix again—daunting as ever—and, with the help of Tony, seems to have another entire crook drama. (April.)

Miracle Makers, The—Ano. Exhibitors.—The pure heroine-and-Chinese-den formul. (Feb.)

Midnight Morning—Moe Murray in a bald muggish role to excite but not charm. Mexican locale and ma-mas. Fair. (July.)

Moral Sinner, The—Paramount.—Screen version of “Leut Klossnik” makes a rather mediocre crook drama. (June.)

Mrs. Dane’s Confession—F. B. O.—An old picture revived because of the notoriety of Count Salm, but you wouldn’t suspect him of doing harm. (May.)

My Man—Vitagraph.—Dustin Farnum as a cave man political boss. Just passing. (April.)

NAME THE MAN—Goldwyn.—A Hall Caine story with the impression of coincidence stretched out of shape. (February.)

Neat Lady, The—Universal.—Poor comedy, with the titles the poorest. (February.)

Nellie, the Beautiful Cloc Model—Goldwyn.—Not bad, but a sense of humor which makes it well worth while. (April.)

Net, The—Fox.—If you like Bertha M. Clay novels, you might see this one. (April.)

Next Corner, The—Paramount.—Not so good. Dire structure drag. (April.)

Night Hawk, the—Hodkinson.—Harry Carey at his best in a Western drama with plenty of plot and riding. (June.)

Night Message, The—Universal.—Melodrama based on Southern family feud. Also, pretty well done. (June.)

No More Women—Allied Producers.—All right if you have a lot of money and luck. (April.)

No Mother to Guide Her—Fox.—If you like melodrama, this will please you. Genevieve Tobin as a sort of perfect specimen. (May.)

North of Hudson Bay—Fox.—An excellent story of the life and adventures of Tom Mix hero. Filled with thrills and well worth seeing. (April.)

North of Nevada—F. B. O.—An old story with good Western story in it. Light on the cliff and other similar features. (May.)

Old Fool, The—Hodkinson.—Starts with a good idea, but loses in favor of conventional crook story. (May.)

On Time—Truant.—Richard Talmadge doing athletic stunts around a very poor story. (May.)

Other Men’s Daughters—Apollo.—A sporty fellow meets his daughter at a swift party, but all ends happily. (April.)

Pagan Passion—Slezick.—Starts well, but gets off the track and becomes tiresome. (June.)

Painted People—First National.—A story of a small town girl who becomes a real somebody. Colleen Moore steals the picture. (April.)

Phantom Justice—F. B. O.—Rod La Roque with a tooete in a wild and wild melo (March.)

Phantom Rider—The Universal.—Jack Hoxie in the kind of role he was made for. His riding is worth the price. A very good Western. (May.)

Pied Piper Malone—Paramount.—Tom Moore’s name not made good as Tom himself. Simple and charming. (April.)

Pioneer Trails—Vitagraph.—Imitation of “The Covered Wagon” without the virtues of that record-breaking drama. (April.)

Poisoned Paradise—Preferred.—A again someone tries to bring the brunt at Monte Carlo, but Clara Bow is the only winner, setting the boy she loves. Formally acted. (May.)

Prepared to Die—Johnny Walker.—A good idea gone wrong, except for Eddie Polo. (March.)

Prince of a King, A—Slezick.—Little Dinky Dinsmore starts and all children and grown-ups will like it most. (May.)

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

STOLEN SECRETS—Universal. Another crook drama with a pretty girl solving the mystery and reforming the crook. (May)

STORM DAUGHTER, THE—Universal.—Pris-
cially attractive. (April)

SUNRISE, THE—Paramount. A story of the
Jews of the sea. But it ends too suddenly. (June)

STRANGER FROM THE NORTHERN—Biltmore.
The first half of the picture, in this one, the city teller makes good. (June)

STRANGER, THE—Paramount. —This picture
starts slowly, but picks up and tells an absorbing story in direct and interesting fashion. (June)

SUPREME TEST, THE—Renown. The country
boy in the wicked city, the mortgage on the farm and the girl. (March)

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—F. B. Q.—A screen
version of the shabby Witwer story, with Alberta
Vaughan, a clever comedienne, as the fresh tele-
phone operator. Amazing. (May)

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—F. B. Q.—Another of
the series of hilarious comedies from the short
stories of S. M. Witwer, called "The Square Sex." Only fair. (April)

TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount.
One of the greatest pictures ever made. A wonderful entertainment and unmoral sentiment. The color
progresses wondrously fine. (February)

THIEF OF BAGDAD, THE—United Artists.—
Dough Fairbanks' latest and another success. A picture
of magic and beauty. The Arabian Nights brought to life. Should be seen by everyone. (May)

THIS FREEDOM—Fox. —An English company,
headed by Fay Compton, makes the Hutchinson
story fairly entertaining. (February)

THREE MILES OUT—Kenna—Madge
Kennedy and a lot of types. A picture full of punch
and good entertainment. (March)

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—C. C.
Burr.—Unconvincing story, with Constance
Blinne as a heroine who wins beautifully. (May)

THREE WEEKS—Goldwyn.—A lavish picturiza-
tion of Elinor Glyn's novel, with lovely settings. (April)

THRILL CHASER, THE—Universal.—Hoot
Gibson goes to Hollywood and thence to Arabia,
becoming a sheik. (February)

THROUGH THE DARK—Cosmopolitan.—
Buster Keaton's latest story, dealing with the re-
demption of a man through a woman's faith. (March)

THUNDERGATE—First National.—Conven-
tional story with scenes in China. Owen Moore
good. (April)

THYNAMESWOMAN—Metro.—A tragedy, told
simply and effectively, with some beautiful sets and
photography. Barbara La Marr excellent. (April)

TIGER GOD—Fox.—Total absence of the stage
drama, with Leon Uris in her original role. (February)

TO THE LADIES—Paramount.—A joyous enten-
tainment and—incidentally—Director James Cruz's
fourth successive hit. (February)

TRAIL OF THE LAW, THE—Biltmore.—One of
the best of the summer pictures, and really well
done. (April)

TROUBLE SHOOTER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix
in a part that lets him act. A simple story sustained by his straightforward acting and enlivened by little
Kathleen Key. (July)

TRY AND GET IT—Hodkinson.—An impos-
sible story, but with many laughs. Bryant Washburn and Billie Dove in the cast. Good story, good
acting. (May)

TWENTY DOLLARS A WEEK—Selznick.—
George Arliss in a comedy that is by no means worthy
of him. A weak force. (June)

TWENTY-ONE—First National.—The 1924
model of the stage version, but nothing more
interesting, but not great. Picture. (February)

TWO WAGONS, BOTH COVERED—Pathé.—
One of Will Rogers' burlesques and a clever one.
Great, if you've seen "The Covered Wagon." (April)

UNCENSORED MOVIES—Pathé.—With Rogers
incorrigible types and isn't very funny. (February)

UNKNOW PURPLE, THE—Trust.— Less
thrilling than the stage version but nevertheless
worth seeing if you like suspense. (February)
Yours truly,

John Smith

ALL the world despises an anonymous letter. We like a man to sign his name to what he writes.

But did you ever think that unknown merchandise is anonymous? Nobody to vouch for it. No name signed.

Notice the advertisements in this publication. There in bold print are the names of those who stake their reputations — stake your good-will towards them on the truth of what they have written.

The maker of advertised goods realizes that he might fool you once — but never the second time. His success is dependent upon your continued confidence in what he says in the advertisements.

Read the advertisements with confidence. They tell truths that you should know.

The measure of satisfaction is larger in advertised products

To her husband a woman must be a well stocked furniture store: at times a door-mat, a sofa-cushion, a step-ladder or a looking-glass. — Town Topics.
What particular skin problem are you facing?

Have you an oily skin?
Blackheads?
A dull, sallow color?

You can free your skin from blackheads by using the special cleansing treatment given below.

Begin, today, to have a beautiful skin!
A skin without a flaw—clear, fresh as the morning.
You can have a beautiful skin if you will. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place.

Give this new skin the special treatment it needs, and see what a wonderful improvement you can bring about.

The following treatment will free your skin from 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.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

An oily skin can be corrected by using every night the following treatment:

Just before you go to bed, 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.

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We want you to see how much good even a week of the right Woodbury treatment will do for your skin. Therefore, for ten cents and the coupon at the left we will send you—

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SLOE-EYED, and darkly beautiful, Nita Naldi has drawn upon the screen a succession of unforgettable portraits of women who love not wisely but with great effect. Remember her brilliant work in "Blood and Sand" and "The Ten Commandments"
THIS little miss is the daughter of one of the screen’s first heroines who retired to marry shortly after making a bid for immortality in “The Birth of a Nation” and has recently returned. Who? Mae Marsh, of course! And her vest pocket edition is Mae Marsh Arms.
A COMPARATIVE newcomer, Ronald Colman’s work in "The White Sister" and "Romola" recommended him for a leading role in "Tarnish." He is young, handsome and accomplished—a formidable bidder for supremacy among the heroes of the screen.
The personification of friendliness, Anita Stewart has held the hearts of her devotees since movies cost a nickel. After a period spent in mediocre pictures, she scored again in "The Great White Way" and is now making "Never the Twain Shall Meet"
WHEN a man as handsome as Richard Dix is popularly voted a "regular fellow" by the male portion of a moving picture audience, he is sitting firmly on his pedestal. For his fine performance in "The Ten Commandments" he is being starred by Paramount
"WOMANLY" is the word that suggests itself when we seek to describe Irene Rich. "The kind of girl every man dreams of as his wife" is what one admirer said of her. Her recent intelligent interpretation of "Fanny" in "Cytherea" has won her fresh laurels.
LUCY FOX, an intelligent young actress, who after a long series of "bits" has arrived and is expected to go much farther in the next year. She has recently completed "Miami" in support of Betty Compson, and will be seen soon in "The Wise Virgin"
Let this simple truth guide you

to natural beauty

Every woman should right-
ly make a special effort to
maintain a beautiful comple-
xion. But this effort may cause
you to overlook one simple
truth—soap's function is to
cleanse, not to cure or to trans-
form.

Dermatologists agree on this
important point: Only by
cleansing the skin thoroughly,
yet gently and safely, can any
soap help to promote beauty.
And only pure soap can cleanse
thoroughly and safely.

You know already that Ivory
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no medicaments, no coloring
matter, no strong perfumes.
If we had felt that any addition-
al ingredients would improve
Ivory, you may be sure we
would have used them long ago.

But perhaps it may surprise
you to know that simple wash-
ing with Ivory is the very finest
treatment you can give to your
skin.

A face-bath of Ivory and
warm water, once or twice
daily, gently removes the film
of dust, oil or powder and
thoroughly cleanses the pores.
Then a quick dash or two of
cold water brings a fresh, love-
ly, natural color. For un-
usually dry skins, the use of a
small amount of pure cold
cream is recommended. This
simple treatment is effective,
safe and economical.

The millions of friends of Ivory and the mul-
titude of women who have been using much
more costly soaps, have welcomed the new,
graceful cake of Guest Ivory. Fashioned for
slim fingers, this dainty white cake is genuine
Ivory Soap—with all of Ivory's traditional
purity and mildness—as fine as soap can be.
Yet Guest Ivory costs but five cents.

IVORY SOAP

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IT FLOATS

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THE theory that sex attraction is the key to success on the screen must have originated with producers who managed 'The Streets of Cairo' shows in carnival days. It may get fly-by-night money but it does not make for durable success. On the contrary, it is a boomerang. When Theda Bara vamped sentimentally out from the Sahara she stopped traffic everywhere. Francis X. Bushman arose at much the sky-rocket rate of Valentino. Theda and Francis are now in eclipse, while Lilian Gish, Mary Pickford, Chaplin, Lloyd, Meighan and Fairbanks glow resplendently on. Photoplay's recent canvass of five thousand exhibitors to determine the eight greatest box-office attractions for Photoplay resulted unconsciously in an explosion of the sex-attraction theory. The winning eight were Thomas Meighan, Norma Talmadge, Harold Lloyd, Tom Mix, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri. Not one of them holds the screen by virtue of sex appeal. They may possess it but they don't flaunt it. Instead of attempting to emulate Bella Fatima, the canny player might learn of Duse, who, decricit and on the verge of death, was a boxoffice sensation of this era.

A HIGHLY respected bootlegger of Hollywood, having amassed a fortune, is going in for producing pictures. His first will be a patriotic film.

THERE'S nothing that will kill a young actor more quickly outside of heart trouble than personal appearances. The youth arrives at the studio with a dress suit, a bottle of starch and a profile. After three pictures he is an artist. Even he can be persuaded into believing it. The next thing is the personal appearance at an opening night, a benefit or most any other old excuse. The master of ceremonies introduces him from the wings, atomizing him with such flowery phrases that by the time he gets on to the stage the daisies are sprouting out of his chest and the audience is ready to applaud anything from a cop to a burglar. He bows, beats and bungles off. And the Tillies down front resume their chewing gum with a mumbled, "For Gossakes, I never knew he was like that, didncha see his Adam's apple?"

HAROLD LLOYD never makes personal appearances. Harold Lloyd is the shrewdest showman in the business: no mere actor is Harold. He once gave his analysis to me, "The fans don't like us at all," he said. "They like the idea they invent around us. They doll us all up with black eyes, golden hair, six feet of brawn and a voice like Caruso's. Then we come out with red hair, green eyes, freckles and a squeak in the upper register. But if we turned out to be Apollo some one would be disappointed; some one would have expected Adonis or Hercules."

Only the actor who is fading in screen popularity can afford to take the stage and fracture illusions. I advance the following axiom—The first sign of a star's disappearance: his personal appearance.

TAKE your choice: "Island Wives," "Single Wives," "Gambling Wives," " Foolish Wives," "Daytime Wives," "Restless Wives." No wonder we have "Wandering Husbands" and "Week-end Husbands." The wonder is that we have any at all.

WHERE Art Is Born: It was Corinne Griffith's set in the United studios. Miss Griffith and her players were patiently awaiting the director's word to turn on the emotion. Carpenters are hammering all around. "Lights!" bawls the director. An assistant blows a whistle. The lights blare on, madly spluttering. A gong and a whistle sound, the signal for the hammering to cease. The hammering continues. "Camera!" howls the director. The camera grinds, the hammers pound, the players act. The actors finish, a whistle, the lights splutter out, a gong for the hammers to start again, the hammers blantly continue.

And so all over again, again, and again, howls, whistles, gongs, splutter and hammers. But if the world could be created out of chaos I suppose art can too.

AN advertisement which explains why censors have shears: "Famous Murders of History—Julius Caesar, Thomas a Beckett, Abraham Lincoln, Jack de Saulles, Joseph Elwood Jacobs Lebaudy, Dorothy King—and—The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

If the alignment of Abraham Lincoln with such an unsavory crew as de Saulles, Lebaudy and Dorothy King is not enough to incite to murder I don't know what is. The author of that advertisement deserves to be murdered and buried without rites.

THE following subjects are listed as Educational Films:

Getting Gertie's Goat.

Dizzy Daisy.

Tootsie Woosie.

And here I had an education all the time and didn't know it. I shall immediately ask for a college man's salary.
Bebe Daniels shows you how to wear the New Scarfs

Scarfs by courtesy of Jay-Thorpe, New York

ORIGINATED by the smart Frenchwomen at Deauville, the fashionable watering resort, the popularity of the scarf which has been named after that place has spread all over the world. Every color of the rainbow is being used. They are made up in silks, batiks, crepes and chiffons in many styles, from the long muffler effect with fringe to the handkerchief style which Miss Daniels, who has always been fond of them, wears in these illustrations. When she was told that the readers of Photoplay would appreciate her aid in demonstrating how she wears them, she graciously spent hours of her time to assist them. "Just like Bebe. "No matter how plain or simple your costume," she says, "wrap a jaunty scarf about you, and you're all dressed up."

We must admit a great admiration for the gypsy-like effect produced below by tying one end of the long scarf around the head and letting the scarf fall down in back to be caught over one arm, but unless you have Bebe's dark eyes and dusky hair we wouldn't recommend it for popular usage.

At right—For the polo game or to wear as a spectator at a golf tournament, Miss Daniels selects a set of white flannel trimmed with green kid. The scarf is doubled and the trimming is on both sides so it can be thrown over the shoulder or worn straight. The front of the hat is of kid, the back of flannel.

Bebe says that in this picture she "wears a good game of golf." If you don't think she plays—look at the glove. The scarf is square, folded into a triangle and then knotted over one shoulder. It is painted yellow on white to match the yellow flannel sleeveless jacket and skirt. The hat is yellow mohair.
This variation is obtained by crossing the ends of the scarf in front, bringing the longest side around the waist and tying the ends in a knot at the side. The effect is a pleasing impression of completeness and finish. And if you wear it this way you won’t be in danger of losing your handsome scarf.

At extreme left—For tennis, Miss Daniels ties a handkerchief scarf of batik in cerise and white around her hair and, after the game, throws a long painted scarf loosely over her shoulders.

At left—The same long scarf may be worn this way for general sport wear, crossed in front and hung unevenly over each shoulder.

The bizarre note below is effected by winding one end of the scarf around one arm and wearing the other side loosely over the other shoulder. The sport hat is blue and white milan and the foundation of the costume the correct, conservative white angora sweater and pleated silk skirt.

This variation is obtained by crossing the ends of the scarf in front, bringing the longest side around the waist and tying the ends in a knot at the side. The effect is a pleasing impression of completeness and finish. And if you wear it this way you won’t be in danger of losing your handsome scarf.
Out at Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N.Y., close to the Griffith studio, Richard Barthelmess is making a home. Indeed, the place is almost within the shadow of the Griffith "lot," where Dick portrayed the hero of "Way Down East." It was while playing this role that Dick married Mary Hay, who also had a part in the production. At the left, Dick and Mary may be observed on the bench close to "D. W.'s" famous studio.
At the right is a brand new portrait of Mary Hay Barthelmess, otherwise Mary II. Below is the house, built originally for Helen Gould. It is a picturesque old residence of twelve rooms and is surrounded by an estate of three acres. Long Island Sound is close by, within sight of the house. Barthelmess has been spending the past few months of absence from the screen in good purpose in the enjoyable task of putting the estate in shape.
It Isn't the Original Cost of

Bobbed Hair Adds a New Item of

great majority of the bobbed-hair sisterhood it's a choice between learning how to use the iron and the tight curlers every night, or spending money for the daily, semi-weekly or weekly marcelle and accompanying trimmings. Even the permanent wave doesn't take care of itself, but needs frequent water-waving to preserve the natural appearance.

And so we face the "overhead," the tremendous cost of upkeep of bobbed hair. If only half of the bobbed-haired women of America spend an average of $5 a week each to look their best, there's a billion dollars a year added to the annual feminine budget! In dollar bills, that's enough to carpet the Santa Fe tracks from Hollywood to Kansas City.

The only way a man can dodge the upkeep cost of his derby is to park it under his chair or lunch where there isn't a hat-check girl to tip. There isn't any way for the bobbed-haired woman to dodge the upkeep cost except to stick around the house in a boudoir cap. And there you are.

In the course of its investigation into the cost of maintaining a head of bobbed hair, of each of the distinctive types currently affected by American woman today, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE interviewed film favorites, business women and hairdressing experts. Some of them solve the problem one way, some another. Out of their combined experience and observations as recorded here, the young woman of any age from fifteen to fifty who is contemplating bobbery should find some helpful suggestions as to what to do after the fatal "snip!" has made her decision irrevocable.

The problem of the business girl, to keep her bobbed locks up to their utmost of chic attractiveness, is nothing compared with that of one working in front of the camera. Two or three times the cost of long hair is the least a
Bobbed Hair—It's the Upkeep

Overhead Charges" to Feminine Budgets

Bobbed hair film actress can get away with; some spend ten times what they did when they wore it au naturel.

Viola Dana says she never spent a dollar in her life for a curl until after she had her hair bobbed. But even her naturally curly hair has to be recurl every two weeks, now that it is short, besides being trimmed. An inch or two at the end of a braid doesn't show in the pictures, but imagine an inch or two difference in the length of a bob!

Corinne Griffith said that it costs her twenty dollars a week to keep her hair properly arranged, since she had it cut. Before that the cost was nothing at all, as she dressed it herself, or had her maid do it. "Now I have a hairdresser come to my house every morning, whether I am working or not, and when I am working that cost is doubled, because I have to have someone come to the studio about noon to go over my hair again."

Mae Murray has a hairdresser on the set all the time, since she bobbed her hair, at a cost of eighteen dollars a day! "I always cared for it myself, with the help of my maid, when it was long," Miss Murray said. "Now even when I am not working it costs me about fifteen dollars a week."

Estelle Taylor says it costs her fifteen dollars a week to keep her bobbed hair in order when she isn’t working, and Betty Compson figures her "overhead" at about the same, although both of these young women are exempt from the extra cost of maintaining their bobs on the set. Being Paramount stars their hair is cared for by the studio hairdressing department for screen appearance. But, O, what a difference in that department since the bob came in! Once "Hattie," the colored hairdressing expert of Paramount, singlehanded, looked after the hairdressing of Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Betty Compson, Mary Miles Minter and Dorothy Dalton; now there are four experts to keep the bobs in condition. And Estelle Taylor says that somehow she always has to pay the taxi fare of the hairdresser when she has her bob attended to at home, which also runs up the "overhead."

Colleen Moore, with her straight or at least semi-straight bob, gets off comparatively easy. It has to be cut oftener than the others, but it doesn’t take so much curling. She figures the cost at about five dollars a week. And like all the other film stars, she believes that the hair should be trimmed whenever it is marcelled, to keep the line perfect. Miss Moore’s is one of the few straight bobs in Hollywood.

May McAvoy is another lucky one. Her hair is naturally curly and does not have to be marcelled. Once a week to the barber shop; two dollars—that’s all.

Viola Dana says of her naturally curly hair: "I have my hair wavered, which takes as much time and costs as much money as to have it marcelled and I like it better that way."

According to Alice Terry, you can’t escape the cost of upkeep of bobbed hair even by going to Africa. The expense is as great in Tunis as in Hollywood, or an average of about fifteen to eighteen dollars a week. "They have just as many expert beauty shops in Tunis as anywhere," said Miss Terry, "and they charge just as high prices." Whether a missionary should have bobbed hair is a question, for it is a missionary part Miss Terry plays in her Tunisian picture. But Rex Ingram came across some genuine missionaries with bobbed hair, though they didn’t wear it curled.

Since the permanent wave is not popular with Hollywood screen people, hairdressers have to be taken on location frequently. Phyllis Haver has... (CONTINUED ON PAGE 101)
“The Legend of Hollywood” on the Screen

Is it true—part true—or all hokum? Did he ever exist? Will he be found?

These are the questions around which centers the gossip of Hollywood today. On everyone’s tongue—at the studios, in the old folks’ homes, at the beach and during supper dances—is speculation about the old yarn which has been going the rounds of Hollywood for years and which Frank Condon investigated and traced and wrote into story form as “The Legend of Hollywood.”

The March issue of Photoplay contained the story. Coupled with it was offered a thousand dollar reward for solution of the mystery and discovery of the missing writer about whom the mystery of fate revolves.

Mr. Condon graphically related his tale of a desperate writer who, face to face with starvation and failure, filled seven glasses with wine, putting poison in one of them. Then he shifted the glasses about and began drinking their contents, one glass a day. Finally he reached the seventh glass. Obviously that must contain the deadly potion. The gamble with death was over. Just as he drank the contents came a check for a thousand dollars in payment for an accepted story. Fate seemed to have won, when the boarding house slavey, in love with him, came to tell him that she had overturned and broken one of the glasses. Without telling anyone she had purchased a new one and refilled it with wine.

The publication of this legend started fresh and serious speculation. Many of our picture producers today are ex-writers. Many still grind out a story for the public. And most of them knew the legend of Hollywood by heart. For it is one of those rare stories that, once heard, can never be forgotten. But it took Renaud Hoffman to discover one way to get something out of the story. He hasn’t found the man and claimed the award offered by Photoplay, but he has had another idea on how to profit by “The Legend of Hollywood.” He is making a picture of it.

Percy Marmont is the struggling and despairing young writer. ZaSu Pitts, whom Eric Von Stroheim considers the greatest character actress of Hollywood, is the girl of the romance. Molly Davenport, a stage favorite of a generation ago, and for years with Mack Sennett, emerges from retirement to portray the landlady. Cameo, the human dog, completes this small cast.
THE whole Lloyd family, including the center of all Hollywood's interest, the six-pound daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. The proud parents have seen to it that little Miss Lloyd starts life with the loveliest wardrobe and nursery in celluloidia. Incidentally, Harold announces, Mildred is to return to the screen in "Alice in Wonderland." Details will be found in the news columns of this issue.

Presenting Mildred Gloria Lloyd
The Story Without a Name

By Arthur Stringer


Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Chapter III

LAN HOLT lay back in the plane cockpit, the wash of cool air hardening the blood on his forehead and clearing the fog from his brain. He saw, when lucid thought returned to him, that he was bound and trussed there with wires hastily caught up from his own tower. And he further saw, on looking as carefully about as his cramped position would allow, that his captors had made a good job of it. His legs were tied together and his hands were even more closely hooped to his side.

Yet as he studied these constricting hoops he noticed that the end of one wire protruded from the coil about his arms. And on that inch of protruding metal, he felt, hinged his hopes. By shifting his body in its cramped quarters he was able to hook this wire-end under a fuselage-brace. Then by twisting his torso he was able to free an additional two or three inches of the metal. He repeated the operation, as the pit-floor vibrated and rose and fell in its slight, until a foot of wire hung loose from his aching biceps. By writhing on this he loosened a second strand, which he was able to snag over a protruding bolt-head, where, bracing himself, he pulled with all his weight. The wire finally broke under the strain. He repeated the operation, until the pressure about his arms was relaxed. He found, by expanding his lungs and straining his muscles, he could still further expand the coils holding him in. He could even shift the position of his right arm a little, so that his liberated fingers were finally able to pick at the metal threads about his wrists.
with Love, Mystery and Thrills

$5,000 in Cash for a Title

Read the conditions on the following page

But it was a flight which he had no intention of seeing prolonged.

His first impulse was to leap bodily on the back of the pilot. But he remembered, on second thought, that all such planes had a dual control. So he dropped quietly back in his seat and seized the control levers. And with his first tug on the "stick" the old habits and the old exhilaration came back to him, although it had been four long years since he had sat in a plane and sensed it dip to that downward impulse. He felt the counter-tug from the startled pilot, but the latter's awakening came too late. The sea swam up to them. They were within two thousand feet of the surface before the leather-coated figure swung about and saw the source of his trouble. For one frantic moment they fought and tugged on their contending controls, one fighting for altitude and the other fighting to force a landing. That struggle did not end until the pilot, suddenly unbuckling his seat-strap, twisted about, with a revolver in his hand. And the same moment

But he had to break half a dozen of these, by patiently working them back and forth, before his arm was entirely free.

With that arm free, however, the rest was merely a matter of time. He lay back, when the last wire had been removed, letting the blood once more flow through his cramped limbs and resting his aching body. Then, slowly raising himself in the cockpit, he studied the preoccupied back of the pilot in front of him and the surface of the water beneath him. They were flying, he concluded, somewhere over the lower Chesapeake.
Rules for the Great Cash-Radio Contest

Do you want $5,000? Do you want one of the finest radio receiving sets made? Thousands of photoplay and radio fans do.

They have entered the great $5,000 radio contest by submitting titles for the story and sub-titles for the first installment of Arthur Stringer’s absorbing mystery romance, “The Story Without a Name.”

The second installment of this great adventure tale appears in this issue.

Somebody will receive one of the splendid De Forest D-12 Radiophone Receiving Sets for submitting the best sub-title for it. It might as well be you.

Remember, this is the latest receiving radio set manufactured and is complete in every detail, including batteries and loud speaker. Its inventors and designers have left nothing undone to make it the finest of the instruments on the market.

Irvin Willat, noted director for Famous Players-Lasky, is busily engaged with a wonderful cast filming this story of love and adventure. Antonio Moreno, Agnes Ayres, Louis Wolheim, Dagmar Godowsky, Tyrone Power, Maurice Costello and Jack Bohn are only a few of the greatest film favorites taking part.

Moreno and Miss Ayres are doing the best work of their careers and Jesse Lasky has ordered that no expense be spared to make it one of the greatest screen productions of the year.

A wonderful story, a wonderful picture, a wonderful cast, a wonderful offer of $5,000 in cash and four wonderful radio receiving sets makes this contest the most talked of, most exciting and most popular of any ever conducted. It is a remarkable opportunity for you.

Read this installment of the story and then send in your title and sub-title.

Send in your suggestions as early as possible. Send as many as you want, but send them one at a time.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

This coupon may be used to submit suggestions in Photoplay Magazine Radio Contest for which $5,000 in cash and four De Forest Reflex Radio Receiving Sets will be given away. Read the conditions carefully and then send all suggestions to Photoplay Magazine, Radio Contest Editor, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Title for Story

Sub-Title for August Installment

Name of Contestant

Street Number

City State

Reason for selecting title and sub-title

second prize will be $1,000; the third $500; $250 will be given to each of five persons submitting the next five best titles and sub-titles; $50 will be given to each of the five persons submitting the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth best titles and sub-titles, and $25 will be given to each of the ten persons submitting the next ten titles and sub-titles.

3. To each of the persons submitting the best sub-titles for the installments of the story, Photoplay Magazine will give a De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Set complete with batteries and loud speaker.

4. Cleverness of ideas, accuracy, conciseness, originality and neatness will be considered in the awards for the titles and sub-titles. No title will be considered that duplicates or conflicts with the title of any copyrighted story or photoplay.

5. Contestants may submit as many suggestions as they desire. They are urged to send them as early as possible to facilitate work of the judges. The name and address of the contestant must be on each suggestion submitted.

6. For the convenience of contestants a coupon will be printed in each issue of the Magazine during the contest, and may be used to submit suggestions. Although use of this coupon is not compulsory, contestants must submit suggestions on paper that conforms to the coupon in size and shape. This is for convenience in handling and classifying the suggestions.

7. The judges of the contest will be James R. Quirk, editor of Photoplay Magazine, and Jesse Lasky of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. In selecting titles and sub-titles for cash awards, the judges will lay their liberty to disregard sub-titles, and if all the radio sets have been awarded, their judgment in all awards will be final.

8. If more than one person submits the same titles and sub-titles for the story and installments which win cash prizes, and gives reasons for selecting them in an equally clever, clear, accurate, concise, original and neat manner, a duplicate prize will be given to each such person. If more than one person submits the same sub-titles for which radio sets are awarded, in an equally clever, clear, accurate, concise, original and neat manner, a duplicate radio set will be given in every instance to each such person.

9. All awards will be announced in December Photoplay.

10. Photoplay Magazine reserves the right to use the titles submitted as it sees fit. If a suggestion offered as a sub-title is better, in the opinion of the judges, than any title submitted for the story, the judges are at liberty to use it as a title for the story and award the person who submitted it the first cash prize.

11. All suggestions submitted are to become the exclusive property of Photoplay Magazine.

12. The contest will close at midnight, October 15, 1924, and no suggestions received after that hour will be considered.

13. All suggestions must be mailed to Radio Contest Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.
Alan saw that weapon he leaped on his enemy.

They fought there in mid-air, with the wind tearing at their panting bodies and the plane tilting with their movements. They fought hand to hand, until the revolver fell from the pilot's bruised fingers into the sea, until Alan had his panting opponent pinned down by the throat, until he was able to switch off his engine as the careening winged thing sloped down and struck the water and rebounded and struck again, cantiing and quivering as it heeled along the ruptured surface.

Before Alan could turn back from his controls his forgotten enemy had caught up a wrench from the pit-floor. Alan dodged the descending blow, captured and twisted the murderous weapon from his enemy—and suddenly beheld that enemy snatch up a life-buoy and leap overboard.

Alan caught sight of the bobbing head of the swimmer along the water at the same time that he caught sight of a cabin cruiser bearing down on him but he gave scant thought to either of them, for he had other things on his mind. He snatched up the head-set of the plane-radio in front of him, turned the tuning-dial, listened to first one voice and then another traversing the evening air, and was suddenly startled to pick up a broadcast message announcing that the daughter of Admiral Walsworth had been mysteriously abducted.

That ended any indecision that may have remained with him. He flung himself into the pilot's seat, snapped on the straps, and struggled with the mechanism of the unfamiliar plane. He was able, at last, to start the engine and hear the consoling whirr of the propeller-blades. But before he could rise from the water the cabined motor-boat to which he had paid so little attention swung about in a smother of spray and came head-on into his drifting gondola. There was a crash and grind of metal against wood, a stunning sense of shock, and the clutch of...
Here is the second instalment of the thrilling radio contest story. There are but two more instalments. Thousands of fans have sent in titles in an effort to share in the $5,000 cash prizes and four De Forest D-12 Radiophone receiving sets. Order the next two issues now so that you will be sure to get your copies and complete the story. Have you sent in your titles? Do it now.

The smile returned to the dark and thoughtful face.

"We'll come to that at the fit and proper time," was Drakma's answer. "I see you have no desire to beat about the bush, so we may as well get down to facts. You have made a radio-wave converter which you propose to present to your country. But a republic, I must remind you, is a notoriously ungrateful form of government. And as things now stand it will be profitable for you to present the model to Mark Drakma!"

Alan's laugh was both bitter and defiant.

"You'll never get it," he cried, with his hands clenched.

"I already have it," countered the other, with carefully maintained patience. "But there is apparently one final part which it will be necessary for you to fit into the apparatus."

"That, too, you'll never get," asserted the grim-jawed youth.

"Let's not be foolish about this," he said with an achieved quietness of voice. "I want that apparatus and I'm going to have it. I've risked too much to trịe over this thing much longer. I've got you here in my power, and here you stay until you listen to reason. You can be sure of that."

It was Alan Holt's face that darkened, this time, as he advanced on his enemy.

"Do you suppose you can pull stuff like that today and get away with it?" he demanded. "I have friends, and those friends have a way of finding out where their business is. I'm going to find out where I am. What's more, I have all the forces of the American government behind me, and when those wheels get in motion, Drakma, they will grind a little ot other than you!"

"Don't count too much on those government forces," was the other's quick retort. "You're already pretty well discredited with that government. And now that they are being presented with definite evidence you are trading with an enemy power, you'll find—"

"So that's a part of your dirty programme!" cried the man with the pinioned arms, leaning forward across the polished table-top. "And as he did so the swarthy man rose from his chair, the last of his suaveness deserting him.

"That's only the overture to what you're going to get before I'm through with you," he barked out with his first look of open hate. "I've got you where I want you and I'll get what I want out of you!"

"I'll squeeze it out of your sullen head," cried Drakma, with mounting rage. "I'll get it out of you if I have to burn it out with a hot iron or pound it out with a club."

"You can't!" countered the white-faced man confronting him.

"Can't I?" thundered the other, with sudden eruption of anger. "Can't I?" he repeated as his great fist struck the defiant white face. Then he seized his pinioned prisoner and thrust him back until he held him by the throat, skewed against the cabin-wall. There the huge fist again drew back and descended on the helpless face, leaving a small trickle of blood along the clenched jaw. Then in an increasing ecstacy of rage he flung the bruised body from side to side, clutching it by the throat again and pinning it flat against the wall. He stood there panting, staring into the discolored face so close to his own, studying the blood-stained skull housing the secret which he suddenly realized could not be forced out of it by violence.

"God, but I'd like to kill you!" he gasped as his fingers relaxed from the bruised throat. "I'd like to throttle the life out of you! But that would make it too easy for you. And before I get through you'll probably wish I had. So we'll see if there isn't a better way of getting your precious secret out of your hide!"

He pulled himself together and strode back to his table, where his shaking finger touched a bell-button. His eyes glowed ominously as he watched his captive, still tight-lipped and obdurate, in spite of the brutal treatment, with his back against the wall.

"Bring in that woman," was Drakma's curt command to the seaman who answered the bell call. "We'll see who master of this situation. I may—"
The Prize Story in the Making

"Smash it rather than let it fall into the hands of enemies!" Alan Holt, played by Antonio Moreno, is telling Mary Walkworth (Agnes Ayres) in one of the stirring scenes of "The Story Without a Name" which is being filmed at Famous Players-Lasky studio on Long Island.

"I wish you'd make some sort of love amplifier so those who care for you would be heard by you," Mary tells Alan in one of the beautiful love scenes of the great radio romance.
Style, Comfort, and Durability in

Not machine gun action, but cameramen taking a picture of Mae Busch's dancing feet for the forthcoming production, "Bread"

Formal evening slippers of brocaded silver cloth adorn the feet of Cecille Evans' "one hundred thousand dollar legs"

When King Solomon remarked in an outburst of enthusiasm, "How beautiful are thy feet, O queen!" the lady in question must have been wearing an unusually attractive pair of sandals that evening. It takes pretty feet, of course, to give distinction to pretty shoes, but the right shoe can add charm to a foot which, if improperly shod, might pass unnoticed.

The photographer has caught some of the twinkling feet of the stars at rest, and Photoplay presents these pictures to guide and govern your choice in making your selection of footwear. They show individuality, style and beauty—and, above all, taste and careful thought. An otherwise perfect toilet may be marred by an inharmonious slipper. And while style is essential, there must be comfort, too. Note how carefully these factors have here been kept in mind.

This evening slipper of rose and brocade was made especially for Mae Murray. Not only is it stylish but Miss Murray finds it comfortable, too

And here are Constance Talmadge's grey suede walking pumps, with dark brown leather straps. Elastic inset holds the shoe tight across the instep
Favorite Footwear of the Stars

Julia Faye's cinnamon brown kids are finished with the fashionable cut steel buckle and champagne heels.

For Estelle Taylor: Black patent leather pumps, round French toes, medium French heel.

White kid, with conventional flower outwork and low French heel—Viola Dana's street shoes.

Julia Faye's cinnamon brown kids are finished with the fashionable cut steel buckle and champagne heels.

For Estelle Taylor: Black patent leather pumps, round French toes, medium French heel.

White kid, with conventional flower outwork and low French heel—Viola Dana's street shoes.

Colleen Moore's favorite "comfort" shoe—brown suede sandal with medium heels.

French walking slippers for Lois Wilson; beige kid, trimmed with straps of coffee kid.

Colleen Moore's favorite "comfort" shoe—brown suede sandal with medium heels.

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Colleen Moore's favorite "comfort" shoe—brown suede sandal with medium heels.

French walking slippers for Lois Wilson; beige kid, trimmed with straps of coffee kid.

Smart black patent leather pumps made especially for Corinne Griffith's dainty feet. Simple but perfect lines and cut steel buckles suggest distinction.

Pearl grey suede walking shoes with French heels and art perforations—this is the first choice of the petite and diminutive Vera Reynolds.
It's a busy life and a varied one for the man who turns the crank. If his brain registers all the impressions the lens does it must be a veritable museum of the unusual and the bizarre, with some nooks of beauty and sentiment, also. These photographs show some of the cameraman's recent observations in Hollywood's Curiosity Shop.

A very interesting family picture! But they separated before we could publish it. Barbara LaMarr, still provocative, despite the house dress and baby, and her last husband, Jack Dougherty.

Hoot Gibson's smile is shown with "two good reasons why!" In the background is his pretty home in Beverly Hills, and the gleaming machine is his specially built eight-cylinder roadster—both bought with Western "shoot 'em up" pictures.

Here we have Jacqueline Logan completely baffled. She has "May" the baby camel born on the Losky ranch—aged just three days—on her hands and not a darn thing in Dr. Holt's book on the feeding of children to tell her what to do. However Jackie has fallen back on the well known milk bottle and "May" seems to be "doing nicely."
Now, if this were a guessing contest, we believe that there would be few who could correctly name the two elderly personages shown above. They are none other than Minnie Bellamy and Wallace MacDonald—no fooling! They are made up to play the last part of "Love and Glory"—but, dry those tears!—they start young!

Jackie Coogan and the Boy Scouts of Los Angeles had quite a job overseeing the loading of the million dollar cargo of milk that Jackie's "Mercy Ship" will bring to the children of the near East, late this summer. But Mayor George K. Cryer helped them out and they got it all ready for shipment.

Usually the camera is lashed on the hood of the machine for such work, but here we have the entire car and the camera on a huge truck. Pat O'Malley is giving the cast of "Bread" a joy ride. Victor Schertzinger, author of many song hits, is directing.
CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

POLA NEGRI, by special request, has selected the artists of the screen who in her opinion merit the exclamatory adjective GREAT! Her citations, which here follow, are impressive for three particular reasons:

First, there is no greater critic of the art of acting than Pola. Second, she is one person in the industry who dares to say what she thinks without prejudice, pettiness or regard for policy and tradition. Third, her ukase offers a continental estimate of our American art stock.

POLA'S Legion of Honor comprises the following:

Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Mary Philbin, Ramon Novarro, John Barrymore, Rodolph Valentino, Charlie Chaplin, Ernst Lubitsch, Rex Ingram, D. W. Griffith, Dimitri Buchovetski and Cecil B. De Mille.

THE vivid Negri makes several sharp observations.

She says that a critic is one who can detect an artist on sight. An artist may develop to greatness or he may deteriorate for want of ambition or opportunity, says Pola, but if he has the given gift he can be instantly recognized as an artist by the eye.

She could not be prevailed upon to name more than six artists among players: Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Mary Philbin, Ramon Novarro, John Barrymore and Rodolph Valentino. So far as she is concerned there are no more. And that's that.

CHAPLIN she classifies strictly as a director, the greatest director. His ability as an actor she contends is but a minor note in his creative soul.

Lubitsch she describes as a genius by instinct, Rex Ingram a genius of cultivation. "Rex," says Pola, "is a glass of champagne."

D. W. Griffith is the great picture-story-teller with a fixed, patent formula.

Buchovetski has a quality similar to Ingram. He has a cultivated and intuitive mind.

De Mille achieved the heights with "The Whispering Chorus" and recaptured them with the first part of "The Ten Commandments."

Lillian Gish has the sincerity and the emotional depth, necessary to the great artist, combined with the most brilliant technique of any American actress. "No: versatile—but sublime in her genre."

"I REALIZED Norma Talmadge was an artist when first I saw her," observes Pola, "but I could not understand the reason for her tremendous reputation until I saw 'Secrets.' Miss Talmadge is a character actress of rare dramatic power. She has a personality that invests any part with charm, but she is so fine as an artist that she should play only character roles."

"Mary Philbin is an artist. Not a great artist yet, but when she has gone through experiences she will be one of the very greatest."

"Ramon Novarro showed himself a marvelous artist in 'Scaramouche.' He has inspired moments in any picture. Spontaneous, instinctive, impulsive, he has not yet had time or experience enough to gain technical mastery of his power. He is the great romantic comedian, with a continental sense of humor like Lubitsch."

"John Barrymore is the great technician. He is adroit, subtle, plastic, achieving brilliant nuances by expression and gesture, but he is never impulsive or spontaneous."

"Rodolph Valentino hasn't so much technique as he has feeling. He is a personality first, an artist second. He has sex appeal, personal magnetism, emotional warmth. His merit as an artist rests in his ability to project emotion sincerely and with subtlety."

RECENTLY I was asked to list the twelve greatest individuals I had encountered during my interviewing years in Hollywood. My list, unlike that of Pola's, was selected from the standpoint of personality first, artistic worth second. My Legion of Great Individuals is:

Pola Negri, Mabel Normand, Lillian Gish, Alla Nazimova, Mary Pickford, Rex Ingram, Ernst Lubitsch, Rodolph Valentino, Eric Von Stroheim, Ramon Novarro, Charlie Chaplin, and Jackie Coogan.

THE Wampas is the holy order of Hollywood, composed of press agents who nobly dedicate their lives to celebrating the wonders of others. Each year they select the baby stars of the screen. These worthy and saintly men recognize only one gender, the feminine. So far as they are concerned male baby stars are of no consequence and should be slaughtered. I'm inclined to side with them, but, inasmuch as Heaven forces them upon us, why not consider them as equals of women? Let's do away with the double standard. Accordingly, I propose recognition of the following baby stars: Wallace Beery, Jack Dempsey, Theodore Roberts, Ernest Torrence and Bull Montana.

They may not be as cute, but they are just as young and pretty as some of the Wampas babies.

ELINOR GLYN says that it is not so much her art that holds the public as her great personal magnetism. Elinor steps with her feet to the north and her head to the south, or vice versa, so as to be in harmony with the magnetic currents. She says that if a compass is placed in her sleeping chamber it will for a time point to the north but that eventually it will swing around and point toward her. I am willing to admit that Elinor may be more attractive than the North Pole, but I'm wondering just what the compass would do in, let us say, Corinne Griffith's chamber. Poor, mad little compass!

THE other day I asked the publicity aide-de-camp to Chaplin, how Charlie was getting along with his new comedy. "He's finished it," said the P. A. D. C. "Now he's writing it."

AT a social affair in the East, Elinor Glyn so embarrassed a young man by asking him if he were passionate that he had to leave the table to cool his blushes. She tried the line at a Hollywood party, directing the question, "Are you of a passionate nature?" at a hard-boiled director. He looked her straight in the eye and said, "Not now."

THE actors' favorite golf club in Hollywood has been closed on account of the hoof and mouth disease. No reflection upon Rex, the king of wild horses. He isn't even a member.

MOTORING out to the Goldwyn studio recently I was shocked to behold a banner across the street, in front of the studio, announcing "Fools' Highway." The Goldwyn people explained that it was an advertisement of a Universal picture. But I suspect Universal of a deep, ironic intent.

WHILE the Metro officials were tearing their hair over Rex Ingram's decision to quit the screen, Rex was busily engaged in learning to play the ukulele.

Alice Terry, his wife, called him by long distance from Hollywood to ask him what he intended to do. There were rumors that he might do "Ben Hur."

"For the love of Mike!" shouted Rex. "Listen, Alice dear. I want you to hear me play chords on the ukulele. I wish you could see it; it's a beautiful instrument."

The next evening Alice called him again on matters of business.

"Listen, Alice," shouted Rex. "I can play 'When the Lights Are Low.'"

Alice protested. "It's so silly and extravagant, Rex, to be playing a ukulele over long distance."

"Don't you want to hear me play?" wailed Rex in an aggrieved tone, whereupon he dropped the receiver and commenced thumping laboriously. Central cut in every little while to ask Miss Terry if she should hear party. Alice, becoming indignant, demanded to know if...[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]
What Tom’s Pal Thinks of Him

By Booth Tarkington

Not long ago I walked across the exercise ground in Sing Sing prison with the warden and Tommie Meighan. There were shouts from the men who couldn’t pass outside the walls, as we three fortunately could. “Hello, Tom!” they called, voluminously; and the voices were hearty and cordial, for they were greeting a man who had proved himself their friend. Meighan smiled and colored a little, pleased but shy. A little later, that afternoon, he was entreated “just to show himself” to a party of other visitors, and, blushing painfully and stammering, he declined the honor. The entreaty was urgently emphasized. The visitors knew he was present in the flesh and would be sorely disappointed if they didn’t “even get a look at him.” He literally ran away.

Of course that’s one reason why we all like him so much. He is in the midst of one of the most conspicuously successful careers in the world today and his attitude, in reference to his success, is so little vainglorious that it might be called apologetic. And yet no one takes his work more seriously than he does; no one could work harder, more earnestly, or with a sharper anxiety to make his work worthy of the “best public favor.”

Various manifestations have shown that he has indeed won, and holds securely, that “best public favor.” He is more than a “vastly popular movie actor” and this is because his enormous public sees the man that he is as well as it sees the actor that he is.
THE SIGNAL TOWER—Universal

This tale, by Wadsworth Camp, of an isolated signal tower in a desolate section of a mountain railroad, might easily be trite melodrama. In the hands of Director Clarence Brown it becomes a compelling story. Brown has given vitality to his characters through carefully built incident. They live and consequently their movements become real and holding. The director has touched upon the home life of a young towerman and his wife with keen insight. Then there is a derelict telegrapher, who comes to board with them. This man is no out and out scoundrel. He is just a happy-go-lucky oaf. Wallace Beery gives a striking characterization of this hulking wanderer. Rockcliffe Fellowes is excellent as the towerman-husband and Virginia Valli gives a compelling performance of his young wife.

THE SEA HAWK—First National

This romantic yarn by Rafael Sabatini—of the corsairs who swept the seven seas in the good old Elizabethan days—has reached the screen with considerable more vitality than most costume efforts of the silversheet. Indeed, "The Sea Hawk" achieves some genuinely fine moments. The story itself is of conventional fibre. Sir Oliver Twistilin is kidnapped from his home and sweetheart through the machinations of his weak younger brother. He is sold as a galley slave, comes through many adventures, returns to kidnap his loved one just as she is being forced into a loveless marriage and becomes the terror of the Barbary Coast as the "hawk of the seas." Of course, he returns to England finally and to vindication and happiness. "The Sea Hawk" achieves its novelty through its maritime element. The hand-to-hand combats between the fighting ships of the day are done with spirit and skill by Director Frank Lloyd. These moments, in fact, seem to be the best he has given the screen since he made "The Tale of Two Cities."

These galley moments are remarkable. The huge battle craft with their masses of almost naked humanity chained to the oars, sweltering under the hot Mediterranean sun, are graphic in their realism. Here Milton Sills is at his best as Sir Oliver, a helpless prisoner chained to his task. "The Sea Hawk" has varying qualities. It is too long. The sea battles tend to lose through repetition. But the picture has strength and holds the interest. Mr. Sills has the fattest role of the screen year as the Hawk and he probably does as well as any one in the film could with the part. It never falls below being adequate, anyway. There are times when Wallace Beery comes very close to stealing the picture in the serio-comic rôle of a freebooting scoundrel.
The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE SEA HAWK  THE SIGNAL TOWER
WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND
THOSE WHO DANCE  THE BEDROOM WINDOW
BROADWAY AFTER DARK

The Six Best Performances of the Month

NOAH BEERY in “Wanderer of the Wasteland”
BESSIE LOVE in “Those Who Dance”
MILTON SILLS in “The Sea Hawk”
ADOLPHE MENJOU in “Broadway After Dark”
WALLACE BEERY in “The Signal Tower”
WILLARD LEWIS in “Broadway After Dark”

Cast of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 121

BROADWAY AFTER DARK—Warner

A NOther humanized melodrama reflecting the effect of “A Woman of Paris.” Indeed, this old timer by Owen Davis was filmed by Monta Bell, who was Chaplin’s directorial assistant. Just the story of a bored and jaded boulevardier of Broadway who seeks a new thrill by introducing a theatrical boarding house slavey to his strata of gaiety. Bell has carefully detailed his characters. They are all varyingly good and bad by turns, each with his or her foibles. Between Bell and Adolphe Menjou, who plays him, the bachelor boulevardier becomes an absorbing character. Menjou invests him with his usual poise and finesse. Norma Shearer does her best work thus far as the slavey who dons fine feathers, and Willard Lewis again makes a subordinate figure, of a down-and-out actor, stand out.

THE BEDROOM WINDOW—Paramount

A WEALTHY old man is found dead in his apartment. Close to an open window is the revolver used by the murderer. The servants swear no one has left the room. There seems to have been no way to gain entrance by the window. That is the mystery upon which the story is based. “The Bedroom Window,” by the way, is strongly reminiscent of “Grumpy,” also done in celluloid by William de Mille. In place of the testy old criminal lawyer who ferrets out the crime is a quaint old maid author of detective stories who solves the mystery. Mr. de Mille has told his story in an interesting way, adroitly shifting suspicion from one character to another for three-quarters of the way. Ethel Wales steals the picture as the maiden writer of mystery yarns. A pretty adequate cast.
THE TURMOIL—Universal

This Booth Tarkington story of family relationship in a small middle Western town had interesting possibilities. The family is dominated by a self-made captain of industry and comes to disintegration through the corrosion typical of an ill-adjusted household. Director Hobart Henley succeeds passably. He has one big scene, where the head of the house enters the barber shop oblivious to the tragic death of his son.

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME—First National

An Avery Hopwood farce done seriously. A man, who has just re-married, finds himself quarantined in a house with his ex-wife, whom he still loves. He finds his way out of his emotional predicament considerably wiser. Lewis Stone is again the recreant husband and again gives a fine performance. Helene Chadwick is likable as the ex-wife and Alma Bennett is the garish siren-steng. Title is a bait.

THE WHITE MOTH—First National

This story, written by Izola Forrester and directed by Maurice Tourneur, is both garish and tawdry. Another hero tries to save his younger brother from a footlight vamp, only to lose his own heart to the gal, who, after all, is true and fine. Dull with frequent directorial lapses of good taste and some bad acting by Barbara La Marr as the White Moth of the Paris music halls.

HOLD YOUR BREATH—Hodkinson

Dorothy Devore impersonates the human fly a la Harold Lloyd. You remember the human fly—he used to scale walls, climb up sides of hotels, apartment houses and skyscrapers. With Walter Hiers as a corpulent foil, Dorothy certainly does keep us guessing, and laughing. It is an amusing film—this sort usually is. Al Christie and Scott Sidney have contrived funny situations.

MIAMI—Hodkinson

Another flapper who jeopardizes her future with jazz, slicker on the hip and playful philandering with the villain. Betty Compson is the gal who dares in a one-piece bathing suit—but finally comes through unscathed, although it takes a squad of revenue officers to get the scoundrel and his gang of bootleggers. The story doesn't stand analysis and Miss Compson's work isn't particularly good.

THE FIRE PATROL—Chadwick

Calculated to stampede the smaller theaters where hokum is accepted on face value. Not the romance of a fireman, as you might expect, but the story of a coast guard. An old time melodrama with an effort at every sort of film thrill crowded in—and then some. A cast of well known players with Madge Bellamy as the persecuted heroine and Helen Jerome Eddy giving the outstanding performance.
THE GAIETY GIRL—Universal

One of these English pictures with the old castle and proud people strangely mixed with the hot polli. Mary Philbin is charming, as always, but has little chance to display any real acting ability. The action is slow and the plot poorly constructed. Story revolves about the efforts to keep the old castle in the family. The noble hero, the villain who weds the heroine, the un吻ed bride—all are here.

THE RECKLESS AGE—Universal

Slapstick in Harry Pollard’s best manner. Built on impossible situations but amusing in spite of it all. Reginald Denny is very much in evidence as an insurance man who falls in love with his firm’s client, thereby threatening a breach of honor. It is all a lot of fun though inconsequential, and granted you are not a highbrow you won’t be bored. Ruth Dwyer is the little gal.

THE PRINTER’S DEVIL—Warner Brothers

Wesley Barry, “the little boy with freckles,” is growing up, but he is still irresistible. Wesley here proves himself somewhat of a hero after a number of misunderstandings and accusations. The lives of small boys, like the course of true love, never runs smoothly on or off the screen. Harry Myers supplies comedy, and with the likable Wesley, this is worth an evening at your local theater.

DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE—Principal

Hardly for the family audience. Father, if you please, takes to giving pearl necklaces to his daughter’s school chum. Give these middle aged philanderers an inch—and you know what happens. Daughter hands him a fine going over, and it is embarrassing for everyone. The cast is excellent: Marie Prevost the daughter, Monte Blue her best beau, Clara Bow the chum, and Wilfred Lucas the gay papa.

FIGHTING AMERICAN—Universal

Carl Laemmle begs you not to take this seriously. You won’t! It is a comedy born of sheer nonsense and if you happened to be temperamentally inclined for lively entertainment here it is. This is a prize-winning story about a youth whose college record arouses parental ire and who lands himself in China. Pat O’Malley is the hero, Mary Astor, the girl, and Warner Oland a magnificent Chinaman.

WOMAN ON THE JURY—First National

Here is Lew Cody as a gay philanderer yclept Peter Pan. One of his victims kills him. On the jury is another victim who has kept silent. And, on the jury, too, is this girl’s sweetheart. The prisoner is about to be convicted when the other girl tells her story to her fellow jurymen, even though it may kill her happiness. Verdict: not guilty! Hardly for the whole family. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]
HAROLD LLOYD may be girl shy but he's some picker. That's the general sentiment of male observers of Miss Jobyna Ralston, the latest pupil to blossom under Prof. Lloyd's spectacled tutelage.

A man with an eye like the Professor's doesn't need any glass in his horn rims.

His charm school is more exclusive than Prof. Sennett's, hence it has not graduated as many damsels, but everyone has been a winner.

There was Bebe Daniels. She was so good De Mille featured her.

Then Mildred Davis. She was so good the Professor married her.

Now Jobyna.

Jobyna is from South Pittsburg, Tennessee, suh! Town of eight hundred inhabitants, suh!

Jobyna is just eighteen. I suspect she's fibbing about her age. She must be all of twelve.

She's a demi-tasse, a bon bon, a direct lineal descendant of an Easter rabbit, a twitchy, sensitive midget who plays hand ball with her hair flying, rides to location on a motorcycle with the cop, belongs to "Our Club" and gets pop-eyed thrills out of matinées.

"Oh, I was goin' to dress for you. Oh, oh!" she gasped, looking at the press agent in a timorous panic. "I was just goin' to. Maybe I better had now. I could. Of course, I hate dressin' up like a church, but I could. . . I was goin' to."

She was in a middy outfit, duck trousers, white sweater, a ribbon around her head and a hand-ball mitt on one hand.

She fluttered around her dressing room and finally alighted on a straight mahogany chair, her hands thrust determinedly between her knees, as if to picket herself down. "Goodness, I should have dressed!"

We assured her that the outfit suited the Tennessee accent and personality. Her eyelashes fluttered hopefully. She smiled. She hitched her feet under her and clutched the toes of her tennis shoes.

I complimented her upon her work in "Girl Shy."

"Glad you liked it," she breathed. "I cried all through the picture. I was scared. They wanted me to act. Always, before, I had just run around and been myself. But they wanted me to act. I thought they were making an awful mistake. Now the papers say I'm better when I'm serious. Funny. I'm not naturally serious."

She unfurled herself and let her feet dangle from the chair, her hands under her. Suddenly she shot me a startled glance.

"Who is Hedda Gabler—Hedda Gabler?" she asked.

"Some reviewer said I was like her. Who is she?"

I explained that she was a character in an Ibsen play, a neurasthenic lady who drove her lover to suicide and then shot herself.

"O-O—Oh!" gulped Jobyna. "I'm not like that!" Then pathetically, "Oh, I reckon they were making fun of me! Weren't they?"

"How in the world did you ever happen to leave South Pittsburg?" I asked suddenly of the incredible bunny-like person.

"Oh, I dunno," replied the bunny-person, "I always wanted to 'mount to somethin'. Mother was a good sport. She was willin', so we went to New York and I went on the stage. I couldn't do anything, she flashed apologetically, 'cept dance a little, but not good. I went to Ned Wayburn's school and he put me in 'Two Little Girls in Blue.'" [CONT'D ON PAGE 120]
APPEARANCES are often deceiving, but if Doug isn’t saying something sweet right in Mary’s ear, what in the world is she smiling for? Looks as if the perennial honeymooners are still honeymooning. And just think! They’ve been married more than five years. Who said matrimony is the end of romance! The photograph was posed especially for PHOTOPLAY.
Lasky studio in Astoria, L. I. He was game, though, and waited through a long day until the set was ready for the camera.

"It seems that I'll never get over it," confided the dashing hero of the screen. "It never lasts longer than the first 'take,' but that is long enough. In every picture I have ever made I always suffer on the first day. Then I forget it. Look at my hands."

He held them out for inspection, and they were almost purple. They trembled from cold. And it was a rare, warm spring day. But he didn't display any prima donna temperament. He, as his friends know, is too much of a real he-man for that. He had arrived at the studio ready for work at nine A. M., but it was not until five in the afternoon that the first "shot" was taken. Moreno sat around watching radio experts, electricians, carpenters and mechanics altering and perfecting the tower scene under Director Irvin Willat. Despite the long, irksome wait he was patient even if stage fright did grip him.

"If somebody could only invent a way to dodge the first day and start making the picture on the second he would confer a great boon on me," said Moreno.

IRVIN WILLAT, director of "The Story Without A Name" which is in the making by Famous Players-Lasky for early fall release, got a pleasant surprise on the very first
day of making the picture. Antonio Moreno, who plays the
hero, furnished the surprise. Willat was directing a small
army of radio experts, electricians and carpenters in completing
the set in the tower scene where the hero perfects his
great radio device for Uncle Sam.

Moreno was all eyes and ears. Every time a wire was
changed Moreno wanted to know all about it. Finally
Willat noticed Moreno’s deep interest. Few stars show any
concern in the pure mechanics of a set, but Moreno was
different, and Willat asked for an explanation.

“Well, I have a house on a hill a thousand feet high in
Hollywood,” said Moreno. “I installed a radio set in my
bedroom and figured from that height I could get any station
anywhere at any time. I fool with it every night I am there
but sometimes I can’t get the station I want. I’ve called in
experts to help me out but you can bet your life after I’m
through with this picture I won’t have to.”

And Willat was tickled to know that he had a real radio
fan to play the part of a reel radio fan.

THERE isn’t anything right now in Hollywood more de-
lightful than Florence Vidor’s tennis teas. Florence’s
new court, surrounded by eucalyptus trees and looking out
across the lovely Hollywood hills, is a joy in itself. But
Florence gets together the most delightful crowds of tennis
enthusiasts, and a lot of equally enthusiastic watchers who
know how to applaud good play, and afterward gives them
tea in her big, cool dining room.

On Sundays, you will usually find Fred Niblo and Enid
Bennett, and her beautiful blonde sister, Kath Bennett,
there, and they all play corking tennis. In competition,
they have Howard and Kenneth Hawks, both tournament
players of note. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meredith, Irving
Thalberg, Douglas MacLean, Laurette Taylor and Jack
McDermott.

The other afternoon Florence had a delightful tennis tea,
and those who played were: Mrs. Thomas H. Ince, ZaSu
Pitts, Enid Bennett, Mrs. Charles Meredith, Mrs. Douglas
MacLean, Ann May, and a number of others.

TRAGEDY, in its most dramatic guise,
stalked into the theater of The Writers
Club in Hollywood on a recent night and,
while behind the footlights make-believe joys
and sorrows were being enacted, wrote in
stark reality a drama no more amazing and
more heart-breaking than any ever con-
ceived by the world-famous playwrights who
sat in the audience.

On the stage, Frank Keenan, great char-
acter actor of stage and screen, presented a
strange little comedy in which he portrayed
the rôle of a drunken newspaperman. During
the progress of the piece there was a slight dis-
turbance in the audience, but none paid any
attention to it, so engrossed were they in the
story unfolding upon the stage. The play
moved on to its climax where Keenan,
having just heard that his play had at last
been accepted by a great New York man-
ger, looks at the picture of his dead wife and
says, “What’s the use? What does any of it
amount to—fame or money—without her?”

He came off the stage, the applause of the
crowd still ringing in his ears, those words
scarcely off his lips, to be met by a white-
aced friend, to be led to the dressing-room
where his beloved wife, whom he had left
happy and laughing in the audience, lay
dying. He came just in time to kneel down
beside her, his grease-paint still on his face,
and hear her whispered words of farewell
before she passed away.

Mrs. Keenan had been taken ill during the
DOUBLY weird was the coincidence of the following play: A play of horror, translated from the French, its theme the attempt of a girl's father, a famous scientist, to revive her after death by means of electrical currents. The audience was shocked several times as the supposedly dead woman lay on the table on the stage, beneath a ghastly light, while the father and lover tried to bring her back, to hear terrible groans that filled the theater. They seemed actually to strike terror to every heart, and one woman fainted.

No one knew until the next day that those groans came from the dying woman in the dressing room just outside the auditorium.

The Keenans had been married for many years, and Mrs. Keenan leaves two daughters, one the wife of an army officer, the other married to Ed Wynne, famous Broadway comedian. Their devotion to each other was proverbial in the theater and all Hollywood mourns the passing of the motherly, wise, happy little Irish woman. They called her "Mother Keenan," many of them, and went to her for advice and comfort.

Expressions of deepest sympathy have gone to Frank Keenan from the entire theatrical profession.

FIVE years ago they fired her because they thought fifteen dollars a week was too much money.

The other day she sat in the same chair, in the same room, and signed a contract that called for twenty-five hundred dollars a week for her services on the same lot where they had once refused her fifteen.

That's what happened to Alice Terry, of Hollywood.

When the Goldwyn studios were the Triangle studios, at Culver City, there was a little girl named Alice Taaffe who

They say that seats are reserved along the beach at Venice, California, for Alberta Vaughan's daily stroll. Her girlish figure, 'tis whispered, is insured. She is the young comedienne of "The Telephone Series."
worked as an extra for fifteen dollars a week. But retrenchment was in order and the powers that be of the Triangle organization decided that fifteen dollars a week for Alice Tafae was too much money. So they called her in and told her she was through.

Now, Miss Alice Terry has been signed by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company for the lead in “The Great Divide,” and they didn’t think it too much to pay her for a single week what the old salary wouldn’t have brought her in four years.

That’s the way things sometimes happen in the pictures.

It’s funny to remember what possibilities existed in the extra ranks of the old Triangle lot. If they had been developed or realized by the men in charge, a fortune would have been theirs. Gloria Swanson was a comedy girl at twenty-five a week, Alice Terry at fifteen, Alma Rubens wasn’t getting so much, though she was a star, Ann Forrest was in stock at twenty-five a week, Rudy Valentino was trying to get work there in a picture of Texas Guinan’s, but they couldn’t see him. And these are but a few instances.

RESEMBLANCES are amusing things, and sometimes one person will see them where another can’t.

But one of the most striking likenesses that has ever been seen in Hollywood is that of Estelle Taylor to Mabel Normand, and everybody who knew Mabel a few years ago agrees upon it. To sit and talk with Estelle for an hour is a startling experience to anyone who knew Mabel Normand in the old days. Estelle has the same sparkling black eyes, the same coloring and contour, the same black curls and many of the same mannerisms.

Mabel says it makes her feel funny to look at Estelle.

HOLLYWOOD, at least the feminine portion of it, is much excited over a new leading man who has recently arrived. Ronald Coleman, who played opposite Lillian Gish in “The White Sister,” may be credited with causing more thrills in the blase bosoms of Hollywood’s beauties and stars than any other man has done for years. He is now working in “Tarnish” with May McAvoy, and he is certainly vieing with Jack Dempsey as a target for the fair sex.

One well known scenario writer told me that she sat through “The White Sister” three times in a row just to see Coleman’s love scenes.

Naturally, producers are watching all this with interested eyes and are clamoring for his services. The funny part of it is that young Coleman came out to Hollywood from New York several years ago and tried to break into pictures. He made the rounds and offered his excellent record as a stage actor, and everybody politely yawned and told him he wasn’t a screen type

PRODUCERs are watching all this with interested eyes and are clamoring for his services. The funny part of it is that young Coleman came out to Hollywood from New York several years ago and tried to break into pictures. He made the rounds and offered his excellent record as a stage actor, and everybody politely yawned and told him he wasn’t a screen type

Catherine Bennett is worthy of note, for she has no ambitions to emulate her older sister, Enid, and be a moving picture celebrity. She has time, though, to change her mind.

Young and sweet and appealing, Gloria, the chameleon-like, takes on another personality in “Her Love Story,” and a new leading man in Ian Keith.
Photoplay Finds Mary Fuller

By Frederick James Smith

Eight years ago she deliberately disappeared. Photoplay found her living in seclusion, and now she's coming back to the screen.

One of the unsolved mysteries of the screen has been the whereabouts of Mary Fuller. Mr. Smith has done a remarkable piece of reporting in locating her after newspapers and other magazines had given up in despair. We shall all be glad to see our old favorite on the screen again.

I required exactly three months of continuous search to locate Mary Fuller. For eight years, since 1916, she has been living in seclusion, cut off from the thousands of motion picture followers who had loved her from the early Edison pioneer days.

It was no easy task to find Miss Fuller. She had covered every possible clue to her whereabouts. Yet the hundreds of letters inquiring about the ex-star, which had come to Photoplay in the last few years, made James R. Quirk, the editor, more anxious than ever to locate her.

During my search for the pathfinding stars, related in the last issue of Photoplay, I maintained a careful watch for any clues about the one time Edison star. Finally, in California, a player, once a member of her company; said that he believed Miss Fuller to be living in Washington, D.C.

There was nothing to verify this, however. A search of the District of Columbia directories and city telephone books for years failed to reveal her. The industry itself, carefully combed, could not verify this, nor indeed, could it give up a single clue. Mary Fuller was forgotten—except by the fans.

So I went to Washington. "If she's there, find her," were the final editorial instructions.

In Washington I first searched the newspaper files and records but these gave no mention of Miss Fuller. Nor could any of the Washington newspaper men recall her, save one. An old copy desk man on The Star remembered that, years before, Miss Fuller had a relative who was a head of a business school on the southwest corner of 11th and New York avenue. This, at least, was something.

Miss Fuller had lived in Washington, anyway.

But the business school had long ceased to exist and a public building now stood on the corner. No one in the district could recall the school and a visit to other business schools was equally futile.

This clue exhausted, I turned to the local film exchanges. Most of these officials, however, did not even remember Miss Fuller. Then I tried the Washington exhibitors. In the office of Tom Moore I learned again that Miss Fuller had lived in Washington, at the home of her mother, then residing at Vermont avenue and Q street, N.W. Also I learned that her mother was a widow and that the Fullers were of Irish antecedents, both importation clues, as it developed.

A visit to the old home revealed that it was now in the heart of a negro district. Moreover, no one remembered the Fullers in the neighborhood. So I turned back to the District of Columbia directory.

I decided to try all the seemingly likely Fullers in Washington, selecting as far as I could widows with Christian names of a Celtic flavor.

Second on my list was Nora M. Fuller (wid. Miles) h. 4933 Conduit Road, N. W.

A visit to this address, located in the remote reaches of the city, required a search of over an hour, even for an experienced capital taxi driver. It was evening, about 9:30 o'clock, and very dark.

Finally, I found the place. It is an old fashioned house, located some distance from the road, on a high bank and reached by a long flight of stone steps. The property, of considerab
This new portrait of Mary Fuller verifies what Mr. Smith says on the opposite page: "Years had passed, and yet there she was before me almost exactly as I last saw her."
THIS piquant young lady, Miss Thelma Hill, illustrates two good reasons why she is in the movies. The Mah Jongg costume is just the photographer's idea of painting the lily. She is occupied in improving the scenery around a Mack Sennett bathing beach.
MAKE-UP has made beauties out of plain women but Cecille Evans, Mack Sennett bathing beauty, stands squarely on her own claims to fame. She is the owner of the "$100,000 legs" that are frequently substituted.
WHEN Director Frank Lloyd made his classic, "A Tale of Two Cities," five years ago, Photoplay glimpsed her in a little scene with William Farnum, and proclaimed her a future star. As Adela Rogers St. John points out, she's more than arrived.
Why Has Florence Vidor Become the Toast of Hollywood?

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

A remarkable Personality Story of a remarkable woman by a remarkable writer. Photoplay always takes pride in the fact that it discovered Florence Vidor playing in a tiny bit in Fox's splendid version of "The Tale of Two Cities" and proclaimed her boldly as star material.

(Photograph on opposite page)

But for a screen beauty, it might be serious. There was no lure in Florence's eyes, no false promise in her smile, no sense-stirring provocation in the lines of her perfect face. Beside the startling allurements offered by the favorites just then sweeping into power, Florence lingered in the background.

And then, overnight, she emerged as the rage of the Boulevard and our best screen lovers and wisest producers button-holed you on the street corners to tell you that Helen of Troy was a piker beside Florence Vidor, and that one of her slow, soft smiles was worth a week of any other woman's laughter.

They say that at the height of Lily Langtry's career the people stood on boxes and climbed telephone poles to get a glimpse of her as she drove by. And when the lovely Gunnings reigned over London, the police had to be called out to protect them when they went walking in the park.

If it weren't for the police and the fear of a cell right where there is nothing to do but bounce back and forth, as Ring Lardner says. I think something like that might happen to Florence Vidor right now.

Her vogue is enormous. Men who have just met her swear instantly that she is the long admired and never realized ideal of their dreams. Corinne Griffith, and Barbara La Marr, and even Pola herself, have had to play second fiddle to Florence more than once these days. The greatest treat bestowed upon visiting celebrities is to be asked to meet her. She is always placed on the right hand of the guest of honor now, even when the heart-breaking Constance is present. Her drawing room looks like a flower shop. On Easter morning, she counted the one hundred and seventeen likes that her adorers had sent her and then collapsed with a giggle. "It looks like they think I'm dead," she said. "I could have such a gorgeous funeral with these."

She is more than a toast. She is a cult. Men ascend into a sort of spiritual ecstasy when they mention her name. One middle-aged gentleman who shall necessarily be nameless, but who has known and admired many beautiful women, not without some measure of success, in his day, said recently to a large gathering, "She makes men feel like burning candles to her." Some of them have even reformed for her sake. And I caught one juvenile who prides himself upon his ways with women, putting a rose she had worn tenderly away in his pocket.

A well-known director—a European—was talking to me about the sudden "Vidor craze," as he called it, that had hit Hollywood. And he said a poignantly descriptive thing, "It is as though someone had just turned on a light within a beautiful lamp." Of course someone had to answer cynically, "Ah, yes, but who was it?"

That isn't the answer. Mrs. Vidor's popularity is general. Her name is never connected with any man's. She has managed to become the most sought after woman in Hollywood, and still maintain an unassailable reputation. Only women don't leave her alone with their husbands in the homey way they used to. Wives don't particularly desire that their men shall be consumed by even the purest fire of devotion. Yet she encourages nobody, and she says the frankest and least complimentary things I have ever heard handed to admiring males. She laughs at them all, and quite...
He wanted to learn first-hand about cookie-pushers, but his thirty years banned him—instead of petting they gave him respect.

Illustrated by J. Henry

The Cookie-Pushers

A peek into the ways of cake-eaters, cookie-pushers and cocktail flappers

JOHN WARRINGTON SIMS disguised himself by the simple expedient of parting his name in the middle instead of on the side. The guests at Shady Rest did not suspect that the simple and unassuming John W. Sims was none other than J. Warrington Sims, director of “Desert Heart” and other moderately successful program features.

J. Warrington Sims possessed youth, aggressiveness, ambition, opportunity—and an idea. The idea had been with him for three years and he had created the opportunity. It was a combination of the two which brought him to this big, rambling hotel in the mountains, where it seemed to him that all the flappers and jellybeans in creation had congregated.

Los Angeles knew J. Warrington Sims by sight and reputation; Shady Rest knew J. Warrington Sims by reputation but not by sight—which was the reason that his incognito remained unpenetrated. And Mr. Sims, lounging against the rail of the huge veranda, puffing reflectively upon a cigarette, permitted a puzzled frown to dwell upon his forehead as he pondered upon the difficulties of the task which he had set for himself.

It had been a long and tedious campaign to impress the powers-that-be in The Exclusive Film Corporation with the belief that his idea would prove a money-maker. Not that they disagreed per se, but they were somewhat chary of entrusting to so young a director the license to spend nearly a half-million dollars of their cherished money. But he had fought doggedly—and now was definitely embarked upon what he hoped would prove one of the greatest photoplays of all time—an epic of the jazz age; a classic of flapperdom.

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Already he had his story and one of the best continuity men in the country was at work upon the script. Once converted to the idea, the company officials were giving him free rein; he had completed arrangements with a camera man who was a particular pet of his; a superfine technical director had been engaged. And when all of that had been done Mr. J. Warrington Sims awakened to the fact that he was distinctly out of touch with the very persons whom he proposed to picturize.

Sims was thirty years old—young as age goes in these days of protracted existence, but far older than the young men and women whose frolics and foibles he planned to perpetuate on the screen. At eighteen years of age the girls of Johnny Sims’ crowd had not been overly prone to permit hand-holding; he confessed frankly that he knew nothing whatever—at first hand anyway—of cigarette-smoking young ladies who privileged their masculine companions to pet them freely upon casual acquaintance.

Wherefore, as an indication of his painstaking nature, he hied eastward in search of a large and isolated hotel where flappers were in the habit of gathering in the summer, that he might study them at first hand and with great intimacy. Shady Rest was ideal—he was satisfied of that the day he arrived—a big, rambling structure framed against the mountainside, a tiny river silverying through the valley below—and girls—thousands of girls it seemed to him that first evening in the capacious dining-room—girls from here, there and everywhere—young girls with bobbed hair and fresh, eager, pretty faces—... girls who looked for all the world as though they had been poured from the same mould.
And so he set steadfastly about making their acquaintance. His reception amazed and appalled him. They conferred upon him the one thing in the world which he did not desire—respect. He was nonplussed at this attitude—for the first time in his brilliant career he felt like an old man where a meager fortnight before he had patted himself on the back because Hollywood referred to him as the kid wonder. The flappers whom he met were very polite—too contumably polite. In his society they were merely extremely nice young girls, urgent with life and fun—but they were identical with the girls of his own generation.

Yet immediately as they turned to their loose-jointed, slick-haired, young-man friends, their entire demeanor altered. It was in the association of these boys and girls with each other that he saw the atmosphere which he was seeking. He wasn't particularly interested in their attitude toward the older generation—it was their own inter-relation which interested him. Yet he struggled futilely to penetrate the armor of respect which they displayed toward him.

It was a stagnating situation. John W. Sims was extremely world-wise for his age. Someone on the coast had even gone so far as to hint that he was by way of being hard-boiled. Certainly he was wise enough to take adequate care of himself. Women he knew as well as any man of thirty can know them—and a great deal better than most men ever do. Until now he had fancied that he would cut considerable ice in a hotel overflowing with flappers. That idea had fled. He was frankly worried as to the immediate future. He was getting nowhere, accomplishing nothing. It was essential that he cease being a spectator of flapperdom; it was his task to project himself into that atmosphere and to absorb in such huge quantities that his picture should have an unmistakable verisimilitude.

Even Dot Mason was polite to him and with her he had tried his very best to break down the barrier of years. Dot was a vivid little thing; full of life and gaiety—free and thoughtless and brainy and deliciously irresponsible. He had singled her out the night he arrived as a perfect example of the type he sought to understand. She was pretty and blonde and slender, and the only time she had lost any of her respect for him was the day he made the mistake of inviting her out on the tennis court. It was there that he learned there was something in the life of the average flapper other than the seeking of rambld diversion; it was there that he learned she had muscles of steel, a quick eye and perfect coordination, and above all else, a keen, clean, and biting sense of humor. She invited him, and in the few minutes of conversation following his disastrous excursion onto the courts she was herself with him—joshing him unmercifully about his lack of dexterity with a racket, and he fancied that she accepted him as one of her crowd until he escorted her back to the hotel and she parted from him with a formal—"I do hope I shall see you later."

He groaned. His fleeting glimpse of the unreserved and naturalness beneath her theretofore formal exterior had been intriguing and refreshing. It was that which he sought to know and understand, but his best attempts since then to break down her reserve had met with a chilling lack of response. She paid respectful heed to what he said, agreed with everything—then became her effervescent, ebullient self the minute some callow youth strolled languidly up to claim her society.

Sims found himself in the annoying role of in-betweener—he was too ancient for the youngsters and entirely too young for the sedate parents who danced heavily, played bridge and Mah Jongg constantly, and golf habitually. They seemed aghast at the diversions of the younger crowd—and helpless to do anything about it. Sims realized that he would get no help from them—he came to the conclusion that he must convert himself into a jelly bean unless he was to fail ignobly.

Wherefore he sought Dot Mason late one afternoon as she descended to the hotel veranda, ravishingly attractive in a filmy summer gown which made no pretense of concealing her budding maturity. She was frankly glad to talk with him, for, after all, he was an attractive man and single. They chatted for awhile of nothing in particular and then, quite suddenly, he came to the point.

"Miss Mason," he said earnestly, "I want to ask you a very personal question."

"Shoot!" she invited—then flushed with embarrassment. "What is it, Mr. Sims?"

"He leaned forward and held her eyes. "Miss Mason, have you ever been on a petting party?"

"Her eyes opened—she gasped. "Have I—what?"

"Have you ever been on a petting party?"

"She saw that he was very serious indeed, but in spite of that she giggled. "Certainly."

He gulped. "I want to ask you a favor—a great favor. I have—"

"Do—no. I don't want to."

"I'll have to, if you want me to talk about it."

"All right."

"I—don't you pet?"

"Miss Mason?

"I don't pet."

"He—her eyes twinkled—"you couldn't pet."

"Imp! Try me—really, this isn't idle curiosity. I have a very valid reason for this—peculiar request. And I could pet—really I could."

"No. You're too old."

"I'm only thirty."

"Only?"

"Do you call that old?"

"Well," judicially, "it isn't as old as mother and dad, but it's a darned sight older than I. I'm nineteen."

"Old enough to be safe with me. And if you will grant me this favor, Miss Mason, I'm sure you'll never regret it. Some day I'll explain. You see, I am anxious to learn at first hand something about this terrifying new generation which has sprung up since the war. And the only way I can learn is by personal contact—"
Announcing GRACE CORSON, Fashion

This close-fitting walking suit of beige twill, with wrap-around skirt and straight trousers of the same cloth, is especially good for town. With it Miss Corson, who has just become associated with Photoplay as its fashion authority, carries a cross-fox, and scarlet pinched envelope purse. The high-crowned beige felt hat with cock’s head and plain shoes of beige suede with dark brown heels and straps complete the costume.

What Miss Corson says about this gown

“This costume, worn by Carmel Myers in ‘Broadway After Dark,’ is more than extreme. It is ridiculous. There is not a redeeming feature in this design. The lavish use of fur on gowns is never a good idea. An almost entire absence of accessories would have helped. But instead, earrings, necklace, bracelet, rings, tiara, have all been used. Brocaded slippers of a different design of brocade used in the train add still another discordant note.”

Drawings by Grace Corson

It has been the habit of fashion authorities of New York and Paris to deride the clothes of the screen. In years past many extravagant and atrocious ideas in design have been shown. Notwithstanding a sincere effort on the part of producers, some of the greatest stars have persisted in conceiving and wearing clothes such as no well informed American woman would dare to wear in public. Some of our greatest directors have been equally guilty. Frankly, as far as style is concerned, the American screen has been a joke, but with the development of the picture, there has been a development of the stars and directors, and we read daily of trans-continental and trans-Atlantic trips made by stars and studio costumers in a sincere effort to secure for the screen, clothes such as are worn by the smart women of New York and Paris.

Photoplay, for years, has been trying to show the American public, through the medium of photography, the new clothes designed for actresses in New York and Paris. There is no doubt that today the screen is the greatest single style influence in America. But it has been a difficult, nigh impossible problem, to translate it to magazine pages. We believe that Photoplay has now solved it.

There are not more than three or four recognized fashion authorities in this country, and Photoplay considers itself very fortunate in being able to introduce to its readers one of these very few in the person of Miss [continued on page 99]
Nothing short of a coronation would justify this gown worn by Leatrice Joy in "Triumph," says Miss Corson. The use of ermine, brocade, tiaras, enormous jewels, would only be acceptable on such an extremely formal occasion. Miss Joy at least attempts to simplify her costume by plain slippers and a total lack of jewelry.
Villa was winning and he would let the wide, wide world know. He was one with princesses and potentates, this Alexander of the chaparral.

Villa, like every military conqueror, was a dramatist. It was the physical excitement and personal experience emotions of war which lured him on. Modern wars are won by bookkeeping and the strategy of maps on flat-top desks. But Villa's generalship was of the feudal age, when valor was efficiency.

Villa rode to battle and conquest because he loved the vision of himself on horseback.
HERE is a chapter of revelations, telling how for the first time how world events, sensations in their day and only for a day, came to play their parts in the building of the empire of the screen.

More and more as this history goes on tracing the thread of motion picture development do we see that all of us, the whole public, are the true makers of the motion picture. The men and women who strive at desk and studio and theater are just our agents.

After all, the motion picture is not merely the affair of the few who live upon it. The screen is the real property of the whole people. There is much in these pages to show this. We can read here how the picture has been made in its day to serve every idea, regardless of who had the idea.

And here are flashes of dramatic moments in many lives, tales of adventure and millions, of luck and chance and foresight, one as richly rewarded as another. It is a chapter rich in personalities—Villa of Mexico, Rev. Hannibal Goodwin, Rex Beach, Eddie Weigle, Kitty Kelly, Mary Pickford, de la Perrier—names that are familiar and names that are strange flit through the sequences of history.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

And Villa ahorseback, in consequence of his propaganda of glory, became a figure of striking dramatic interest in the motion picture. Never of the slightest importance to the screen, he lighted it for a moment with the flare of his ambition. He did not, after all, tell the world of the glories of the great Pancho, but he tried.

The year of 1914 had just dawned when agents of Villa in El Paso on the border let it be known that the conquistador could be approached for the motion picture rights of his war.

The Kings of Babylon graved their conquest of the Hittites in tablets of stone. Trajan had his column, and Pancho Villa would inscribe his glories in the living shadows of the screen and let the theater prosenium be his Arc de Triomphe. Meanwhile, in an immediately practical sense, pictures of the success of Villa would make Villa more powerful in laying tribute of those foreign interests which could use the friendship of any Mexican government whatsoever.

The El Paso representatives of a number of motion picture concerns sent wires away to their home offices in New York. New York home offices in the motion picture industry usually let telegrams from such inconsequential persons as El Paso branch exchange managers ripen on the desk. Fate, however, entered. And Harry E. Aitken, president of the Mutual Film Corporation, read his mail and messages that morning. There was an appeal to the ever-glowing imagination of Aitken in this daring idea. Saturday, January 3, 1914, Frank M. Thayer, acting for the Mutual Film Corporation, signed a contract with Villa in Juarez, taking over the screen rights to the Villa version of the salvation of Mexico by torch and Mauser. It was agreed that Villa was to fight his battles as much by photographic daylight as possible. He was to share on a percentage basis on the earnings of his pictures. He received in hard, paid in most excellent gringo money, $5,000.

The story leaked by way of the bars and keno parlors of Juarez across the Rio Grande to the hotel bars of El Paso where the correspondents were covering the Mexican civil war in comfort.

The story clicked into the office of the New York Times at midnight within the week of the contract making, and at one o'clock in the morning a reporter got H. E. Aitken on the telephone at his apartment at 130 West 57th Street. Aitken was solemn, dignified and surprised, according to his statement quoted in the Times. It seems also that he was perturbed at having gone into a sort of partnership with Villa, the outlaw—this despite the fact that Aitken had been in the motion picture business several years.

The Villa story went around the world in the newspapers and excited interest, though whimsical, comment on the part of many staid journals which had never heard of the cinema on the editorial page before.

Villa delayed his projected attack on the city of Ojinaga until
the Mutual could bring up its photographic artillery. When the cameras had consolidated their position the offensive swept forward and Ojinaga fell to Villa and film.

When the pictures reached New York they were found to contain too much Villa and not enough war. The films were shown in the Mutual Film Corporation's projection room to various officials. Francisco Madero, Sr., the aged father of the murdered president of Mexico, was in the audience that January 22, 1914, exiled from his home.

When the victorious Villa rode, close-up, through the streets of Ojinaga, a handsome young officer was at his side. The elder Madero leaped to his feet and shouted his name, "Raoul! Raoul!" The motion picture had discovered for him his missing son. Raoul Madero was now riding to vengeance for the family, in the rebel army.

Down through Mexico with Villa the Mutual's special camera cars traveled on the military trains, bearing to the peons the trademark message, "Mutual Movies Make Time Fly." Villa became one of the worst of that genus described in camera vernacular as a "lens louse." He had to be photographed riding at the head of a column every little while whether he needed it or not. Villa was not one of those controlled souls who can take it or let it alone. This waste of film annoyed one member of the camera staff into an expedient of cranking an empty machine.

**GLINTS OF ROMANCE IN THIS CHAPTER**

**HOW Pancho Villa, the Mexican rebel chief, became the first star-producer, fighting for conquest and Mutual Pictures in 1914.**

**HOW a job she did not take raised Mary Pickford's salary, when they wanted her to star in a great serial, "The Diamond from the Sky," to $4,000 a week.**

**HOW a diamond ring, nerve and luck made an obscure newspaper photographer a famous war correspondent, with adventures from Tampico to Antwerp.**

**HOW a German propaganda picture uncovered a romance of two wars in the career of Lt. Armand de la Perrier, commander of the U-35, who kept his log in film records.**

**HOW little Kitty Kelly of Chicago started the new profession of motion picture editor for the newspapers in her job as the first reviewer for the Chicago Tribune.**

"I fooled the greaser that time—there's no film in the old box," he remarked to his assistant. He was overheard by a Mexican who understood Americans. The cameraman was put over the border with a blessing and advice that afternoon.

It probably would have been pleasant to Villa to have shot the cameraman, but Villa was interested in the film business now. Business forces many good men into compromises like that.

For the benefit of the films Villa staged an excellent shelling scene with a battery of light field guns. The picture went from close-ups of the guns to telephoto long shots of the hillside under fire, with bodies of men flying in the air after the shell bursts. The ugly rumor got about that the hillside had been planted with otherwise useless prisoners as properties.

But the evidence of the films is not to be accepted entirely for that. After the battle of Torreon it became apparent that the war needed a director and a scenario writer. H. E. Aitken discovered then what others have spent a great deal to learn since, that the best place to make war pictures is on the studio lot. Aitken went south, and on March 10 returned from Juarez with a new contract for the making of "The Life of Villa," as per a good snappy New York scenario.

A staff was sent into Mexico to get the atmosphere, data and certain important scenes of Villa in action and close-ups to match into the continuity. Then the picture making of the Mexican war was transplanted to

[continued on page 113]

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**Before and After Helen Ferguson's Nose Operation**

As noses go, this isn't a bad looking nose. But the fact that this is the only profile picture ever taken of Helen Ferguson before her nose operation proves that all directors fought shy of showing it on the screen. They contended it marred her beauty in pictures.

And this adorable, though slightly altered, nose proves that Miss Ferguson can have as many profiles taken as she wishes. Also without reflecting on her beauty. The change is so slight that only beauty experts, film directors—and Miss Ferguson—can tell it. But it is there.
A SONNET IMPRESSION OF CORINNE GRIFFITH

A book of verses bound in scarlet leather,
A satin ribbon lying in the snow;
The poise and lightness of an eagle feather,
The vivid crimson of the sunset glow.

Hair that is like the wind in forest places,
Eyes that are deep and cool as mountain lakes;
Mirrors reflecting back a hundred faces,
Throb of a heart that sings before it breaks!

Ice that is thinner than it seems, that glistens
Like a warm jewel, when dawn is in the sky—
A flowing stream that sighs, and never listens;
Echoes that call and lure and sometimes cry.

Velvet of royal purple, candle light,
And the swift darkness of a summer night!

Margaret Sanger
The Photoplay Medal of Honor

For the best picture released in 1923

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920
William Randolph Hearst
for "Humoresque"

1921
Inspiration Pictures, Inc.
for "Tol'able David"

1922
-Douglas Fairbanks
for "Robin Hood"

What was the best motion picture of 1923?

THE two and a half million readers of Photoplay are
again invited to award the Photoplay Magazine
Medal of Honor. Their votes will decide to which
picture of 1923 shall be awarded the trophy that is con-
ceded to be the mark of supreme distinction in the world
of motion pictures.

The ballot boxes are now open. They will close October 1.
All readers of Photoplay are urged, in the interest of better
pictures, to cast a ballot for the one which, in their estimation,
was the best picture released in 1923.

This is the fourth of these medals offered by Photoplay
Magazine. The first Medal of Honor, for 1920, was awarded
to William Randolph Hearst, whose "Humoresque," a Cosmo-
politan production, was voted the best photoplay of that year.
The Medal of Honor for 1921 went to Inspiration Pictures, Inc.,
for "Tol'able David," in which Richard Barthelmess starred.
The third, for 1922, was awarded to Douglas Fairbanks for his
wonderful production of "Robin Hood." Who will get the
fourth?

Photoplay Magazine wishes again to call attention to the
fact that the Medal of Honor is the first annual commemora-
tion of distinction in the making of motion pictures. Voters should
bear in mind that the award should go to that picture which
most nearly approaches perfection in the matters of theme,
story, direction, acting, continuity, settings and photography.
The decision rests entirely in the hands of the readers of Pho-
toplay.

As has been the case for the past three years, the voting is
delayed six months after the close of the year so that pictures
released at the end of the year may have the opportunity of
being seen in all parts of the country. Thus, all photoplays
are given an equal chance.

Below will be found a list of fifty pictures released in 1923.
They are printed in order to refresh your memory. You are not
limited to them but may cast your ballot for any picture
released in 1923.

Photoplay is proud of the selections made by its readers for
the past three years. "Humoresque," the first winner, was a
remarkably touching story of mother love. "Tol'able David"
was a beautiful presentation of the spiritual development of an
American boy. And "Robin Hood" was a magnificent spec-
tacle in which, while the story was absorbingly interesting, it
was overshadowed by the marvelous scenic effects.

The Photoplay Medal of Honor is worth winning. It is of
solid gold, weighing 123 1/2 pennyweights, and is two and one-
half inches in diameter. It is being made, as were the other
medals, by Tiffany and Company, of New York.

To register your vote in this contest, fill out the coupon on
this page, printing plainly the name of the photoplay which,
after careful thought, you consider the best picture of 1923,
and mail it to Photoplay's editorial offices, No. 221 West
57th street, New York City, so that it will reach its destination
not later than October 1, 1924. If you wish to send a brief
letter, explaining your choice, do so.

This announcement, with the coupons, will appear in one
more issue, having started with the July number.

Here is your chance to do something towards securing better
pictures. It is your duty, if you desire better pictures, to cast
your vote in this contest. By so doing you honor the best in
motion pictures and you encourage producers to put vision,
faith and organization behind their product. Don't delay and
thereby give yourself an opportunity to forget to vote.
If, by chance, there should be a tie, equal awards will be
made to each one of the winners.

Fifty Pictures Released in 1923

Abraham Lincoln
Acquittal
Anna Christie
Ashes of Vengeance
Bad Man
Big Brother
Bright Shad
Christian
Covered Wagon
Down to the Sea in Ships
Enemies of Women
Eternal City
Fighting Blade
Flaming Youth
Girl I Loved
Green Goddess
Grumpy
His Children's Children
Hollywood
Hot Intent
Human Wreckage
Hunchback of Notre Dame
If Winter Comes
Light That Failed
Little Old New York
Long Live the King
Merry-Go-Round
Only 38
Peanut and Sam
Paula and Perle
Peter and Penelope
Richard the Lion-Hearted
Rocks
Rogues of Red Gap
Scaramouche
Spanish Dancer
Spoilers
The Ten Commandments
To the Ladies
To the Last Man
Tribe
Twenty-One
Vanity Fair
Virginian
Voice from the Minaret
West of the Water Tower
Where the Pavement Ends
White Rose
White Sister
Why Worry?
Woman of Paris
Zaza
Conway Tearle and his wife, who is well known to theater-goers as Adele Rowland, in a setting of well-clipped hedges and lawns, delightfully suggestive of cool, rich verdure.

Conway Tearle's Home

The living room of their home is distinctive in that the goldfish are not obliged to confine their activities to swimming around a bowl but are furnished a large marble pond with seaweed and castles. And since the Tearle marriage is famously successful, there is no significance in the fact that they built the goldfish right into the house, to have them handy.
You Can't Kid an Actor!

BENEATH all the wit—spontaneous and slow combustion—lies the serious side that makes an actor an actor. Here we have Ben Turpin, the inimitable, showing what he would do if given "his chance."

Every comedian desires to play serious rôles. Every tragedian would essay the frivolous. Most comedians want to portray Hamlet. But Mr. Turpin is different. He's too modern for that. The pictures on this page reveal the inner urge, beating its embryonic wings within his histrionic shell.

Ben would be nothing less than a sheik, a thinker, an aesthetic dancer.

And he would if he were not restrained.

"The Thinker": While "The Thinker" of the great French sculptor, M. Rodin, seems to think, Mr. Turpin's "The Thinker" only thinks he thinks. Merely a minor difference, of course.

"The Sheik": The repose expressed by Mr. Turpin is both artistic and comfortable. If the cigarette were held parallel to the floor, then the artist's mouth would have to take the same position, which would prevent the haughty pose of the head, and a sheik must be haughty at all times.

"The Faun": Here we have the true artist. His appealing, triumphant smile, just as he embraces the nymph, is exactly what one would expect of a faun. The young woman, who is Lois Boyd, Sennett beauty, has thrown up her hands in token of surrender, thus completing the illusion that beauty surrenders when it has nothing else to do.
This Liquid Polish needs no separate polish remover.

WHAT a joy not to have to use a separate polish remover! To save you this bother, Cutex has put up their wonderful new liquid polish in the simplest way, without any separate polish remover.

When you are ready for a fresh manicure it is just as easy to take off the old polish as it is to give the nails their fresh rosy lustre. A drop of the polish itself, spread over the nail and wiped off before it dries, removes every trace of polish.

And how convenient it is to put on. The tiny brush holds just the drop needed to spread smoothly and evenly over one nail. It leaves a velvet smooth rosy surface that is bewitching. Yet it is so thin the nails look naturally pink and glistening — not artificial or varnished, as some liquids make them.

And this lovely surface lasts and lasts without cracking or splitting around the edges. The nails keep the charming rose color of the smart Parisian manicure for a whole week. And besides all this never the fear of wanting a fresh manicure and finding yourself lost because you can’t take off last week’s liquid polish.

Cutex Liquid Polish and other Cutex preparations are 35c at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England. It comes in two of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-8
114 West 17th Street, New York
I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name ____________________________

Street ___________________________

(or P. O. Box)

City ___________________________

State ___________________________

THE COMPLETE MANICURE —

Send 12c for Introductory Set

First shape the nails with the Cutex emery board. Then soften and remove the dead cuticle with Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then comes Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails healthy with Cuticle Cream. Send the coupon below with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. Q-8, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.
A Leading Man whose Ambition is to have Long Pants

By Ivan St. Johns

It is difficult to talk to a leading man when his heart is broken. You feel it, as it were, bleeding all over the conversation.

But he was very nice about it. When I heard about the disaster and knew that he hadn't eaten anything for two days—that is anything to speak of—I suggested postponing our little talk. But he wouldn't have it. I suppose actors learn to go ahead with their roles no matter what their internal feelings may be—to laugh and jest when their souls are torn.

Besides, he is my favorite leading man and I was really sympathetic. I think he needed sympathy. The world doesn't always understand.

Of course it was a woman—a siren. She had black, bobbed hair, and she wore a red ribbon in it. He admitted that the red ribbon had something to do with it.

"It—it all happened on account of my insisting in realism in my work," he told me, man-to-man, and trying hard to be careless and blase about it, as though one's heart is broken every day. "Can't expect girls to understand about a fellow's work, I suppose."

"Well, hardly," I said, feelingly.

"Well—we were playing 'The Barber of Seville.' I was the barber. And now I ask you if a barber doesn't have to have some hair to cut, doesn't he? She had a doll—just a plain, ordinary old doll, 's far as I could see. Had long, yellow hair down its back. When I had to barber, why, I just cut off its hair. I was the barber of Seville, wasn't I? Well, she got sore then and went home and said she'd never speak to me again and she hasn't. I don't care, of course, whether she does speak to me or not. But did you ever hear anything so silly—about an old doll, too?"

For the hero of this newest Hollywood heart-tragedy was Ben Alexander, never to be forgotten for the exquisite poignancy of his childhood performance in Griffith's "Hearts of the World" and now at 13 years, arrived at the dignity of a contract with First National. He had a part in "Boy of Mine," and it was a fine piece of dramatic work.

The best way to describe Ben Alexander at the present moment is to say that his voice is changing. He starts a sentence way down in the bass, and before he's finished it shoots up like a skyrocket and becomes pure tenor.

The unreliability of his vocal chords annoys Ben profoundly.

"Bye and bye I won't talk like this," he explained apologetically. "Maybe you better wait until it settles before you interview me."

I assured him that his vocal eccentricities wouldn't register on paper and he gave me a sheepish and relieved grin. He confided to me that he thought he ought to have long pants pretty soon. "Mother says not until I'm in high school," he said, "but it's awful hard to know what to do with all your legs."
He knew he was lucky to have her for this last dance of the evening—she looked as sweet and fresh as when she arrived. She was one of those women who know how to retain their inbred charm of complexion.

Do you use the wrong shade of powder?

By Mme. Jeanette

You wouldn't think of wearing two different shades of stockings at one time—yet how often we see women with one shade of skin wearing an entirely different shade of face powder!

This is one of the very important considerations in using powder effectively—*it must match the tone of your skin*. Pompeian Beauty Powder is found in four shades, one for each of the typical skins.

The following general description will be a guide in deciding your shade of skin:

*The Medium skin* is found with almost any shade of eyes or hair, but the actual tone of the skin makes the type.

These skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. So many American women should use this particular shade, and it is so perfected in the Pompeian Beauty Powder that I would almost persuade any woman who hasn’t a striking blonde or a brunette skin to try this powder in this shade!

*The White skin* appears in very blonde types, and occasionally in the very black-haired Irish type, but most frequently with red hair. If you are sure your skin is chalk-white, you may use White powder that is found in the Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Pink skin is a skin that can be turned into a definite asset of beauty if it is properly treated. Women with pink or flushed-looking skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder. This only accents the pinkness—but they should always use the pink tone of powder—the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

*The Olive skin* is rich in color tones, though the average person may believe the contrary; for few olive-skinned women have much red or pink in their cheeks. The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder. This powder shades on an olive skin accentuates the color of the eyes, the red of the lips, and the whiteness of the teeth.

All shades, at toilet goods counters, 60c per box (Canada, 65c). The very thin-model compact, $1.00 (Canada, $1.10).

After reading my descriptions of skin tones, and the shades of powder they require, you probably will be able to go directly to your favorite shop and buy the shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder your skin needs. If you are in doubt between two shades, check them on the coupon below and I will send you, without charge, a sample of each.

Pompeian Laboratories, Cleveland, Ohio
Also Made in Canada

The New Pompeian Powder Compact
—a thin model—

Every woman who uses Pompeian Beauty Powder and is a devotee of its superior qualities will welcome the fact that the new Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact is now available. It is the same powder, with the same fine adhesive quality, and it may be had in the four shades—Naturelle, Rachel, Flesh, and White.

It comes in a gilt lacquered case with a tracery of violet-covered enamel in delicate design on the top.

This is an exceptionally thin model—the correct compact for the smart bags—and it fits easily in the pocket of suit or wrap. It is sufficiently large in circumference to permit of good expanse of powder—and has a generous mirror in the top. The compact itself is covered with a satin-backed puff.

Examine this new compact at the same store where you buy your Pompeian Beauty Powder—you will find it as de luxe as a model from an exclusive jeweler’s. Be sure to get your correct shade of powder according to directions given on this page. Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact, $1.00.

MADAME JEANNETTE,
Pompeian Laboratories,
Dept. 611, Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame: Not being entirely certain which shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is best suited to my skin tone, I wish to test the two shades checked below.

Name
Address
City—State

Please check the two shades desired for test

☐ Naturelle ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ White

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Dear Mamma:
I am getting a big kick out of my daily appearance at the studios, where I take part in a little skit called "Cast Full." These movie people are a great bunch of boosters, and I find them always ready to give a fellow a lift.
Your loving son,
WILFORD.

Dear Maw & Paw:
By constant plugging I have made connections with the biggest people in the movie game.
Every director in town has asked for my services.
In this short time I have become one of the central figures in Hollywood.
Love,
BEBE.

Dear Parents:
Lack of money made it hard going at first, but things are breaking for me now.
I managed to raise a check for $5,000, which accounts for my being where I am today.
My present work is very confining but my forthcoming release will bring much needed rest and freedom.
Your loving son,
JOHN.

Dear Folks:
You will be interested in knowing that I have ceased to think of acting and have taken up directing in a serious way.
It's interesting work and certainly makes a fellow dig to get along.
Lovingly,
LIONEL.

Hollywood Writes Home
Old folks get reports of progress from rising stars on movie frontier!
By H. W. Haenigsen
“Who is she?”
asks the stag line

Learn now the simple secret of her charm;
THEN—attain it in this way

We study her, this girl who seems to make wallflowers of us all. Is she clever? Is she brilliant? We feign indifference to hide the envy we feel. Yet—to be in her place if only for an hour!

WHEREVER we go, there is always such a girl. She is no prettier, no wittier than hundreds of others that we’ve known. But hers the simple wisdom of attaining, then keeping that schoolgirl complexion—the charm that never fails.

The means are simple, as millions will tell you, just soap and water; the balmy lather of palm and olive oils as scientifically saponified in Palmolive.

Do this regularly, and particularly before retiring. Watch the results.

The world’s most simple beauty treatment

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty and charm.

No medications are necessary. Just remove the day’s accumulations of dirt, 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 the 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.

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. Note the difference just one week makes.

The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.
The correct brush

Look at this Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. First, notice the hole in the handle. A hook is furnished with every Pro-phy-lac-tic, to hang the brush upon. Second, each brush is marked with a symbol, so that you always know your own individual Pro-phy-lac-tic. Third, the handle is curved, and the end tapered and beveled, so that it will reach behind all teeth. Fourth, each brush is marked hard, medium, or soft, so you can always get the kind of bristles you want. Fifth, bristle tufts are arranged to fit the curve of the jaw—the Pro-phy-lac-tic shape. Sixth, the large end tuft reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth and the inner surfaces of all teeth. Seventh, remember

the famous yellow box

These features were originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Made in America by Americans. You can now buy a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush in any civilized community in the world. You should use a Pro-phy-lac-tic. It saves your teeth by really cleaning, and not merely brushing them. Florence Mfg. Co., Florence, Mass., U.S.A.

Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult 50¢; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small 40¢; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby 25¢.

The name-world known

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Tooth Brush
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 write questions that would call for usable 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. No address; only initials will be published if requested.

FLORENCE, LOS ANGELES.—In other words, you don’t care much for Monte Blue, do you? You just think he’s the best actor on the stage or screen; that he has wonderful eyes, so frank and honest that no one can make love like he can and that all a picture needs to make it a success is his presence therein. Well, Florence, you’re a fan worth having! His next picture will be “Debaruau.” He has just completed “How to Educate a Wife.”

CHERIE OF SUNNY FRANCE.—Can any woman who sees Ramon Novarro but once help to fall in love with him forever? Well, now, Cherie, you wouldn’t want to break up all the happy homes in Christendom just to add up two inches in height, would you? I am very sure if you wrote him such a fervent letter as you wrote me, that he would send you a picture. He has recently completed “The Red Lily.” His director’s direction, but because of the director’s illness, is now working under Fred Niblo in “The Red Lily.”

“CONNIE TALMAGE FAN,” SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.—Glad you like us, Britannia. And we accept without comment your guess that we are a toppling young editor—not the old man that most of our correspondents think us. Connie Talmadge is twenty-four years old and has blonde hair and brown eyes; Antonio Moreno is thirty-six.

PEGGY W., FLINT, MICH.—A “movie fiend,” you say? That’s the way to do things, Peggy. You have joined the ranks of the novices. Since Connie Griffith was married a few months ago to Walter Morosco, son of the theatrical producer, and I am afraid she meant it when she said she intended to retire from the screen after a few more pictures. Milton Sills’ wife is still living and her daughter is thirteen years old. I am sure she’s just as nice and sensible “in real life as she seems on the screen.

CHI LAMBA ZETA, WEST CHESTER, PA.—The picture you refer to was “Saturday Night.” Do you remember the bathing scene? Conrad Nagel and Lestrice Joy played leading roles.

POLYANNA, WILKESBARRE, PA.—When some people are “complaining” we wish that were our name! So you’re the girl that likes Ramon Novarro! And, liking him, you’re interested to know all about him. Well, he’s five feet ten inches in height, Mexican by birth, and he has dark brown hair and eyes, as you probably know, since you’ve seen “every single picture he ever, ever played in.” His next picture will be “The Red Lily!” George Hackathorne is twenty-eight and American. Irv Novello is an Englishman and twenty-nine years old. Mae Marsh and Irv Novello played in “The White Rose.”

“BLONDE,” FORT WAYNE, Ind.—I’d tell a blonde anything—whether she was anxious or not! But it pains me to relate that Lloyd Hughes is married to pretty Gloria Hope. He is twenty-seven and Richard Dix is twenty-nine.

EVA, EL MONTE, CALIF.—Do I not think Renée Adoree adorable? Her height is five feet, two inches, her weight one hundred and five pounds. Her eyes are gray, her hair black. Conway Teyarl’s height is five feet, eleven inches. His hair and eyes are dark, matching each color in an unusual combination.

B. F. M., OKLAHOMA.—My humble thanks, Belle dear. Your vote for the handsomest man on the screen would be Jack Gilbert. He was born in Logan, Utah, in 1895. He attended the Hitchcock Military Academy, San Rafael, Calif. Coming of a stage family, he had considerable stage experience before going into pictures. Before becoming a Fox star he was an actor and director for Tournier. His height is five feet, eleven inches. His weight sees record at one hundred and forty-five pounds. As to hair and eyes—brown.

A. L., ENGLEWOOD, N. J.—Tut! Tut! You confess to a keen interest in Frank Mayo and Johnny Harron. Johnny Harron was born in New York twenty years ago. He has brown hair and dark blue eyes. His weight is one hundred and sixty pounds. He is not married. Frank Mayo was born in the same city, June 28, 1896. He is five feet, eleven inches. His weight sees record at one hundred and sixty-five pounds.

MYRA OF CHICAGO, Ill.—I wish there were someone to plead for me as you do. Would that I were among those you “like so much!” Gladys Brockwell’s birthplace was Brooklyn, her birthdate Sept. 26, 1894. Her parents were professional players. She began her stage career when a child. Luke Cosgrave was born in County Mayo, Ireland. He came to America when a child. He was born in Xenia, Ohio. He was on the stage several years before appearing in pictures.

A. F. B., YAKIMA, Wash.—Please am I that Photoplay has inspired a family in the north-west corner of what you patriotically call “These good United States”? Particularly a family that lives twenty miles from a town. Your two little daughters, Bertha and Laura, whose pictures you send me, are equal, aesthetically, to most of our stars. If they want to be actresses at three and five you will have to tie them together to keep them off the screen in fifteen years.

PEARL, SWEET SPRINGS, Mo.—I trust you and your town are as charming as the names you give. Thomas Meighan’s surname is pronounced as though spelled. “Me-an.” Was that your stand in the “twenty disputes about it”? I hope so, I like to see a nice girl win.

W. M., HALEDON, N. J.—Delighted to add to your fund of information, Walter. Richard Talmadge is not a relative of Norma’s. So he is not a kinsman of either Constance or Natalie. Norma Talmadge’s age is twenty-eight. Billie Burke’s plans for her return to the stage have not yet materialized. Her home is at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. Colleen Moore is neither kith nor kin to the brothers, Tom, Owen and Matt of that name.

J. Z., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Your interest is limited to one actor. How rare! I am glad to encourage constancy in your sex. Conrad Nagel’s advent into this world occurred March 16, 1896. His weight is six feet, his weight one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Blond hair and blue eyes. What is the month of weddings? Right. He was married in June. He married Ruth Helm, a non-professional.

V. D., LIMA, O. H.—A new name for me. I’m an “astronomer.” Quite apt, for I do a lot of star-gazing. Stars usually acknowledge letters from their admirers.

E. G., WOODBINE, OHIO.—Fred Stone, who played in “The Wizard of Oz,” and is the father of the lovely Dorothy, who has just joined his company in musical comedy, once made an excursion into movie-land. He figures largely in “The Duke of Cumniny Butte,” “Billy Jim” and “The Goat.”

NAT, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Tell me something, Nat. I suspect that the reason you are so keen to know the height and weight of your favorite actresses is that you want to compare them with your own. Am I right? Mae Murray, five feet, three inches; Marion Davies, five feet, four and one-half inches.

WALTER, AUKON, OHIO.—Write Miss Dana again, thank her for the photograph, and enclose the delinquent quarter. She was born June 28, 1898.

EARNEST BOY, WICHITA FALLS, KAN.—Colleen Moore, though lovely, is human. It is human to enjoy praise. Write her what you think of her art and beauty.

M. F. M., LACKAWANA, N. J.—Charles Jones and Buck Jones are the same person. I hope you win the bet, Maggie. The age of the two-named young man is thirty-four. Norma Talmadge’s age is twenty-eight. Anita Stewart’s weight is twenty-seven and her sister, Dorothy Gish’s twenty-five. Mae Murray’s is thirty-seven.

L. A. G., PITTSBURGH, Pa.—Being in a good humor today, I will be generous. It pleases me to tell you that Ben Lyon is not married. But give him time, he is twenty-one. It is customary to enclose twenty-five cents to cover the expense of the photograph and postage. Wouldn’t it be worth that to be gazed at by Ben all day? [CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]
COLLEEN MOORE says:

I learned about it several years ago, this idea of combating film on teeth. Results are really astonishing. The public is surprisingly critical of teeth and I am very careful to keep mine in good condition. On the advice of my dentist I use Pepsodent exclusively—I've never found any old-fashioned method, or morning and night brushing, with nearly the same effect. To any girl who seeks gleaming, white teeth, I say, "Pepsodent"—one never knows what pretty teeth she has until she attacks the film.

Dull teeth made bright and gleaming—cloudy, discolored teeth given new luster! These famous stars of the moving picture world now tell us how they gain them. You, too, can have them if you wish.

Smiles in the cinema world sell for thousands—that is, some smiles. Gleaming teeth are essential. Otherwise a smile can have no value. So these people follow the method here explained not only for the satisfaction and beauty they gain, but as a matter of cold business.

The amazing effect of combating the film which forms on teeth. Dull teeth, dingy, discolored. How they are made whiter, more appealing.

THERE is a film on your teeth, a film that becomes discolored, that hides their natural luster. Under it is the tooth gleam and sheen that you envy in others. Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel this film.

It is the principal cause of dull and dingy teeth. The principal cause, too, of most tooth troubles. No ordinary tooth paste can successfully combat it.

No excuse today for dingy teeth

Film is a viscus coat that clings to teeth. It gets into crevices and stays. It clouds teeth; it keeps people from showing the natural luster that is there.

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. And in contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed and multiply in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

BEBE DANIELS says:

It's a strange thing, but of the thousands of letters I receive from "fans" a great majority speak of my teeth. Many ask me what I do to keep them so brilliant. Yet, as a matter of fact, not so very long ago my director hesitatingly told me my teeth did not seem as white as they might be. Then Agnes Ayres told me about Pepsodent, which a famous dental surgeon in the East had advised her to use—and she, as you know, is noted for her wonderful teeth. In less than 10 days I had the glistening teeth people ask me about today.
RAMON NOVARRO says:

I never go on a set without first looking to my teeth. I've done this for years, or rather since I discovered Pepsodent. It removes all cloudy film, which, before strong lights and a camera shows up so unpleasantly. A noted dentist told me about this method and I've never stopped thanking him—it makes a very great difference. I make it a practice to use Pepsodent four or five times daily and think most of the people before the camera do the same.

smiles in the Movies

Combat that film and your teeth gleam. Your mirror tells a story that seems almost incredible. Having dingy teeth today simply rests with the individual. On every side you see wonderful, gleaming teeth. This new way is largely respon-

Now modern science offers a new way that works wonders on your teeth

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. Gritty substances were discarded as dangerous to enamel. 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, harm-
lessly, 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. For it does more than combat the film.

It increases the alkalinity of the saliva. It neutralizes mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to better digest starch de-
posits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

If you want whiter teeth you will mail this coupon

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube free. Then note results yourself. Note how your teeth be-

you will note it, so remarkably apparent it will be.

Millions have made this test. Men and women famous on the stage, prominent leaders of social and diplomatic life, have found results beyond their hopes.

Now make the test. It will cost you nothing.

MAE MURRAY says:

In the silent drama small details are more essential. I be-

have, than in the spoken. That's because the whole appeal is to the eye. So pretty teeth are tremendously important, and

formerly a great problem. Today Pepsodent is regarded as im-
portant as, if not more so, than any other part of "make-up." There is no doubt that it gives a delightful luster to one's teeth. How much so, one never knows till using it after ordinary, old-fashioned methods.

MAIL 10-DAY TUBE OF PEPSODENT TO

NAME

ADDRESS

10-day test FREE Mail the coupon

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Oscar Shaw, featuring his famous grin, and, at right, with Anita Stewart in "The Great White Way"

DOES he dance and does he sing? Does he do a little bit of everything? Does he? I'll say he does.

He does the dancing and singing in "One Kiss," although if it were not that it would be in something else, and he does the little bit of everything in Cosmopolitan's picture, "The Great White Way."

Perhaps you noticed him as the new face in that production. He never worked in a picture before, and he always said he never would. He wouldn't even go to look at a motion picture. Not this boy. The stage for him. But he's been converted. And, judging from his success in his first picture, he's going to be in demand hereafter.

His name is Oscar Shaw, he was born in Philadelphia, and that's that.

After all, not many an ambitious boy, no matter how good a tenor he may be, can take a leading part in one of the best pictures of the year without arousing a few, "Well, for goodness sakes!" Of course the real explanation is, he's a baritone.

He wore a dressing gown when I saw him. It was one of the kind that looks as though it were made of old, tired, bath towels. He had a skull cap, usually worn by small boys when they are training their hair to lie flat, and a pair of old golf shoes. Almost anyone can tell you what an old golf shoe looks like. Nothing else ever gets to look that old.

He didn't begin telling me, I had to ask him.

"I suppose, Mr. Shaw, that you left college, without your parents' consent, and went on the stage?"

He looked puzzled.

"Well, not exactly that," he said. "It was more like this.

I quit school when I was seventeen, and peddled soap."

"What kind of soap?"

"Just laundry soap. One ordinary cake that we could buy at the grocery made three cakes of our soap. We put ours in fancy wrappers."

"How did you learn your screen technique?"

"I don't know how you could explain that. Except maybe the time I worked in that barrel factory in Cincinnati might have helped me."

"What I mean to say is, Mr. Shaw, where did you learn to display those emotions? You do display them, you know."

"Once a friend of mine and I took care of a carload of horses on the way to Columbus, Ohio. You can learn a lot that way. We were fired when we got there. The time I worked in that all-night restaurant in Denver must have helped too."

"But your insight into the character you played; how do you account for being able to know that?"
Let Kodak Keep the Story

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Where the Screen Stars Train

Members of the profession form large percentage of membership of the Hollywood Athletic Club

It must be apparent to all who see on the screen the stunts that picture actors are called upon to do that considerable athletic training is necessary to most of them. So they have a place of their own in Hollywood now in which to keep themselves in condition. This is the Hollywood Athletic Club, located in the heart of Hollywood, and comprising in its membership almost every actor and director of note in the picture world. Quite a number of the present members of the Hollywood club were formerly in the Los Angeles Athletic Club, but there seemed to be something about the new organization that attracted the members of the acting profession.
If you asked a friend for a letter of introduction and she handed it to you sealed, you would put her down as either deliberately rude or inexcusably ill-bred. Such a letter, of course, is never sealed by the writer, but is always sealed by the recipient, in the writer’s presence.

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THE WHITE SHADOW—Selznick

Wonderful story dealing with twin sisters. Betty Compson plays both sisters, giving an opportunity for clever photography. One sister is of willful type while other is normally docile. We learn that Betty finally dies, and as she passes away her soul — the white shadow — passes into her sister, transforming her to normality. Puzzling situations arise, especially in reference to sweetheart who is unable to tell girls apart. The story is worthy of better handling. Miss Compson does good work but better directing would have made the picture one of the best of the year. As it is, it intrigues from the start and carries the interest almost to the end where it is unnecessarily carried on to thwart a scheming lawyer. It was filmed in England.

HIGH SPEED—Universal

Herbert Rawlinson, whose popularity never fails him, in another conventional role, that of the athlete who loves the bank president. A very clever film, a pleasant delusion and likable, and Carmelita Geraghty makes a heroine worthy fighting for. There's a light thrown into the proceedings for good measure, so there is one portion of an audience which will be pleased.

BETWEEN FRIENDS—Vitagraph

A remade version of an old Robert Chambers triangle story once done with Alice Joyce in the leading roles. The best friend wins away the wife, who commits suicide. The husband fails to discover the truth and the old friendship continues. A sordid tale told in poor order. O. Nilsen and Norman Kerr are the best of the cast, with Lou Tellegen overacting his part. Stuart Blackton's direction is but fair.

MISSING DAUGHTERS—Selznick

Thriller dealing with white slave traffic. Based on the old style melodramas where they first give you a tear and then a laugh. Cafarets, bathing beaches and airplanes furnish the thrills. In the cast are Evelyn Peters, Pamela Starke and Claire Adams, form an unusual cast in commendable manner. Rockcliffe Fellows plays the hero in his usual commendable way. The rest of the cast is good.

WHEN A GIRL LOVES—Associated Exhibitors

All the way from Russia to Long Island—about love is love the world over. In spite of some improbabilities, this is entertaining, but la grande passion is never dull. Agnes Ayres, Percy Marmont, Robert McKim, Kathleen Williams and Mary Alden are among those who conspire to see that romance comes to its logical climax, the final close-up.

Palm O'Mine—C. B. C.

Human story about a wife who feels the urge to take up her career and does it. She prefers singing across the footlights to humming over the kitchen sink. Hubby's discontent is rampant, and when wife realizes that she is about to lose him, she decides that all her problems are soluble and artfully solves them after all. There is a pleasing blend of human interest and comedy. Irene Rich, Pauline Garon, Wllard Louis and Joseph Sweeney head the cast.

WANDERING HUSBANDS—Hodkinson

You will be surprised at Lila Lee. She has become beautiful and willowy, yes, the same chubby girl of the old days has suddenly developed into one of our best leading women, and a delightful actress too. She plays a young wife whose husband fails for the assassiduous attentions of a jazzy will o' the wisp. Many of the situations are mawkish and overemotional, but Lila makes it all possible by her sincerity and poise, though James Kirkwood leaves much to be desired.

RACING LUCK—Associated Exhibitors

Monty Banks appears as a winner in one of the funniest pictures we have ever beheld. Pardon our enthusiasm, if we call it a picture. It is guaranteed to put a conventional Otis in good humor. Banks is a born comedian and this sympathetic and hilarious tale suits him to a T.

WHAT THREE MEN WANTED—Apollo

A Nother title supposed to get your money. Here we have a mystery story with Miss Dupont who, as a young lady with a rich uncle, is confronted with three impostors, one of whom turns out to be "the man in her life." It may put you to sleep, but at any rate it will make no demands on your intelligence. It certainly does not demand the actor nor on any one else connected with the picture.

DON'T OUTF YOUR HUSBAND—Metro

Jealousy thrives on the requisite number of reels to break up a happy home nothing new, but Viola Dana is the wife and Alan Forest the husband—a good combination. Viola has made marked strides as a comedienne and she carries the comedy situations to a successful conclusion.

VENUS OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Lee Bradford

Annette Kellermann, the girl that made the one-piece bathing suit famous, comes back to her old time form. She is wonderful in the water, but when she attempts the emotional scenes devised by an ambitious scenario writer—well, you know what Sherman said about war. However, this romance of the South Seas gives her an opportunity to perform numerous aquatic and her she does with her accustomed grace and skill.

THE SWORD OF VALOR—Capitol

Another one of those interfering fathers who prolong our tame film romances. The story purports to be laid in sunny Spain, where the requisite fights, lovers' sighs, and fitting suspense have a picturesque background. It argues once more that clean, young American manhood can accomplish anything in any clime.

AFTER A MILLION—Ayvon

Russia is responsible for this story of a Cossack's trick will. It is all rather intense and amazing and scarifying, but a reserved seat. Kenneth McDonald is the star of a series of unimportant happenings and he pilots the love motif to its satisfactory climax. The big moment, and dramatic, too, comes when the scouts congregate to right a wrong. The children are amusing at all times.

THE GOOD BAD BOY—Principal

The story of the worst boy in the village who is good at heart done once more, this time with the Burt Gorney touch. It is up to date. A production mainly for children, the principals are youngsters, and the theme is aimed at the juvenile portion of the audience. The big moment, and dramatic, too, comes when the scouts congregate to right a wrong. The children are amusing at all times.
IN FAST COMPANY—Truart

THIS is all very well for the devotees of Richard Talmadge. If you are one of them you will probably not balk at the incongruities, and may even go so far as to find the situations comic. They are supposed to be. Some good moments for prize fight fans, otherwise—quick. Sister Ann, the smelly salts!

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE—F.B.O.

COULD there be a more dramatic subject? This tells of the lives of these great historical characters from the time of Josephine’s meeting with the Emperor to his final defeat at Waterloo and his subsequent exile. There are battle scenes and picturesque backgrounds effectively presented. Made by a European producer. The picture lacks vitality despite its thrilling subject.

SPIRIT OF THE U. S. A.—F. B. O.

KEEP away from this and discourage use of the flag to get your nickels. It puts undue demands on your patriotism as well as your time with the flag and mother motif all dressed up anew for Madame Box Office. This would make even George Cohan blush. The photography is of ante-bellum vintage and Mary Carr struggles valiantly to do right by our national spirit.

THE DANGEROUS COWARD—F. B. O.

THE pugilist hero, believing he has mauled a man, flees to a ranch where he becomes a cowboy. There, through his refusal to fight, he is dubbed “yellow.” Naturally, he proves himself finally and gets the girl. Fred Thomson is the cowboy from the squared circle. The cast is mediocre. Poor entertainment all around. Nothing to recommend it unless it is Thomson’s horse, Silver King.

BROADWAY OR BUST—Universal

AHOOT GIBSON vehicle, below that Western star’s average. This story had comic qualities overlooked by both the director and scenario writer. The millionaire cowboy hero drives his pony to New York and puts up at a big hotel, with his horse in the adjoining room. And, of course, he saves the heroine from a wicked count. Melodramatic stuff with society glimpses palpably far from the real thing.

WESTERN LUCK—Fox

LIVES up to its name in exciting fashion without a thrill left out. Story revolves about a baby left in a burning shack by distracted father in anxiety to get his wife to hospital. Baby is rescued by rancher and grows up to save foster father’s property from scheming real estate man and other son of real father. Usual happy ending. Charles Jones, as the abandoned son, does some fine and fancy Western hero stuff in approved style. Rest of cast good.

SON OF THE SAHARA—First National

THOSE who like “The Sheik” will like “A Son of the Sahara.” Bert Lytell, as the Sheik, and Claire Windsor do the best work of their careers. The picture intrigues the imagination, haunts the brain and thrills the love-sick. It’s just that kind of a picture. It is filled with dusky Arabs, exotic girls and lumbering camels, and is representative of the simon pure African life of fact and fiction. Claire Windsor is the daughter of an English captain. She is made captive and taken to the Sheik’s harem. Of course she falls in love with the Sheik and, of course, the Sheik turns out to be a white man, so nobody’s feelings are hurt, least of all the Sheik’s. Rosemary Theby, Montagu Love and Walter McGrail are entitled to praise for their acting.

(The position of this review is no indication of the merit of this picture. The review was written just as the magazine was going to press.)

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(The only bones of contention in the John Gilbert household. Jack maintains the claims of his wire-haired terrier to superiority, while his wife, Leatrice Joy, insists that she Nellybarn alone is entitled to the blue ribbon. But in spite of this ground for difference, evidently the four make a very happy family.

Studio News and Gossip [continued from page 57]

The Playhouse, the new Los Angeles theater, is to recapture two famous motion picture stars for brief returns to the speaking drama. Pauline Frederick, who has just completed what is said to be the greatest work of her screen career in a picture with Ernst Lubitsch, will open there shortly in the leading role of "Spring Cleaning," a comedy still playing in New York with Violet Heming in the same role.

It is the first time Miss Frederick has ever done a special starring engagement in Los Angeles, and the advance sale has been a great indication of Polly's enormous popularity here.

Following Miss Frederick, Nazimova is to star in one of her old-time favorites, and also to present a new play. The old play has not been selected, but Madame is considering "A Doll's House," "Bella Donna" and "Hedda Gabler."

Elnor Glyn, who wrote "Three Weeks," "Six Days," and many other successful novels, has incorporated herself. The famous authoress is now Elnor Glyn, Ltd., and offices at 10 Berkeley Street, London.

Mme. Glyn declares she was forced to take this step to free herself from business cares.

The officers of the corporation include Sir Rhys Williams, Bart., K. C., D. S. O.; Col. Geoffrey Glyn, C. D. S. O., director; Captain Willfred Gough, late of the Welsh Guards.
secretary in America. Geoffrey Glyn is a cousin of the authoress and Sir Rhys is Mme. Glyn's son-in-law.

Sir Rhys and Lady Williams, also Captain Cough, are now with Mme. Glyn at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, where they are screening "His Hour," with Aileen Pringle in the lead.

FATTY ARBUCKLE, the rotund erstwhile film comedian, will return to vaudeville, from which pictures claimed him, and under the same management as before. He has just signed a year's contract with Alexander Pantages and opens his engagement in San Francisco.

Fatty will appear in the same one-act monologue which he used when he broke into the theatrical business under Pantages in Seattle twenty-one years ago. It's an old act, but Pantages still believes it one of the best in the business.

MRS. TOM MIX has just returned to Hollywood after a vacation trip to Europe. Tom Mix makes a very sad bachelor. He is known as the most devoted husband in Hollywood, and he certainly didn't seem to take any pleasure in the fact that his wife was away.

Mrs. Mix brought back a lot of very stunning new clothes, which Hollywood is waiting breathlessly to see.

Just now the Boulevard is pretty largely interested in the entries and possible results of the "Jack Dempsey Sweepstakes."

Somebody in Hollywood is certainly going to marry the champ if he doesn't watch out. And right now it looks as though it would be Estelle Taylor.

Jack has certainly come into his own in Hollywood.

He has had some bitter experiences in the past, and hasn't been as popular as his fighting ability and clean living should have made him. Hollywood is making it up to him. The film colony has made an idol of the big boy. The greatest of the men stars and directors take an afternoon off to spend them at Jack's training quarters on the Universal lot and watch him work, and the women vie with each other in trying to win his attentions.

He takes pretty Carmelita Geracathy—the most fascinating of the 1924 baby stars—to openings, dinners and dances with Esther Ralph and Helen Ferguson, rides with Clara Bow, the last word in screen flappers, in his big new Rolls-Royce, and visits on his set with Ruth Clifford and Julianne Johnston.

But of late Estelle seems to be making a run-away race of it, and all Hollywood is cheering her on. Anybody who knows Estelle can readily understand Dempsey's devotion. There may be more beautiful girls in Hollywood, but I don't know where.

More than that, Estelle has a gorgeous sense of humor, dances divinely, and is an altogether regular fellow. Jack certainly took the count when she left Hollywood to spend a month on location in Alaska with Tommie Meighan.

NEITHER Dempsey nor Miss Taylor will deny an engagement. They admit they are very fond of each other, have known each other for years—before either of them was successful—and that anything might happen.

Anyway, Hollywood, which has smiled with a good deal of amusement over the champion's sudden appearance in the role of a movie idol, is hoping to see Estelle carry off the honors.

But a few of the wise fight experts are wondering if Dempsey's picture work and social popularity are likely to interfere with his training as a fighter. Jack has always been a great trainer, and has kept himself in wonderful condition, even when not in training. Making pictures all day, and attending fashionable functions in the evening—even though they are proper as can be—must cut in on his time to keep in trim.

Remember—
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Hollywood has a new thrill. She is Hetta Goudal, the French actress, who has just arrived to play a featured part in Paul Bern’s first picture as a Lasky director, “Open All Night.” Jutta admits she is just “cracked” about the picture colony and wants to stay here forever. However, it isn’t perfect, for she objected most strenuously to the hotel in which Bern so kindly planted her. Jutta was found less than an hour later waiting for some kind friend to move her. “This hotel is too much old lady,” she vehemently protested. And perhaps she was right. Anyway she moved at once.

Mildred Gloria Lloyd has arrived in Hollywood. And, believe me, she’s the most important arrival that we could possibly have.

Gloria—that’s what they’re going to call her—isa beautiful six-pound daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, and as such she belongs in the very first rank of filmdom’s royalty. Her father, as a leading comedian of the screen, and her mother, as a screen star and beauty, are among Hollywood’s most beloved citizens, to say nothing of the way they are regarded by the world.

Gloria certainly started life with a royal trousseau. Never was there a baby with such a desirable and dainty wardrobe received from Scottland. Mildred had arranged the loveliest nursery, and had filled it with everything beautiful that could be found. It is whispered that all the trimmings were pink and that an heir was hoped for. But the small heiress has rapidly made her mother and daddy forget about trifles as that.

Anyway, the tiny announcement cards were beautifully bordered in baby blue.

Both mother and baby are doing extremely well.

Now that this important event is safely over, Harold announces that Mildred will return to the screen under his banner. He will produce and supervise a series of pictures, starring her, and the first one will probably be “Alice in Wonderland.” Little blonde Mildred looks exactly like the picture of Alice in my favorite copy, and Harold has been planning some gorgeous photography that will make all the magic of “Wonderland” come to life on the screen.

Nobody in the motion picture business today knows as much about certain kinds of photographic effects as Harold, and he should make a classic of the already classic “Alice.”

Harold certainly is a proud father. And his devotion to his new daughter and her mother is lovely.

After all, the nicest thing about Harold is that he is so exactly like all the other nice, normal, decent young Americans you know.

At last Theda Bara, one of the great film stars, and the woman who put the “vamp” on the screen, has selected the vehicle in which she will return to the films after several years absence. It is Zoe Akin’s “Declase,” in which Ethel Barrymore played upon the stage for more than two years.

“Declase,” one of the most widely discussed plays of recent years, runs the gamut of emotions and offers a wealth of romance, love and tragedy for Miss Bara’s talents.

Among Miss Bara’s greatest roles upon the screen were “Du Barry,” “A Fool There Was,” “Cleopatra” and “Salome.”

In writing this an old, old story of the early days of the screen comes to our mind.

Some of the older heads of the organisation which was to launch the young woman destined to be the first and greatest of “screen vamps” were casting about for a really striking name for their proposed star.

After much discussion they are said to have seized upon the word “Arab” and spelled it backwards. And this is supposed to be the way Miss Bara got her name.

Anyway spell Bara backwards and see what you get.

Fred Niblo, who through his recent contract to direct Norma Talmadge at $4,000 per week became the highest salaried director in the Hollywood colony, is the latest victim of a death threat.

During the run of his latest picture, “Thy Name Is Woman,” at a Los Angeles theater, an unsigned letter was left at the box office in which the great director was given just ten days to live.

The author of the letter, evidently a crank or maniac, gave no reason why Niblo’s life was forfeit, nor did he make good, for a great many more than ten days have passed and Niblo is still alive.

For several days the director kept the death letter secret, not wishing to worry his wife, Enid Bennett, but when he did confide in an intimate friend, he was finally persuaded to turn the missive over to the district attorney’s office.

The letter was traced to a bell boy at a downtown hotel, who furnished a description of the man who had given it to him for delivery and the authorities are now seeking the author.

There was no attempt at blackmail indicated in the letter, which seemed to be inspired by some fancied grievance against the picture industry in general, with Niblo picked as the
man whose death would alone be the fancied wrong.

THE "Casiana," the world's largest yacht and known in almost every civilized port, has been loaned by its owner, F. L. Doheny, the oil magnate, to C. B. DeMille for scenes in his latest picture, "Feet of Clay." The "Casiana" is as large as many ocean liners and is one of the finest looking craft sailing the seas. Most of the exterior scenes for "Feet of Clay," in which Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds and Julia Faye are among the featured players, will be taken at Wright's wonderful pleasure resort, Catalina Island.

AFTER a critical illness, during which his life was despaired of at one time, Charles De Roche, who played Pharaoh in "The Ten Commandments," is out of danger and making a speedy recovery. De Roche was stricken while at work on a picture. He had just completed a scene when he collapsed and was rushed by ambulance to his home, where physicians diagnosed his case as double pneumonia. His collapse came as a surprise to the director and the entire company for not one word of complaint regarding his illness had the actor uttered. Rather than hold up the production, he had remained at his post when he should have been in bed.

"MARRY a Movie Actress and Get Five Hundred Dollars."

This is the slogan of the latest club to be formed among the younger screen actresses of the Hollywood colony. It is the Leap Year Club with a membership of Ann May, Madge Bellamy, Ruth Clifford, Marian Nixon and Alberta Vaughn.

Each member of the new club has paid in one hundred dollars as an initiation fee, and the total of five hundred dollars now in the treasury will be used to purchase a wedding gift for the first of the five members to marry in 1924.

If, fifteen days before Christmas, all remain single, the money is to be turned over to some charity.

The first meeting was held at the home of Miss Nixon and Miss Bellamy was appointed treasurer.

None of the members are engaged at the present time, all of them solemnly vouching for this fact and starting even. All are young, beautiful and determined. This is leap year and—well, five hundred dollars isn't to be sneezed at.

Perhaps Miss Clifford has a slight edge for one reason—she is the only blonde of the five. Ann May is the trimmest—only five feet and weighing less than a hundred pounds.

BETTY BLythe is back in Hollywood after nearly two years' absence, spent mostly abroad where she made several pictures, and the girl whose beauty of face and form caused such a stir in "The Queen of Sheba" has been signed by Samuel Goldwyn for "Potash and Perlmutter." She will wear a black wig and Betty in her role bears a striking resemblance to Barbara La Marr.

VIOLA DANA and Lefty Williams have "made up." They have buried the hatchet and are again seen together constantly and now that Lefty is a free man there is considerable speculation as to whether the wedding bells may ring out. Their romance started while Viola was with Metro and Flynn with Fox. Then came the quarrel, and Viol,and found a new interest. When Miss Dana was signed for "Merton of the Movies" by Lasky, she and her former suitor were working on the same lot. It was hard to keep them from meeting and the next thing Hollywood knew it had something to talk about, for Viola and Lefty were seen together again at the Santa Monica Swimming Club, their old haunt, and things were just as friendly as ever.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Mr. Kerry seems to be one of our busiest young actors. Here he is as Kronski, the violinist hero of Kathleen Norris’ “Butterfly,” filmed by Universal. Mr. Kerry has contributed a remarkably wide variety of parts to the screen, not the least of which was his performance in “The Hunchback of Notre Dame.”

friend Ramon Novarro. However, the full name is now Ramon Novarro Samaniegos, for Ramon recently appeared in the superior court and was granted permission to make the legal change, adding Novarro to the name he was christened under. When Ramon first began his career, people around the studios found it almost impossible to pronounce his last name, and you really can’t blame them greatly. So he chose Novarro for a screen name. Not only easier to pronounce but much more romantic, don’t you think?

The most exclusive sorority or club in the Hollywood colony has just initiated its third member, little Kathleen O’Malley. The reason there are but three members is no doubt due to the rigid requirements for nomination to membership.

First, the girl must have red hair.

Second, large blue eyes.

Third, the family name must be O’Malley.

Fourth, the Christian name must be Irish.

The club is sponsored by Mr. and Mrs. Pat O’Malley.

Meetings are held daily. Eileen is president. Sheila, vice-president, Mary Kathleen secretary and, pending the arrival at the O’Malley home of Nora, Patricia or Shirley, PAPA O’Malley is acting as treasurer, when not engaged in making pictures.

A lot of people have been busy again picking the “geniuses” the screen has produced. They seemed divided between Lillian Gish, Mabel Normand and ZaSu Pitts, for the women, and Charles Chaplin and Raymond Griffith for the men.

We will be able to tell a lot more about ZaSu if Eric von Stroheim’s “Greed” is ever released. It is a great picture, and a great performance, so great that it justifies all that those who have seen it can possibly say of ZaSu. Her work is amazing in its tremendous dramatic force, its delicacy and—oddly enough—its clinging appeal. ZaSu is not a beauty, but in “Greed” she can tie a lot of the vampires when it comes to the well known quality usually referred to as “sex appeal.”

But the picture is still hanging around the lot, and nobody seems to know quite what its fate will be. It has finally been cut to twenty-four reels, and they say you can’t take another foot out of it. There has been some talk of releasing itseriously—in twenty-four reels. But this hardly seems practical. It is to be hoped that it will be put into shape and presented to the public, if only that they may see this new ZaSu.

It is definitely settled that von Stroheim is to direct the “Merry Widow” and that Mae Murray is to play it. That seems to be an intelligent and reasonable choice. Von Stroheim knows the locale and the atmosphere of the “Merry Widow” better than any other director in pictures—he always knows the tempo and the touches that should go with it. And Mae Murray should be quite perfect in that great part.

The opening of The Playhouse, a beautiful new theater in the heart of Los Angeles’ most fashionable district, was the most recent occasion for the complete turn-out of the motion picture celebrities.

The theater, one of the finest in Los Angeles, was opened by Doris Keane in a revival of her greatest success, “Romance.” Both the play and the star were received with tremendous enthusiasm. Louis O. McLoon, New York theatrical producer, and his wife, Lillian Albertson, are producing and directing at the new theater.

In the audience that night were:

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
Norma Talmadge, in white satin, with an ermine cloak.

Mae Murray, a low-cut dinner gown of white satin, heavily embroidered in silver, with a graceful drape of tulle.

Enid Bennett (accompained by her husband, Fred Niblo), a softly draped gown of Alice blue georgette.

May McAvoy, blue satin, under a wrap of seal with a kolinsky collar.

Ruth Roland, a French gown of ecru lace, with a gorgeous colored sash and a Spanish shawl of royal blue.

Pauline Frederick, white crepe beaded with pearls, and a gorgeous sable coat.

Lois Wilson, apricot colored chiffon, with a blue evening turban and a cape of dull blue to match.

Corinne Griffith, an embroidered shawl of deep flame color, with a gown of flame colored georgette in very simple, straight lines.

Colleen Moore, a short white ermine jacket over a pale yellow georgette frock, lined with orange.

Mae Busch, straight-line black satin, trimmed in blue and silver brocade, with shawl to match.

Laurette Taylor, lipstick red gown, with a gorgeously embroidered red shawl and red silken poppies over each ear.

Alice Terry, pale pink georgette, embroidered in pearls, with a fringe of pink ostrich feathers.

Pola Negri, black velvet and pearls, with an ermine cape.

It was the first time that May McAvoy and Corinne Griffith had appeared with their new bobbed hair, which caused much excitement.

Charlie Chaplin and Sam Goldwyn sauntered down the aisle together just as the curtain was going up, and Will Rogers made a speech to christen the new theater.

HOLLYWOOD has decided to believe "Ben Hur" only when they see it on the screen. Just now we are again torn asunder by all sorts of conflicting stories, which are denied generally by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, but which still persist.

The two latest are that Charles Brabin resigned as director, that George Walsh has resigned as leading man, and that either Fred Niblo or Rex Ingram is to make it, with Ramon Novarro playing "Ben."

This started over Fred Niblo's very sudden trip abroad, which came quite unexpectedly and which was pointedly in the Hollywood mind. Fred says that he is going to do some French exteriors for his own picture, "The Red Lily," and to Monte Carlo to take some for Norma's next picture, which he is to direct. He doesn't say whether he is also going to direct "Ben Hur" or not.

Personally, I am beginning to feel that "Ben Hur" will have to be an awfully good picture to justify all the trouble and worry it's caused. I'm getting just a little tired of trying to guess the answer.

As some wit recently said, "Ben Hur isn't a picture. It's a riddle."

The fans have been wanting a real, old-fashioned Marshall Neilan picture for a long time. They were happy to see the wonderful combination of Marshall and Mary Pickford together again in "Dorothy Vernon." But they want a picture of Marshall's to follow that.

And they're going to get it. "Tea of the Duchesses" is Marshall at his best. Its drama is so moving that it leaves you utterly exhausted at the end. It is a great picture, and it brings back Blanche Sweet to her rightful place as one of the finest dramatic artists the screen has ever had.

FRED THOMSON and Frances Marion—are married to each other—are just starting to build a wonderful new home in Beverly Hills. They have bought the top of a hill adjoining the Thomas Ince estate, and the tennis court and swimming pool are in process

When love is young—why worry about hair?

BEFORE those little particles of dandruff appear on his dinner jacket, before your hair loses its charm—then is the easiest and safest time for him to insure against baldness, and for you to make sure that your hair will stay attractive.

No hair tonic can cure baldness. But Wildroot does wonders by way of prevention. And in thousands of cases it has actually eliminated dandruff—the usual cause of bald-headedness.

But most women use Wildroot Hair Tonic to keep their hair charming, rather than through any fear of dandruff. In fact, millions of women use Wildroot simply to keep their scalp healthy and to make their hair soft, wavy, silky, and attractive.

From the standpoint of looks, the care of the hair is almost as important as the care of the teeth. Keep your bottle of Wildroot right alongside the tooth paste. Use it regularly on your own hair. And persuade him to do likewise. Use it on your children, too. Wildroot is so mild it cannot irritate even a baby's tender scalp. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.
Take Your Place in the Band in 30 Days!

IF you have been longing to join your musical friends in their enjoyable money-making activities, the way is now opened up for you to do it. No longer do you need to hold off because of the prospect of months of tedious, difficult practice. The world’s most revolutionary improvement in band instruments—Continuous Conical Bore—makes it possible for you to play the instrument of your choice almost from the start!

An Epoch-Making Development!

Hard war the way for the beginner on old style brass instruments. No two were alike. A man able to play one cornet might find difficulty in playing another. Each instrument had to be "favored" for its individual peculiarities and imperfections! Fingering sometimes had to be "faked," or produced artificially: "wolf" tones were common, and the technique had to be sacrificed for tone, or tone for technique.

Conical Bore instruments follow Nature’s own law that a sound wave "expands diametrically as it travels." Even through the valves the Conical Bore is maintained. The result: in perfect pitch in any key interval, effortless, smooth, true tone and marvelous resistance, giving an increased register of pure, velvety texture. No more forcing your instrument. Right from the beginning you find it remarkably easy to produce tones true to pitch, delicate and smooth.

Easy Terms—Act Now!

Don’t hesitate any longer! You, too, can become an accomplished musician, with all that it means of popularity, enjoyment and increased earning power. Do as others have done. Take your place in a band in thirty days after you receive the instrument! Send coupon for FREE catalog containing the whole wonderful story. Mention whether you want band instruments or saxophone. Easy monthly payments can be arranged, so you can pay for the instrument even while you are playing it. Many have made but one payment, and the remainder in a lump sum out of their savings. Mail coupon today!

LYON & HEALY

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Continuous Conical Bore Instruments

follow Nature’s own law that a sound wave “expands diametrically as it travels.” Even through the valves the Conical Bore is maintained. The result: in perfect pitch in any key interval, effortless, smooth, true tone and marvelous resistance, giving an increased register of pure, velvety texture. No more forcing your instrument. Right from the beginning you find it remarkably easy to produce tones true to pitch, delicate and smooth.

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LYON & HEALY
Inc.
Everything Known in Music
Est. 1864 • CHICAGO
Clip and Mail
For Free Book!

A casting director with his hands full! These young citizes were applicants for roles in Frank E. Woods "What Shall I Do?" featuring Dorothy Mackail.

The casting director looks here as if he were enacting the title role

of construction so that Fred and Frances can entertain with outdoor parties this summer. The house will be started as soon as Frances finds some satisfactory plans.

Fred Thomson, in the meantime, has just signed a full-town contract for another Western starring pictures for F. B. O. His popularity has increased enormously and Hollywood is rather expecting him to join up with Bill Hart and Tom Mix as a Western hero. Thomson held the all-around athletic championship of the world for eleven years and was a football sensation at Princeton. They still tell tales about Fred’s football experiences at Princeton. He had already played four years as the star of a Western college and so wasn’t eligible for the varsity at Princeton. But he played on the second team, to keep in condition, and the second team trimmed the varsity in almost every game that season, due entirely to Fred’s marvelous playing.

Frances, meantime, is receiving congratulations on her work in adapting “Cytherea” for the screen. It was one of those things they said couldn’t be done, and the wise ones had to be shown before they would believe it.

TS Charlie Chaplin nursing some secret sorrow? Does he regret the lerry and beautiful Pola? Or is it just that he’s in the middle of a new comedy?

Anyway, every time I see him at lunch at the Montmartre, or in the evening watching the dancers there, or even down at the Swimming Club with that smart-looking Thelma Morgan Converse, he looks unfathomably sad—sunk in deepest gloom.

In spite of that, above the walls of his studio gleam beautiful high hills, covered with gleaning snow (salt-snow), which testify that the new Chaplin comedy may be ready for release some day this year.

Making comedies is a very serious business.

Two new scenario writers are dawning with great prominence upon the horizon of the motion picture industry, and certainly there is great need for them for there stand before us new stories and new faces, the game needs scenario writers with a talent for screen adaptation of famous stories.

The two who shine so prominently are Willis Goldbeck, hailed as a real genius by the entire moving picture world, and Dorothy Farnum, a young lady with red hair who did the continuity on "Beau Brummel.”

Goldbeck did "Scaramouche” and it is understood is to do "Feder Pan” for Lasky.

REX INGRAM’S retirement now seems a definite thing. When Ingram returned recently from his brief rest in Florida, his physicians informed him that it would be dangerous for him to attempt another motion picture production. They insisted that he must rest, warning him that any consistent work would bring on a breakdown. So Ingram has been engaged for weeks in adjusting his affairs, preparatory to leaving for Tunis.

Ingram, it will be recalled, bought a house there when he was in Africa shooting "The Arab,” and he intends to go back with his wife, Alice Terry, leaving America shortly. Mrs. Ingram has been in California closing the Ingram house, packing furniture and adjusting her husband’s extended real estate holdings.

Ingram declares that, while he will rest for some time, his wife probably will reappear on the screen shortly, having several interesting offers from European producers. Rex, however, will take a long rest, breaking the monotony now and then with sculpture in a special studio he is building close to his Tunis residence.

THEY’re telling an amusing story of a motion picture director who has been out of work for some time. The director recently came to New York in quest of work and met a friend on Broadway.

"I’m between productions,” he explained.

"What productions?” demanded the friend, curiously.

"Er—Cabiria” and ‘Ben Hur’!” responded the director, who has a sense of humor, if he has little else just now.

Just as these lines are being written Marion Davies is rushing her production of "Janice Meredith” to a conclusion. It now seems definite that her next picture will be a version of "Zander the Great,” the stage success util-
The meals of yesteryear

The food we eat has a great effect upon the condition of our teeth. But it is even more definitely responsible for the trouble that some of us have with our gums.

For this soft, creamy food of civilization, eaten over a long period of time, and eaten too often in haste, has robbed the gums of the stimulation, of the work and massage, which coarse food and slow mastication should give.

As a result, we are experiencing trouble with our gums. Even teeth which have been well preserved by good care and frequent cleaning are not immune from troubles due to a weakened gum structure.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Many people find that their gums are tender. They report to their dentists that their gums have a tendency to bleed. And the dentist will tell them that this appearance of "pink toothbrush" is a sign that their gums need stimulation and exercise.

How Ipana Tooth Paste stimulates your gums

More than three thousand dentists, in cases of this kind, now recommend Ipana Tooth Paste and prescribe it to their patients. In stubborn cases of bleeding gums, many dentists direct a gum massage with Ipana after the regular cleaning with the brush.

For one of the important ingredients of Ipana is ziratol—an antisepptic and hemostatic well known to the profession the country over. It is used to allay the bleeding of the wound after extraction, and to help restore to the gums their normal toxicit-y. The presence of ziratol gives Ipana the power to aid in the healing of bleeding gums, and to help to build firm, sound, healthy gum tissue.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums are tender, if they 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 difference. You will be delighted with its grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

-made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

For ten days, will be sent gladly

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42 Rector Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don’t.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Sani-Flush performs an unpleasant task for you—it cleans the toilet bowl—and does it more thoroughly than you can by any other means.

Sani-Flush removes all marks, stains and incrustations—leaving the bowl white and shining. It cleans the hidden, unhealthful trap—makes it sanitary—destroys all foul odors.

Simply sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. It will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25¢ for a full-size can.

The Hygienic Products Co.
Canton, Ohio

Sani-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Have Good Hair
And Clean Scalp
Cuticura
Soap and Ointment
Work Wonders

Try Our New Shaving Stick

How would you like to be a cameraman? Here’s John Arnold getting set to take pictures of Monte Blue at forty miles an hour. Perhaps the rush of air will hold him on there—perhaps

You may be interested to know that that neighborly old fellow, A. H. Snow, have their luncheons sent by motor car to the Astoria, Long Island, Famous Players studios from an Italian restaurant in West 53rd Street, New York, for luncheons are served at 12.30 p.m. every other day. Snow’s favorite roasting is that of the small and unknown “debutante” who doesn’t know the value of her own cooking, and in some small and unknown restaurant you will find the Valentino dining almost any night of the week.

The making of “Ben Hur” in Italy seems to have hit upon the rocks. For some time Charles Brablin, the director, and June Mathis, have been at work upon the production of the late General Lew Wallace’s famous story and in about Rome. George Walsh and other members of the cast, and one hard and native cooking. But in the small and unknown restaurant you will find the Valentino dining almost any night of the week.

Anyway, early in June, Marcus Loew, head of the newly combined Metro and Goldwyn interests, decided to call at least a temporary halt. As this issue goes to press Mr. Loew is starting for Rome, accompanied by Directors Marshall Nellan and Fred Niblo. It is probable that Charles Brablin will be withdrawn as director and that Miss Mathis may also withdraw. Rumor has it that a brand new start will be made with an entirely new cast. We hear that Ramon Novarro is now to be the Ben Hur and that either Mr. Niblo or Mr. Nellan, or both, will handle the directorial end. It appears that the work to date, costing some $200,000 or more, will be discarded. So much for the mysteries of motion picture making!

Gloria Swanson has purchased a fine estate at Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., in an exclusive section where many players, literary folk and artists reside. In fact, in her immediate neighborhood will be Holbrook Blinn, Margaret Mayo, Edgar Selwyn, Boardman Robinson, Crosby Gage, Bayard Veiller and Margaret Wycherly. Miss Swanson’s new estate consists of forty acres and includes the top of Kitchawan Mountain, commanding a fifty-mile view up and down the Hudson River Valley. The house itself is of Colonial architecture.

Photoplay’s convention on the bobbed hair question has created turmoil in Hollywood. Some are running for the shears, while others are going to let their hair grow. After reading the various emphatic, even warlike statements, practically everyone has decided to hold her blond wig over her elegantly bobbed

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section
Evidence of what daily life is draining from your skin

To preserve a good complexion

and keep the skin healthy, thousands of women have adopted the daily use of Resinol Soap. First, because it gives perfect cleansing—searching the depths of each tiny pore without removing the natural oil so necessary to keep the skin soft and smooth. It quickens the circulation in the thousands of tiny blood vessels that nourish the skin and it builds a real resistance to germ development.

Get a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist today and give it the whole responsibility of keeping your skin clear, smooth and lovely.

Should blemishes appear apply a touch of Resinol Ointment, after bathing with Resinol Soap, and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. If possible leave it on overnight. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

Resinol Ointment also for more serious affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes, but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

RESINOL SOAP and OINTMENT

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Send this coupon or a postal card today

Dent. 5-H, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.

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run the cost of maintaining her bob up to $35 a week on two occasions, counting the hairdresser's salary, traveling expenses and hotel bills. Estelle Taylor took a hairdresser to Alaska with her recently. It is not surprising that Florence Vidor, with her beautiful hair, still long, feels she has something on the rest. She has it marcelled once in two weeks.

Norma Talmadge's "Bob" Costs Her $15 a Day!

That's when she's working, other times the upkeep is $15 a week! Miss Talmadge used to attend to her own hair, with the help of her personal maid. She did it bonal maid. Norma Talmadge is a veteran in this line. She is assistant editor on the studio. Norma has marcelled her hair before she starts work, and he "stands by all day to restore any disarrangement. The hair is marcelled once a day. And this in spite of her naturally curly hair! But the curl which arranged itself just right when her hair was long, wasn't the sort to give the chic appearance necessary for bobbed hair to look well.

Gloria Swanson's Economical Boyish Bob

"Am I fortunate?" asks Gloria Swanson, "or am I simply audacious?" For Miss Swanson is one of the lucky ones who look their best in the straight boyish bob. She used to wear it differently marcelled and wave and wavy, and the upkeep was more. Bob is looking well, but doesn't the straight bob look better with her strikingly individual features? "There is nothing to do to this sort of bob but to have it trimmed every week or ten days. That costs me about $5 a month." Lucky Gloria!

Anita Stewart Tired of Her Bob

She was one of the first of the film stars to cut it off, too. "I am letting my hair grow long," says Miss Stewart. It's her back hair she's talking about, for she has always kept it the usual length around her face. "It was such a pleasant relief to be rid of the mass of hair at the back. I felt as though a friendly breeze was constantly blowing on the back of my head. But the need of weekly trimmings to keep it just so became a nuisance. I had to quarrel with hairdressers for appointments and finally had to arrange to have the work done at home. I didn't mind the eight dollars a week it cost me in money, but the strain on my nerves was too expensive."

It's a Bother and Expense, But Constance Likes It

"Bobbed hair may be a drawback to a tragedy queen, but it is no handicap to a funmaker," was the way Miss Talmadge expressed her sentiments to Photoplay. It's easy to agree with her that a shave of a short-haired head gives more emphasis to a comedy point than would the shave of three feet of permanently waved foamy hair. It is thick, very fine, and naturally lies in just the right position. And it costs her five dollars a week—two hundred and sixty dollars a year. "It is worth it that the hair was cut, it is a bother. I save energy by having my clipping and curling done at home."

"I Wish I Hadn't Bobbed It," Says Billie Burke

"I am suffering from remorse. What a concession when it looks so becoming, with the natural ripple that gives a piquant effect no hairdresser could ever achieve. For one thing, bobbed hair doesn't look so well with evening costume, Miss Burke told Photoplay's representative. "A switch of one's own hair, of course, is a solution of that problem, but that is a huge and expensive solution," she said. "A new becoming bandeau is another solution." The time it takes to keep bobbed hair just so is a consideration. BobBurke often spends more than the money cost, which in her case runs to only eight or ten dollars a month. It's the full morning at the hairdresser's once a week, when she has her hair curled. That's after, besides all her other activities. "Still," she says, philosophically, "it's an individual problem, like marriage or Sunday dinner. Every woman must decide it for herself."

Marion Davies Knows

"Is bobbed-hair economical for the average woman? Count the number of hairdressing establishments that have set up in business in the last year. Observe how many of them are in varying stages of prosperity. Both for the upkeep. I suppose the average woman whose hair is bobbed spends from a dollar and a half to five dollars a week at the hairdressers. Before you buy, you must consider several things about the expense of upkeep. If under thirty, slim and youthful, and if your face and head are well shaped, you have nothing to worry about. You can carry off the sixty or seventy-five cents for the clip. You can shampoo it at home and wear it straight.

"If you are over thirty, and your hair is straight, your lob will require more care. You will need the services of a hairdresser once a week to have it waved and shaped. But few women over thirty can afford to spend that much money, and with fairly hairless hair."

"Frankly, it is expensive. A heavy fog or a little rain will ruin the most elaborate loose wave. As for the frizzy tight wave, it has gone out of fashion. Even the woman who hopes to save money by having a permanent wave is obliged to keep it in trim by having frequent water waves, if she wants her best.

"Personally, I cannot speak from experience. My bob doesn't cost me a cent. My maid shampoos my hair once a week or oftener as the occasion requires. I wear the straight boyish cut. In a way I was forced to adopt it as I had to play the rôle of a girl masquerading as a boy in 'Little Old New York.' And that started the boyish cut. For formal wear, I sometimes have my hair waved as it looks better under a large hat or with a formal headdress. Waving is one of the duties of my maid at the studio. But even if you adopt a boyish cut, I should not call it a foolish extravagance. Not only is it a becoming fashion but it is a healthful and sensible one. It has forced women to take proper care of their hair. It is a needless expense for women, why not have men return to the age of flowing whiskers?"

How Mary Solved the Problem

Naturally, the host of young women one sees in business offices with bobbed hair aren't spending anything like the amount of money for "overhead" that the screen actresses do, even when they are not working. Fifteen or eighteen dollars a week is no joke in any business salary. But they manage it somehow, so Photoplay's representative asked Mary how she did it.

Mary is a real person. She is the secretary to the vice-president of one of the big railroads. She takes pride in looking trim, as business-like and as attractive as she can. So Mary, of course, bobbed her hair when the vogue had become firmly established.

"I used to buy hairpins, nets, shampoo and an occasional wave," said Mary. "I spent the large sum for the popular hairpin, with the straight little hairpins and enable me to shampoo it myself, and so would be a saving of money, if not of time. But my hair is straight, and my wave is a straight one."

"What do you mean by a straight one?" we asked.

"I mean it doesn't fit my type of face at all. Bobbed hair..."
Now marcel your hair beautifully
—in 5 minutes—at home!

An alluring wave guaranteed, bobbed or unbobbed
And the cost is but half-a-penny!
CoupSn offers free 10-day trial

THE loveliness of softly waved hair—chic, alluring!—may always be yours, now. No more times, between waves, when the curl has gone—when hair is not as pretty as it might be—when it is hard to arrange.
For now you can do as thousands of other attractive girls and women do—whether your hair is bobbed or long. Every day, if you wish, have a fresh marcel. Right at home—in five minutes! And the cost is actually about half a cent. It is a new method, approved by hair specialists.
The coupon below offers you an opportunity to try it, without cost, for 10 days. Send no money—simply clip the coupon.

An exquisite wave
This new way to keep your hair beautifully dressed was perfected to do two things:
First, to give you a really professional wave in a very few minutes at home; and second, to reduce the cost.
You use the Gold Seal Marcel Waver to do it. Specially designed to impart an exquisitely soft, but very distinct wave.
Simply attach it to an ordinary electric light socket, as you would an old-style "curling iron." But the Gold Seal does what no "curling iron" could ever do.

First of all, it uses less heat. So cannot possibly burn or injure the life and lustre of your hair in any way. And this heat is applied by a new principle, to all parts of all hair.
So it does not matter whether your hair is dry and brittle, or whether it is very oily. The Gold Seal Marcel Waver gives a perfectly charming wave to any hair. Not a round curl, but a real, professional-looking Marcel wave!
In five minutes your hair is beautifully waved. How nice to have this help, for instance, when going to the theater some evening—with little time to get ready. What a comfort not having to bother with hairdressers' appointments and waiting!

Buy several $20 hats
with what it saves!
In twelve months The Gold Seal Marcel Waver will actually save you from $40 to $50 over and above its slight cost! And it will last for a lifetime. We guarantee it against defective workmanship or material, you know. Remember, too, that you take no risk at all in testing it for ten days.

A remarkable offer
This unusual, new waver will delight you as it has thousands of others. It was originally made to sell at $10—which is really a low price, when you consider the time and money to be saved. But we have determined to reduce the price—and, by selling still greater numbers, have just as large a business as ever.
So we make this amazingly generous offer:
Simply clip, fill in and mail the coupon below. Don't send any money, unless you particularly wish to. We will immediately send you a Beauty Marcel Waver. When the postman delivers it to your door, give him $4.97, plus a few pennies postage, the new, reduced price. But—note this:
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I found, doesn’t hold the curls half as long as long hair does. Then it has to be trimmed, for my hair grows more than half an inch a month. It costs me from one dollar to three dollars for a wave and a curl, which wouldn’t last more than a week.

To have a permanent wave done properly would cost me around twenty-five dollars. I was spending twelve dollars a month on my hair, and I resolved that I would not spend more than that. A permanent wave that would last six months would be a cheap investment even if I did have to have it water-waved occasionally. But I wasn’t going to spend that money until I had saved it on my hairdressing.

“I began by putting it up on curlers every night. I found that I could do this and get a tight curl that lasted for days. To get more of a wave, and a round curl, I tried using an iron.

To my surprise, I found in a short time I was getting a better effect than the hairdressers had given me, at a cost of only fifteen or twenty minutes of time every day. Once a month I have half an inch trimmed off; the rest I do myself. It costs me more to have bobbed hair even doing it myself, for my time and energy are my capital, but I like it.”

Waves, Permanent or Otherwise, Essential

Bobbed hair experts agree that a wave of one kind is absolutely essential except for the rare exceptions who look best in a straight bob. What sort of waves, and how often waving is necessary, and how to keep the waved bob in shape, were things which PHOTOPLAY asked many of these experts about.

Said A. Charles, of the Plaza and the Ritz-Carlton, “I bobbed the hair of a woman of ninety-eight the other day. Ninety-eight! And when it was done she didn’t look fifty. Women don’t need to be convinced of its desirability. Their problem is the upkeep.

“I think every professional will recommend the permanent wave. I do. It is aesthetic, it is durable and it is economical. I charge from thirty-five to forty-five dollars, but it will last six months. Without it, the woman with bobbed hair needs a Marcelle at least once a week, and if she would always look her best, once a day or even oftener. It costs a dollar and a half or two dollars every time, and the hot irons do not benefit the hair. Once a day is ten and a half dollars a week. At the seashore, twice a day is not too often. The naturally curly hair needs a water wave occasionally, at a cost of a dollar and a half.

“Bobbed hair needs clipping once a week. Another dollar and a half. If it grows fast, it needs a net. Two, three, four nets a week; perhaps the gold mesh net, the latest from Paris, or the large-meshed silver net; one dollar. Ordinary nets, twenty-five cents each.

“That is why I maintain that the permanent wave is cheaper in the long run, though a woman can look her best in bobbed hair without an expense of ten dollars a month or more.”

Jessica Ogilvie is one of New York’s beauty specialists who does not approve of the bob, but if her patrons insist upon it her experts will do it in the style best suited to the individual.

“One thing I never tell a patron, for it is not true—I never tell her it will be cheaper to have her hair bobbed,” said Miss Ogilvie. “The only way the bobbed hair girl can save expense is to do everything except clipping, herself. If she will do her own shampooing, let her hair go straight (for she can rarely get the waves and curls right unaided), and be content with a monthly clipping, she may get through the summer for five dollars. But few girls will be satisfied with the results.”

For the woman who wishes always to look her best and who can afford it, C. North advises the upkeep of bobbed hair at not less than fourteen dollars a week, or sixty dollars a month. “The permanent wave, even as high as sixty dollars, is more economical.”

If it costs more, it takes more time, you’ll be sorry you did it, but—if you haven’t yet—you will!
Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

she couldn't hear the concert. "That's my husband playing," said Alice proudly. "He's a musician now."

R.J. apparently has lost interest in the screen. He wants to broadcast.

Rupert Hughes assumed the role of critic following the premiere of D. W. Griffith's "America" in Los Angeles. That he made good is attested by the fact that Mr. Griffith printed the criticism in advertisements.

I quote a part:

"The whole sequence in which the son is brought to the bedside of the wounded father by that divine deceiver, the daughter, overwhelmed me as one of the greatest achievements by any of the arts from the Greek tragedy on."

"The extraordinary tangled skein of Miss Dempster's acting, with every thread sincere and distinct and unlike anybody else's, is quite conquered me."

It is brulted that the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer concern wishes Mr. Hughes to abandon his detective duties and confine himself to writing. Personally I feel his feature is his versatility, just as it is Gertrude Hoffman's. I have been a regular patron of Gertrie's acts for many years without being able to decide whether she is better at the drums or the fiddle, at juggling or leg-tossing.

As for Miss Dempster's tangled skein of acting, it has never conquered me quite, though it has bewildered me. I have never discerned the least charm or talent in her dervish delineations. She isn't even a good imitator of Miss Lillian Gish. No picture can interest unless its players interest. The player is the director's most important pigment. Mr. Griffith's decline as a director commenced simultaneously with his decline as a discoverer. Has he forever lost the discerning vision that brought forth the glory of the incomparable Lillian and the excellence of Richard Barthelmess?

I take more pride in my predictions than auntie did in her pickles, grandma in her gardening, and they in their ability to achieve a life likeness. Thus I'm taking off my hat and wringing my hand for the sound advice I gave as to the casting of Ramon Novarro in "Ben Hur.

By following the tips the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization has qualified as a poser and achieved my official recognition. Being impartial in my charitable deeds I would now like to help out Paramount in the casting of "Peter Pan." I would like to secure for them the services of the true Peter Pan. Mr. De Coogan is not the right choice for a prediction because the colored slough on the Lasky lot has tipped me off that a female will get it. Still I contend that Jackie Coogan could do it so well that even I could understand what Barrie had in mind when he wrote it.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer having shown a real desire to make good by accepting my casting tip for "Ben Hur," I propose to help the young company along a little further by casting the leading roles in Pau's "The Life of Christ," which Monte Bell is to direct for them. I assign Conrad Nagel the role of Christ, Florence Vidor the role of Mary Magdalene, presuming, of course, that Sara Madonna, Lillian Gish, is not available, and Pauline Frederick for Mary Magdalene.

Raphael Sanzio painted Lillian Gish when he painted Madonna and St. Botticelli, so did Pinturricchio, so did all the early Italian masters. Why doesn't some screen painter do likewise? I have seen nothing closer to the divine than Lillian's White Sister. It is a radiance of soul.

The Spirit of Pioneering

Impatience with present facilities, a restless searching for perfect things these have driven men to discovery and invention. They possessed the early voyagers who turned their backs on the security of home to test opportunity in an unknown land. They explain the march westward that resulted in this settled, united country. And they have inspired the activities of the Bell System since the invention of the telephone.

The history of the Bell System records impatience with anything less than the best known way of doing a job. It records a steady and continuous search to find an even better way. In every department of telephone activity improvement has been the goal—new methods of construction and operation, refinement in equipment, discoveries in science that might aid in advancing the telephone art. Always the road has been kept open for an unhampered and economic development of the telephone.

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Thus has the Bell System set its own high standards of service. By to-day's striving it is still seeking to make possible the greater service of to-morrow.

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Rieger's Flower Drops are anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is $1.00 an ounce, but for 25 cents you may obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

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Send 25c (stamps or money order) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample bottle of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made. Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume.

FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

You are so young and so busy, with your school work and your music, that I can see your parents' point of view in forbidding you to go without calling. There is plenty of time for that sort of thing later, when the school work is done, and you have furthered farther in your music. It is a pity that you are not permitted to take up the study of classic dancing. But, as your parents are paying for your education, I am afraid that you must abide by their wishes. When you are older and earning your own living, you can perhaps take up the study of dancing.

"UNHAPPY," Stockton, Cal.

It is only natural that a girl should want pretty clothes and a lovely home in which to entertain her friends. But it is hard to earn the money for those things, at home, unless one has some special talent that may be cultivated. Or some special ability that one may capitalize. For instance, many writers and artists do their work at home. And many girls who have a gift for needlework do dress-making for their neighbors. Often there is nothing more profitable to be learned in such a way.

And sometimes quite a market for home-made pies, cakes and candies may be built up. What can you do? Write and tell me and perhaps then I can advise you.

R. H. Wheaton, Ill.

You are only fifteen years old—much younger than most of my pen and ink friends, and you mustn't worry about being tall and thin—you are not too tall and you are thin because you have grown rapidly. In a year or two you will fill out and be just the proper proportion. I am sure. Often girls of your age are too stout, rather than too thin. And that is much less pleasant. Yes, you may use a bit of powder—but no rouge, as yet. Use flesh color, or naturel. I prefer naturel, myself, for the blonde—unless her skin is very pink.

H. C. M. Mass.

If you are in love with the young man—who, from his record, military and otherwise, sounds very worth while—you will know it. Love does not ask questions. It is sure. The fact that you say you 'have another in mind' shows me that you do not sincerely care for the man about whom you ask my advice. You had better wait, before marrying, until you are sure that no advice is necessary. That is the safe way.

Corinne L. A., Cal.

Margaretthe, Java, D. E. T.

Living in the Orient, it is too hot for much violent exercise. I think that you should reduce through diet, rather than in a more strenuous way. There are many tarry foods, do not drink milk or cream, and forego pastry and sweets. And then, I am sure, you will lose weight. Freckle cream will be useful to you. I am sure, in the removal of the freckles. Several creams of this kind are to be found in the advertising columns of Photoplay. I do hope that you will write to me, whenever you need advice. Please remember that I will always be ready to help you.

M. S. B., Cal.

I so dislike to disagree with your good husband. But you are overweight. Quite a great deal overweight! One hundred and forty pounds is far too much for a woman who is only five feet, two inches tall, to weigh. You should exercise and diet at once—before the surplus pounds have become a fixture. And—again to disagree with your husband—you will look far better in long skirts than in the shorter ones. The long skirts will give you height and make you seem more slim.

Short skirts tend to make a short plump woman appear dumpy.

Manon, Montreal, Canada.

With medium brown hair (with reddish glints in it) greenish brown eyes and a creamy complexion, you can look very lovely—in the right colors.

In the first place you should wear no rouge. Your color should be centered in your lips—the best lip stick obtainable in a brunnette shade. Then you should use powder in the shade naturel—never flesh or white. And you should wear greens, browns, yellows and old gold shades, with an occasional violet, or orchid, touch. Choose several colors, and wear them always—varying the combinations. If they weary you. Black will be charming also, with your hair and eyes a "bewildered," Bahama.

So often is trust betrayed—so often are fond hopes blasted! And, when this happens there is so little for the on-looker to say; so little advice to give. If the man who promised to marry you has deserted you for another, there is little that you can do—save appeal to his honor and his sense of fairness. If he has neither, you are better off without him, under all circumstances. Try this, I know, is cold comfort to give you.

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 girls—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, 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

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Toast of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

Frankly is infinitely amused by them. I asked one of our greatest screen lovers, who had just bought a negligee with her and was it a speechless haze of glory, what it was all about.

"She's not shopworn," he said brusquely, "she hasn't that pawed-over look that modern women are getting."

"But she was always like that," I protested.

"Yes," he said, "but nobody realized then that a man might very readily trade in immortal soul if she ever did happen to look at him. She won't. She's cold as ice, outwardly. Besides, we're just beginning to get horridly fed up with vamps and flappers. I hate chickens. As for women who slang sex in your face all the time, it's becoming nauseating. The reaction has set in. Frankness, daring, used to be a novelty. Now it's a bore. Why, I haven't danced with a beautiful woman—just a beautiful woman—in years. And I haven't been afraid of a woman—I mean afraid of offending, or annoying, her—since I can remember."

A polished—and slightly professional—cynic shrugged when I questioned him and said, "Men are optimists. They have just remembered, after five years of madness, that the unattainable is also the desirable. The only woman worth having is the woman you can't get. We've been hideously common in our enthusiasm lately. We've forgotten that it's the game itself, not the stakes that matter. Mrs. Vidor is simply a hopeful sign that we are once more becoming epicurean in our tastes."

A long time ago Cecil De Mille, who knows more about women than any man I have ever met, told me that if anybody could break down that strange wall of reserve behind which the real Florence Vidor was hiding, she could accomplish anything in the world, as an actress and as a woman.

And the wall is broken down at last.

From behind it has stepped the real Florence Vidor, a woman wearing a fresh and lovely beauty, full of the joy of life and the desire to live, glamorous with sweetness and piquant with humor, sparkling with an innocent and delicious coquetry. She has all the poise, all the manner, of a woman of the world, all the ripeness of beauty and mind of a woman at the height of her charm. And yet she is like a girl in her responsiveness, her warm delight in

**Only One in Five escapes Pyorrhea**

**Will that one be you?**

**Be sure—use Forhan's**

Dental statistics tell the story. Four out of five over forty years of age—and thousands younger—are victims of Pyorrhea.

Apply the "ounce of prevention" before Nature warns with bleeding gums. Go to your dentist regularly. And brush your teeth at least twice a day with Forhan's For the Gums.

If used in time and used consistently, this safe, efficient, pleasant-tasting dentifrice will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep your mouth clean and fresh, preserve your teeth and safeguard your health. Ask your dentist.

There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

**Forhan's FOR THE GUMS More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea**

---

MICKEY, MERCED, CALIFORNIA.

I am so sorry that your lovely lashes are falling out. If vaseline doesn't help, perhaps lukewarm olive oil, applied very carefully, will do away with the trouble. I have known many people to use this treatment successfully.

NORA, GLENWOOD LODGE, NEW YORK.

No, you are not one bit overweight. One hundred and twelve pounds is a small amount for a girl who is five feet, three inches tall. Too much. You can, if you feel it necessary, reduce your hips and waist by a very simple exercise. Place your hands upon your hips, and your heels together. And then, slowly, turn your body as far to the side as possible, without moving the feet. Do this twelve times in each direction.

"GUSIE," SPERRYVILLE, VA.

I do think that a school girl should refrain from using cosmetics—especially if she is as young as you are. Possibly a dust of face powder—but nothing more, if you would be in good taste.

With a very high forehead you will find a bang more becoming than almost any other manner of hair arrangement.

You can wear, successfully, the colors that I have recommended to the young lady whose letter I have answered just above your own.

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Go to your dealer today, get a Hohner Harmonica—50¢ up—and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 183, New York City.

Blue-jay

$1800 for a Story!

RECENTLY a writer was paid $2800 for a single story which he sold to a national magazine. His story was a delightful one, packed with surprise and humor, built up on a climax that critics declared was the best they had ever seen. The story was written in less than a week. The writer used no stock characters, and his ending was a surprise even to himself.

An interesting note was received recently from a critic of a prominent magazine asking for the公式 of the sale. And the writer of the formula was asked to return his formula so as to be able to use it in the near future.

"You have written a story that is a delight to read," the critic said. "I wish I could use your formula in the near future."

"I am delighted to hear that," the writer replied. "I am glad that you have found my story so enjoyable."

"Will you tell me how you came up with the formula?"

"I am afraid that I cannot. The formula is a secret, and I do not wish to give it away."

"But it would be helpful to me to know how you came up with the formula."

"I am afraid that I cannot. The formula is a secret, and I do not wish to give it away."

"I understand. Thank you for your time."

"You're welcome. I wish you the best of luck in your future endeavors."

"Thank you. I wish you the same."

The writer then signed his name and sent the formula to the critic.

The formula was a simple one. It involved taking the first letter of each word in the sentence and placing them together, forming a new word. The formula was known as the "Blue-jay" formula.
we'll see how long you can swallow this sort of thing," he continued with his malignant laugh as he ripped the clothing from her slender shoulders. He reached out for her still again, when he could act Alan Holt had catapulted his pinioned body against the startled Drakma, who turned sharply about, and sent his assailant falling back into a corner of the cabin with a blow on the jaw. With what was practically a continuation of the same movement he caught the girl and sent her reeling into the same corner, where she lay stunned beside the huddled figure already there.

Drakma, purple-faced, stowed to the table and rang his bell. "Take these two fools to their quarters below deck," he said to the attendants who answered his call. "And see to it that they're properly penned up. For we're going to have considerable use for them, considering their actions as such.

CHAPTER FOUR

MARK DRAKMA was in a much better position to carry out his threats than his two prisoners imagined. And once he stood convinced of the fixed opposition of those prisoners he went on with his plans, without scruple and without hesitation. Too much was at stake, he knew, to have a failure. A king's ransom awaited him, once he came into possession of the Holt triangulator. And even though it should prove his last coup in the New World, he intended to possess that instrument.

The situation, it is true, presented its difficulties. He could not, as his primal instincts prompted, do away with this sullen-minded Alan Holt. He could not batter in the head that held the secret essential to his reward—that would be too blindly killing the goose that must lay the golden egg. But he could take this youth and the woman he loved and so place them, Drakma remembered, that his prisoner's will would crumble and he would cry out for mercy, for mercy at any cost.

For Drakma, as the master-minded among the Atlantic Coast rum-runners, maintained along the fringe of the Bahamas an unusual organization that was as efficient as it was lawless. Under him, in an unchinked fleet of luggers and sloops and power-boats, worked a drunken and careless enemy of outlaws, the riff-raff of a thousand miles of coast-line and the scum of half-a-hundred sea ports. On Jack Ketch Cay, one of the hundreds of small coral islands fringing the Bahamas, he maintained a secret radio-station for directing the movements of these ships of mystery. And on his liaison craft The Martingale, a cutter-rigged sloop with an auxiliary engine, disguised as a cop-carrier from the lower Windwards, he maintained a second sending-station for communication with his steely units as they dodged their coastal and inland, and returned to their mastership for newer cargoes and instructions.

The method of this communication was ingenious, for instead of broadcasting open messages or a code which would have promptly excited suspicion, Drakma had resorted to a more harmless-seeking exercise, that of innocently disseminating the popular songs of the day on various and varying instruments, the type of instrument and the precise time of sending determining the nature of the message behind it.

It was not, however, until they hove to beside The Martingale, riding at anchor in a quiet sea, that Drakma confronted his two captives with what was actually ahead of them. And they arrived at an opportune moment, for when Alan and Mary were brought up on deck they were able to gaze across a lazy turquoise sea and inspect a dirty slop-deck overhung with stained canvas under which rough men brawled and idled and sang their drunken songs. Even as they looked a game of cards on one of the hatch-covers ended in a dispute which sharpened into a fight where oaths were flung back and forth and knives were drawn.

This resulted in the appearance of the craft from his chart-room, with a revolver at his belt and a marlinspike in his hand.

KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION AT ITS BEST

Taking time, now, every day, to make the most of your natural loveliness means that you can keep your complexion at its best.

Armand created Cold Cream Powder—there is no other like it. Put it on and it stays. This powder is softer, finer, smoother, much more adherent, and in every way more effective than those who have never tried Armand Cold Cream Powder imagine a powder can be. In Brunette, White, Pink, Creme, and Creampowder.

It couldn't be better even if it cost ten times as much! Always $1.00 a box. Compacts, $1.00.

So that you may keep your own complexion at its loveliest with the Armand Beauty Aids, we offer you this Week-end Package, containing generous samples of four Armand powders, in purse size packages—tubes of Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream; a box of Armand Rouge with puff; and a dear little cake of Cold Cream Soap. All for $2.50—a small price and a big value. Clip this coupon and mail it to-day. With the Week-end Package comes your copy of the "Creed of Beauty"—a booklet of happiness secrets. Address, Armand—Des Moines. Address in Canada—Armand, Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario.

Guarantee No matter where purchased—if any Armand product does not exactly please you, you may take it back and your money will be returned.

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The Delicate Range for the Delicate Skin

Hand, a lank and ungainly giant with a crooked nose and a stubble of ruff on his tobacco-stained jaw. For the government at that time, the long hair was a sign of poverty and the smell of spirits was a sign of drunkenness. He walked slowly over to where the young inventor stood tight-lipped against the deck-house.

"You said you didn't ask for another chance, and I'm giving it to you," announced Drakma, "a packet of brandy, a foresight instrument, or do I leave the girl on that sloop?"

Alan's face was pallid, as his gaze met Mary's. But from that gaze he was able to stare at the plump figure of the girl for, with the loose lips over the yellow teeth brooded into a laugh and the lony big hand on an unctuous gesture of appreciation to Drakma, who stood at the burnished rail with a quiet smile on his own saturnine face.

"All right," he said, laughing his sinister laugh. "You two love-birds will do your courting in a different way. You're going to have three days to think this over. I won't be here to see you do that thinking, for I've got the round of my cays to make and a fresh shipment to scatter among my boats. But Sig Kurgar over there will take care of you. Sig's the master of that sloop. And that's Sig there with the crooked beak and the tobacco-stains on his sandy beard.

"O God!" gasped the pallid-faced man with the pinioned arms.

"Sig, as I said, will look after your lady," continued the mocking-eyed Drakma. "But you, my friend, you must come with me to Ketch Cay. That's a coral and sand spit ten or twelve miles further out. I'm going to put you ashore there, and in my radio shack you'll find all the tools you want to work with, tools and instruments enough to wire a battleship, if you have the inclination. And right in front of your bunk in that little shack you'll have a large-power radio set and receiving, the same as the lady will have in the mate's cabin aboard this sloop. I'm not leaving you together, remember. That would be too soft. But I'm going to catermate. I'm giving your lady friend the privilege of calling on you when she's in trouble. And as time goes on, if I'm afraid, her troubles may get worse."

He stopped short in his talk to watch the haggard face of his prisoner. Then, smiling his own relief smile, he turned and called out to his sloop-master: "Send your boat over for this woman."

Alan, at that, made an effort to break away from the shifty brown hands holding him back.

"No; no!" he cried. "It can't be done. It's not human. You can't put a woman on a floating hell like that. It's—it's worse than putting a bullet through her head!"

"Of course it is," conceded Drakma as he watched his prisoner's frantic and futile efforts to free himself. "And I'm glad you're beginning to understand the situation. It'll give you something to think of when you're at your island work. You'll realize what a nice refrigerator you'd have if you put your flower in to keep it fresh for you!"

"Mary! Don't go!" screamed the unhappy youth, straining forward. "I'll give him what he asks for, if you say so!"

The girl studied him for a moment of silence, studied him with proud but pitiful eyes.

"You can't stop me," she said with quiet determination. "I'll do what you ask and I believe in God—and I'm not afraid!"

"But you don't understand," cried the man, fighting to reach her side. "They'll keep you in that hellish ship!"

"It can't be for long, Alan," broke in the girl, her head poised high and her hands clenched hard as she was seized and thrust towards the rail-opening. "We're doing it for a flag, dear, that men like this daren't even fly!"

"Haul him back!" demanded Drakma as the unclean dingly jumped against the yard-sides and unclean hands reached up for her.

"It can't be for long," repeated the girl as she was thrust down over the side.

"You've done your part, Alan," said the girl, his gorilla-like face thrust close to Alan's. "But it's going to be until you get that finished instrument of yours in hand. And that, my friend, will be the final!"

[END OF SECOND INSTALLMENT]
The Cookie-Pusher

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

"You can sure get that with our crowd," she chuckled.

"—I don't mean just that way. I plead ignorance of everything, particularly your—er, head. I would put myself in your hands absolutely. You would have to teach me how to pet . . . impersonally, as it were. I am afraid I sound like a colossal idiot—"

"Yes, I believe you do."

"It is really important—vital, I might say. Now, please don't laugh—"

"I can't help it. Fancy you as a cookie-pusher?"

"A what?"

"A cookie-pusher—a glorified cake-eater! Golly!"

He begged and pleaded, and finally the idea percolated through her head that this would indeed be a lark—going out with a man thirty years of age as petting instructress—why, the thing was simply the cat's meow and no mistake. And so she agreed and their date was set for eight o'clock that night. Whereupon, much perturbed, he left her and proceeded to the village garage where he hired a touring car for the evening, and at eight o'clock she calmly left the hotel and joined him in the front seat.

HE turned into a broad, winding highway which zigzagged down the moon-drenched valley and lost itself in the forest fastnesses miles ahead. He was very carefully garbed for the adventure in white flannels . . . she was a bewitching girl picture in her light summer gown and with a Japanese shawl tossed carelessly over her gleaming shoulders. They had very little to say as they drove along—both were victimized by embarrassment. She confessed she was afraid—frankly that if she were ten or twelve years younger she'd be chattering away like a magpie, while he informed her that with six more years added to her nineteen he'd be making violent and serious love. They both laughed at that—and then silence once more settled between them. Frankly, they were both more than a trifle frightened. Suddenly she grabbed his arm. "Stop!" she whispered. He slammed on the brakes. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Here's the turn off." She designated a little-used trail which rambled away aimlessly under the trees. "Slide in.

Obediently he turned his car, pulled twoscore yards from the road, halted and cut off his motor.

"And now," she ordered, "douse the lights." "Turn out the lights?"

"Sure. You're not trying to advertise something, are you?"

"Not as hidden. Hollywood seemed a million miles removed—he, J. Warrington Sims, the kid genius, being ordered about by a pretty irresponsible nineteen-year-old. He sighed deeply and settled back in his seat. After all, this was a sacrifice to the Gods of Art. It was his pilgrimage to the shrine of accuracy. He stared off into the shadowy woodland and wondered desperately what to do next.

The silence was appalling, and finally her voice came to him as though from a great distance.

"Well?"

"Well—what?"

"Begin!"

He inhaled deeply. Confound these flappers! Confound Art! "—I don't know how.

"You are a dumdum. Haven't you ever made love to a girl before?"

"Why, yes . . . but . . ."

"You're not in love with me, eh?"

"No. That is—"

"You're positively delirious! When you made love to a girl, what did you usually do?"

"I—I suppose I held her hand."

"Hmph! That'd do for a starter."

A warm, firm little hand slipped into his, and he was
amazed at the queer thrill which swept over it.
It had not been spoken.
"I—er—my arm about her head," she added. "Eventually," she invited. "Why not now?"
He groaned apprehensively as his right arm quested for her waist. Quite frankly she assisted and snuggled against him. Her warm, pliant figure was like an electric contact, and in the silver glow of the moon as it filtered through the mere delicate face lifted temptingly to his.
"Goodness, Mr. Sims," she pouted, "don't you know anything?"
He hesitated but only for a moment. Then he dropped her hips to her . . . they clung breathlessly for a moment and it was she who broke away.
"Goodness!" she said, patting her hair.
"Somebody has certainly taught you that.
The balance of the evening was far easier than he had anticipated. One of the first orders she pronounced was that, since they were flapper and jellybean together, first names should be used. And there were things to be learned about petting as a fine art—just how far to go and just where to stop . . . it was an exhilarating experience to him and one entirely enjoyable, albeit there was more than a hint of guilt in the enjoyment.
He was amazed to discover that she was a very intelligent little girl beneath her irresponsible exterior . . . they arranged to repeat the petting party. He knew that they did it was he who instructed her a good bit, so much so that she pronounced him a horribly apt pupil. And it was when their second petting party was at its climax and that a sudden constraint came between them. She pulled away and looked at him peculiarly and her voice was that of a woman and not a little girl. He was not to know the thoughts during that day had been vaguely disturbing . . . he was afraid that she interested in a manner which was far from impersonal.
"John," she asked levelly, "why are we doing this?"
"Doing what?"
"Petting."
"Why—because well, because I asked you . . ."
"Why did you ask me?"

HE met her gaze, and suddenly there came upon him the urge for frankness. And so he told her of himself and his ambition and the unceasing. Her cheeks flamed when she learned his identity.

"J. Warrington Sims!" she gasped. "You?"

"Yes!"

"Oh! What a wallop! And I've been teaching. . . Say, is this Hollywood stuff all bunk?"

"Most of it. You see . . . well, I've never before met a girl like you. I'm the first of my generation—and I liked you and thought you'd help me . . ."

"Help you? Kiss Mama?" He did. "I'll help you and give you a picture with a famous director . . . who isn't half bad as a man, either. Just won't I help you. Do you know what I'm going to do, John?"

"What?"

"I'm going to get you in with the younger crowd. You know some of the ropes, and I'll see that you learn the others. They'll accept you for what I say you are—"

"But you won't tell them that—"

"That's your J. Warrington Sims! I'll say I won't. They'll say I won't. You know me. You can pet these othergirls—and sort of compare notes—and you can watch the wild jungle in action . . ."

He did all of that, and found that he liked it. The young petting session was all that he had fancied it, and a great deal he had not expected. They were free and untrammelled, but they were governed by recognized stages. They were shown in their enjoyment of carelessness, but unassuming in their enjoyment of carelessness, but demanded that these cares be impersonal—which was why, perhaps, that he saw the young women responding to stripsps with far greater ardor than they exhibited toward his timid advances.

He was matrimonial timber—these youths were not; that seemed to mark the difference.

With the development of his knowledge concerning this new and wild crowd, enthusiasm for his picture grew apace. Vombert poten
tionalities were unfolded before him—the picture world could be freed from this ever large, emphasizing the flapper rather than excoriating her. He studied her in all her phases—on joy rides, petting parties, dances, at dinners, moonlight drives, where she seemed to slip into the houses and the backyards of every roadhouse. He found her as a type—independent, wise in the way of the world, well able to help and healthier for the emancipation from the veil of false modesty with which young womanhood has for generations been clothed.

But he did not. John Sims tasted deeply of experience in his chosen subject—he felt that he he had probed sufficiently beneath the surface to qualify as an expert, but he experienced no slightest desire to leave Shady Rest. He knew that he ought to go—but he didn't. And, being a frank and introspective young man, he sought the answer within himself. He found it.

It was vastly disturbing, particularly so since he had no desire whatever to be in love with this girl; the stark fact confronted him—he was in love with Dot. The thing was unthinkable, impossible—but it was so. He experienced horrid qualms of jealousy. He could even see himself around the waist of the girl when they went on their woodlands picnics; he exsented the brevity of the bathing suit which expressed her exquisite beauty; he saw the little girl he shared with Dot with a desire of violence. It was a little girl who flocked about her. And, worst of all, she was entirely too unresponsive when she was with him.

That was the thing which he could not understand. So long as they were with a crowd she was content to snuggle against him and chat animatedly of himself and his work—and of his progress with the other girls. But when the minute they found themselves alone together she became frigid and distant; and while she permitted an occasional caress he was conscious of an uncomfortable feeling which imbued the occasion with a totally unnecessary and embarrassing restraint. And at times when he was paired off with someone else he fancied that her hands brushed against his. But, besides, he was quite convinced that Dot was utterly different from these other girls. She was livelier and prettier and sweeter and just as intelligent and deeper and—confound it!—He loved her!

He was in a quandary. He wanted to declare his love, but she refused to allow him to do anything. He wanted to continue his blissful relationship, Hollywood and love beckoned imperiously and he dreaded the inevitable moment when he must say goodbye. He wished that she could know of his love for her—he tried to make her understand, and could not, and in a way he was just as a used to be a fool. She could not requite his affection. He felt that he was making a fool of himself. He loved the girl, and—well, that was sufficient.

And then one day he took her out on the Valley Road with him in a long, high-powered car which he had rented for the occasion. A gentle breeze sighed softly, and the trees as they turned on the very spot where their initial petting party had been.
staged. She had been silent during the ride—

sitting on the edge of the seat with a peculiarly

mature expression on her childish face—and

then, as they extinguished the lights, he im-

prisoned her hand and wondered why it was so
cold... "'I'm going away pretty soon, Dot.'

She nodded. "Yes—I know."

"You've been wonderful... I want to

thank you... You've taught me a heap of

things—made it possible for me to do this

picture as I want to do it. 1—1—I Oh! darn it!

I just can't tell you..."

"Then don't."

He moved closer to her. His arm went out

closed about her waist. He fancied a bit

of resistance before the complete relaxation—

but that, perhaps, was a mere figment of his

imagination. And then he determined to kiss

her. He felt horribly guilty as he bent his lips

to hers and his vision was momentarily blurred,

but, after all, she did not know that he loved

her and certainly she would not object, because

this kiss meant so very, very much to him.

Her lips met—and clung. And then she

tore herself away and pillow her head on

crossed arms and he felt her figure shaken by

great, body-racking sobs. He tried to draw

her against him but she resisted with surprising

strength and her voice came to him through the

darkness—

"Don't!"

"Why, Dot..."

"Take your hands away."

"I didn't mean..."

"Of course you didn't... Go away! I

won't have it!"

He withdrew to his side of the seat and

stared at her sobbing figure with puzzled and

offended eyes. Of all the strange, unaccount-
able phenomena... "Won't you kiss me, Dot?"

"Yes?"

"Why?"

"There must be a reason," he persisted.

He nodded. "Yes..."

"What is it?"

"You kissed me just now." She flung

around and faced him defiantly. "That kiss

was different!"

"How—what do you mean—different?"

"I don't know..."

"You must mean—"

"Oh! John...! It seemed too real!!"

AND now he was not to be stopped. His

arms were about her and he crushed her to

him. "It was real, Dot. It was the realest kiss

I've ever given. I meant it to be real. I wanted

you to know it was real... I've been trying for a week to tell you that they were all real—the caresses, the kisses... I love you, Dot."

She held him at arm's length, and he noticed

that there were tears in her eyes. "Yes love me—"

"Yes."

"Really truly love?"

"I want to marry you."

Before his eyes a metamorphosis occurred—

the flapper tied and a woman supplanted her:

clear-eyed, radiantly happy woman who put

her arms about his neck and offered him her

lips—

"I love you, John. And—and I've always

wanted to know what a real, sure-fire kiss was like

a long silence, and then—

"Oh..."

"Will you marry me, Dot?"

"When?"

"Now, Tomorrow. And you'll go to Holly-

wood with me and help me with that picture...

She thought it over for a moment, then

sighed as she nestled contentedly against his

shoulder. "Yes, dear—I think I'd better. I'd like to

be around while you're directing. There are a

heap of things about flappers you don't quite

know yet—and I want to be there to see you
don't learn them—except from me."

A woman's arm! Poets have sung of

its grace; artists have painted its

beauty. It should be the daintiest,

sweetest thing in the world. And

yet, unfortunately, it isn't, always.

Many a woman says, "No, I am

never bothered with perspiration."

But though there may be no appar-

tent moisture, the little shut-in hollow

of the underarm is the source of a

very disagreeable odor—odor of

which we ourselves may be quite

unconscious.

The great mistake which so many

women make is to think that because

they are fastidious about daily bating

they cannot offend with the dis-

agreeable odor of perspiration.

But soap and water alone cannot

protect you. Women who best know

the secrets of appeal care for the

underarm as regularly as for the

tooth and fingernails. And 3,000,000

of them have found their one sure

dependence in Odorono, the Under-

arm Toilette.

A physician formulated Odorono

to be a scientific corrective of both

perspiration moisture and odor. It is

a clear, clean liquid, antiseptic in

action. Doctors and nurses make con-

stant use of it in hospitals.

Twice a week is often

enough to use Odorono. Each

application assures perfect freedom

from unpleasant moisture and from that repel-

lent odor which is so deadly

to feminine daintiness. Odorono

keeps your lingerie and blouses dry,

fresh and unstained.

Why not, then, the underarm toilette for you—today? Always im-

maculate and dainty—care-free from all perspiration annoyance! You

can get Odorono at all toilet counters, 35c, 60c, and $1 or sent by mail,

postpaid. Enjoy its protection now.

If you need a deodorant only

—Crepe Odorono!

If you do not need a corrective for perspiration moisture but simply a

safeguard against odor, try Crepe

Odorono. It is a soft, smooth, non-

greasy cream, which disappears at

once, is instantly effective and gives

all day protection. Large tube, 25c.

Send for these three samples

For 10c I will send you 3 generous samples for the complete underarm toilette—Odorono, Crepe Odorono, and

Odorono Depilatory, together with booklet of complete information.

Or, sample of any one for 5c. Mail the coupon today.

RUTH MILLER

The Odorono Company

958 Blue Avenue

Cincinnati, Ohio

RUTH MILLER

958 Blue Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Enclosed 10c. Send me, please, samples of Odorono, Crepe Odorono and

Odorono Depilatory. Also booklet.

Name__________________________

Address________________________

(Note: For sample of any one of above send 5c and cross out ones not wanted.)
Questions and Answers

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

TRINXIE D., YUKON, OKLAHOMA—Harrison Ford is single, having been divorced. His age is thirty-one years. A crooked nose would have an unequal battle with a camera. It would not interfere with several other pursuits. If the screen fails, you might become a stenographer.

CATHERINE, LANCASTER, N. Y.—Congratulations on your clear as print chirography, Catherine. Mary Pickford was born April 5, 1903. She is five feet four and one half inches tall. Her height was August 1, 1909. Her height is five feet three inches. Wesley Barry was born in 1907.

KIM, PITTSBURGH, PENN.—A many named person am I. Now it is "Solomon, All Wise King." Charles Jones is married. He has a daughter. He is a Fox Film Co. Harold Lloyd's new picture is "Girl Shy." The record says that Bebe Daniels was born in 1901. So you were right.

PEGGY OF ORANGEBURG, S. C.—Going to build a structure of human bodies, Miss Peggy? Priscilla Deneen, height five feet, one hundred and thirty pounds. Pauline Frederick, five feet, three and a half inches, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. May Allison, five feet, three inches, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Vera Reynolds, five feet, three inches, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Pola Negri, five feet, six inches, one half and twenty-one inches, one hundred and twenty-eight pounds.

BROWN EYES, ORANGEBURG, S. C.—Ah! hy! They're brown this month. A few months ago I had a run of blue-eyed, inquiring minds in this department. The heights and weights you wish to know follow: Jacqueline Logan, five feet, four inches, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Dorothy Dalton, five feet, three inches, one hundred and twenty-seven pounds. Nearly the height and weight of the Venus de Milo. Lois Wilson, five feet, five inches, one hundred and twenty-seven pounds. Barbara Durden, five feet, three inches, one hundred and twenty-one inches. Anna Q. Nilsson, five feet, seven inches, one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

TOOTSIE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—What do you suppose a certain distinguished actress would say if I told her that you “think she looks worn out and dissipated and looks like she ought to be in hot water.” No, I won’t tell her. You are a discriminating little miss, for you have discovered that Florene Vidor and Pauline Garon are “fascinating and different!” and that Barbara La Marr, beside her beauty, possesses the quality of “being different.” You are right, too, in your conclusion that another well known player makes up much as to seem a shade artificial.

LONELY BABS, NEWPORT, R. I.—You would like to visit Hollywood but wouldn’t like to be an actress. You want to be different from other girls. In one respect your wish is fulfilled. Norma Talmadge is not so unique. It was Mabel Ballin who played Becky Sharp.

VERA, PITTSBURG, PA.—Claire Windsor is a prairie flower, born at Cawker City, Kan. Try to find it on the map. Pauline Frederick was born in the city of Boston. Claire has blonde hair, just about the color of the colorist she usually wears when she’s before the camera. Pauline’s hair is brown. She’s an old-fashioned girl; wears her own hair, wears it long and keeps it the color provided by Nature. Constance Wilson’s hair is golden brown.

S. J., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—I gather that you think Claire Windsor is beautiful. You’re right and you haven’t over-stated the case. Jane and Eva Novak are sisters and Jane is five years older than Eva.
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 70)

Los Angeles, where it could have the masterful support of D. W. Griffith. For screen purposes D. W. Griffith can make much better war than all of the generals from Cyrus to Foch. Real war is dull, sodden, bloody routine. The public wants a little war.

"The Life of Villa" did not live into any conspicuous success on the screen. It became a more incident in the busy affairs of Albee and in the attempt to find picture was soon to come, it went on the shelf. Ownership of the negative fell into dispute and the picture vanished for a few scattering bits of prints about the Mutual Film Corporation's home office in New York. It is to be hoped that somewhere the negatives have been preserved.

The most important fact is that the basic raw material of the motion picture has been available throughout the history of the art. The question of supply after the first few years has not been a factor in its development.

The early months of 1914 found the motion picture beginning to claim a real share of Broadway as a real competitor of the stage, with the establishment of actual screen theaters to present pictures which had come to Broadway in the first twenty years of the screen were trespassers on the stronghold of the spoken drama, with screens upon a foot-

When the Vitagraph Theater, the adopted Criterion rechristened, opened on the night of February 27, 1914, the motion picture had cornered Columbia in his own house. It was as profound an occasion as the Vitagraph Company could make it. The stage setting was a replica of the drawing room window in the home of Albert E. Smith of Vitagraph on Riverside Drive, New York, and the panorama unfolded there was his view from that window of the great Hudson River and its shippers. J. Stuart Blackton made an address. The audience was filled with notables, and all of the famous and near-famous of screenland.

The Rise of Three Millionaires

It was the high tide in the fortunes of Vitagraph. Eighteen years before Jimmy Blackton, the cartoonist feature writer of the New York Evening World, went over to Orange on his own. This was the era of the marvels of the Vitascope. Now Blackton, Albert E. Smith, his prestidigitator friend from the lyceum stage, and Top. Rock, the billiard hall expert writer of the 9000, were millionaires, with the name of their company in the white lights of the Great White Way.

The Vitagraph Theater was, however, hardly to be called a commercial invasion of Broadway. Vitagraph was seeking to keep pace with the new movement in pictures with the rise of actuality and to maintain prestige with this theater. Also the theater was something of a personal symbol to the men who had built the great name of Vitagraph. Twenty-two weeks had passed since the Strand Theater opened on the other side of Broadway, an independent motion picture theater without producer connections and meeting the stage on its own ground. The Strand theater was the project of Mitchell Mark of Buffalo, New York. For ten years it has continued in uninterrupted operation.

Broadway's First Famous Picture Theater

To trace the ancestry of the Strand, Broadway's first famous picture theater, one must turn back the pages into the days of the remote beginnings before the screen when the motion picture was still wide of the liberation from the Edison peep show kinetics. In the stained old daybook of the Kinetoscope Company, reposing in the sale of Norman C. Raft at Canton, Ohio, is an entry noting the shipment of a batch of the peep show machines in 1895 to Estelle B. Mark of Buffalo. There the Marks had a phonograph parlor. In time Mark came to New York, and the firm of Mark and Wagner opened a penny arcades in Fourteenth Street, the classic avenue to fame for Adolph Zukor and the street where D. W. Griffith began his rise. The Strand Theater opened with all of the pleasant pomp and cordial ceremony characteristic of the events presented by S. L. Rothafel, then Rothafel, now famed in the cinema world as "Roxy." Broadway had been Roxy's alley ever since. We have told, that de long before when he tired of being a footstool book agent and dropped anchor at an inn in...
Forest City, Pa., where he tended bar and presently opened an upstairs picture show. Saturday night, on the back of his car, he rolled up a long road to Broadway, with a career of remarkable successes in the exhibition of pictures in the Middle West, notably in Milwaukee and Minneapolis, where he made films both respectable and fashionable at the old Lyric Theater. A year before the opening of the Strand, Rothafel came to New York from Philadelphia with an appointment to sell Marcus Loew, who was becoming something of a chain theater magnate. While Rothafel sat in the reception room at the Loew offices a somewhat ardent and earnest conversation was going on within. Some of the large jagged chunks of the debate filtered through the door. Rothafel listened a moment and reached for his hat. He did not wait to mention the gross estimate of $300,000 runaway and abruptly into the engagement which held him in New York for the bigger opportunity to come. He opened the Regent Theater in One Hundred and Sixth Street, one of the most pretentious motion picture theaters of the pre-Broadway period. There he remained until the coming of the Strand. Rothafel is marked for attention as one of the most important contributors to the art of the motion picture theater. The art of the motion picture and the art of the screen theater are not identical. There is a present that is a hybrid art product, made of pictures, lights, color and music, variously manipulated.

The Rise of the Modern Picture House

The motion picture industry of today is supported by the development of this same hybrid art. In a very accurate sense the motion picture studio is merely a contributor of only one of the major components of the art of the screen theater. And of this one component only to view any picture, no matter how great a picture, with a typical group on a cold screen, that is, without the presentation arrangements, including music. It is relatively simple to reduce the lines of a play in your library as compared with seeing and hearing that same play performed on stage.

The presentation arrangements which create, supplement and intensify the emotional appeal of the picture have made the motion picture industry of today. These same factors are the guarantors that the motion picture theater will stand forever against the increasing competition of the motion picture in the home, school and church. Rothafel is the chief exponent of the art of the screen theater and of his presentation. His personal stamp is on every important motion picture theater on Broadway. He successfully opened the Rialto, the R.T.R., all over the country from a initial disadvantage in other hands into a profitable success.

Presentation of "The Spoilers"
The Strand opened with "The Spoilers," a nine reel production of the novel which has been adapted from the Selig studios, and the Pathé news reel. "The Spoilers" has proved to be one of the significant productions of the motion picture. The Strand was somewhat too crowded to give the entire picture the attention it received. The story of "The Birth of a Nation," which came a few months after, the methods of theater exploitation and road show advertising for "The Birth of a Nation," were calculated to bring more impressive attention from high places. But if the box office totals of both pictures were available for comparison it is probable that "The Birth of a Nation," would make a much greater impression after showing than is generally suspected. "The Spoilers" has since been sold to the state's rights markets for redistribution three times, each time for larger profits and more favorableness.

The original distribution of "The Spoilers," although made by the Selig concern of the General Film Company group, went out to the independent state's rights market because the old licensed concern, still committed to producing film, did not have the merchandising machinery to handle so great a picture.

The cast of "The Spoilers" includes some names of celebrity, among them William Farnum, Kathryn Williams, Bessie Eyton, and Kenneth Harlan, but the real star of the picture was Rex Beach who chose Farnum for the role of Roy Glennister. The great fight scene of "The Spoilers" conferred a screen fame on Farnum that was not set a fashion both in screen fights and scenarios. It was followed by a long sequence of pictures of Ahlken setting, most notable of which was "A Romance of Dan McGrew," with Edmund Breese.

Rex Beach, as Author, Gets First Film Royalties Contract

"The Spoilers" was remade by Jesse D. Hampton in 1913, with Milton Sills in the fighting role of Roy Glennister.

The making of "The Spoilers" was attributed in part to Rex Beach who dealt often with John Fribyl, the literary buyer for Selig. They discussed the story for months. Beach was being most canny. He demanded $2.50 for a mere story, it was an appalling figure. Fribyl and Selig were shocked. Authors were going to get expensive. It was firm and insistant. Presently they compromised and gave Beach a story arrangement. This brought Beach something close to a fortune for his story. It is the first time any one has pictured a portion of a royalty arrangement with an author. It has remained as probably the only one that proved entirely satisfactory to the author. It is only when the picture has been released that the picture is a success, and the author and his representative share in the success of the picture. Rex Beach was beaten to the market, he was the first to get a Check, a picture that was right out of the real world, a story of the stage and an entertainment that was not a melodrama. beach, who was a successful playwright, was in a position to deal with any one that offered him a commission, and he had more than one.

Metropolitan Daily Starts Serious Reviews

The same Walter Howey, city editor of the Chicago Tribune, who has been a powerful influence and influence for the motion picture department. It began with a merely narrative and news treatment of the pictures appearing at Madison Street theaters. It is now one of the most influential columns in the Tribune. It is not possible to cover the large number of pictures pouring in the program flood. Miss Audrie Alspaugh became Lawson's assistant, and when a few months later she came to a tragic death in an accident at the Chicago Press Club, she succeeded to the charge of the department. Miss Alspaugh wrote under the pseudonym of Kitty Kelly, because the new popular idea of the Tribune seemed to demand...
To Enjoy Vacation Most

Take Kotex with you—indispensable for summer daintiness

SUMMER daintiness may now be yours—this new sure way. Now wear your fi

While traveling, too, Kotex gives security, freedom from embarrassment, women have never known before. A protection which today has been adopted by eight out of ten women in the better walks of life.

Kotex makes vacation all vacation. Enjoy every day, carefree, untroubled.

Kotex absorbs 16 times its weight in moisture, instantly. It is 5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton, yet light-weight, cool. And discarded as easily as tissue. Now recommended by doctors and used in every hospital.

Kotex can be bought at all drug and department stores. Comes 12 to a package in two sizes—Regular and Kotex-Super.

KOTEX
Wise Miss Mary knew better. The serial picture could do nothing for her. She was the famous player of Famous Players. But the serial offered actress Adolph Zukor some 150,000 hours and raised the salary of Miss Pickford to $4,000 a week.

Meanwhile the serial makers were bent on having the lady agree to their advertising campaign.

A Successful Scenario Contest

The scenario contest brought in exactly 10,003 alleged scenario offerings. They filled a room in the Tribune building and kept two filing clerks busy for two months. The first nineteen thousand of the stories offered did not contain an idea. The contest was all but an end, with no possible material in sight, when from the last mail bag before the fatal closing tick of the clock at the appointed hour, came a most curiously decorated envelope. It was large and most corpulent. The corners were diagonally smeared with red paint. A newspaperman seized upon it and tore it open. The script was from the volatile type-writer of Roy L. McCardell, author of the Jarr Family, an intermittent feature appearing in the New York World. McCardell's scenario was the only professional offering in the contest.

McCardell won the ten thousand dollars.

The scenario was expanded and variously reconstructed by him into a full sixty reels of continuity with thirty assorted punches occurring at the end of each of the thirty installments; thus was a remarkable piece of literary enduement.

It is interesting to recall from the early chapters of this story's history, that back in the peep show days of 1895, this same Roy McCardell became perhaps the first scenario writer, with his contribution of plot for the little one-minute pictures produced by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company. Roy L. McCardell is the author of the shortest and the longest scenarios in the history of the art.

Long and weighty counsels were held over the title of this mighty serial. The title of "The Great Stanley Secret" looked like the winner for a long time, but in the end Max Annenberg, the circulation manager of the Tribune, triumphed as usual. His choice was "The Diamond from the Sky.”

The picture went into production at the American Film Company's studio at Santa Barbara, where for months the heroine played opposite Lottie Pickford.

An Astonishing Sick Bed Recovery

Every one on the lot developed considerable temperament and about midway of the serial, Cummings took to his bed with a temperature and a delicate inference that he would not be better until things went more to his liking.

It was an impasse. The hero had deadlocked the production.

McCardell, busy at the studio trying to keep the working script one lap ahead of the director, came to the rescue.

The author called on Cummings to offer sympathy in his illness. "And, by the way," he remarked, "I've had to change the story. In the next installment there will be a picture of a tombstone and a new made grave. The name of your part will be on the stone."

Cummings recovered rapidly. "The Diamond from the Sky" was directed by William D. Tanner, also known as Taylor, the picturesque and curious English adventurer who became the centre of the unsolved murder mystery of Hollywood in 1921.

When the World War broke August 2, 1914, this motion picture star and the top heights of a career on Broadway, was not even slightly shocked. The industry was not yet closely enough organized to have a well-related nervous system. The man was slightly aware of the war from minor incidental
effects. The United States was probably nearly 75 per cent of the motion picture industry of the world. Export and import were not considerable in relation to the whole.

Foreign export contracts, especially those for the Teuton territories, were cancelled rather promptly. The motion picture turned unconsciously and automatically to an intensive exploitation of the home field. When Europe came to buy munitions the wage earners became temporarily, always rich and extravagant supporters of the motion picture theater. This served as a tremendous stimulus to the art. The price scale began to climb from the studio to the box office. In 1915 we find Adolph Zukor of Famous Players seeking to limit the showing of his pictures to theaters charging a minimum of twenty-five cents admission, which was another way of saying that the theaters must pay more for his pictures. Competition was making the prices for the best materials of the motion picture costly, conspicuously among them Mary Pickford's services.

It is typical of the motion picture world that its first considerable sensation derived from the war was an annoyance and alarm at the immediate shortage of Hall's metal, a coal tar derivative developing agent of the picture. Metal was in short supply. The German manufacturer and the laboratories had settled to a routine orthodox use of it. Other developers just as methodically began to look for expert photochemists that were available in ample quantities, but the price of German metal went skyrocketing. Some hysteric laboratories paid its weight in gold for that precious, grime-covered A. B.'s, and sales at from $80 to $100 a pound were common.

The Avalanche of War Films

In August the motion picture screen had little need to say for the war. In September came a flood of titles: "War is Hell," "With Serb and Austrian," "The Battling British," "The Tyranny of the Mad Cat," "The War of War," "The Last Volunteer," "A Born Warrior," "The Kaiser Challenges," "The Great War of Europe," "European Armies in Action," "Kaiser Wilhelm," "Germania," "England's Manacle." Largely these pictures were assemblies of scenes taken in military parades and maneuvers of the pre-war days. Old subjects, anything with a military flavor, were resurrected from the film vaults, among them Lubin's "The Battle of Shiloh," and an antique drama entitled "The Strife Eternal," a version of the War of the Roses. "Under Fire in Mexico" came out of the mothballs. The warloves of Europe had not yet discovered the necessity of the means of making war; they were propagandists for an unwar. That was soon to come, but meanwhile the military censorship lid went on the camera rapidly.

The first important, and importantly authentic, pictures of the war came through the combined enterprise of a news photographer and a newspaper, with a bit of romantic adventure that takes us again to Chicago.

W. F. Weigel was a newspaper photographer who had been employed on several Chicago papers. While in the service of the Chicago Tribune in 1913, when open and avowed war with Mexico seemed to impend, Weigel determined to go to the front, in the event there should be a front. He haunted the newspapers seeking an assignment. The Tribune did not take either Weigel or Mexico that seriously. But Weigel proved a person of resources. He had a large diamond ring, considerably too large for a Chicago newspaper photographer of 1913. Weigel parted company with the ring, borrowed a motion picture camera from a friend, Harold Brown, then connected with the Chicago Herald, took a leave of absence from the Tribune and headed south bearing such credentials as he could accumulate on the way. He was a war correspondent out looking for his war to happen.

"The Affair at Tampico"

Not understanding the science of the stars which guide the destinies of mankind and

![Photoplay Magazine - Advertising Section](image-url)

**Fine Photographs of Stars Only 25c Each**

**YOU** can now secure exclusive photographs of your favorite players at a minimum cost. By arrangement with some of the best photographers in the country Photoplay Magazine has inaugurated a new service by which you can purchase, at a low price REAL PHOTOGRAPHS of film favorites. These are the pick of all the photographs made during the month, the ones of such high quality that they are reproduced in the special rotogravure pages of the magazine.

You can secure the following portraits reproduced in the rotogravure pages of this issue: Mae Marsh Armes, Ronald Colman, Anita Stewart, Thelma Hill, and Florence Vidor. And these from last month's issue: Clara Bow, Gloria Swanson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pickford, Alma Rubens, and Janine Johnston.

These photographs are fine prints on special heavy photographic paper, 8 by 10 inches in size. The price mailed is 25 cents for each photograph.

Address Photo Editor, Photoplay Magazine

221 West 57th St., New York City
Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

**Do this for sunburn**

Don't spoil a good time!

After a lazy hour on the beach, a speedy hour on the tennis court, or a round of golf, splash the burned skin freely with Absorbine, Jr. It cools and soothes instantly—takes out all the soreness and inflammation. And the next day only a slightly deeper coat of tan as a reminder of the day's sport.

Absorbine, Jr. is not greasy. It does not show. Its clean, agreeable odor quickly disappears. It may be used on the most delicate skin.

And for those troublesome insect bites Absorbine, Jr. coldly and instantly stops the pain, the inflammation and the swelling.

**At all druggists**, $1.25, or portrait Libras, $2.95, postpaid

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**$1.oo down!**

Balance in easy monthly payments. The 21 Jewel Studebaker

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**65 Different Art Beauty**

Chains or links in silver, gold or platinum. May be changed by users.

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**Delica Kissproof Lipstick**

will make your lips more alluring, intriguing and lovely. The color is new and so luminously natural it defies detection. It's waterproof!

**KISSPROOF! LIPSTICK!**

If you have the mirror and apply this latest creation, you will behold lips more beautiful than you ever knew you were.

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Delica Laboratorists, Inc., 1406, 4000 Broadway, Chicago

Send me a generous sample of Delica Kissproof Lipstick with sample bottle of Hol niece-Howe, the original liquid dressing for darkening the lashes and brows. I ordon for packing and mailing.

---

**The German Side of the War**

The picture, entitled "The German Side of the War," opened September 29, 1915, at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. It is an opening with a bang. No attraction before or since has had the record of such a sensation in so short a time. The lines waiting the attention of the box office extended for four blocks.

The mad rush to the German war pictures was so impatiently tense that ticket scalpers, unable to supply the demand, turned to the box office, went down the long lines selling strip soda checks to the unsuspecting.

It was the first chance that the German population of New York had to see anything on the screen that admitted there were two sides to the war.

It was also the last chance.

The pictures attained a similar success in Chicago.

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**The Germans began, somewhat belatedly, to plan for motion picture propaganda in the United States. The American Correspondent Film Co. of Boston, Conn., a newly organized concern, in August of 1915 admitted a propaganda arrangement with Austria and Germany, and entered into America and offered for release. They were clumsily photographed and more clumsily edited. They attained no circulation of importance. They, however, bring the concern under the attention of Allied agents in New York, and after the United States had gone into the war, in May, 1918, Felix Muller, and Carl Schulte, Secretary of the company, were sentenced to prison on conviction of violation of divers and sundry war laws. Other more craftily engineered pictures escaped official attention, but none of them were of any important service to the German cause.

The French, with plans for the exploitation of films in the Allied countries, were early in the field with films of the Allied side of the war, and Britain followed rather closely. None of the war pictures of this period or later are of any particular significance to the student of the art of the motion picture. The war pictures were all glorified topicalists, embodying no technique beyond that of the everyday reel. They were cut by the war cortex, and the propaganda picture makers of the war, on every and all sides, were about as effective as Villa, but not so picturesque.

**Ineptual War Propaganda**

A small and inconsequential amount of film propaganda work started in all of the neutral countries in 1915. Occasionally the opposed agents met and clashed. In Peking in September of that year a Chinese and Americans working on an English theater in Peking and confiscated a copy of a picture based on the sinking of the Lusitania. In Peru, in August, 1915, a German theater was wrecked by a mob for censoring some aspects of a French film.

Allied and German propaganda met on the screen in Switzerland, which was, of course, thronged with the agents of every combatant and many of the neutrals. On a screen in Geneva the agents of the Allies first saw "The Cruise of the Moewe," a veracious account of the capture of the German cruiser Emden. The agents were so interested that they used the picture for use in internal propaganda, to give their own people courage by the sight of German triumphs at sea. The showing at Geneva was a mistake, however, for the Emden had an inamorata, fair but not without price. She had another gallant friend who was a chauffeur, and the chauffeur in turn had yet another chauffeur in his employ. It was thus this line of friendships and drove his campaign on bearings of gold with champagne lubrication. One day in May, 1920, the diplomatic postcard, reflecting the humiliation of New York, which included a considerable package under seal of Captain Ariel Vargass, addressed to Edgar B. Hatrick, general manager of the National Motion Picture Corp., 228 William Street, New York. "The Cruise of the Moewe" had arrived.

**A Film That Should Have Made a Sensation**

This picture should have been a screen sensation in the United States. Heats insisted that its most dramatic portions be inserted in the International News reel, instead.
of offering the picture for exploitation as a special feature. In the newsreel it was lost. The motion picture theater views the newsreel as a mere filler on the program, nothing more. The motion picture market is never aware of unproclaimed merit. "The Cruise of the Moewe" was not proclaimed.

Second only to the Moewe picture was "The Log of the U-35," a German propaganda picture also for internal use. Back of that cruel and beautiful one-reel gem of motion picture art is a real life plot of novel dimensions.

Back in 1870, in the Franco-Prussian war, one Captain de la Perrier of the French army was taken prisoner by the Germans and carried away to a camp in upper Lorraine. When the war was over he had forgotten the illies of France for a German frauise. They were wed and lived happily ever after in the Mediterranean, young Lieutenant Armand de la Perrier was in command of Unterseebote 35.

Make Hearts Leap

to the Spell of Your Beauty

Have skin that lures with its smoothness.....
Legs and arms others envy...Make this test now.

No longer hampered by old-fashioned conventions of sedativeness and inactivity, the American girl is reviving the type of beauty admired by the ancient Greeks—the ideal of an active, supple body.

Today's vogue has decreed that women's arms shall be conspicuous and free, alike in the great outdoors and in the drawing room. Underarm hair has become a positive disfigurement, and many women promptly and thoughtlessly adopted shaving, without regard for the inconvenience and the fact that it brings in a quicker and harsher growth.

Neet, on the other hand, offers a safe, certain, pleasant and feminine method of keeping the armpits white, smooth and free from distressing hair. One application of this velvety fragrant cream enables you to rinse the hair away. No heating is necessary, no mixing—it is all ready just as you squeeze it from the tube. You apply NEET, then water, that's all. It's the simplest, quickest method known.

Make This Easy Test

Go to any drug or department store—purchase the generous tube of Neet for only 50c, apply according to simple directions enclosed. So sure are we of what Neet can do for you that if you are not thrilled by the soft, hair-free loveliness of your skin, you may return the unused portion of the tube to the store and the store's authority for cheerfully refunding you the full amount paid. We will refund the store the full retail price, plus postage necessary to return package to us. If you follow the simple directions you positively cannot fail. If your favorite drug or department store is, for the moment, out of Neet, send the coupon with 5c, and a generous tube will be mailed you at once.

Neet

Removes hair easily

The Grimmest Realism Ever Known

One member of his staff was a motion picture cameraman equipped and assigned to a recording of the feats of the U-35. The magnificent and terrible record of war and destruction at sea, made under the direction of Lt. de la Perrier, is a screen memorial to this Franco-Prussian's artistry. The screen has seen no more capable handling of the pictorial possibilities of the sea. De la Perrier's log and his pictures show that he maneuvered for days to get an enemy sailing vessel under full canvas and satisfactorily back-lighted. Then he sank her against the sun of the dawn, ensign flying, at the forepeak and in the sea, gilded by the streaming low angle light.

"The Log of the U-35" also came into the hands of the Allies, some months after the signing of the Armistice. One copy went to London and from the war office into the film trade through Sir William Jury. Copies came to the United States. A conflict of ownership of rights arose and a considerable disillusion. But it was of no consequence. The war was over and the motion picture industry and its public did not care about any story of yesterday.

In the next chapter we shall see how Charles Chaplin's growing fame became a force in picture evolution, and trace the curious tale of the moving picture sequel to the fight in Havana where Jack Johnson lost to the White Hope, Jess Willard.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Midnight Alarm

JOE SCHENCK, noted producer and husband of Norma Talmadge, is looking for a chance to get even with Mike Levey, who owns the United Studios and who also produces pictures.

Here's the story:

While lunching together one day the two decided they needed more exercise. So they resolved to walk home from the studio each night. They were to meet at six in Levey's office.

Schenck didn't appear at the appointed time and Levey found out from the gateman that he had left the studio by automobile. Levey walked home and at midnight sent Schenck a telegram, which got both him and Norma out of bed at two in the morning.

"Will you be much later?" it read. "I am still waiting for you in my office but getting sleepy. What will I do?"

Schenck's answer can't be printed.

THE GRIMMEST REALISM EVER KNOWN


to the Spell of Your Beauty

Have skin that lures with its smoothness.....
Legs and arms others envy...Make this test now.

No longer hampered by old-fashioned conventions of sedateness and inactivity, the American girl is reviving the type of beauty admired by the ancient Greeks—the ideal of an active, supple body.

Today's vogue has decreed that women's arms shall be conspicuous and free, alike in the great outdoors and in the drawing room. Underarm hair has become a positive disfigurement, and many women promptly and thoughtlessly adopted shaving, without regard for the inconvenience and the fact that it brings in a quicker and harsher growth.

Neet, on the other hand, offers a safe, certain, pleasant and feminine method of keeping the armpits white, smooth and free from distressing hair. One application of this velvety fragrant cream enables you to rinse the hair away. No heating is necessary, no mixing—it is all ready just as you squeeze it from the tube. You apply NEET, then water, that's all. It's the simplest, quickest method known.

Make This Easy Test

Go to any drug or department store—purchase the generous tube of Neet for only 50c, apply according to simple directions enclosed. So sure are we of what Neet can do for you that if you are not thrilled by the soft, hair-free loveliness of your skin, you may return the unused portion of the tube to the store and the store's authority for cheerfully refunding you the full amount paid. We will refund the store the full retail price, plus postage necessary to return package to us. If you follow the simple directions you positively cannot fail. If your favorite drug or department store is, for the moment, out of Neet, send the coupon with 5c, and a generous tube will be mailed you at once.

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Corrects all disliked noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at once. It is a superior safe and guaranteed patent device which gives you a perfect looking nose wherever you are.

For years recommended by physicians. 10 years of experience in manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your service. Model 25 Junior for children.

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DRAWING IS A WAY TO FORTUNE

All Hafed, a Persian farmer, sold his acres to go out and seek his fortune. He who 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 afield 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!

Earn $200.00 to $500.00 a Month and More
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.

THE FEDERAL SCHOOL IS A PROVEN RESULT GETTER
It is the only Home Study Course which has been built up by a group of known artists,—Isidore Smith, Nyes McMein, Norman Rockwell, Clare Briggs, Charles Livingston Bunn and Fontaine Fox among them.

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If you like to draw you should read this free book before deciding on your life's work. It tells about illustrating as a highly paid, fascinating profession and about the famous artists who have built the Federal School. We will also send you a sample lesson by which you can test your skill. Just tear out this ad, write your name and address on it and mail it to us today. We will send you the lesson and a free sample of our work—sent flat, written with the pen so that you can study it right now while you are thinking about it.

The Discovery of Jobyna Ralston

While with this show Jobyna had the most terrifying experience of her life. It was in Boston. She had just arrived and was to rehearse Sunday morning at the Tremont Theater. She made a mistake and got into the Tremont Theatre. She was through the 'ack door, thinking it was the stage entrance, she walked right out into the pulpit where the minister was preaching. The audience gaped at Jobyna's appearance, and the amzed divine blurted, "Who are you?"

"I'm—I'm a show girl," announced Jobyna nervously. 'Aren't 'Two Little Girls in Blue' rehearsing here?"
The pastor made it plain that "Two Little Girls in Blue" were not. And Jobyna tottered timidly out the back door into the alley. "I felt so sinful," confided Jobyna. "I nearly died."
I don't know what to predict about such a shy young adventuress as Jobyna, who at fifteen left the Tenement Mountains for a career in the wild city, who made good almost instantly in pictures and who now asks breathlessly, "Who is Hedda Gabler—and what is Pola Negri like?"
But she unquestionably has arrived. After a short period in one-reel comedies with Hal Roach she came under Lloyd's direction in "Why Worry?" scoring indelibly in "Girl Shy."
I have never seen a more sensitive face. Expression over everything else. It is like the ripples in a pond. She's a bit of quick-silver. Never still for a moment. A shy, delicate little thing out of the Tennessee mountains, who acts entirely by implication and instinct. And the harglow nest with her mother, father and brother.
A wholesome, engaging, natural bit of fluff that's liable to be waltzed far.

Pictures? Oh, Pshaw!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

"Oh, I had a string of weighty guessing machines at Coney Island, and then, of course, I've turned plains.
"That explains everything. Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?"
"I didn't think I was getting experience at the time," he assured me.
"After a while, I worked my way to Liverpool on a horse boat, and worked my way back in the cook's room on the steamer Haverton. Then I went to Atlantic City."
"How did you happen to go on the stage?"
"I fell in love with a chorus girl. 'The Mimic World' was having a tryout in Atlantic City, and I saw her in it. After that I went every day and followed the show to Wilmington, and then to New York. By that time I knew every athlete on the stage. He's an excellent roller."
In his shoes looked it. He is a clever amateur boxer, and he proves that in "The Great White Way." He has played semi-professional baseball and he has been the billiard champion of the Lambs and Friars clubs.
He likes to do "stunts," and runs to the Fairbanks type of acting.
He sings in French, and doesn't mind admitting he doesn't speak a word, but just learned it off without knowing what it meant.
He likes pictures now and is going to make more of them. He's a friend of Jack Holt and Thomas Meighan. He belongs.

Warm Weather Demands a Rouge—

that is permanent. It must have a light, free flush cream base in order to spread easily and smoothly. PERT, the modern ROUGE, fills this need. And at the moment it touches your skin it changes as if by magic, from a deep orange to a youthful and natural rosy which blends perfectly with your own color.

For the woman who prefers a more brilliant coloring we have added a deep shade of ROSE. A jar of PERT contains a two months' supply, 75c. Use a PERT waterproof LIPSTICK to harmonize with PERT ROUGE. Obtainable at drug or department stores or by mail.

Send a dime today for a generous sample of PERT ROUGE.

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241 West 17th Street
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Free Tube

Make those simples or blisters go away. How many times have you been bothered by your skin? Your skin was without blemish, what would you give for a cool, clear, velvety skin?

D. D. D.

Emollient Cream

Write for FREE TRIAL TUBE on a free trial basis. In each tube: Cream and a dime coupon. No obligation. Be instant relief on your skin. We guarantee your satisfaction.

Free D. D. D. Co., Dept. 1172 845 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

Don't DEFEND on Cosmetics

Lot powder and rouge be luxurious, not necessaries. Keep your skin in glowing health, soft and clear with Almomeal. Use it like soap. Then do what you please about the dainty aids to lovesomeness. Ask your dealer.

DR. PALMER'S ALMOMEAL

Almomeal Compound

Send 10c for large sample package.

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Palmer's

The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No Weusa, Booklets free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
“THE SEA HAWK” — FIRST NATIONAL. — From the story by Rafael Sabatini. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Cast: Sir Oliver Tressillian and Cade—Ralph Gilbert; Milton Sills; Rosamond Gold- ing, his fiance, Enid Bennett; Master Lionel Tressillian, Lloyd Hughes; Master Peter Godol-phin, Wallace MacDonald; Sir John Kilgrew, Hugh Marlowe; Sir James Warington, Marc MacDermott; Mr. Eustace Arundell, Jasper Leigh, a highwayman, Wallace Beery; Asad- di-Khan, basha of Algiers, Frank Currier; Fentiketh, his wife, Mme. Medea Radzina; Lady Bijou, Medea Radzina; Jaffar, Robert speculative, Bert Woodruff; Oliver’s young son, Master Walter Wilkinson; Bishop, Henry Barrows; Chief Justice of England, Edwards Crean; Prince Louis Du Roy, Boontrim; Robert Spencer; Turkish Merchant, Theodore Lorch; Sir Walter, Andrew Johnston.

“WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND” — PARAMOUNT. — Story by Zane Grey. Scenario by George C. Hull and Victor Irving. Directed by Irving Willat. The cast: Eamon Lacey, Jack Holt; Madagore Vibe, Kathryn Williams; Mr. Virey, George Irving; Ruth Virey, Billie Dove; Dismukes, Noah Beery; Gerard Lacey, James Mason; Calhoun, Richard R. Neill; Alex Mackey, James Gordon; Merry- vals, William Carroll; Camp Doctor, Willard Cooley.

“THE SIGNAL TOWER” — UNIVERSAL-SUPER-JEWEL. — From the story by Wads- worth Camp. Scenario by James O. Spearing. Directed by Russell Hitchcock. Cast: Jack Brown, Ben Lyon; Mark, Luther Adler; Sarah, Virginia Valli; Paul, John Beery Jr.; Gus, Warren Hamilton; Katy, Helen West; Rose, Dorothy Farnum; Joe, Stan Deacon; Wallace Beery; Old Bill, James O. Barrows; Pete, J. Farrell MacDonald; Gertie, Dot Farley.


“THE MOTHER” — FIRST NATIONAL. — From the story by Loila Forrester. Adapted by Albert Shelby Le Vino. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast: John Lynch. Directed by Alan Crosland. Cast: John Neumann, Belle Johnson, Rosamond Tate, Lawford Davidson, Mary Tate, Hedda Hopper; David Forbes, J. Barney Sherry; Verneous Forbes, Lucy Fox; Grant North, Ben-jamin Finney, Jr.

“WHEN MEN LEAVE HOME” — FIRST NATIONAL. — From the stage success by Averell Dodge. Directed by M. Stahl. The cast: John Emerson, Lewis Stone; Irene Emerson, Helena Chadwick; Grandson Sutton, Mary Carr; Grandson Sutton, William M. Jones; Jean Emerson, Rosemary DeCamp; Edna Lutyen, Hedda Hopper; Sam Netlesoff, Sidney Bracy; Betty Phillips; Ilia Leslie; Arthur Phillips; E. H. Calvert; Dr. Howard; True Sanders.

“HOLD YOUR BREATH” — W. H. HOPKINSON COR. — From the story by Frank Roland Conkin. Directed by Scott Sidney. Photographed by Gus Peterson and Alexander Phillips. The cast: The Girl, Dorothy Devore; Her Father, Walter Hiers; The Eccentric Collector, Tully Marshall; Proprietor of Beauty Parlors, Jimmie Adams; The Sister, Priscilla Bonner; Her Husband, Jimmie Harrison; City Editor, Lincoln Plumer; The Hairdresser, Patricia Palmer; The Customer, Rosa Gore; Another Customer, Jay Belasco; The Mayor, George Pierre; Oil Salesman, Victor Rodman; Policeman, Bud Fine; Detective, Eddie Baker; Street Merchant, Max Davidson; Color Boy, Douglass Carter.

“THE FIRE PATROL” — CHADWICK PICTURES CORPORATION. — Adapted from the stage play by William de Larey. Directed by Hunt Stromberg. The cast: In the Prologue—Mary Ferguson, Anna Q. Nilsson; Captain John Ferguson, William Jeffries; Colin Ferguson, Dennis Moore; George Ferguson, Jack Richardson. Eighteen years later—Molly Thatchet, Mabel Bellamy; Emma Thatchet, Helen Jerome Edly; Captain John Ferguson, Samuel Wilson; John Ferguson, Watterson; John Ferguson, Johann; "Butch" Anderson, Jack Richardson; Alice Masters, Gale Henry; The Village Belle, Frances Ross; Members of the Fire Patrol, Charles Murray, Chester Conkin, Bull Montana, Hank Man, Bill Franey.

“THE TURMOIL” — UNIVERSAL-JEWEL. — From the story by Booth Tarkington. Scenario by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Hobart Bosworth. Photographed by Charles Stumar. The cast: Bibbs Sherlock, George Hackathorne; James Sheridan, Sr., Emmet Corrigan; Donald Bayard, Robby Robinson; Mrs. Vrtrees, Kitty Bradbury; Jim Sheridan, Jr., Theodore Von Eltz; Roscoe Sheridan, Edward Hearne; Sybil Sheridan, Edleen Percy; Edith Sherlock, Pauline Carson; Mrs. Sheridan, Vic- tor Bateman.

“THE WHITE MOTH” — FIRST NATIONAL. — From the story by Loila Forrester. Adapted by Albert Shelby Le Vino. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast: John Lynch. Directed by Alan Crosland. Cast: John Neumann, Belle Johnson, Rosamond Tate, Lawford Davidson, Mary Tate, Hedda Hopper; David Forbes, J. Barney Sherry; Verneous Forbes, Lucy Fox; Grant North, Benjamin Finney, Jr.

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Scenario by Eve Unsell. Directed by Eddie Cline. The cast: Billy Benton, Joe Butterworth, Judge Farrar; Daughter, Mary Jane Irving; John Benson, Forrest Robinson; Mrs. Benson, Lucy Beaumont; Sidney Marin, Arthur Hull; Walter Howe, Richard Wayne; Judge Farrar, Edwards Davis; Browne, by himself.


**NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE**—F. B. O.—From the stage play by W. G. Williams & G. G. Collins. Directed by Alexander Butler. The cast: Napoleon Bonaparte, Gwydion Evans; Marie Louise, Mary Daley; Stephanie De Boucharde, Lilian Hall-Davis; Marguerite Talleyrand, Minister of the Interior, Jerrald Robertson; Marquis de Beaumont, Gerald Ames; Old Grimmer, Tom Reynolds; General Angera, Robert Lang; Josephine, Gertrude McCoy.

**THE SPIRIT OF THE U. S. A.**—F. B. O.—Story and scenario by Mrs. Emilie Johnson. Directed by Emory Johnson. Photography by Ross Fisher and Leon Eycke. The cast: Johanne Gains, Johanne Walker; Mary Gains, Mary Carpenter; Carl Dale; Jim Fuller, Dave Kirby; John J. Burrows, Mark Fenton; Zelda Burrows, Rosemary Cooper; Otto Schultz, William S. Hooser; Gregorin Grey, David Grey; Silas Cuyler, Edith Edwards; Little Johnnie, Dickie Brandon; Little Silas, Newton House.

**THE DANGEROUS COWARD**—F. B. O.—Story and scenario by Marion Jackson. Directed by Albert Rogell. Photography by Ross Fisher. The cast: Wildcat Rea, Frank Hagney; Louriea, Lillian St. Aidan; The Hungry, Jim Corey; David McGinn, Andrew Arbuscell; May McGinn, Hazel Keener; Red O'Hara, David Kirby; Batting Benson, Al Kaufman; Bob Tread, Fred Thomson; Silver King, by himself.

**BROADWAY OR BUST!**—Universe—Story by Edward Sedgwick and R. L. Schrock. Scenario by Dorothy Yost. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: Dave Holles, Hoot Gibson; Virginia Redding, Ruth Dwyer; Jeff Peters, King Zany; Mrs. Dean-Smith, Gertrude Astor; Count Dardanella, Fred Malatesta.

**A SON OF THE SAHARA**—First National—From the novel by Louise Gerster. Directed by Edwin Carewe. Cast: Barbara, Claire Windsor; Rosal le Breton (Cassim Amou); Bert Varet; Capt. Duvad, Walter McGraff; Rayama, Rosemary Thely; Sultan Cassim Amou; Colonel Barber, Montagu Love; Cassim Sr.'s Lieutenant, Cassim Jr.'s Lieutenant, and Aubrielle, Paul Panzer; Rosal as a boy, Georges Cheba; Annette le Breton, Mlle. Maresi Dorval.

**WESTERN LUCK**—Fox—Story and scenario by Robert Lee. Directed by George Beranger. The cast: Larry Campbell, Charles Jones; Betty Gray, Beatrice Burnham; James T. Smith, Pat O'Connor; June Pearson, Lingham; "Chick" Campbell, J. Farrell McDonald; Mrs. Pearson, Edith Kennick; Leonard Pearson, Bruce Gordon.

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Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

20 go on to Rome with Marcus Loew to consult, upon the further “shooting” of “Ben-Hur.”

Blanche Sweet preceded Mr. Neill to New York and will accompany her husband-director abroad. New York Sweet found time to look at an old print of her famous Griffith-Biograph production, “Judith of Bethulia.” “I never had the courage to look at it again, all these years,” she explains. “The critics have come to build a sort of legend around it and I have always feared to see it, believing that my work had been terribly overestimated. Now I know!”

“NOW,” said Hobart Henley, the director. “Everyone on his toes. This is the big scene. In fact, this is the vortex of the picture.”

A foreign lady who was lending atmosphere as a cousin in a book was attacked curiously. “What’s the matter?” Henley shouted. “Don’t you know what a vortex is?”

“Sure, now I know,” she said with a bland smile. “I remember—it’s the extra cent you pay for a ten-cent admission ticket.”

It is whispered in the colony that all is not well between Priscilla Dean and her husband, Wheeler Oakman. The reason is unknown. If ever they are seen out together these days, and the filing of divorce proceedings by either would cause little surprise among their friends. Neither Wheeler nor Priscilla has communicative on the subject, and both point out that they are still living under the same roof. Still, their home in Beverly Hills—where they both spend the rest of their lives there without once encountering each other if it was their desire not to meet. And this is just the condition which rumor says exists.

Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge’s husband, is known as “the invincible power” in motion pictures. He has been interested directly or indirectly in nearly all the big film corporations. Mr. Schenck says that the producers are unable to meet the demand for pictures, and predict a lack of activity until the immediate months. Louis B. Mayer, head of the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer combines, states that his company will spend over $5,000,000 on production in the next six months. This new organization has four stars: Ramon Novarro, Mae Murray, Jackie Coogan and Laurette Taylor. The directors under contract are: Victor Fleming, Frank B. Bickford, Marshall Neilan, Fred Niblo, Clarence Badger, Monte Bell, Reginald Barker, Charles Brabin, Chet Franklin, Elinor Glyn, Rupert Hughes, Robert Z. Leonard, Victor Seastrom, Victor Schertzinger, King Vidor, John M. Stahl, Hugo Ballin, Robert G. Vignola, and Eric von Stroheim.

One of the most interesting rumors that has circulated in Hollywood recently is that Monte Bell, the young director whose work is creating such a sensation in the color films, is now, to make a picture from Pappe’s “Life of Christ.”

The only thing that might stand in the way is the problem of casting. Nevertheless, a picture might not be a box-office attraction. Critics seem to feel that it would and are encouraging Monte to go ahead with it. It would be interesting to know how the fans feel about it.

Will Rogers “covered” the Republican National Convention in Cleveland for the New York Journal. Reporters present, Mr. Rogers had the most recognized face at the convention, second only to that of William Jennings Bryan. Rogers says he got the thrill of his life when some one rushed up and seized his hand, saying: “I want you to know that I’ve long been an admirer of your literary work!”

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Have You Wondered Why Some Toilet Goods Clerks So Persistently Push One Line?

A REPRESENTATIVE of the Federal Trade Commission made an address at the last convention of the National Association of Toilet Goods Manufacturers calling their attention to a situation which threatens the good faith between department stores and their customers. Now that the spotlight has been turned on this evil practice which has grown up slowly, it must inevitably disappear.

Many women have, no doubt, been at a loss to understand the persistent and often adroit methods by which clerks at toilet goods counters in department stores attempt to make them take some brand other than the one they had intended. They are frequently irritated by this, but how completely they would resent it if they knew the real facts. The young woman who is trying to substitute is not an unbiased clerk of the store but, in truth, the employe of a manufacturer masquerading as a clerk.

In a great many department stores of this country the salaries of all the clerks at the toilet goods counter are paid by individual manufacturers. The advantage to the manufacturer is that the young woman so employed will divert to his brand all wavering or undecided customers, and within the limits laid down by the store rules switch from other brands.

There can be no objections to the open demonstrator. She often serves to perform a useful demonstrating and sampling job. But the hidden demonstrator—who masquerades as an unprejudiced clerk speaking in the interests of the store and with its authority—tends to break down the good will that is the greatest fundamental asset which the department store possesses.

As a result of the address a resolution was passed recommending that members of the association employing demonstrators identify them by means of a badge so that customers will know the girl is an employe of the manufacturer and not of the store and her opinion on products will be received in this light.

At present the only real protection the customer has is to know what she wants and insist upon getting it.

James R. Quirk
Editor.
Toasting brings out the hidden flavor of the world's finest tobaccos. A combination millions can't resist.

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Is it soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking—full of life and lustre

YOUR hair, more than anything else, makes or spoils your whole appearance.

It tells the world what you are. Wear your hair becomingly; always have it beautifully clean and well kept, and it will add more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck. You, too, can have beautiful hair.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

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.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

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 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 throughout the entire length, down to the ends of 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, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and flushing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

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.

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Since its triumphant national premiere in Washington, D. C., a short while ago, hundreds of unsolicited encomiums have been received. A few are quoted at random:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Better than "The Birth of a Nation"  "Hitherto, our standard and of superlative films was 'The Birth of a Nation.' I am afraid the Rocketts' Lincoln has set a new high-water mark in our enthusiasm."—Frederick W. Wight, (International correspondent).

Thrills  "Full of thrills and pathos, it engages your attention throughout with keen anticipation."—S. F. Glaflather, (Congressman—Pennsylvania).

Strikingly Realistic  "It is a wonderful picture, and strikingly realistic."—E. T. Clark; (Secretary to the President).

Fires Imagination  "It touches the heart and fires the imagination."—Edwin Markham, (The poet).

Holds  "From beginning to end, the Spellbound picture holds the audience spellbound."—Martin B. Madden, (Congressman—Illinois).

Remarkable Production  "It is a remarkable production. I wish every citizen of the United States could see it at once."—Oscar E. Bland, (Judge U. S. Court of Customs Appeals).

Stupendous  "Stupendous! Beyond a doubt the greatest picture I have ever seen."—R. A. Hearns, (A Southerner).

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Sweet  "I was very glad you brought Love Story the sweet story of Anne Rutledge into the picture. I believe we never would have had the Abraham Lincoln we loved—the tender, gentle, merciful and sympathetic Lincoln—if he had not loved wildly and madly, even as you and I."—Richard Yates, (Congressman—Illinois).

Aesthetic Appeal  "The aesthetic appeal of the picture will educate our people to a finer appreciation of beautiful things."—Dr. John J. Tigert, (Commissioner of Education).

Touches Heart  "Makes a direct appeal to the heart that cannot be resisted by any type of theatregoer."—Frank Morse, (Banker).

Better than Gripping from first to last. Drinkwater  "It is infinitely better than Drinkwater's play."—W. H. Crawford, (Attorney).

Makes  "An absorbing, stirring picture. People Think It will make people think. We need more like it."—Edna M. Colman, (National President of League American Penwomans).

Wonderful Impersonation  "I never expected to see Abraham Lincoln—living, walking and talking, as he seemed in your picture."—Dr. Nellie Hooper Barrett.

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A First National Picture

Scenario by FRANCES MARION Directed by PHILIP ROSEN

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"The Ten Commandments" [Image 0x0]BY ADOLPH ZUKOR. Produced for R. B. DE MILLE. By R. B. DE MILLE. To be played at legitimate theatres during season.

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"Tongues of Flame" STARRING THOMAS MEIGHAN. By Peter Clark Macfarlane.


"Miss Bluebeard" Starring BEEBE DANIELS. From the play "Little Miss Bluebeard." By Avery Hopwood and Gabriel Deslys. Directed by Fred Tuttle.

"A Woman Scorned" STARRING POLA NEGRIL. DIMITRI BUCHWETZKI Production.

"Playthings of Fire" STARRING AGNES AYERS. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Ittke. Forrest Halsey.

"Wages of Virtue" By Percival Wren. Starring GLORIA SWANSON. ALAN DAWSON Production. Adapted by Forrest Halsey.


PRODUCED BY FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION ADOLPH ZUKOR, President

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!
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What Their Clothes Cost

We know that one actress spends over half a million a year on her clothes. PHOTOPLAY has been investigating for several months the question of what actresses pay for their clothes, and in the October issue will tell you exactly how much the leading actresses and actors pay for their wardrobes, and will also tell you what they do with their hundreds of gowns and accessories after they have used them in pictures.

Last Chance for the $5,000 Prize Money

The October issue of PHOTOPLAY will contain the final installment of the great radio story, written by Arthur Stringer, and from which Famous Players are completing a remarkable melodrama. The winning title of the story will be the name given in the picture.

OCTOBER ISSUE

Out September 15th
Order it in advance
Refresh Yourself

These warm summer days, there is no more restful and refreshing moment than to stop at a cool and cheerful soda fountain and enjoy Coca-Cola.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.
BROADWAY OR BUST—Universal. — A Hoosier vehicle below his average. Both director and writer overlooked much in producing picture. (April)

CAUSE FOR DIVORCE—Selznick. — A lot of troubles about which no one can possibly care. (April)

CERAMICOS—Associated Exhibitors. — Story of the Aztec gold rush. Not much of a plot but wonderful scenery never before shown on the screen. (July)

CIRCUS COWBOY, THE—Fox. — Good circus story with Charles (Buck) Jones doing some breathtaking riding. (April)

CONFIDENCE MAN, THE—Paramount. — The always likable Tom Meighan in a new version of the redemption theme. Amusing, well done and worth while. (June)

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

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

DARING YOUTH—Principal. — A racy farce, well enough done, with Bebe Daniels and Norman Kerry. (July)

DARLING YERKS—Universal. — A story of a able men in a church. You know the rest. (April)

DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE—Principal. — Here is another one that never lives up to classic. — the title to make it suitable for the family audience. A good cast. (August)

DAUGHTERS OF TODAY—Selznick. — Another presentation against the flapper, with a few digs about parents who are inclined to flapp. (May)

DAWN OF TOMORROW, THE—Paramount. — Continental picture about a whole family, well directed and acted. (June)

DEFEYING DESTINY—Selznick. — Full of incidents, but just ordinarily good, except for Irene Rich. (March)

DISCONTENDED HUSBANDS—Apollo. — Formula of the man who gets rich while his wife gets old. It's a pleasant, but is cuffed. (May)

DO IT NOW—Renown. — The troubles of young love with father. Fair entertainment. (May)

DON'T CALL IT LOVE—Paramount. — The screen version of "It's Covertry," extremely well produced and acted. (March)

DON'T DoubT YOUR HUSBAND—Metro—Viola Dana and Alm Forrest take an ordinary story and put life behind it. (April)

DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL—United Artists. — Great combination of Mary Pickford and Marshall Neilan and the historic novel by Charles Major. Don't miss it by any means. (July)

DRUMS OF JEOPARDY—Truart. — Someone steals a lot of emeralds and there is much excitement. But it doesn't amount to much. (July)

ENCHANTED GUTTAGE, THE—First National. — A charming funny, beautifully hand ed, with a most amusing story, enacted by Richard Barthelmess and Mary MacKay. (April)

EXCITEMENT—Universal. — One of those wive who can't-stay-home films. (June)

FAST EXPRESS, THE—Universal. — Old-fashioned melodrama, with wrecks, robberies and other murder stuff. (April)

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

FIGHTING COWARD, THE—Paramount. — A satire on the fire-eating Southerner of the ante-bellum days, remarkably well done. (June)

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

FLAMING BARRIERS—Paramount. — An In- fared comedy, with a trash note in it. The forest fire is worth the admission. (April)

FLAPPER WIVES—Selznick. — The faith-healing theme, with nothing new in the story. Fair. (June)

FLOWING GOLD—First National. — Rex Beach melodrama of the oil fields, full of excitement and thrills. Film entertainment for everyone. (May)

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And Now at Last—"Tarnish"!

A GREAT play, sooner or later, becomes a great motion picture. "Tarnish," the sensation of the Broadway stage, has at last reached the screen under the guiding hand of Samuel Goldwyn (not now connected with Goldwyn Pictures). George Fitzmaurice directed this "great American comedy drama."

"Above, Marie Prevost as the pretty manicurist starts the trouble. Below, Dorothy McAvoy and Ronald Colman play the leading roles and supply the romance. It's a picture for everyone who enjoys strong drama and wholesomeness.

"Born Rich"

IT looks as if something had come between Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell—but it's nothing more than a demi-tasse.

"Lytell and Miss Windsor have the leading roles in "Born Rich," a new society drama of people who are born with diamond studded spoons in their mouths. It would seem from the story that the sons and daughters of the wealthy do not always have a smooth and easy road to happiness.

Will Nigh is directing this picture, which promises to be the outstanding movie of the summer season. Among the principals in the cast, in addition to Lytell and Miss Windsor, are Cullen Landis, Doris Kenyon, Frank Morgan and Barney Sherry.

In Search of "The Lost World"

The expedition—the wildest, the most thrilling expedition in the history of exploration—is about to start! Above, Jesse L. Lasky is pleading with the bewhiskered Wallace Beery to be allowed to join it. "The Lost World" in the heart of South America is the goal, and there are more thrills and laughs in the trip than you've ever heard of or imagined. "The Lost World" is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novel, filmed by arrangement with W. E. Roach and Robert M. Friderici.

The Beginning, Not the End, of a Story

NOW comes the well-remembered Corinne Griffith of "Black Oxen" and "Lilies of the Field" as a blushing bride, and Milton Sills, erstwhile galley slave and fighting corsair of "The Sea Hawk," as a dignified groom. The picture is "Single Wives" and the wedding is the opening scene of one of the screen's most dramatic stories.

First National Pictures, Inc., presents a consistent high quality program of screen entertainment in the best theaters of the country. Questions on its players and pictures will be answered by John Lincoln, First National Pictures, Inc., 333 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Bobbed vs. Non-bobbed
Brooklyn, N. Y.
I cannot help feeling indignant at the way some of the actresses talked when asked for their opinion of bobbed hair in recent numbers of Photoplay. Because they have bobbed hair is that any reason why they should engage in rude remarks directed at the girls who have not? I refer more particularly to the views expressed by Mae Murray and Anna Q. Nilsson. However, Renée Castle’s views were nothing to be proud of. I am young enough to bob my hair. I am eighteen. But I really do not like it. It makes the bobbed people so alike. No individuality. They are like custom dresses, all the same.
Ella Morton.

A Gale from Kansas
Wichita, Kan.
I have been seeing “A Society Scandal.” I’m bursting to say that Miss Swanson’s acting is superb. No one shall say in my presence that she is a “clothes rack” and “dolly.” Clothes are that kind of flimsy about her. And for a word rising star. Watch that dainty little baby twinker, Lucille Ricksen. Watch her, I say.
Jean Gordon.

Stick to Comedy, Connie
San Francisco, Calif.
Let me offer Constance Talmadge a word of well-meant advice. That is, “Stick to comedy,” instead of trying heavier pieces. I have always admired Connie. She is next to my favorite actress in my esteem. But I was English until three years ago and, knowing English manners, cannot commend her in “A Dangerous Maid.” United States of America was marked all over her.
Frances Norton.

The Bobbed War Rages
Los Angeles, Calif.
I was amazed to read in Photoplay the comments of our screen players on “To Bob or Not to Bob.” Intolerance, thy name is legion. If a woman wants to bob her hair let her. But why the caustic comments and cutting remarks toward those who have not bobbed their hair? There are thousands of highly intelligent girls who would not bob their hair for anything in the world. I write this at the request of ten women who asked me to express their wrath as well as my own.
Ella Cannon.

Fragrance for “Rodie”
I think “Rodie” gives the best answer he could to all Valentino “successors” and their advocates by bringing from France a young man named Max, and making him more by far what any of the predicted “successors.”
It looks as though “Rodie” has no fear nor jealousy. Either his egotism makes him superbly indifferent or he has a kind and generous heart. I think he is a fine, manly, lovely human being. He has sanity and balance and high ideals.
Alice M. Taylor.

Attention, Press Agents
Brooklyn, N. Y.
The many traces of genius and judgment to be found in all of Conway Tearle’s performances are evidence of his perfect command of the actor’s art.
His polished methods, exceptional versatility of expression, and the imagination and power of his acting lift the most banal “movies” to the plane of artistry. By a combination of finesse and fervor he succeeds in being romantic without sacrificing humor, depth and shading.
His winning and delightful appearance and personality, his dark, arresting face with its haunting beauty of features, and rare, enchanting smile, create a sufficiently distinguished magnetism, but welded to that are the fine sensitiveness and easy charm of his acting. He lends to the screen enduring excellence.
Josephine Leigh.

Love That Endures
Paris, Texas.
Let us see Wallace Reid’s beautiful features again in your pages. Even though he has left us he will be my favorite always.
Dorothy Treat.

The Antipodal “Who’s Who?”
Auckland, New Zealand.
Would you like to know “Who’s Who” in this remote (from you) part of the world?
First, let me say that the later releases are better, with few exceptions, than the old. Pola Negri holds sway, though we believe we have never seen her in plays that show her to advantage. If she did she would equal the greatest. Mary Pickford holds an entrenched position here, though we agree with her that all would like to see her in other roles. Gloria Swanson, Blanche Sweet, the Gishes, Barbara La Marr and Leatrice Joy are immensely popular.

Of the men, John Barrymore ranks first. Then poor Wallace Reid, with Rodolph Valentino, Douglas MacLean, Thomas Meighan, Conway Tearle, handsome Mahlon Hamilton, little Jackie Coogan and George Walsh. We don’t care much for Charles Chaplin’s “A Woman of Paris,” though we all admired Edna Purviance.

LETTERS
FROM READERS

The readers of Photoplay are invited to write this department —to register complaints or compliments—to tell us 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.

The Quiet Comers
South Bend.
Some fine actors who are safe and sane are not mentioned save in the reviews of their work and by admiring members of their audiences. They yield place to those who are “too beautiful” or who have mislaid several of their spurs, or who have guns that just won’t behave.
I read a fan letter in your fine magazine in which some ardent writer vowed he would trust John Bowery with anything. So well I, yet he is seldom mentioned in the other publications, although he has been giving sincere portrayals for several years.
There are a great many, like Mr. Bowers, who are quietly coming to the front, without aid of publicity or notoriety. Some sort of tribute is due these quiet, veteran workers in the vineyard. I pay a small fraction of it.
Carolyn Ashle.

The “Glorious Gloria”
Wahoo, Neb.
I am a music teacher, living near Lincoln, Neb., and see many good movies there. One of your readers recently wrote entirely in praise of Gloria Swanson, saying she was worth in “The Humming Bird” and “A Society Scandal.” I, too, am an admirer of Gloria Swanson, and I wonder why the appreciative reader did not mention authoring one of the best pictures she has made. I think it is one of her best. Perhaps her best.
Mildred E. Johnson.

Doesn’t Like “Perfect Lovers”
Maybe I am a crank, but this “perfect love” business makes me sick. I don’t think it helps a player to be dubbed a “perfect player.” One thing I notice about the actors so bracketed is that they are all alike. Their faces might be taken haphazard from an hundred pictures. It’s all the same. There is only one exception. That is Valentino. He is not pretty. He is full of character. Why was not Richard Barthelmess included in your article on “The Screen’s Perfect Lovers”? Perhaps he is too human and natural as a lover. Doesn’t pose prettily enough. I think he is one of the front ranks.
Millen James.

Another Griffith
Parkerburg, W. Va.
I would like to compliment Mr. Ray Griffith on his keen and excellent acting. As a “Crime Deflector” in “Red Lights” he did well. I do believe his innocent eyes and playful ways would deceive most any waywardman or criminal, and if possible, he would make good as a detective. But tell Raymond not to try it. He plays a good thief also. I say he plays one.
Harold F. Young.

Mae’s Latest
New York City.
Evidently M. L. Jacobs (of Dartmouth), whose letter appeared in Photoplay, did not see Mae Murray in her latest picture—for he says she can’t act! I have seen it and I have hopes that she will give us more portrayals similar to the immigrant sister in “Fashion Row!”
F. A. W.

A Suggestion
San Francisco, Calif.
Romeo and Juliet! Richard Dix and Mary Philbin! Can you find two personalities more suited to play these immortal lovers? Richard the lovable—Mary the shy—the budding flower, so sweet, yet with a depth unsounded.
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This beautiful, richly colored, large size 60x14 inch Tapestry Table Scarf comes to you absolutely FREE with Library Set. It is beautifully finished with fancy mercerized cotton edge all around. Accept this handsome Tapestry Scarf as a gift from Hartman with the Library Set. Pay nothing for it at any time. Send today. Offer is good for limited time.

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4. Oak rockers for disposal of the Egg. Table Scarf is also included in this list. See our Fine Furniture and Home Furnishings. 7-Piece Library Set in the "Win a Lucky Life Week." Free. Book Back. Write: HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co., Dept. 6642, Chicago, Illinois.
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You can be your own boss. You can work just as many hours a day as you please.

You can start when you want to and quit when you want to. A good experience and you get your money in cash every day when you earn it.

These Are Facts

Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what J. R. Head did in a small town in Kansas. He lived in a town of 631 people. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer. I gave him the same chance I am now offering you. At this new work he has made as high as $69.30 for one day's work.

If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet, of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned $243. Inside of six months he was making between $800 and $1,500 a month.

W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him $2.00 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make $16,800 in three years. Yes, and right this very moment you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it? Do you want to earn $40.00 a day?

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Address

(Print or Write Plainly)
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

JOOSER SCHOLARSHIP, THE—Hodkin- sons.—A well-known director, an old best-seller, but it's rather too slow. (June.)

HUMMING BIRD, THE—Paramount.—The best thing of its kind that has been done. One of the best pictures of months. (April.)

ICEBOUND—Paramount.—Another William de Mille etching. Restraint is the keynote. Handled by a less competent director, it might have been dragging, but he makes it live. (May.)

IN FAST COMPANY—Truitt.—Incongruous. Comedy falls down. Good fight scene fight. (August.)

INNOCENCE—Apollo.—An ineffectual melodrama with Anna O. Nilsson in a redeeming feature. (April.)

JACK O' CLUBS—Universal.—Lots of trouble on no account, except to be photographed. (April.)

JEALOUS HUSBANDS—First National.—Ordinary, with the only outstanding feature the work of Jane Novak. (April.)

JUDGMENT OF THE STORM—F. B. O.—The Palmer School's prize performance, very interesting and with a charming love story. (March.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—Fox.—A swiftly moving crook drama, with plenty of thrills and excitement. (April.)

KENTUCKY DAYS—Fox.—Old Kentucky again with "Covered Wagon" trappings. Just fair. (May.)

KING OF WILD HORSES—Pathé.—A remarkable black and white picture, with the famous character, "Tobacco." Shots of wild horses never equaled. The Black a worthy star. (June.)

LADIES TO BOARD.—A Tom Mix comedy, with every other punch or trick a winner. (April.)

LAW FORBIDS, THE—Universal.—Again Baby Peggy, to whose talents the story has been subordinated. A pretty good picture, too. (May.)

LEAVE IT TO GERRY—Ben Wilson.—A mild juvenile story, with a shot of the innocuous. Boarding school scenes are good. (May.)

LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER.—Vitagraph.—One of the best shorts of the month. (April.)

LILIES OF THE FIELD—First National.—A story of the sisterhood that "till nor, neither do they spin," with Comrie Griffith as the feature. For others. (July.)

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

LONE WAGON, THE.—Sanford.—If it hadn't been for the "Covered Wagon," this wouldn't have been made. Who cares? (May.)

LOVE LETTERS.—Fox.—The moral is, don't pour out your heart to a woman. Two sisters get into all sorts of woe, but few care. (May.)

LOVE MASTER, THE.—First National.—Strongest single feature of the month. Strongest the leading woman. The other and the story are not so much. (March.)

LOVE'S WHIRLPOOL.—Hodkinson.—A crock story. Superlatives followed by James Kirkwood and Lila Lee. Plenty of thrills and holds the interest always. (May.)

LUCELIA LOMBARD.—Warner Brothers.—A good story, but the picture seems flat. Irene Rich scores, as does her leading man, F. A. Novak in "Truitt's" Railway Traffic Inspector. (April.)

LULLABY, THE.—F. B. O.—Jane Novak's best picture. She plays three roles and is excellent in each. (March.)

MAN FROM WYOMING, THE.—Universal.—A rooting Western, with Jack Buetner as the blustering hero. (April.)

MAN LIFE PASSED BY, THE.—Metro.—Another idea built on the "Buck Jones" pattern. Piracy of one of the lovable failures he does so well. (March.)

MANN'S MATE, A.—Fox.—John Gilbert and Rene Adore do their best, but the result is pretty bad. (June.)

MARRIAGE CIRCLE, THE.—Warner Brothers.—A masterpiece of direction by Lubitsch which results in a fascinatingly amusing comedy, admirably acted. (April.)

MARTY TRAIL, THE.—Capitol.—What one branded "bad" becomes. This is the rejuvenation of the wicked and sunshine follow. (June.)

MAYTIME—Preferred.—The camera doesn't have a pretty musical play. (February.)

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

MIAMI.—Hodkinson.—A choppy story with Betty Compson not up to her best. Varies in weak spots. (August.)

MILE-A-MINUTE MORGAN.—Sanford.—"Another movie" and about as poor as possible. (June.)

MILE-A-MINUTE ROMEO.—Fox.—Tom Mix梅Anchor with the help of Tony, just as entertaining. (June.)

MISSING DAUGHTERS—Selznick.—Thriller of a different kind from its usual melodies. First a tear and then a laugh. (August.)

MILLIE, MIDNIGHT.—Metro.—Mae Murray in a black-dress which somehow detracts from her usual allure. Mexican locale and mix-ups. Fair. (July.)

MORAL SINNER, THE.—Paramount.—Screen story of "Lewis Kemper's" "Kimmie" makes a rather mediocre crook drama. (June.)

MRS. DANE'S CONFESSION—F. B. O.—An old picture revived because of the notoriety of Count Sundrum in it. (July.)

MY MAN—Vitagraph.—Dustin Farnum as a cage man political boss. Just passable. (April.)

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE—F. B. O.—Story too well-known to be told here. Picture lacks with its story. (April.)

NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL.—Goldwyn.—An old thriller, done with a sense of humor which makes it well worth while. (April.)

NET, THE.—Fox.—If you like Bertha M. Clay novels you'll love this. (April.)

NEXT CORNER, THE.—Paramount.—Not so good. Direction is bad and picture drags. (April.)

NIGHT HAWK.—The.—Hodkinson.—Harry Carey at his best in this Western drama with plenty of plot and riding. (June.)

NIGHT MESSAGE, THE.—Universal.—Melodrama based on a Southern family feud. Also, pretty well advertised. (July.)

NO MORE WOMEN.—Alied Producers.—All right if you've nothing else to do. (April.)

NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER.—Fox.—If you like melodrama, this will please you. Genevieve Tobin as the heroine is a regular. (July.)

NORTH OF HUDSON BAY.—Fox.—An excellent story of the Far North, with Tom Mix as here. Filled with thrills and well worth seeing. (April.)

NORTH OF NEVADA.—F. B. O.—An old story with good western stuff in it—the right on the cliff and other sure-fire scenes. (May.)

OLD POOL, THE.—Hodkinson.—Starts with a novel idea and goes in it favor of conventional crook story. (May.)

ON TIME.—Truitt.—Richard Talmadge doing athletic stunts around a very poor story. (May.)

OUR MEN'S DAUGHTERS.—Apollo.—A sports fan meets his daughter at a sports party, but all ends happily. (March.)

PAGAN PASSION.—Selznick.—Starts well, but gets the trek around the world. (July.)

PAINTED PEOPLE.—First National.—A story of a small town girl who becomes a real somebody. Corny Moore's work excellent. (April.)

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.)

PANTOMIME JUSTICE.—F. B. O.—Rod La Rocque with a chance in a weird and wild melodrama. (April.)

PHANTOM RIDER, THE.—Paramount.—Jack Hoxie in the kind of role studio which he plays so well. His riding is worth the price. A very good Western. (May.)

PIED PIPER MALONE.—Paramount.—Tom Morgan's new role, "Pied Piper as Tom himself. Simple and charming. (April.)

POISONED PARADISE.—Preferred.—Again someone tries to break the bank at Monte Carlo, but Clara Bow is the only winner, getting the boy she loves, Formula. (May.)
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

STOLEN SECRETS—Universal—Another crook drama with a pretty girl solving the mystery and reforming the crook crook. (May.)

STORM DAUGHTER, THE—Universal—Priscilla Dean is a very good girl in this picture. (May.)

STRANGER FROM THE NORTH—Biltmore—The only difference in this, that in, the city teller makes good. (June.)

STRANGER, THE—Paramount—This picture starts slowly, but picks up and tells an absorbing story. (April.)

SUPREME TEST, THE—Renown—The country boy in the wicked city, the mortgage on the farm and the test. (March.)

SWORD OF VALOR, THE—Produced—Contains one of those interesting father and son ideas—a crook. (August.)

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—F. B. O.—A screen version of the slanty Witwer story, with Alberta Vaught, as the girl. (June.)

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—Paramount—Another of the series of hilarious co-eds-from-the-shorts stories, this one calls itself "The Square Sex—Only Fair." (August.)

THIEF OF BAGDAD, THE—United Artists—Does a fine job of photoplating and is an o. p. picture and beauty. The Arabian Nights brought to life. Should be seen by everyone. (May.)

THOSE WHO DANCE—First National—A thriller, with呿ary Alden. It requires some of the sequences are well done. (July.)

THREE MILES OUT—Kenzu—Madge Kennedy and a lot of rum pirates provide plenty of laughter. Good entertainment. (March.)

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—C. C. Burns—Unconvincing story, with Constance Bennett as a jazz-mad woman who dances beautifully. (March.)

THREE WEEKS—Goldwyn. It is a picturesque photograph of Elinor Glyn snoozed, with lovely settings. (April.)

THROUGH THE DARK—Cosmopolitan—A Bond story, but not a very good one. A picture of the re-demption of a man through a woman's faith. (March.)


THY NAME IS WOMAN—Metro—A tragedy, told simply and effectively, though the photography, Barbara La Marr excellent. (April.)

TRAIL OF THE LAW, THE—Biltmore—Old formula of country girl and city chap, and not well done, (April.)

TROUBLE SHOOTER, THE—Fox—Tom Mix in a part that lets him act. A simple story sustained by his strength, but uttered and delivered by Billie Kathleen Key. (July.)

TRY AND GET IT—Hodkinson—An impossible story, but with many laughs. Bryant Washburn and Billie Dove in cast. Good entertainment. (June.)

TURMOL, THE—Universals—Berth Tarkington's story of a little middle-western town. Besides one big scene the picture is fair. (August.)

TWENTY DAYS A WEEK—Selznick—George Arliss in a part that doesn't mean anything worthy of him. A weak farce. (June.)


UNTAMED YOUTH—F. B. O.—A pretty good story of a gypsy (Dereyl Pendre) whose unconventional ways merit the disapproval of the small town and the love of the village. Catch. (July.)

VAGABOND TRAIL, THE—Fox—Again the brawn of Buck Jones conquers all wickedness. (May.)

VENUS OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Lee Bradford. Probably the greatest picture shot inadequate to the emotional lines on all. (August.)

VIRTUOUS LIARS—Vitagraph—A good cast, but a conventional story and not very exciting. (June.)

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND—Paramount—Filmed in natural colors this picture wins by the frankness of its acting. (April.)

WANDERING HUSBANDS—Hedkisson—Lithesome Lila Lee wins in this picture with many situations mawkish and over-sentimental. (August.)

WANTED BY THE LAW—Avyon—Neither worse nor better than a hundred other Westerns. (April.)

WATERFRONT WOLVES—Renown—The title tells everything except how bad it is. (May.)

WEEK END HUSBANDS—F. B. O.—The picture is weak at both ends in the middle. (April.)

WESTERN LUCK—Fox—Lives up to name without a thrill left out. (August.)

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER—Paramount—An exceptionally good picture, in spite of the cutting and changes required by censorship. (March.)

WHAT THREE MEN WANTED—Apollo—Mystery story. Dull and unentertaining. (August.)

WHEN A GIRL LOVES—Associated Exhibitors. A love story that is entertaining. (August.)

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN—First National—A Harold Bell Wright story, written by Tim Johnson. You will like it if you favor Westerns. (April.)

WHICH SHALL IT BE—Hoffman—A picturization of an old story. Could be red sentiment and heart appeal in it. Very much worth while. (June.)

WHISPERED NAME, THE—Universal—Interesting and full of action, with Ruth Clifford doing excellently. (March.)

WHITE MOTH, THE—First National—Story is garish and tawdry. Dull and marked with poor directing and bad acting. (August.)

WHITE SHADOW, THE—Schnick—Good story of a outlaw. Could be red sentiment, especially in puzzling situations. (August.)

WHITE SIN, THE—F. B. O.—The second Palmer Photoplay story and well up to the standard of judgment of the Storm. Interesting throughout. (May.)

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME—First National—A funny by Avery Hopwood done seriously. Title is a bait. (August.)

WILD ORANGES—Goldwyn—An interesting and gripping picture, based on Hergesheimer's weird story. (March.)

WINGS OF THE TURF—Fidelity—A racing melodrama, brought from England, and as good as the national home product. (April.)

WOLF MAN, THE—Fox—John Gilbert at his best in a John Ford-type role. A bit gruesome at times, but with redemption at the end. (May.)

WOMAN ON THE JURY—First National—A strange story of a gay philanthropist and a jury consisting of one of his victims. Hardly for the family. (July.)

WOMAN WHO SINNED, THE—F. R. O.—Metro with the buckeyed moral that if a woman leaves her good, faithful husband and sabe-It-at-all-costs, she's bound to be sorry eventually. (July.)

WOMEN WHO GIVE—Metro—A story of the second of two novels by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, but interesting, with a good storm scene. (May.)

YANKEE CONSUL, THE—Associated Exhibitors—A remarkably fine comedy, with Douglas Maclean as star. By no means miss this. (April.)

YANKEE MISDemeanor—F. B. O.—Thin story, but lots of action in a Central American revolution. Good if you like excitement. (June.)

YOLOAND—Cosmopolitan—A gorgeous spectacle, but thin story and acting. (May.)

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Dirt irritates and inflames—increases natural irritability—even causes skin disorders, by carrying bacteria and parasites into the pores. If your skin is of the very sensitive type, be sure, first of all, to keep it clean—free from the layer of dirt and natural oil that accumulates inevitably when soap is not used.

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Each night, just before you go to bed, dip a soft wash cloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury’s Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is “fluffy” with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse well with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

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MARILYN MILLER (Mrs. Jack Pickford) in her stunning new "Prince of Wales" sport suit which she designed herself and which is the envy of Hollywood. The jacket is of blue flannel with navy brass buttons. The hat is of the same material as the jacket and a white flannel sport skirt with this severely tailored blouse completes the outfit.
A SCREEN veteran of nineteen summers. Mary Philbin made a distinct place for herself in "Merry Go-round." She is one of the beauties of the younger set, and at an age when many girls are just out of high school she is getting over $1,000.00 a week
WILL Estelle Taylor marry Jack Dempsey? She may have by the time this appears. One of the real beauties. She reached dramatic heights as Miriam in “The Ten Commandments,” and as Mary, Queen of Scotland, in “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall”
AN unusual picture of Constance Talmadge in which she seems more like a demure sub-deb than ever before. Looks all the world like a little home-body waiting patiently for her chaperon to call and take her to that long-anticipated coming-out party.
TULANNE JOHNSTON, the Princess of "The Thief of Bagdad," snapped by Photoplay’s photographer at a recent lawn party in Hollywood. Her whole costume is black and white. "I do insist on comfortable clothes above all else in summer," she says.
A CHARACTER study of Claire DeLorez, whose fine work in "Enemies of Women" and "Three Weeks" stamps her as the new motion picture find. Miss DeLorez has just completed her work in "Captain Fearless," a Reginald Denny Jewel for Universal.
EVEN if Corinne Griffith did run off and get married without a word of warning to her thousands of screen admirers, they still call devotedly to see her in pictures. This study of First National's beauty was taken in her home especially for PHOTOPLAY.
Clothes hamplers are prison cells!

Don't suffocate your delicate garments. For delicate silk and woolen garments, the family clothes hamper is truly a prison cell—damp, dark and airless. The silk blouses and undergarments, the sheer stockings with which fashion has replaced the cotton and lisle of a few years ago, should never be thrown into a hamper or bag, even though they may not show soil. After being worn, they contain impurities which, if allowed to remain, soon injure the fabric and fade the colors.

Here is an easy way to avoid such catastrophes:

1. Save a few minutes each day for the quick, gentle washing of such garments in mild, cleansing Ivory suds. If you have no immediate time for ironing, dry the articles, and lay them away clean until ironing time comes.

2. Your filmy silks and fluffy woolens will reward such care with longer life and fresher appearance.

To wash with Ivory suds is so very simple—a quick whipping of the soapy water to a froth, then a few moments of squeezing the suds through the fabric—that is all. And you are sure of absolute safety, because Ivory suds is as harmless as pure water—indeed, millions of women use Ivory every day to protect lovely complexions.

Wouldn't you like to have all your washing done with Ivory suds? Try it, and see how sweet and clean your clothes are. The extra cost is negligible.

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White silks are yellowed easily by hot water, sunlight, or hot irons, and should be washed in Ivory suds barely warm. Use a little bluing to obtain a clear tint. * * *

When washing sheer white cotton or linen fabrics, put material through one boiling rinse and one of very cold water containing bluing and stiffening. Hang in sun until partially dry, then iron without sprinkling. * * *

Dry colored garments inside out in shade. * * *

Permanent finish organza should be rolled in a towel, without stiffening or drying, and ironed while very wet.

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PHOTOPLAY

September, 1924

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

SOMETHING has happened to the Valentino of "The Sheik" and "Blood and Sand." I am afraid the dyed-in-the-wool Valentino fans will be a little disappointed in their idol in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Rudy is trying to be an actor at the expense of the personality that made him a sensation. The production is lavish and beautiful, but throughout the entire picture every personality, including Bebe Daniels, Loish Wilson and Doris Kenyon, is thrown out of focus.

Rudy plays the part of a prince of France, and, except for one or two situations in which he puts over rattling good sword fights, the old spark disappears. He doesn't look a bit dangerous to women.

The fact of the matter is that they like their Rudy a little wicked. He had what is known in pictures as "menace" to a higher degree than any actor on the screen. In "Beaucaire" he has about as much of this quality as Charlie Chaplin.

The entire picture was made inside the studio and that detracts somewhat from the convincing quality of the production. Mrs. Valentino supervised the entire production and while her artistic ability has resulted in beautiful sets and costumes, the picture gives you the impression of a terrific striving for something that was not quite attained. It is beautiful but self-conscious.

OVER a month ago the government tax on all admission prices of fifty cents or under was repealed. Yet thousands of theaters are maintaining their old prices. When the war tax was taken off ten cent admissions in 1922 only one-third of the theaters lowered their prices. If your exhibitor has been charging an odd price like 28 cents or 33 cents, and he continues those same prices, he is holding out on you without any excuse. And if he has been charging 55 cents he should reduce it to 50 cents.

You have been paying the admission tax for years, and if your exhibitor continues to charge it under one guise or another, he is deliberately picking your pocket. Tell him he isn't on the level, and then patronize some other theater.

RIGHT now many exhibitors are worrying about how to fill their theaters. The answer is simple. Give the public its money's worth. Be honest with the folks who support the motion picture industry, the vast majority of families whose income is under $2,500 a year.

Barnum's method was all right for a circus. He played a town only once a year. But the exhibitor who is short-sighted enough to emulate him forgets that his theater is not on wheels. He's on skids.

THERE is a good deal of controversy among producers as to whether or not the fans want "better pictures." They claim that the pictures which are endorsed as fine are too often box office failures and that the very people who clamor for improved films fail to support them when they come.

In this connection there is a small story connected with the recent meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in Los Angeles which might have point.

The committee of clubwomen appointed for the Southern California district to report to members of films, selected "Boy o' Mine" as the best picture available to be shown to the Federation during the week of their visit. Loew's State Theater agreed, upon their request, to run this picture for the week, and the word was sent to the convention that this was a picture endorsed and approved by their own committee as a splendid, worthwhile production.

The picture did a very bad week's business, while some other films of a very different calibre which happened to be running simultaneously drew big audiences.

THERE are a number of organizations throughout this country that review pictures and send out reports to their members. But these reports have about as much effect upon attendance as prohibition does upon temperance. The opinions of the National Board of Review, a group of well-meaning people, dedicating their names, and a few of them their time, mean nothing.

You might think that the film reports of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, with their hundreds of thousands of members, might have some weight. But I'll wager that more of those good home-loving women saw "Blood and Sand" than saw "Peter Ibbetson."

WITH scores of spectators cheering his impassioned plea, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, former motion picture star now appearing in vaudeville, won the right to finish his engagement at Long Beach, Calif.

The Long Beach Ministerial Association was responsible for bringing Arbuckle before the City Council, when it filed a petition demanding that the theater manager be forced to cancel the actor's engagement of one week.

The surprise of the case was when Arbuckle himself, perspiring freely, made a dramatic and unexpected appearance before the city fathers and eloquently begged for the right to earn his living and pay his debts.

Arbuckle declared that he is in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]
The Stars Tell How They

The Pineapple and Lamb Chop Diet

By E. W. Bowers, M. D.

These beauties of Hollywood and other favored cities who have adopted the pineapple and lamb chop diet have done well.

For those who have taken on flesh through lack of exercise or over eating it is efficacious. The lamb chop provides the lean meat necessary for maintaining the strength. It supplies sufficient protein to repair the waste of body. Yet it contributes no fat. The pineapple supplies enough of sugar to keep the fires of strength burning.

When, as is often true, the superfluous flesh has a deeper origin, when it results from the inactivity of any glands, these glands should be treated.

Fat! Man’s pet aversion, woman’s most dreaded foe.

“Nobody loves a fat man” is a joke. “Nobody loves a fat woman” is tragically, because in this day of the “boyish” figure fixed by fashion as femininity’s final form, it is too, too often true.

Grandad used to like ’em hefty. That was before the days of the motion picture and the Ford car. Bulgy curves above and below the wasp-like waist ravished the eyes of the beholders of such famous spectacles as “The Black Crook,” “Lydia Thompson’s British Blondes” and “Billy Watson’s Beef Trust.” Two hundred pounds didn’t mean anything to the stout springs of a side-bar buggy or the stout horse that pulled it.

It takes more elbow room to drive a Ford, and a fat girl does spill over the side so! And imagine fat motion picture stars! Fat’s only function on the screen today is to provide comic relief. The fat woman, in short, is out of it.

Where have the fat girls all gone? Listen to secret Number One. They haven’t gone; they’ve merely parked their fat!

You wouldn’t believe it, to see them in the pictures, that any of the film favorites ever was or ever could be fat. But look at the pictures. Compare Mary Miles Minter when she was working for the screen with Mary Miles Minter today. Look at Nita Naldi, struggling with superfluous pounds of “too, too solid flesh,” then see her on the screen and take heart, plump little sister!

You can do it, too. That’s Secret Number
Keep Those Girlish Lines

Two; but O, Girl! you've got your work cut out for you. Read how they keep the curves down, and then say the life of a film star is an easy one! Easy enough if—

If you want a life of work and diet, exercise and starvation; for that's the answer. It's what they all say, what they all have to do. And, as Nita Naldi says, some of them suffer what she politely calls Hades, to keep slim enough to hold their jobs.

Sure you can do it! If you don't believe it, just try some or all of the methods these loveliest girls of the film have found effective.

Exercise Does It, Says Bebe Daniels

I never diet. One reason is that I never feel the need of it. I also dislike the gash-like lines in the faces and the irritability in the voice and manner of those who adopt starvation in the name of dieting.

I rely upon four kinds of exercise to keep my figure under control. While I am at work I do not even use these. I am convinced that a screen actress's work is severe enough to provide all the exercise she needs while she is engaged in making a picture. While I was at work in Nassau in the West Indies I lost sixteen pounds in three weeks.

Mary Miles Minter (3 years ago—at left) and today (above). She always was a plump little beauty, but recently she has indulged in sweets, forgotten her exercise and just see what happened. The famous actress will probably start in one of these days and get back to the girlish figure the smaller picture shows. Her sisterstars tell her in this article how to do it by diet and exercise.
What Every Woman Wants To Know—

Know its advocates say it couldn't possibly, but they haven't lived with my stomach. I have. The finest lamb chops and freshest pineapple have lively scraps within me. My stomach keeps saying, “Eat, Eat, Eat.” And I don’t.

The old saying that one must suffer to be beautiful is true, but it doesn’t tell all the truth. One must suffer Hades to be thin. Don’t believe anyone who tells you a different story. They are camouflaging an eternal truth. Why, one day, while I was giving an interview for publication I nearly fainted. My stomach yelled, “Eat.” I didn’t and it turned everything black before me and I was dizzy. Vertigo? Yes, I was ashamed to tell the interviewer that I was faint because I was starving. All I had taken into my tummy that day, and it was five o’clock, time for tea, was water.

O, yes, the lamb chop and pineapple diet. In the morning I have a cup of coffee, black preferred for the diet. At noon one lamb chop broiled, for of course no article of food should be fried, not even an egg. Any dietician will tell you that. O yes, the lamb chop and pineapple diet. Remember, nothing for breakfast, unless you call a cup of coffee something. I don’t. One lamb chop and one slice of pineapple for luncheon. Two lamb chops and two slices of pineapple for dinner.

That’s the simple life of the would-be-thins.

Regularity Keeps Gloria Swanson Slender

I just don’t eat much. Why are people so much interested in food? I never have been. It is boresome. There is little variety in it. It seems to me endless

**When Viola Dana found herself becoming too heavy, she induced her sister Shirley Mason to put on roller skates and scoot around the cement behind their home in Hollywood. The miles they skate proved too much for the extra pounds and Viola has a typically boyish figure as a result**

In “off seasons,” that is between pictures, I swim and fence and golf and ride. I like best swimming in the surf in either ocean; that is, at the time, my neighbor. I prefer it to fresh water because of the tonic action given by the salt upon the skin. Golf I advocate and practice because it keeps those of us who think we do not like to walk covering miles in unconscious pedestrianism. Fencing is needful because it causes quickness of action. That quickness develops grace. Rapid movements reduce fat. Riding brings into play practically every muscle in the body.

**Eat Lamb Chops and Pineapple, Urges Nita Naldi**

Yep, I have adopted the lamb chop and pineapple diet. Up to now I’ve been taking it for a month. It has pulled me down twenty pounds. But I’ve kept on taking steam baths and massage.

As nearly as I can tell the lamb chop and pineapple diet cuts down your weight because it plays hob with the stomach. I

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**Norma Talmadge has one of the prettiest figures on the screen, but even the fair Norma has to watch her weight. Recently she found, as this picture shows, that she was too heavy by fifteen pounds. She took it off by dieting and exercising**
How To Lose Weight or Gain It

repetition. I try to eat regularly, for regularity in all things is the law of life, but amazingly little compared with what is the average meal.

In the morning, if I am not working, I eat no breakfast. I don’t need it nor want it. If I am working I have a slice or two of toast, an egg and a cup of tea. For luncheon, in any case, a green salad, preferably one of hearts of lettuce with French dressing. For dinner a little of what is ordered for me. A mouthful or two or three of a little square of toast. A green salad. Why should any one want more? I never could rate the desirability of any restaurant by the quantity and richness of the food served.

[Image of a woman eating]

I have no system of exercise, I don’t care for sweets. It has never been a hardship to abstain from them.

I have three meals a day. But not the usual three meals. Luncheon is stricken from my day’s programme because I think it is a boresome meal. I breakfast at eleven, refresh myself with tea at three and dine at seven unless some emergency requires a change of hour. For breakfast I have toast made of white bread. I have no repugnance for bread of its original color. An egg or perhaps two eggs, in any way my fancy dictates. For tea I have toast, jam, cakes, even a chocolate or two if I like. I am not conscious of any taboo. At dinner my tastes govern my menu. I eat many things, but only a little of each one, at any time. With my meals I always drink tea.

I depend upon an active out-door life to keep me slender. For many years I have kept my weight at one hundred and twenty-five pounds. When it has risen several pounds, even five or six, it was because I had not had an opportunity for exercise. I had been touring and had been on a train instead of on my feet.

I ride, I swim, I walk, I play tennis. I don’t care for golf. It seems to me a lazy sport. I have a good deal of endurance. I have been in the saddle for six hours, stopping only for luncheon. I am well acquainted with a six-mile walk. I indulge my enjoyment of a swim wherever and whenever I can. Tennis I prefer to many games because of its active nature. It develops a poised mind and a poised body. Incidentally it stretches the wee cushions between the vertebrae that were better not too closely packed.

Green Vegetables Keep Anita Stewart a Perfect Sixteen

I am rather proud, or let us say content, that I am rated as a perfect sixteen. That means that I can step into any garment made for a girl of sixteen and wear it away without waiting one second for alteration. I am flattered that fashion editors of women’s magazines have begged me to show the girls of sixteen by being photographed in gowns and wraps and shoes and

[Continued on page 116]
"I Knew Him When—"

A wonderful human interest story of an old man who knew a great director "when—" and a great director who did not forget

By Ivan St. Johns

This, my friends, is the story of a Prince—a Prince whose realm was Hollywood—and how he made an old man's dream come true.

I was standing one afternoon watching Jimmy Cruze shooting "Merton of the Movies" at the Lasky studio when a much-bewhiskered old gentleman cornered me and insisted he had a story to tell. So I listened. There was nothing else to do, for he had a firm grip on both my coat lapels.

His name was Luke Cosgrave and you may remember him as the delightful old father in "Hollywood.

And this is the yarn Luke spun for me:

You see the lad over there? (He pointed a gnarled finger at the strapping black-haired man who directed "The Covered Wagon.") Well, my boy, you're looking on one of the whitest, squarest men that ever lived. The greatest director of the year, and not one bit of a swell fellow. I know, and you just stay here and let me tell you why I know. I've been hearing, what I know about James Cruze.

You know his real name ain't James Cruze at all. It's James Bosen, and he was born in Ogden, Utah, of real pioneer stock. His daddy was six feet seven—one of the biggest men in the state—and the theme of his great picture, "The Covered Wagon," which he made in Utah, was mighty near to the heart of Jimmy Bosen.

I first knew Jimmy when he was a lad of nineteen. That was 'way back in 1904, and I had a little stock company in Boise City, Idaho.

It was a tough town in those days and my juvenile had just left me flat, owing to an overdose of liquor, so I wired to an agency in San Francisco for one Chester Bishop.

Well, I starts to meet the trains when it's time for Bishop to arrive, but it wasn't 'til three days later that a tall, gangling lad with the snapping black eyes of an Indian drops off the coast train and inquires for Luke Cosgrave.
"That's me," I says. "And who might you be?"

"I'm your new juvenile," says the hungry-looking youngster. I takes one look at him—and then another and longer one. I've never seen Chester Bishop but this lad don't look any more like Bishop's pictures than I do.

"Is that so? Your name's Bishop?"

"Nope," says the kid. "My name's James Bosen and I'm sure some actor."

Well, friend, he didn't look it and I was a trifle prejudiced from the start, but he sure proved he had the goods and I soon found myself liking my new juvenile downright well.

He had a widowed mother and a lot of little brothers and sisters up in Ogden and dropped off on his way to Boise to see them. That's what made him late.

After me and Jimmy got real chummy he let me in on how he come to be an actor.

You see, he was hopping bolls at the theatrical hotel in Ogden, helping support the family on his tips, when he decided to be an actor. So he asks Frederick Ward just how a kid set about being a goos actor. Ward didn't tell him to pray like Merton but advised a course in a San Francisco dramatic school.

Convinced that this was the only way to achieve his ambition, Jimmy Bosen started for San Francisco, and he didn't ride the cushions either. Brake beams wasn't healthy but they was cheap. He landed with less than three dollars in his pocket and immediately interviewed the head of the dramatic school.

Jimmy was out of luck. They didn't need a janitor or anything. All that dramatic school needed was pupils at the rate of $300 per.

"I'll be back in a year and lay the cash on the line. Then you'll make an actor of me?"

With these few words James Bosen, alias James Cruze, dropped from sight, but in less than a year he was back at the dramatic school and paid his tuition in advance. He had $400 left over, most of which he sent to his mother in Ogden.

No, he hadn't exactly robbed a bank. He'd just slipped over to the waterfront and signed before the mast for a whaling cruise in Alaskan waters and Jimmy's share of the catch in a little over ten months was $700. That's how bad he wanted to be an actor.

Now James Bosen had some very pronounced views on acting, even in those days. He soon decided there was too much arm waving on the part of his instructor, who was of the old school. Young Bosen wanted to do things his own way and pupil and teacher were soon at a deadlock. They arbitrated and the ambitious Jimmy agreed to forget the $300 if his instructor would get him a job acting.

His first engagement was with a tent show playing northern California towns, and he was just back from this tour when I wired for Bishop. Now this lad didn't want to leave San Francisco and Bosen did, and that's how Jimmy Cruze come to be my juvenile. Though I didn't think so at the time, it sure was a lucky meeting for me.

We was doing pretty well in Boise when George Melford persuades a hotel owner in Salt Lake to wreck his place and build him a $25,000 theater on its site. There was plenty of vacant real estate in Salt Lake then, but no other spot would suit Melford.

He decides to open the new theater, the Utonah, with "Thelma," and selects Elsie Gresham for the title role. Then he offers both Jimmy and me good parts and we accepts.

In all, we was with George for four months and then decides we can do better for ourselves, so we gives notice and beats it over to the little mining town of Park City, Utah, which was booming, and Jim and me becomes full partners in a stock company.

We did pretty well, but Jim, who was always ambitious, decides we'd draw better if we had a little vaudeville between acts. He'd come from Frisco and had big town notions.

So we hires a song and dance team—a feller and a girl—and a funny thing happens when they is rehearsing their act with the orchestra—one piano.

I was down front watching 'em. Jimmy hadn't reached the theater yet. The curtain went up and they started through their act. I noticed a miner, pretty well loaded, lurch in and drop into a seat but didn't think anything of it, as I'd left the front door open.

Pretty soon Jimmy comes down and heads into the box office. When the act is through the new performers thank the piano player and the curtain rolls down. Also the miner rolls out.

[continued on page 166]
Odds & Ends
the Camera Caught

What a paradise a motion picture lot would have been for the great showman, P. T. Barnum! He would have junked his freaks for the far more pleasing eye-arresters on these two pages.

Running to her dressing room for a dab of powder, or to straighten her hair, caused Mae Murray to waste a lot of steps besides losing a lot of time. So she had this portable dressing room built. It is one of the prettiest yet designed. The other picture shows it being moved about the lot.

We always knew there was some catch to these girls in a bathtub. If you look at the left hand edge of the tub you will see enough to know that Viola Dana wears more in the tub than many girls wear on the beach. Also note the nifty book rack that enables her to read while tubbing.

Whenever Julia Faye goes in swimming she comes out with a net full of fish. The fish, like the net, however, are part of the novel bathing suit she wears in "Feet of Clay."
"Is this here cone big enough, Miss Compson?" asks the dusky youth of the fair Betty, or words to that effect. The beautiful screen star keeps the Paramount staff busy running over to the canteen for ice cream cones for her. So Noah Beery, Warner Baxter, Dorothy Cumming and Freeman Wood induced the mechanical department to secretly make this huge cone containing four gallons of ice cream, or what looks like cream.

Below—Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix on the beach at Nassau, in the Bahamas, where they are filming "Sinners in Heaven." The big umbrellas are not for comfort. They are used, with the huge tin mirror, to get the proper lighting effects.

One might think John Gilbert a lazy sort of person but he isn't. He invented this novel cigarette holder just to keep the ashes out of his eyes while driving. It is an ingenious idea and one that should be to the liking of those who prefer nicotine with their air.

Stuart Holmes decided he would use his faithful dog as a valet. Wherever Holmes is the dog is. And on his back is a kit bag containing Holmes' makeup outfit.
The Story

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Chapter V

LAN, after being flung unceremoniously ashore on his narrow island, lay inert and stunned on the warm sand as Mark Drakma and his yacht steamed stolidly away. Then the will to live reasserted itself and the castaway rose unsteadily to his feet, staring uncertainly about him.

All he saw was a bald and bone-white clay shone on by a bald and scorching sun. Midway between the two points of the clay, which stood without growth of any kind, was a rough shack of corrugated iron, rusted red with the rain and spray of many months. But outside of that the island lay as empty as a tomb, a spit of desolation alone in the flashing turquoise seas, a place of sinister and unbroken silences.

Yet a tatter of hope revived in him as he made his unsteady way up towards the lone iron work-shack on the headland. As his enemy had promised, he found a meager supply of food and water stored there. On the sheet-iron work-bench opposite the rough bunk his assessing eye took in the diminutive sending and receiving set, the "frame" slightly rusted with sea-water, vacuum-tubes in a broken-fronted cabinet, a gloomy array of storage-batteries, some of them half-sunk in the sand under the shadowing table-top. In the corner of the shack behind the galvanized dunnage-box filled with scrap iron, he found a useless generator under a stained tarpaulin, as ironic in its solitude as a cart without a horse. Along the shelf at the back of the table his wandering eye took in still other evidences of some unknown electrician's past activities—a litter of wrenches and pliers and lead plates and induction coils, carbon and wax and copper wire, sheets of zinc and a stray box of "spaghettis," a small jar of shellac and a can of engine oil, insulating tape and a row of acid bottles, a broken belt pulley, an alcohol lamp, and a blow pipe. The strange conglomeration gave a friendlier feeling to the lonely shack. They seemed almost to smile up at him, the familiar old tools and metals that had meant so much in his life. The one thing that weighed down on him was the absence of wood. The inside of the shack, like the island without, held nothing that would float, that would carry him where it was essential he should be carried.

Then his eye wandered back to the work-table. And on the far end of it, under a square of blue denim tied down with manila cord, he found his first triangulator model in its slightly battered case, the triangulator that had been stolen and spirited away from his tower.

He smiled as he saw that some perplexed and patient hand had been trying to piece out its imperfections. And as he smiled his hand instinctively felt for the cigarette case still hidden away in his inner pocket. And he stood fortified with a new sense of power.

Then his restless gaze moved on to the radio instrument towards the center of the table. Almost automatically he clamped the head-set over his ears, turning his tuning dial, and heard a voice out of the silence. He caught a cadence or two, lost them, and again caught the ghostly accents.

"Alan, can you hear me?" said the tremulous voice of the woman he loved. "I've been calling and calling, but I've had no answer from you. And I'm afraid something has happened. Oh, Alan, can you hear me?"

They seemed suddenly close together, thus linked by the waves that science had made vocal. And a little of the desolation went out of the listening man's heart as he turned and tested the roughly-built sending set and called hurriedly back to Mary Walsworth across the intervening waste of waters. He could hear her cry of relief and the added tremor that crept into her voice as she answered him. They were separated and yet they were mysteriously together as they talked back and forth, telling of their love and counseling courage and proclaiming that deliverance would soon be at hand. Yet Alan's face hardened as Mary told him of the conditions about her. "I intend to be brave, dear," she said. "And I want you to be the same. But the one thing I'm afraid of is this man Kurder. He is evil, through and through."
THOUSANDS of Photoplay readers are sending in titles for "The Story Without a Name." They are eager to win one of the cash prizes or radio sets to be given as prizes for the best titles and sub-titles submitted.

The first cash prize is $2,500. The smallest is $25. Four De Forest D-12 Reflex Radiophones will also be given as prizes.

Many radio broadcasting stations are announcing the contest to radio fans. They are offering an additional $500 cash prize.

Read the conditions, then read the synopsis and present installment of the story, it will enthrall you—and—enter the contest.

$5,000 in Cash Prizes

Read the conditions of the contest on page 82

On a hundred thousand instruments four million waiting ears listened to a strange and unexpected message
"You will not have to endure him long!" cried Alan, desperate-eyed, as he smote the table with his fist. "God knows how, but in some way we'll get out a call!" He tried to talk calmly again as he outlined a rough programme of speaking back and forth at sunset and sunrise and high noon. But when he finally took the phones from his ears he sat back in his rough workroom with a more determined light in his eyes.

He inventoried the apparatus all about him, trying to decipher some plan whereby he could build up his power and increase his sending-range so as to call for help. Yet there was little to hope for from the meagre stores of his work shack, and still less from the barren spit of sand that fell away to the beryl-green lagoon between the broken lines of the coral reef. There was a distinct limit, he knew, to both the life and the strength of his batteries. They were precariously feeble even as they stood. Drakma, with his devilish cunning, had put his prisoner's voice on a leash, leaving it to range as far as the sloop and little farther. And Alan's enemy had left him with no source of energy either to recharge those tired batteries or to bring him the power he needed to bridge the waste of silence between him and his friends. That, he realized, had been a part of the trick to force his hand, giving him a taste of speech and then taking it away from him again. And it seemed worse, infinitely worse, than the ancient Chinese torture of confronting a starving prisoner with the pleasant fumes of cookery.

He awakened to the fact, as his first day slipped drearily past, that he could not hope to reach the mainland by radio. Yet as evening deepened into night, the clear and pelliculid calm night of tropical peace so ideal for transmission, he sat before his rough table with the ear-phones adjusted, ranging through wave-length after wave-length in a lonely hunger for some word from the outer world. And as he listened there different far-off etheric voices began to sound in his ears. He caught faint echoes of the talk between the radio-officers on the American fleet maneuvering off Guantanamo. He heard orchestra music, winging its way out over the Atlantic, from heaven knew where. He heard an official call to the scout-cruiser Cincinnaiti, remembering with a wayward glow of pride that it was the fastest warship afloat, and wondering through what waters its pointed prow was plowing. He heard the notes of a saxophone, disturbingly clear, and surmised it to be coming, as a code message, from some cay or craft controlled by Drakma and his colleagues in outlawry. He sat depressed at this thought, bent low above his table, when out of the night there arrowed in to him another and a newer voice. It was a voice with a familiar ring to it and a quick needling of nerves thrilled his body as he listened.

"If you hear this, Alan," said that voice out of nowhere, "remember that Don and his friends are fighting for you." For he knew that it was Don Powell speaking across the night to
Thrills with Love and Mystery!

seat, throw up his hands, and fell back against the fuselage

him. And after a moment's silence a fainter and more tremulous voice spoke. It was his mother's voice, bringing a gush of tears to his eyes as he listened. "Whatever has happened, Alan, your old mother believes in you. Wherever you are, my boy, she is praying to God for you, asking God in His goodness to bring you back to her."

A far-away look crept into the exile's eyes as he heard that message. He no longer felt so alone in the world. If others were fighting for him he, too, must keep up the fight. He must, he reminded himself, in some way send out a radio call. And remembering Mary Walsworth's plight, he must in some manner fight his way to Sig Kurder's sloop and stand beside her in peril. And as he tossed and groaned in his sleep that night he dreamed that Mark Drakma was strapping him in an electric chair and compelling Mary to turn on the current which was to burn his body to a crisp. He wakened, roused by his own shout of terror, and in the breaking morning light his wavering glance fell on the triangulator standing on the table above his bunk. And around that instrument his reviving hopes seemed to cluster, though he could not quite decipher in what manner it could be made to serve his ends. But serve his ends it must!

$500 extra. See page 111 for additional prize offer in the great Radio Contest

CHAPTER SIX

With the coming of daylight Alan's will was stronger and his mind clearer. After carefully exploring his island and estimating his food and water supply, he set feverishly to work building a canoe. It would, he soon saw, be a strange and flimsy craft, but all he asked was something to carry him as far as the sloop, which he could just see anchored on the skyline. He decided to make it a sort of catamaran that could carry a rag of sail, a roughly modeled canoe with an out-rigger to steady it in those uncertain seas. The framework of this canoe he was compelled to fashion from a few scattered firkin hoops, helped out with a few feet of rusty band iron. As he had soldering irons and an ample supply of solder on his work table, he devised a waterproof outrigger by cutting and soldering together a number of empty gasoline cans, saving two of the cans to be used as a sea-case, later, for his precious triangulator.

But the graver problem presented itself when it came to finding covering material for his canoe frame. To do this he harvested every rag of cloth the cay shack offered, every stray fragment of canvas, every foot of bleached old canopy.

[Continued on page 106]
CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

T he movies are threatened by just one menace after another. The European invasion, the Latin lovers and now the animals. The more or less human actors of Hollywood are becoming cowed, dogged and aped.

Just as it looked as though no one could supplant the seraphic Valentino along comes the Galloping Fish to break records. Even the austere critics trumpet the new Ince discovery. Here at last we have a star who doesn't pretend to be anything but what he is, a fish. Naturalness and modesty make for a great appeal these days.

How far Mr. Ince's seal will go I cannot for the moment predict. If the ebon sleekness of Signor Valentino's turret had anything to do with his success, as some allege, then the seal ought to be the biggest fish in the swim next season.

These animals are scoring real historic triumphs. Photoplay recently listed the performance of Rex, the horse, ahead of Jack Pickford and other estimable face flexers.

T hese stars are insisting upon good supporting casts, too. Alice Terry was seriously considering the signing of a long term contract when Eleanor Boardman came dashing into the studio. Who do you play with next? asked Alice. "With Peter the dog," said Eleanor. Alice arose with dignity and made the deal in one Queenly bound. She'd sign no contract, she screamed, they'd probably be getting a cow next and she'd find herself supporting Jerry, the Jersey.

D umb brutes or dumb-bells seem to be the question in the minds of producers right now.

If you think I'm facetious about the animal menace just peruse the boxoffice records. The Warner Brothers signed John Barrymore, Ernst Lubitsch and other high-jacked artists, but Rin-Tin-Tin actually saved the day for them. That's cold fact.

Now Mr. Ince, after starring Dorothy Dalton, Bill Hart, Charlie Ray and other bean-getters, has taken to fish. In his first picture the seal cleans up, and all Mr. Ince has to give him is his board, which is only a little more than he paid his human stars.

L et me interpolate at this point that I am not handling the seal's publicity, although I'm seriously considering donning a diving suit and going after it.

Mr. Hal Roach is stalling the whole barnyard in "The Dippy Do Dads," and has bought himself a Rolls-Royce off the earnings of Sueze, the goose.

Joe Martin, who is temporarily making personal appearances with a circus, according to a wire I just had from him, has enabled Mr. Carl Laemmlie to gamble and lose fortunes on inferior human stock. Mr. Martin wires that he is returning to the silver sheet following his tour.

A director of my acquaintance declares that no one with brains ever could be an actor. This is obviously absurd in view of the success the animals are making.

S eriously, it is a momentous menace for all of us. As an interviewer I've as! warned as any actor. When I'm invited out to lunch with a star I don't want to have to eat balled hay. I've swallowed a lot but never timothy. On the whole it would be easier to interview animals because so long as you feed them they don't kick. But I like to get a kick out of my work. I don't bruise easily.

There's this advantage: Movie petting parties can be staged in the barnyard without giving Hollywood a bad name. I hope I am not being a cad in saying I know from experience that one can pet Madame Julie without getting a bark out of M. Strongheart.

Another advantage: Any picture made in the barnyard is certain to be a clean picture.

G enius was born to unhappiness. Chaplin is said to be the unhappiest of mortals. Some one demanded an explanation for this from Jim Tully, his publicity aid. "Well, what are his millions, his estates and his fame," replied Jim, "if his girl breaks a date with him?"

C ommencing on "The Merry Widow" which she will do under Von Stroheim's direction, Mae Murray told me that she did a burlesque of it in "The Follies." "That was in 1908," said Mae, adding, "When I was fifteen." Pads and pencils, please!

J a mes R. Quirk, editor of Photoplay, warned a member of his California staff against California gin. "What he mean?" demanded Pola, perplexed. "Why he say that about California gin?"

Which proves, of course, that Pola has become a loyal daughter of California. Gin may be bad, but why pick on California gin? Such is Pola's sentiment.

I was considering the purchase of a house in Hollywood, situated among secateurs with a view of Whitley heights. The lady who owned the place informed me that Valentino and Barbara La Marr lived just above. "But," she added hastily, "they can't use this street, it's a closed road." It was a good sales argument perhaps. But I didn't buy the house. The honest woman admitted that sound does carry.

I t is becoming more and more difficult for a director to select a main cast without including some of Barbara La Marr's adorers. King Vidor couldn't get around it in "Mary the Third"; there were so many male roles. Ben Lyon, a current admirer (this is being written in June) played the lead while Bill Haines played second. Ben appeared one morning with one of those slave bracelets inscribed, Mizpah, God bless you, and all that sort of thing. He didn't try to hide it to spare Bill's feelings, though it was known that Bill had also been a hopeful courtier. This was too much. Bill shot back a wicked cuff and displayed a handsome wrist watch from the same fair donor. "Mine cost more than yours did!" he squealed diabolically.

Mr. Vidor had to call off work for the day because the scenes required that Ben register happiness.

I encountered Alice Terry entering a Hollywood bank with a bundle of checks under her arm. The Mona Lisa of the screen had that twinkle in her eye which always suggests she has a joke all to herself.

"When I deposit this," she said, "I'll have a hundred thousand dollars all in my own name."

"Capitalist," I said scornfully, "the next thing you'll be wanting a million."

"Not I!" retorted Alice, "I didn't even want the hundred thousand!

D own in Durango, Mexico, the birthplace of Ramon Novarro, an unscrupulous exhibitor advertised Rupert Hughes' "Souls for Sale—With Ramon Novarro." The whole town turned out to do homage to its pride and joy. When Ramon failed to appear among the stars of Hollywood, the fiery Spanish citizenry burned on the exhibitor with righteous blood in the eye. The shuddering gentleman explained that Ramon didn't appear, true, but that he directed the picture! But that didn't help Ramon's reputation any. Durango has critical sentiments similar to Bob Sherwood.

L atest scandal note: King Vidor and Florence Vidor, husband and wife, were seen lunching together.

Theda Bara's "returns" almost equal the late Bernhard's "farewells." Theda is ever on the point of returning, but she never quite makes the grade. It was reported that she would do Zoe Aikens' "Declasse," which Ethel Barrow died on the New York stage. But Corinne Griffith has obtained that for her productions. Truly, the retribution meted out to the vampire is a terrible one.
IT'S great to be famous, but it is greater to be loved by the one and only woman (or man) in the world. Maybe that is why Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills are smiling. They are among the happiest couples in the film colony. Mrs. Sills is a non-professional, but is loved by all who know her because she is a typically gracious American woman, sincere, and without affectation.
THE PERFECT FLAPPER—First National

IT was inevitable that, after her boxoffice hit as the irresistible flapper of "Flaming Youth," Colleen Moore would go on doing rôles of the same type. "The Perfect Flapper" is a made-to-order result. Here she is Tommy Lou, a quiet mouse who decides to flap her way into male popularity. She does it with a vengeance, becoming the life of at least several parties and a corespondent as well. And she wins an old fashioned young lawyer, giving up her jazz flappiness. The plot is of little substance and what there is moves along mechanically. The director, too, is uninspired and there are far too many close-ups of Miss Moore. Still, we suspect this has certain popular qualities. As for Miss Moore's performance, it all depends upon whether or not you like her. To us, her work is pretty forced.

BABBITT—Warner

WHEN Sinclair Lewis turned from the small town of "Main Street" to the small city of "Babbitt," he retained his remorseless pen. The Zenith of George F. Babbitt, aged 46, of the Babbitt-Thompson Realty Company, has its self centered population of Rotarians, Boosters, Elks and so on. Lewis probed their follies and weaknesses with a cruel savagery. But his Babbitt, for all his unromantic puffiness, has his yearnings. Lewis felt that tragedy and comedy were to be found in middle-aged successful America and he proved it in "Babbitt."

This film version follows the novel within certain celluloid bounds. There are changes and exaggerations but, on the whole, Babbitt becomes a pretty real character in the hands of Willard Louis. The film follows his restlessness, reveals his romance with Tanis Judique, teacher of music, pauses with him as he debates the possibility of sacrificing his position in Zenith on the altar of glamorous adventure and follows him back home again—to Myra and their children.

There are changes, as we have said. Tanis is made into a rather conventional screen siren. The producers have soft-pedalled Lewis' hatred of boosterism and his rapier punctures of small city-ism. "Babbitt" becomes simply the story of the last escape of a man just over the threshold of middle age.

George F. Babbitt is admirably played by Willard Louis, who came into celluloid prominence with his Prince of Wales in "Beau Brummel." He makes Babbitt a very real person, sympathetically and sincerely drawn. Mary Alden's work is satisfactory as Mrs. Babbitt, although she isn't the character of the novel. Nor are the other members of the Babbitt household quite as Mr. Lewis drew them in words.

THE PERFECT FLAPPER—Warner

PHIL ROSEN, the director who made "Abraham Lincoln," has handled this variation of the domestic triangle with discretion and good taste. Grace Flandrau's best seller dealt with three people: a young woman, striking, appealing but declasse; another, wealthy, plain and correct socially; and, of course, the much sought young man. The man slips into a marriage with the society girl before he realizes it, although he cares for the other. Years pass. Then the girl of the old romance returns, along with the old emotional urge. What will the man do? Monte Blue is adequate as the distraught husband, Irene Rich gives an unusually fine performance of the wife, and Marie Prevost reveals further histrionic improvement as the third angle of the triangle. We divide honors between Director Rosen and Miss Rich.
The Six Best Pictures of the Month
BABBITT—BEING RESPECTABLE
THE ARAB
THE PERFECT FLAPPER
MANHANDLED
CAPTAIN JANUARY

The Six Best Performances of the Month
GLORIA SWANSON in “Manhandled”
WILLARD LOUIS in “Babbitt”
HOLMES HERBERT in “Being Respectable”
IRENE RICKS in “Behind the Curtain”
BETTY COMPSON in “The Enemy Sex”

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 131

THE ARAB—Metro

This latest—and possibly final—directorial effort of Rex Ingram has a fascinating background, the very Sahara itself, but the story limps. The action revolves around a missionary and his daughter, with a young native on the sentimental horizon. In this it is suggestive of “Where the Pavement Ends.” But there the comparison ends.

This mission is a pawn in the hands of the wily Moslems. They plan to send away the government troops, let the desert tribesmen wipe out the Christians and politely disclaim all responsibility. But the dashing dragoman, Jamil, son of a desert chieftain, prevents the tragedy. There is an indefinite ending, with the girl returning to America but promising to come back. All this may sound like a story of considerable action. “The Arab,” however, is turgid.

There are few romantic scenes and the sentiment is meager. The Moslem attack is worked up without creating any real suspense. But there is more than a measure of picturesque-ness in the rôle of the dragoman, Jamil, who has politely tied his way in and out of Christianity four times. And there is a distinct pictorial appeal to Mr. Ingram’s production.

Mr. Ingram seems to have fallen down most in his plot development but he has performed something of a miracle with his native players. They seem excellent actors, indeed. There are some finely atmospheric scenes of the East, notably in the Algerian dance halls and in the streets of the Oulad Niles.

Ramon Novarro is the Jamil and the rôle seems to us to be better played than anything this young actor has yet done. Alice Terry is the missionary’s daughter and Alexandria, a vivid Russian actress, makes her film debut in the colorful rôle of an Oulad Nile.

MANHANDLED—Paramount

Once again we can record a further stride ahead for Gloria Swanson. This story by Arthur Stringer isn’t very much but the star lifts it into genuine interest and vitality. Tessie McGuire is a little shop girl, whose sweetheart is a garage mechanic with an invention for a new carburetor. Tessie catches her boss’ roving eye, gets invited to a wild party, plays with fire for a while, becomes an imitation Russian countess in a smart modiste shop, and, tired of the men she continually encounters, returns to her old love, now a millionaire by way of his invention. Pretty inferior stuff as dramatic literature, but you will forget all that in Miss Swanson’s absorbing work. She does a Charlie Chaplin imitation that will surprise you and has several really moving moments. Incidentally, the story is sexy-plus.

CAPTAIN JANUARY—Principal

Mild and sentimental is this tale of a wair and an old lighthouse keeper. The child has been washed ashore and the keeper of the light on the Maine island brings her up with the aid of a cow, Imogene. Daddy Jeremiah calls her Captain January and everything moves along with saccharine sweetness until the baby’s real folks come to take her home. Then there’s a tearful separation, followed by a tearful reunion when Captain January comes to Daddy Jeremiah and Imogene. “Captain January” is slender in texture, but probably Baby Peggy can cause enough pull to the average emotions to get it by. There are times when the little star with the shoe button eyes seems a bit too actory and lacking in spontaneity. Hobart Bosworth gives a careful performance of the old lighthouse keeper.
BREAD—Metro

CHARLES G. NORRIS' novel pointed the moral that, with all of woman's modern independence, her true sphere was the home. The heroine is successful in business, marries, is unhappy, leaves her husband and is even more wretched. The film ending brings the couple together again. This is dull, save for Mae Busch's performance of the girl in quest of happiness.

DARING LOVE—Truart

BROKEN by his wife's unfaithfulness, the hero slips to the depths only to be regenerated by a dancer in a question-able resort. The wife tries to lure him back but little Bobo wins her man in the end. Mild stuff jazzed up with a "box office title." Hardly the picture to go to if you have anything better to do. Elaine Hammerstein is the self-sacrificing Bobo who, like Kiki, is "a good girl."

THE MARRIAGE CHEAT—First National

ROMANCE with a South Sea background. A young wife leaps overboard from her wicked husband's yacht and finds refuge on a small isle. The local missionary falls in love, just as the husband follows in quest of his wife. Passable melodrama with an unknown, Laska Winter, running away with the hit as a native girl. The triangle consists of Leatrice Joy, Percy Marmont and Adolphe Menjou.

TIGER LOVE—Paramount

CONVENTIONAL Castilian story even if an opera has been based upon it. Another dashing outlaw robs the rich to aid the poor. Another kidnapping of the heroine at the altar rail just as she is being forced into a loveless marriage. And the bandit turns out to be of noble blood. This romance is screened with a measure of color and dash. Antonio Moreno is the debonair outlaw.

REVELATION—Metro

SOME years ago Alla Nazimova flashed across the silver-sheet in this colorful story of a dancer who finds spiritual redemption in posing for a study of the Madonna. It was folly to attempt to reproduce this with Viola Dana, a pleasant little player in her way, in the rôle calling for a wealth of emotionalism and variety. This version seems an exceedingly weak effort to duplicate a success.

SWORDS AND THE WOMAN—F. B. O.

THIS version of Baroness Orczy's "Scarlet Pimpernel" romance of the French Revolution was filmed in England and France by Henry Kolker. It has a good measure of charm, spirit and taste. Briefly it is the ill-starred romance of a young French girl for a nobleman who killed her brother in a duel. Holmes Herbert is capital as the Scarlet Pimpernel of many disguises and Flora Le Breton is a pretty heroine.
THE ENEMY SEX—Paramount

SOME years ago Owen Johnson’s “The Salamander,” the story of a girl who went through fire untouched, created something of a sensation. That was before the flapper. James Cruze has filmed the gay career of Dodo Baxter into a presentable photoplay, providing Betty Compson with her best rôle in a long time. But this sort of story isn’t what Cruze can do best. Too sexy for family entertainment.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN—Universal

THIS picture starts out to be a light summertime romance and develops into a mystery melodrama in which a fake spiritualist is involved. The story is awkwardly told and is decidedly unconvincing. The mystery doesn’t build as it should. The director seems to have been handicapped by a rigid hand upon the expenditures. The picture demonstrates the steadily growing possibilities of Lucille Ricksen.

CHANGING HUSBANDS—Paramount

A LIGHT celluloid farce based upon the preposterous idea that two women can look so much alike that when one of them, an unmarried actress, masquerades as the other, a young wife, the husband doesn’t guess the difference. This skates along the edge of being daring and is a pretty sophisticated comedy. The farce falls down in its acting, although Leatrice Joy differentiates the doubles pretty well.

THERE’S MILLIONS IN IT—F. B. O.

A N English made picture revolving around the efforts of two rival syndicates to get possession of a rich radium field somewhere in the Balkans. Built along serial lines and full of holes. Better done than the story deserves. One faction outwits the other by utilizing two men who look exactly alike. Clive Brook is satisfactory in the dual rôle and Catherine Calvert appears as an unscrupulous pawn.

A SELF-MADE FAILURE—First National

A HOPELESS bum is mistaken for a gymnast and masseur who had been expected by the crooked proprietor of a flourishing sanatorium. Circumstances compel him to adopt the bluff and essay the job. There are incriminating documents, a daughter and her lover-poet, mystery and laughs. Ben Alexander is the bum’s ward. Splendid comedy work is done by Lloyd Hamilton.

FOR SALE—First National

STOCK plot No. 2A: the girl who is put upon the matrimonial auction block to save her bankrupt father. The poor lover sinks to the depths but finally redeems himself. Obvious tale with artificial theatrical “big scenes.” The atmosphere does not ring true. Earl Hudson’s story is trite and the direction of George Archainbaud old-fashioned. Acting as good as material permits. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]
Star or Wife?

Which proves that the sugar-coating of fame, although sweet for a while, sometimes turns to ashes in a woman’s mouth.

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

WHEN Roger Mason learned that his wife was to be guest of honor at the regular weekly luncheon of the Rotary Club, his initial impulse was to remain away. But on second thought he decided to attend.

He was curious to see what she looked like.

Seven years. He thumbed the leaves of a kodak album and gazed ruminatively upon a snapshot of them taken seven years before. The man in the picture was more slender than the Roger Mason of today, but there was no greater strength in the line of jaw or set of lips; no more directness in the wide-set eyes. It was easy to look from the snapshot to the reflection in the mirror and to see that time had dealt with him in kindly fashion.

But as for Jeanne... There were the two pictures of Jeanne... the little snapshot in the album and the striking half-tone on the official program of the Rotary Club:

MISS JEANNE ARMSTRONG
Foremost Star of the Silver Screen, Who Will be Guest of Honor and Principal Speaker at the Weekly Luncheon of the Rotary Club on Thursday, April Seventeenth.

Roger didn’t know the woman whose picture stared at him from the glazed surface. The features were familiar, yet they were strange in a vague, indefinable way. He scrutinized closely the lines of face and figure: it was well nigh impossible to believe that this woman was his wife—or ever had been. He smiled faintly at thought of the tongue-wagging which would start should it become known that he, president of the Rotary Club, was the husband of Miss Jeanne Armstrong, movie star.

Jeanne’s visit to the city was in the nature of a silent challenge which he calmly accepted. Of course she knew he was there; they had kept in casual touch for the seven years of their separation—chatty, friendly letters which used many words and said nothing: the formality of correspondence between two persons who have meant much to each other, who were linked together by ties which they had chosen not to dissolve—and yet who had nothing in common save a mutual—if rather impersonal—respect.

Of course Jeanne didn’t know that he was president of the Rotary Club; or at least he presumed that she did not. He had never considered the fact of his elevation to that office as being worthy of particular mention. The studies of Hollywood were a far cry from the presidency of a Southern Rotary Club...

Memory of their brief, flaming affair came back to him now: classmates at a big university—campus companions—social inseparables—good fellows. Then a ripening of friendship into love, the soft sensuous radiance of the spring preceding commencement—and marriage. Their tiny incomes were merged when he accepted his first engineering job in Mexico and after that had come Honduras and later a year in Venezuela; always in the untrodden wastes where women do not belong and cannot go... and while he was garnering experience and building for himself an enviable reputation she was utilizing her independence as an unfettered married woman to test her yearning for the stage.

She had done well enough in a small way and mere chance had plunged her into the movies. She screened well and she brought to the cinema all of the poise and quiet assurance which was hers by right of birth. Too, she was fine-looking; some regarded her as beautiful, a few as pretty; the real secret of her screen effectiveness was summarized by an office boy at the studios in the graphic phrase: “Jeanne Armstrong? Say, that dame has got the real, ginuwine class!”

And so by the time the railroad was completed in Venezuela Jeanne’s real, ginuwine class had won for her a firm footing in the photoplay world: she was a competent leading woman and an excellent foil for the doll-like prettiness of most of the stars with whom she worked. She was quiet, repressed and unaffected.

For a brief space of time Roger had remained in the New York office. He had known about the movie venture, but distance stripped the situation of all significance. Now he awoke to it when she wrote that contracts made it impossible for her to join him in the east. Later when he was made general manager of the company’s biggest subsidiary works in a Southern city he journeyed alone to his new home... and
realized that something must be done to bring his domestic situation down to the firm basis of a status.

Jeanne was doing well; she was happy and contented. Their romance had died of malnutrition. The boy she had married was grown to manhood; his girl-bride was now a woman of the world; they did not know each other or care particularly. He offered her a home—which she refused. He suggested divorce and rather welcomed her negation of the idea. And so it was agreed that they would remain married to one another until such time as either desired freedom; no need, they agreed, for the noisomeness of divorce courts unless it became necessary or desirable.

So, for the first time in his life, Roger Mason became an integral part of a civic community. He was head of the biggest industrial plant in the district; he occupied a three-room suite in the city's biggest hotel; he was reputed to be a married man, but he had no intimates and so it never became known that Jeanne Armstrong of screen fame was his wife; his keen mind and likeable personality opened the doors of exclusive clubs... and sheer ability in civic affairs elected him eventually to the presidency of the Rotary Club.

As such it would devolve upon him the next day to introduce to his fellow-members the woman who was his wife. He chuckled as he reflected upon the florid speech he would make—concealing, of course, the fact that he was her husband. Imagination would play a great part in this formal introduction; he was not a movie fan, but he had followed with considerable interest Jeanne's screen career. He knew that she was a featured player who had never attained stardom and, in all probability, never would. But she was well known to cinema lovers and well liked by them... sufficiently popular to have assured the success of this personal appearance tour which she was making during the parlous times when Hollywood was in the grip of a sudden depression caused by inflated production costs, overstocking of finished films, panicky fear of overhead and the shutdown of two of the largest studios. Her tour was being conducted by the booking office of a national chain of vaudeville theaters which played split-week bills, the personally-appearing luminaries serving as headliners on the rather cheap programs. Jeanne was coming the next day—Thursday she would make three appearances at the theater; then three more on Friday and another trio on Saturday. Then a move to the next city.

Mason's paramount emotion was one of amusement. Rather a queer way to renew the acquaintance of the woman who had been his bride rather than his wife. A good deal had happened since their last meeting... he was now a steady citizen; over the success in her chosen field. He, as an engineer, was rather contemptuous of screen actors; it was all very well, of course, but there was really no substance to the profession... that was his reaction. He never paused to consider how she might regard him. It was with a feeling of conscious superiority that he looked forward to their meeting... but somehow he did not sleep particularly well that night. After all, stranger though she was, there was no escaping the fact that she was his wife.

The following morning he was distraught. The office force decided first that he was grouch and second that he was worried. As a matter of fact he was neither; he was occupied in concocting a brilliant, sparkling speech...

At ten minutes before one o'clock he entered the ballroom of the big hotel which, every Thursday at that hour, was filled with long tables for the Rotary Club luncheon. A few of the members were already there; an air of expectancy hovered over the room. From a table Roger selected a huge, white, celluloid button which he pinned on his coat:

ROGER MASON
"Roger"
Engineer

The table reserved for officers, honor guests and speakers was on a raised platform. Near the center of the table was a bowl of short-stemmed roses. The entertainment committee had bought white ones—they looked queerly like bride roses. Roger was interested; he wondered whether she would think he had done this.

And then, through the door at the far end of the hall came Jeanne Armstrong—Mrs. Roger Mason. She was escorted by Tom Farnsworth, chairman of the entertainment committee, and Tom was grinning like a Cheshire cat—awkward and self-conscious and, strangely enough, not at all patronizing.

Mason, starting, found that he was the victim of amazement. It was difficult to believe that this slender, willowy, undeniably beautiful woman was the girl he had last seen seven years before. Her clothes were perfect—a heavy, shiny black material with deep collar and cuffs of leopard fur; a tiny hat trimmed with leopard; a single glittering ornament at the waist and above it a corsage sent by the entertainment committee.

She moved slowly down the hall, apparently oblivious to the frankly curious stares of the assembled Rotarians. As she approached he rose to meet her—her deep violet eyes flashed to his and he saw that recognition was instant. But not for a second did her exquisite poise desert her, nor did she give a hint that this meeting was a surprise.

And now she stood close to him and he heard Farnsworth's smooth, unctuous tones:

"Permit me to present Mr. Mason. Mr. Mason—Miss Armstrong. Mr. Mason is our president.

"Her warm little hand touched his. "I am delighted to meet Mr. Mason...""

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she was his wife. She seemed an absolute and utter stranger . . . and then the clatter of silver rose above the hum of conversation and he found himself talking with her.

"I didn't know you were coming, Miss Armstrong—not until I read the announcement yesterday. . . ."

"Really? And I didn't know I was to have the pleasure of sitting next to you. What an imposing figure you are—dean of these solid, business men! You must feel quite prideful!"

Was she laughing at him, or was she sincere? A half-hour before he would have believed the latter—now he was nonplussed. He doubted himself . . . his scintillant, carefully-prepared speech struck him suddenly as being rather silly. Yet, confound it, the situation was absurd; he was exquisitely embarrassed.

"You've changed, Roger."

"Think so?"

"Yes. Your waist has increased and that streak of gray at your right temple is simply bewitching."

"Thanks. I wouldn't have known you. You're stunning."

She shrugged. "One learns to dress in Hollywood."

"It's hard to realize—our position—"

"Then why worry about it? I'm here today and gone to-morrow."

"But what a shock we could give these nice gentlemen if we were to announce our relationship. . . . Don't grow pale! I'm not contemplating any such atrocious act. Tell me—how are you getting along?"

"Pretty well. It seemed to him now that his material success was of little consequence. This soft, sleek creature at his side seemed so far removed from such a ghastly thing as industry. . . . "I'd like to have a chance to talk things over with you while you're here."

"Fine. I'm in this hotel."

"So am I. I've lived here for five years. We can chat—"

"Dare you?"

"Dare?"

"Prominent clubman infatuated with celebrated movie actress—scandal, gossip—"

"I'll chance it. And now—" His gavel tapped the table and he rose. His speech of introduction came haltingly . . . the things which had seemed to him to be quite clever were flat to his ears. He fancied her eyes mockingly upon him. Confound Jeanne, anyway! What right had she to come back to him an entirely different woman—a stranger? A splatter of applause greeted his words, but as she rose  

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 113)
Little People of the Films

WHENEVER I want to discover who the next pictorial idol is going to be I project an ear into a movie party and hear who's being panned. Listen to them pan and you'll know whom to praise.

I've found this an infallible guide.

It makes prophecy pleasant for a lazy seer, obviating, as it does, the strict necessity for attendance upon movie shows for which I may not have the most passionate yen.

I recently attended a friendly little affair which for shivers of carnal delight surpassed anything Caligula could have staged with forty thousand Christians and as many Bengal tigers.

Talents, morals and manners were torn dripping from the absent victims with ecstatic gurgles. Now and then there was feverish praise as a sort of aperitif to the feast. The praise was always extended to those who had cinematically declined or were breathing their last.

The guests of the occasion, all concerned in the motion picture industry, delivered black eyes with a precision and force that Dempsey might have envied. Yet whenever the outsider levels criticism at the industry these defamers rush angrily to the nearest pulpit to howl about persecution. They are as ridiculous, without being as honest, as Maggie, who, upon being arraigned in court and asked if she were the defendant, replied, "No, I'm the woman who stole the stuff."

They brew the scandal for the industry and then rush into press and pulpit as defendants.

They are the little people of the films. Their natural enemies are the big. Their method is ambush, their motive envy.

The newcomer is logical prey because the sniper is not noted for the courage of his aim; it takes more courage to shoot at the person already pedestaled than at the one just scaling the grade.

One year ago this company of valiants was out after Pola Negri. They decreed her impossible as a woman and an actress. They wanted to boil her in oil. The virulence of their animosity indicated enormous power on the part of Pola. Today that same claque proclaims her a great woman and eagerly participates in ovations for her. The lady from Poland has been firmly pedestaled by the public.

Negri was resented: first, because she came to this country in a triumph that threatened terrific competition for the native poser; second, because she curled a scornful lip at the sycophants who saluted before her. The ladies disliked her because she didn't care for their teas and talk; the swains could see nothing to her because she didn't roll her eyes ecstatically and exclaim "hot dog!" when they cast the hypnotic glance upon her.

One gallant informed me that she had atrocious manners. He said that when he was presented to her she put a handkerchief to her mouth, a damnable insult. Since she could have blown into a bandana and still have charmed me I argued in her behalf that perhaps the action might be construed as politeness; perhaps she was merely stifling a laugh. Gentlemen of renowned sex appeal sometimes appeal to one's sense of humor.

As I say, the panning of Pola
But that's what happened to Marilyn Miller Pickford. Jack and Marilyn were vacationing in their camp at Oceanside, when burglars broke into their home in Los Angeles, opened Mrs. Pickford's jewel safe and stole some of her most valuable jewels. The theft was discovered by a maid and the police went to work at once, but so far no clew has been discovered nor have any of the jewels been recovered.

MR. AND MRS. HARTLEY MANNERS (Laurette Taylor) have left Hollywood to return to New York and prepare for the coming theatrical season. While in the West Miss Taylor completed one picture, from her husband's play, "One Night in Rome."

WHEN Ramon Novarro was thirteen years old his family wasn't wasting its money on photographs of the film star. Probably they might have spent a few dollars in such enterprise had they known of the young man's future. Then again they mightn't.

You see, it was this way. Fred Niblo wanted a picture of

This picture might be called "The Taming of the Sheik" but isn't. It is just one of the tender love scenes portrayed by Rudolph Valentino and his leading woman, Helen D'Algy, in "A Sainted Devil," his last picture.
and Gossip East and West

the dashing Ramon when he was thirteen. Novarro couldn't supply it, but he suggested that he send for his younger brother, Eduardo, who, he said, looks just as he did when he was that age.

So Eduardo was given a free trip to Hollywood at his elder brother's expense and, after a few minutes on the set, was ordered to get into costume and play Ramon at thirteen.

All of which leads to the speculation of what the Novarro family will supply to the film world a few years hence. Will Eduardo succeed his brother in the hearts of film fans? If two are successful, what will be the other eight brothers and sisters of this family do for the screen?

Doug Fairbanks should be about ready to quit. He has worked all these years trying to build up a reputation around his name and the Germans refuse to recognize it.

When Doug and Mary arrived in Berlin the comedian found that he was simply "Mr. Pickford." It's a fact. Everybody has to register upon their arrival in Germany and when the famous film celebrities looked at their registration cards they found they were "Frau and Herr Pickford."

It was the nearest to a knockout punch the pair received on their trip abroad. Mary was nearly overcome with laughter and Doug by the "kidding" he got from his better half.

Who would ever have dreamed of Nazimova consenting to play anything but solo star parts? Yet here we have the great little actress co-starring with Milton Sills in "Madonna of the Streets." Temperament, or what?

What every mother dreams her baby will have. This beautiful basinet, made of the finest lace and softest silk, was used by Gloria Swanson in "Her Love Story," and was most jealously guarded because of the delicate material.

There are a good many devoted wives in Hollywood, but the palm, we think, should be awarded, without question, to Mrs. Conrad Nagel.

Mrs. Nagel and Lois Wilson have always been particularly close chums, so when Lois found she was to make a trip to London she invited Ruth Nagel to go with her. Ruth was overjoyed and rushed about to get ready in the few days before they were to leave Hollywood. She got her passports, her traveling clothes, and her trunks and then—suddenly decided that she simply couldn't leave Conrad and her small daughter Ruthie.

She called Lois on the 'phone and explained that Conrad was working so hard and it didn't seem right to leave him. So Lois was obliged to go alone.

The Nagels have just celebrated their wooden wedding anniversary—five years—and Conrad gave a delightful surprise party for his wife on the evening of that day. Among those who attended were Lois Wilson, Beverly Bayne, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holt and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert (Beatrice Joy).

Mary Miles Minter does seem to have a most difficult time trying to retire to a life of quiet, social ease and recreation outside the public eye.

It's just one thing after another with poor Mary.
Now it’s a former maid, Katherine Herlihy, who is causing all the trouble. Miss Herlihy has sued the former screen star for $5,000 damages, charging false arrest. And Mary will have to stop her round of social gaieties in the Pasadena smart set long enough to defend the action.

The story runs something like this: Katherine Herlihy had been engaged in Miss Minter’s charming Pasadena home only a few days when she objected to the number of guests who filled the house, and caused her more work. Miss Minter discharged her immediately. But the maid, according to Miss Minter’s original complaint, didn’t wish to be discharged and became abusive and insulting and caused such a disturbance that the police were called and placed her under arrest.

The maid was locked up and released the next day on a $50 cash bond, and neither Miss Minter nor Dr. Raymond B. Mixsell, prominent Pasadena physician, who was in Miss Minter’s home at the time of the trouble, and to whom Mary has been reported engaged, appeared to press the complaint. All seemed to be well until the maid, on the following day, filed the damage suit for $5,000. Miss Minter appeared in court after this and gave her version of the arrest. The case will come to trial in a short time.

Frank Keenan, sixty-eight-year-old character actor and screen star, was married recently in Honolulu to Mrs. Margaret White, twenty-four, a divorcee and musician.

It takes something a good deal out of the ordinary to startle the Hollywood motion picture colony, but the wedding of Keenan within two months of the sudden and tragic death of his first wife, came as a shock and a surprise to many who had known the Keenans during the thirty years of their married life.

Keenan and his bride have started on a honeymoon tour of the Orient. "We find that age is no bar to love," said the new Mrs. Keenan, who is forty-four years younger than her famous husband. "Mr. Keenan has been the dominant note in my life for some time past and we shall be very happy."

As Margaret White, the bride gave music lessons to the children of several prominent screen folk and also to Mr. Keenan’s grandchildren, during a visit they made to the Keenan home. She was a protege and friend of the first Mrs. Keenan, who died at The Writers Club during an evening of one-act plays in which her husband was appearing.

By her marriage, the bride acquires two step-daughters older than herself, one the wife of a prominent army officer, and one, Mrs. Ed Wynn, wife of the famous comedian.

Florence Lawrence, who ten years ago ranked beside Mary Pickford as one of the premiere favorites of the screen, and who is in Hollywood staging a game fight for a "come back," has had her nose made over.
Following the lead of Mrs. Tom Mix, Helen Ferguson and others, this film actress, who is known to thousands of film patrons, called in surgical experts and now has a nose conforming with the Grecian style of beauty.

At the height of her success, Florence Lawrence was injured in a fall from a burning building while making a picture. This was nearly ten years ago, when she was twenty-one, and forced her retirement.

Now at the age of thirty-one—almost forgotten by stars of today who were extras when Miss Lawrence was at the top of the ladder—she is in Hollywood and trying her best to make a comeback—not as a star but as a character actress.

There are many in Hollywood who join us in hoping the nose operation will help this game young woman in her fight for recognition.

When James J. Corbett, former film star and once world’s champion heavyweight, was in Los Angeles lately playing a vaudeville engagement, he was introduced to the crowd gathered at the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood for the weekly four-round boxing contests.

"Gentleman Jim," as handsome and debonair as ever, appeared in the ring wearing the niftiest pair of goggles ever seen on the Pacific coast—they made Harold Lloyd’s famous “cheaters” look like nothing.

But they didn’t look quite right to at least one person present, for no sooner had Corbett smiled his preliminary ingratiating smile and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen," than a spectator with the voice of a bull yelled in a tone of command:

"Jim, take off them wind-shields."

Perhaps it was Jimmy Horn, who used to direct "Gentleman Jim" for Universal. Anyway Corbett fell for it.

Off came the “wind-shields” and the speech went on.

Enter the aristocratic extra!

Those girls in Hollywood who own enough clothes to be independent of the wardrobe mistresses at the studios, have organized themselves into a club. They call themselves "Hollywood’s Four Hundred," and have acquainted the casting directors with the fact that they are ready at any time to wear as much or as little of their very own gowns as may be necessary.

Of course they want more money than is paid to the extras whom the studios must outfit.

Every one who has seen "Penrod and Sam," "Boy o’ Mine," or "A Self-made Failure," has been touched by the friendship which has been shown to exist between Ben Alexander, the boy actor, and his dog.

And "shown to exist" is right, because now it comes out that, despite the tears that little Ben’s scenes with his four-footed pal have wrung from sympathetic audiences, Ben, in real life, never has owned one single dog.

He ‘fessed up to "Hap" Ward, who owns the trick dog, "Cameo."

"And what’s more," said Ben, "I don’t like dogs half as well as I like camels. If ever I have a pet I’m going to get me a camel."

Thomas H. Ince has spent considerable money trying to make a trade mark of his name. He is one of the pioneers of the motion picture industry and until recently thought himself fairly well known to the picture-goers of the country. He doesn’t feel the same about it now, however.

The blow came during the convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, recently held in Los Angeles. All of the studios held open house and a big crowd of delegates visited the Thomas H. Ince studios, where they saw Florence Vidor, Charles Ray and Mrs. Wallace Reid at work.

The guides were showing the visitors around the beautiful plant, which looks more like a Southern plantation than a motion picture studio, when one of the women held up the party and exclaimed:

"Oh, look, they have made a mistake in their sign!"

She pointed to the huge letters [Continued on page 84]
Money doesn't make The Film

Vitality instead of sawdust needed, says Clara Beranger

By Frederick James Smith

CLARA BERANGER believes that the photoplay produced at a moderate cost will be the savior of the screen. "The screen must stop plunging a fortune in an attempt to make two fortunes," she says.

This sort of photoplay will be done sanely from start to finish. The script will be carefully developed, the production will be conscientiously thought out and the making will move along sans temperance and extravagance.

Miss Beranger thinks that William de Mille, whose scripts she has written since "Lulu Bett," comes closest to this scheme of things.

"It would seem that an infallible system could be developed by which it would be impossible to go wrong in writing a scenario," she says. "Hundreds are filmed a month and there ought to be some way to create a sure-fire test on paper. Principally, I think the script must have at least one character so well drawn that he or she lives even on the typewritten sheets. Then, if this rôle reaches the screen as vitally real as it was created, the photoplay is sure of success.

"Audiences are always interested in the experiences of any character they believe in. The actions and reactions of any living person, down to the lowest ditch digger, are interesting—if the ditch digger has flesh and blood. Photoplays are dull in ratio to the sawdust in the characters. A dash of vitality—and any film will race along to success. This is true of the stage, too. Witness one character making 'Rip Van Winkle,' 'Lightnin',' and 'Rain.'"

Miss Beranger, by the way, has been writing for pictures for exactly twelve years. So she has had a hand in some great changes in the technique of the scenario.

Years ago she did original stories for Baby Marie Osborne. She is a college graduate and was a magazine and newspaper writer before she was attracted by the films.

Miss Beranger has an odd system of working. She has a studio where she creates, at a considerable distance from her home. (Incidentally, she is married.) She dictates her scripts in detail but never operates a typewriter herself. She has no set hours of work. She depends upon her moods.

Miss Beranger visits California twice a year, but she prefers to work far from the studios, untouched by any atmosphere of the Cooper-Hewitts.

She has a practical reason for this. It is solely a matter of her work.

"I'd lose my perspective otherwise," she explains.

Miss Beranger believes that the screen must develop its own writers.

"Film playwrights are slowly evolving now," she says, "and the time will come when screenwriters will be carefully schooled from the ground up. I will not live to see this, but the photoplays of the next generation will come from just these trained men and women.

"Then the screen will stop aping the stage—and go adventuring upon its own."

Miss Beranger believes that the motion picture producers let New York City influence them too much.

"They judge a play, a novel or even a short story wholly by its success and influence in the country at large. New York always raises an outcry when the rest of our land doesn't see a play or a novel under its original title."

Remember the anguish caused by Mr. de Mille's change of Julian Street's 'Rita Coventry' to 'Don't Call It Love.' That change meant over $50,000 profit in the boxoffice, at least. Mr. de Mille's change of 'Spring Cleaning' to 'The Sporting Set' will mean at least $50,000 more.

"That's how much New York titles and New York fame means to the small towns."

Clara Beranger lives away from the studios as much as possible so she can write stories for the screen that will truly depict life as it is.
Hollywood's Champion Radio Bug

By Herbert Howe

He has played The Christ a hundred times, and Pola Negri calls him "the perfect lover"

H e's a chemist. He's a portrait photographer. He paints in oil. He has invented a dozen different devices. He has played The Christ a hundred times. And he's Pola Negri's "perfect lover."

If that isn't versatility I'm willing to consider my hat a cream puff and eat it.

Furthermore, he's been an actor for fifteen years or more and yet has an unmortgaged sense of humor.

The paragon is Robert W. Frazer, married continuously since his éclair days some ten years ago, and to the same Mrs. Frazer.

He has a contract which brings around a thousand each week, yet he lives in a bon-bon bungalow. It has a garage, but he parks his car four blocks down the street so as to use the garage for a laboratory. It is equipped with chemicals of all kinds, a power drill, electric buzz-saw, a photographer's complete outfit, including an automatic syphon for a hypo tank which he invented to take the place of the old pans, and a device for automatic timing in the enlargement of pictures, also of his invention.

In the house is the largest radio receiving set of the present moment in Los Angeles, with some of his own improvements. For the victrola he has devised an arrangement that plays twelve records one after the other without manual change.

Before entering pictures he played on the stage, with Julius Arthur in several Shakespearean plays, opposite Mary Nash in "Thy Name Is Woman," the title rôle in "The Wanderer," and the leading male rôle in "The Mirage" with Florence Reed.

When Doug Fairbanks quit the stage for pictures, Frazer replaced him in "The Show Shop." He was chosen because he was physically fit to throw the villain over the cliff.

His physical fitness may have had something to do with his ability to hold his own against the tempestuous Pola in "Men," though he swears no player can hold his own with Pola.

He likens her acting to the eruptions of a volcano, sudden pyrotechnic outbursts and then a stillness almost of extinction. Through his experience he is usually able to detect a player's mechanics. But he couldn't with her. She is so spontaneous, he avers, that everything she does is as new as if just born.

In the Montmartre café where we lunched everyone saluted him as Bob. He has been in Hollywood less than a year, yet he seems to have found time from his acting, chemical experiments, inventing and painting to get acquainted with the entire colony.

He exchanged repartee with Priscilla Dean, who sat at an adjoining table, explaining that she used to play foolish virgins with him in V. L. S. E. "And now look at her," he added, "she's the siren of Seville."

As he at that moment happened to be playing in "The Foolish Virgin," Priscilla caustically reminded him of his better days when he played The Christ in "Light at Dark," "Thus Saith the Lord," "The Holy City," and "The Last Supper."

His recent endeavors, particularly "Jazzmania" and "Fascination," hardly have the same spiritual cast, he admitted. Now he prefers rôles of romance, pointing out that every movie monarch of today has won his realm romantically.

There's keenness of vision in his almost-black eyes, the effect of eagle alertness accentuated by an aquiline nose. He's six feet of forceful teetotaling vitality, with the accompanying clarity of mind, incisive and analytical. When he is given a rôle the first thing he does is to take it apart and put it together again with some new devices of his own, providing the powers permit.

He can take a tip from anyone. A fan recently remarked that his hands in a workingman's rôle looked like the hands of a workingman and yet in a society part they appeared to be those of an idler.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "I never thought about that before. It's a point worth remembering."
THE two costumes illustrated above are correct in every detail. At left—Aileen Pringle, as she appeared in "True as Steel," wearing an unusually lovely formal gown of white velvet with pearls. Miss Pringle takes exception to the straight-line mode, a thing to be avoided unless one's figure permits such revealing lines. Miss Pringle's clothes are too individual to be copied faithfully by the majority—but her ideas are very good, and with few changes, furnish interesting and smart fashions. At right—Alma Rubens, in black velvet and glittering brilliants; another very good costume for formal evening wear, and smart, from bandeau to slippers. Worn in "Cytherea"
THREE more costumes, worn in photoplays, that Miss Corson has chosen to present here as examples of correctness, style and distinction. If your type is suitable you need have no hesitation in adopting them. The two costumes at left above are worn by Constance Bennett in "Cytherea." A straight-line coat with unusual neck line, and sleeves lined with a contrasting material. Miss Bennett's taste in particular may be followed by all girls of her age and type. Center—Smart little suit, made different by a close-fitting short sleeved underblouse of silver cloth with flat black velvet bow and silk cords. (Embroidered envelope purse.) At right—Aileen Pringle, in an interesting gown, suitable for both indoor and outdoor wear, of plain black—open at side—banded with white ermine, with small plain bow at hip.

BEST SCREEN CLOTHES of the Month
An Impression of Blanche Sweet

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

If I were a man—which, thank God, I am not—there is just one woman in Hollywood I would care to marry.

That one woman is Blanche Sweet.

Yet I vouch for neither her disposition nor her character.

There are a good many things in life that I dread—boiled fish, and not having enough work to do, and being roped into a dinner party where they play mah jongg afterwards. But the supreme dread of my life is being bored.

And whatever else she might do, Blanche Sweet would never, never bore you. She couldn’t. There would probably be times when you wanted to smack her, but I have never met a personality so stimulating, so intriguing, so full of interesting vibration, as Blanche Sweet’s.

The thing that interests me about a person is what I call their sum-total. The this and that, the petty details and the tremendous difficulties of a person’s life aren’t so important. But that something which you feel from contact with them, that estimation which you form from the little test-spots along the road of friendship is. There we find the true character.

The sum-total of Blanche Sweet to me is that I don’t know anybody whom I’d rather have for a sidekick in a tight place than Blanche.

Do you ever wonder how you’d behave in a really desperate situation? Do you ever wonder if you’d keep up your nerve and be able to sing the “Star Spangled Banner” as the boat went down? Or if you could manage a feeble joke and a bit of dignity when the canteen sprung a leak in the middle of Death Valley? I do.

And then I wonder who I’d like to have with me, who would be the best companion if I had to go over the top in the gray dawn.

I don’t know anybody that I’m more certain of in my own heart would keep cool and courageous and smiling. I don’t know anybody before whom I’d be more ashamed to show a yellow streak myself, than Blanche.

If she’d been a young officer at Chateau-Thierry, her men would have followed her to hell and back with a smile and without heroes.

For somehow you get a great sense that Blanche would—what is it the poet says—?

“Understand the speech and feel a stir
Of fellowship in all disastrous fight.”

That is her sum-total in my eyes and not many people have a higher one.

In Hollywood, where all things come in time to a great sameness, Blanche has managed to avoid the mold. She is different. I am not even sure I should call her beautiful, with the signs of power in the aristocratic curve of the thin nose, the indications of a dangerous and brilliant wit in the small and humorous mouth, the proofs of great knowledge and great suffering in the terribly alive blue eyes, and the record of self-domination and high thought in the high and lovely brow.

But then, I am not sure I should call the ocean beautiful. Only I never tire of it. I never cease to be amazed at its thousand differing aspects. When it turns to a sheet of flame beneath a young moon—when it dances, garbed in dainty lace from the rim of the world—when it trembles, when it tempests, it holds my breath.

Blanche does not accuse Blanche Sweet of being a comforting personality. Far from it! But she does find in her rare charm, a spirit that would face death with high courage, and a soul that has been tempered in the fires of life.

Mrs. St. Johns doesn’t accuse Blanche Sweet of being a comforting personality. Far from it! But she does find in her rare charm, a spirit that would face death with high courage, and a soul that has been tempered in the fires of life.

Beside Mary Pickford and develop into the first dramatic actress of the silversheet. Then came the years of absence from the screen—the long absences. There is only one story, perhaps, the story of those years can be told. Some day, when we are all old and gray and the sting of things and the joy of things no longer burns so brightly. But not now. Because much of that time, Blanche walked in the valley of the shadow where—I think—we have no right to follow her.

And that she emerged—the woman of today, wearing a new, deep sweetness, a new charm, a new power. She has come back in “Anna Christie” and “Tess of the D’Urbervilles” to contest the title of the Duse of the films with any of them.

I have an idea that we, from the outside, cannot estimate the fullness of that victory.

And she herself has gained immeasurably. Blanche didn’t used to be a particularly popular person. She was a bit arro
gant, and very young, and sometimes the button came off the rapier of her wit. It still does, but she handles it more deftly—more dazzlingly. There is more control to her thrust.

A very well-known European artist, who has lived for many years in Paris and is regarded in certain places of importance as a man of unquestionable judgment and culture, came to Hollywood not so long ago. He wanted to see some of the world-famous screen stars, because he said he wanted to contrast them with the famous women of the stage and society whom he had known abroad.

So I took him one evening to a dinner party where there were seven of our most successful stars and beauties. I watched him, during dinner, and was amused by his puzzled air.

On the way home, I said to him, “How was that?”

“Thad an extremely interesting and—rather surprising evening,” he said slowly, “but there was only one woman there who, personally, could be a triumph with us. Your friend—Mrs. Neilan—I think you called her Blanche.”

“Blanche Sweet,” I said.

“Yes—Blanche Sweet. Delightful. She has wit, charm, intelligence, poise, conversational brilliance, and a most gracious manner. She reminds me of Sarah Bernhardt in her youth.”

I nodded. “She has always suggested Madame Recamier to me,” I said. “Recamier in the days when all the distinguished men of Europe clamored for admittance to her salon.”

“Exactly,” he said, “she might even succeed as an ambassador.”

One night at a party at Corinne Griffith’s house, I happened to be standing in the hall at the foot of the broad, carpeted stairway when Blanche started down. Now if there is a test of a woman’s grace, that is it. Blanche did it perfectly. She wore, I remember, a gown of golden-brown velvet—the shade of goldenrod under maple-trees in the autumn. Beneath a tight little bodice the skirt flowed in full, heavy folds. Kipping from her shoulders was a collar of rare old lace. Her hair—

that retains its natural shade of gleaming ash blondeness—was piled in a multitude of soft little curls on top of her head, and she had that haughty look of being alone on a desert island that she usually wears in public.

But the turn of her slender foot, the grace of her hand on the railing, the erect way she held her slight, frail body, made one of those pictures you carry in the treasure chest of your memory.

And then, the very next night, I saw her sitting with her husband, Marshall Neilan, at a [continued on page 107]
THIS is not the Blanche Sweet of yore. The assurance of extreme youth has vanished. In its place have come the knowledge and understanding, and some of the mellowing influence, that maturity alone can give. A woman of personal charm and fascination
ONE of the most remarkable photographs of Mary ever made. She is seated at a window looking out into the gardens of her hotel at Aix-Les-Bains, France, where she and Doug are resting up for new screen triumphs. Mary is the picture of happiness.
WITH Doug in the quaint old wall enclosed garden of their hotel at Aix-Les-Bains. The little boy who smiled his way to fame and the little girl who grew up to be the best known woman in the world—they make here a perfect love scene from real life
"I'm a coward," says Kathlyn Williams. "So danger fascinates me." Who would have believed this of the heroine of so many perilous situations of the screen! Yet she's going adventuring in the Orient and says she wants to ride on elephants in India.
A Surf Board Flapper

The story of the search for the perfect flapper and what happened to her in Hollywood when they found her

By Ivan St. Johns

Sam Wood started out to find a perfect society flapper and found she had been in films all her life.

Once upon a time there was a nice, hard-working, intelligent young motion picture director who needed a perfect flapper for his picture. His name was Sam Wood and he knew exactly what he wanted. Exactly. He wanted someone to play the pert, impudent, ultra-modern kid sister of Gloria Swanson in a production to be called "Prodigal Daughters." He wanted someone who would embody all the mad jazzmaia of the twentieth century—a girl of seventeen already weary of "petting parties," already forced to search for new thrills, eager for life and living. He couldn't find her anywhere. No casting office produced her. No casting director brought her forth.

It was in the height of the football season, so Sam started out to find the real thing by haunting the games, both high school and college, looking for the girl. He hung around the Montmartre on Friday night, when the high school kids come up to dance. He even visited the fashionable luncheon and tea rooms, always with his eye peeled for his flapper.

One day, when he was strolling up Hollywood Boulevard after lunch, a vision dawned upon him. She pirouetted down the stairs from a beauty parlor, her hair all a-tremble, with dark-brown curls thrown impudently back, her hazel eyes sparkling with deviltry and mischief, her lips curled in the perpetual bored sneer of the flapper.

She swaggered across the sidewalk, leaped into a driver that stood by the curb and had almost escaped when Sam Wood, breathless and almost incoherent, grabbed her arm.

"Please—wait a minute—who are you?—I need you in my picture—would you consider going into pictures?" he gasped.

The girl frowned at him, cocked her head saucily on one side, and then giggled.

"Say," she said, "I played with Wally Reid when I was twelve and I've been in pictures ever since. I'm a Christie comedy girl and my name is Vera Reynolds."

So Sam Wood found Vera Reynolds—not in high school, college or society but from a comedy lot, where Gloria and Bebe Daniels and Marie Prevost and any number of our most adorable screen favorites have come from, and she played the kid sister in "Prodigal Daughters." It was her introduction to the drama and then—what happened to her?

She has realized the dream and attained the seventh heaven of every comedy girl's life. She became one of Cecil B. De Mille's leading ladies.

And there is an odd little story back of that, too.

For she got her big chance, the chance which has put her where her name in electric lights on Broadway isn't so far away, because she could ride a surf board.

Can you imagine making your dearest dream come true because of a surf board?

Of course there were a few other qualifications—little things like beauty and dramatic ability—but the main thing was the surf board.

Estelle Taylor, the dark and [continued on page 124]
The true story of a director's search for a new type of child actor in which apparent success was unexpectedly and tragically destroyed.

Illustrated by George van Werveke

YES—I agree with you—there is nothing childlike about the vast majority of the children in moving picture plays. But what are you going to do about it? Perhaps you think it is an easy matter to run out and pick for yourself a sweet and simple child, and then transplant that sweet simplicity to the screen. I thought so, once. I decided to spring a revelation upon the eager public, and give the world a picture of a real child. The story of how I didn’t do it may interest you.

For several months there had been a steady flood of pictures with juvenile stars—most of them impossible, precocious youngsters, who aroused no other emotion than an intense desire to spank their parents. The little boys had bobbed hair and rouged lips. The little girls had rouged lips and long curly hair. They were about as much like the real child, whom you ride on your back and teach to call you "uncle" and provide with information concerning Santa Claus, Red Riding Hood, Jack the Giant-Killer, and the other great historical characters, as a wax wreath is like a garden of flowers. I decided to change all that in a single picture, and set a new standard for film juvenilia.

I had the story all worked out in my mind. It is there yet. The central character was a little girl. She would have to be pretty—of course. But she should not have corkscrew curls or rouged lips. The principal thing about her, however, was that she must be a living symbol of make-believe. Whenever two or more children get together, the beginning of all their activities is two words, "Let’s pretend." My little girl was to be the greatest little pretender the world has ever seen. She was to be a poor, neglected child of the slums, who, through her wonderful spirit of make-believe, turned her tenement home into a glorious castle of wealth and happiness. And because she made these things seem so real to herself, little by little her vision was transmitted to the other members of her family and to all her friends, so that by and by they all became better, kinder, more ambitious, and prosperous. I make no claim of originality for the idea, but I did propose to use it as the medium for introducing a real child to the screen. I would call her the Prettiest Princess.

Obviously, if I wanted a child who would look natural in slum scenes, the place to find her was the slums. So the next time I was in New York I went down into the lower East Side expecting to find my "star" without difficulty. And I did.

Seated in a window that opened directly upon the sidewalk the bottom of the window just about level with my shoulders a little girl looked out between two struggling geraniums. She was painting in a big book spread on the table before her deeply absorbed in her work. I stopped and stared, for I recognized my Prettiest Princess immediately. She merely glanced at me, and went back to her painting.

She was rather thin and very pale, and this made her fine forehead seem a little too high for her other features, but it was the forehead of a dreamer. There were dark shadows under her eyes. These defects would soon disappear, I knew, as soon as she had plenty of nourishing food, fresh air, and happy surroundings. Her hair was thick, golden brown, and never a sign of a curl. When she looked down at me again I saw that her eyes were deep violet. They contained a story of suffering of tragedies of childhood, that gave her just the expression I wanted. I went closer to the window and spoke to her.

"What are you painting, little Princess?" I asked. To be addressed as "Princess" was the most natural thing in the world, it seemed, for she replied without hesitation:

"I’m painting a tulip. Fairies sleep in tulips at night. The storybook says so, and so does mother."

"Of course they do, except the bad fairies and they have to sleep in thistles. Is your mother at home?" I asked her.

"No sir, but she’ll be back soon. Mother sews. Benny takes care of me while she’s away, don’t you, Benny?"

By Allan Dwan
Benny, eight years old and suitably dirty, appeared from somewhere and grinned.

"Is Benny your brother?"

"How funny! Course he's not my brother, are you, Benny? He lives upstairs. Benny, go and wash your face and comb your hair—we've got comp'ny."

Benny disappeared a few seconds and reappeared as before.

"So you know about the fairies," I said to the Princess. "But do you know that a lot of fairies live right in this house?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Mother tells me all about them. That's why she bought the geraniums, 'cause they like best to come to places where there's flowers, to play hide-and-seek in. But there's one great big fairy that can't get into the flowers. Mother calls her Hope. I'm 'most nine years old. Have you any little girls?" She chattered away, fluttering from fancy to fancy like a humming bird in a flower garden.

"No, I haven't any. Did you ever hear the story of Cinderella and how a fairy godmother rescued her from a cruel step-mother? A Prince married her, and took her to his castle."

"Oh, yes, mother told me that story, too. She says that some day my fairy godmother will drive her pumpkin-coach right up to our door and away we'll go to fairyland with her."

"Wouldn't it do just as well if a fairy godfather came for you in a big shiny automobile, and took you to a place where little girls all have big blue hair-ribbons and lots of candy?"

The Prettiest Princess held her head sidewise a moment, and considered the subject gravely. It seemed to be a problem that she could not quite solve, and she went back to her painting.

"Oh, Benny," she called to her still grinning companion, "get me some clean water, please, and wash your face and comb your hair—we've got comp'ny—Yes, sir, I like pep'mint candy and nice hair ribbons, and some day, when the right fairy turns the wishing ring for me, I'll be a Princess like Cinderella. And then I'll have a home in a garden where there's nothing but flowers and flowers and flowers. And ev'ry morning when the buds open I'll put a little piece of honey on them for the fairies' breakfasts. Won't that be nice?"

Benny returned with the water and his grinning but still unbathed countenance. At last he ventured upon speech.

"She purtends all the time, she does. Her ma calls her Darlin'. I'm eight years old. I made a kite once, but there ain't no place 'round here to fly a kite."

"You pretend, too, don't you, mister?" Darlin' asked. "I think you pretend awful nice. You can have my red tulip that I'm painting, for pretending with me so long. I wish you lived around here. Do you?"

"No, but I'm going to come back and see you often, if you like," I said.

"Yes, sir, please. Lots of people pretend with me. Mother is the best pretender, but I like you too because when you pretend you don't have to stop and cry like mother does. I guess it's because she has to work so hard since father died. That's why we're poor. Fathers work hard and make lots of money, but mothers get tired and then they cry. Why don't fairies help mothers that have to work?"

"Perhaps it was a fairy sent me to help you and your mother," I suggested.

"Can you sew?" she asked.

"That's what you'd have to do to help mother. Benny's mother sews too. I hope you don't mind Benny looking like he does. He looks that way all the time 'cept mornings when he goes to school. Next time, you come I'll paint a boat for you."

"No, I can't sew," I confessed.

"But it's true about a fairy sending me. And when your mother comes I'm going to ask her to let me take her and you away in a big shiny automobile to a beautiful place where she won't have to work any more. All she will have to do will be to look after your pink and blue silk dresses. I know the good fairies very well, and I'll get them to teach you to sing and dance, and play ever so many games. You'll be the Prettiest Princess."

"You do pretend awful nice," she replied, clapping her hands. "Specially about taking mother with us. Mother teaches me everything—how to paint and read and sing. I know lots more than Benny, and Benny goes to school. I'd kind of like to go to school through, and when the fairy turns the wishing ring for me I will."

"But I'm not pretending," I told her. "I mean what I say about taking you and your [CONTINUED ON PAGE 150]"
Chaplin's New Find

A rare beauty who has blossomed from a skinny youngster of a few years ago

By Ivan St. Johns

Rumors flew here and there. First, it was a dark and beautiful vampire, well known upon the screen, who was mentioned. Then a blonde ingenue—formerly a star, but somewhat in the background. Then, finally, a girl unknown and unsung.

The last was right.

Charlie's new leading lady is Lita Grey. She has appeared upon the screen but once—when she played a bit in Chaplin's "The Kid." And Chaplin not only says she's going to knock 'em cold with her rare beauty, but that she has "the spark."

Here's how it all happened—and every girl in the world who dreams of some day becoming a screen star, or who longs for screen laurels, will read the story of Lita Grey's amazing luck with a lot of excitement.

Lita Grey was born and brought up in Hollywood. Can you imagine that? She is absolutely the first screen discovery who was actually born upon the spot where later grew the capital of the film industry. More than that, she must have been one of the very first babies who ever saw daylight for the first time within the circle of Hollywood's poetic hills. For eighteen years ago, Hollywood was a couple of stores, a few streets of California bungalows and a few fine old Spanish estates.

It was upon one of these estates that Lita Grey arrived on the scene. She comes of old California-Spanish stock and she is a typical beauty of her race. She has all the characteristics of the famous Spanish beauties—her ancestresses—who were belles in the days of mantillas and guitars.

Her longing to be an actress led her mother to allow her to play a bit when it was offered her in "The Kid." Later she attended a dramatic school in Los Angeles and she had just graduated from that school when one day she visited the Chaplin studio again.

Charlie was in the midst of making screen tests of almost every available or possible beauty in Hollywood.

"Oh, you promised me, when I was a little girl, that when I grew up I could be your leading woman," said Lita Grey, blushing.

Chaplin looked at the radiant and dusky-haired young beauty who had blossomed from the skinny youngster of bygone days.

"Did I?" said he. "Well, that's one promise I'm going to keep."

Ten minutes later a test was made and the contract was signed.

Born on the spot that in her eighteen years of life has become the film capital of the Pacific coast, Lita Grey, typical beauty of old California-Spanish stock, has been selected by Charles Chaplin as his leading lady. She is the second one he has ever had, Edna Purviance having filled the role for seven years.

Charlie Chaplin has had but one leading woman since he became a screen star. For seven years, whenever the world saw Charlie upon the screen, it saw that lovely, dimpled blonde opposite him—Edna Purviance.

The situation was a unique one in the world of Hollywood. No other combination has ever lasted so long, endured such periods of hard work and idleness and achieved such heights together.

But when Chaplin directed "A Woman of Paris" with Miss Purviance as the star—everybody knew she would no longer be his leading woman.

And the general question was: "Who is going to be Charlie's new leading lady? Who's going to get this prize in the motion picture game?"
IT is with a sincere feeling of regret that we record William Farnum's intention of quitting films forever, now that he has completed "The Man Who Fights Alone" for Famous Players-Lasky. He will form his own stock company and play the leads in it. Here is his very latest photograph. Mr. Farnum has amassed a fortune in pictures, but the stage has always been nearest to his heart. His great fight in "The Spoilers," ten years ago, won him film fame.
Chapter XXX

NOW enters the most tragic figure of the screen, a funny little man with baggy pants and a bamboo cane, the personification of an inferior helplessness in a cruel world. Today he is Charlie Chaplin, the world's best known personality. Then, in 1914, he was just that funny little fellow in Keystone comedies, trade-marked by his make-up, nameless but famous.

Also again comes Broncho Billy into our story, this time as an agency in delivering to the screen world the Chaplin of today.

Here we find anew evidences of the continuity of the strands of destiny in the making of the motion picture institution. It was this same Broncho Billy—G. M. Anderson—who went west from his contact with "The Great Train Robbery" of 1903 to evangelize the industry with the idea of "story pictures."

Keystone comedies began and saw their prime before the star age of the screen, just on the eve of it. Chaplin, working in the Keystone studios along with Mabel Normand and all that merry company under Mack Sennett, was as anonymous as all of the rest to the public.

The stars of the time were making themselves on the screen, without the aid of ink or ballyhoo. The public looked for likenesses on the posters. There were no names for the vast majority of the favorites then.

The Keystone comedies, parrying the genius of Chaplin, were among the vital components of the program distributed by the Mutual Film Cor-

poration, but hardly recognized within that concern for their full value. The indiscriminate method of the time in buying and selling film service in bulk as programs made recognition of individual merit, in either picture or player, slow.

A Keystone poster on the theater meant business for the box office, which helped the Mutual program more than it helped Keystone, and vastly more than it helped Chaplin.

Anderson was working, an actor-director-manager, at the western studio of the Essanay Company at Niles, California, while his partner, G. K. Spoor, officiated at the Chicago establishment in Argyle street.

This Chaplin person attracted Anderson's enthusiastic attention and led him to make visits to Los Angeles in the course of his continual ranging about from Niles. Broncho Billy and his increasingly western ways made an acquaintance with Chaplin easy. He was considerably impressed. Chaplin can be just as funny when he is not working.

Anderson began a tentative sort of negotiation with Chaplin. Broncho Billy was rather shocked at the esteem and valuation which this obscure but conspicuous young player put on his services. He discovered that Chaplin was downright foolish on the screen only, others had to learn that much later. The motion picture industry was not yet fully aware that Chaplin was worth a great deal of money, but Chaplin had begun to get that idea.

Perhaps also a certain coincidence of the ambitions of the Keystone studio was having its effect toward producing Chaplin's somewhat elevated state of mind. Everybody in Keystone was rather at this time in the business of self-assertion. Mack Sennett had become really in a relative way rather famous in the making of the one reel Keystone comedies. But after all he was a maker of one reelers, and one reelers regardless of merit were merely a part of the program product, with that certain casualness which program presumes. Meanwhile Sennett saw D. W. Griffith and Thomas Ince, his contemporaries in the producing group, growing world famous with their new long feature pictures.

This meant that if Sennett was going to be important he should have to make a picture now and then that was not necessarily greater but considerably larger than the ordinary Keystone.

Sennett’s answer was the making of "Tillie's Punctured Romance" in six reels—the world’s longest comedy effort of the screen up to that time, and as sensational a departure in its field as "The Birth of a Nation" was in the realm of spectacle melodrama.

"Tillie's Punctured Romance" starred Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. In the casting of Miss Dressler for a part we can see the continuing influence of the stage idea,
History of the Picture

For so many years that many of the patrons of motion picture do not know their beginnings Charles Chaplin and Mary Pickford have been the foremost stars of the screen. In this absorbingly interesting chapter we can trace the first steps of their greatness of today. Mr. Ramsaye, without disputing the importance of other famous stars, argues that the little fellow with the big pants and the little girl with a curl have exerted the greatest influence in making the screen of today what it is.

We are ever given to thinking of players in terms of plays and pictures. Here we see an unknown but equally interesting side in a revelation of the business aspects of their art.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

the "famous players" concept which Adolph Zukor had. Miss Dressler was exceedingly well known to the thousands of the stage audience and not at all known to the millions of the motion picture.

The Tillie picture went into production at Keystone in April, 1914, with elaborate rehearsals and it was not completed until in July. In view of the fact that Keystone could produce a one reel comedy of the day's best standard in less than a week, it is plain that Sennett was making a supreme effort.

"Tillie's Punctured Romance" had had its premier showings and was a proclaimed success when the Chaplin-Anderson negotiations began. Chaplin had the authority of this picture behind him and its confirmation of his internal impression that he was perhaps important.

Then, too, the whole screen adventure had a tinge of fantasy and improbability about it for the canny Chaplin. He had, in a manner most miraculous to him, gone from an insignificant job in a vaudeville turn on the road at fifty dollars a week, living the life of the second and third class theatrical hotels, into a motion picture studio among the orange trees of California at one hundred and fifty dollars a week. This was an experience against a background of direst youthful poverty in the darkest slums of London. It was now proven not a dream but a material fact which could be verified at the marble framed window of the paying teller. Chaplin was one of the few screen players of that day who knew there were banks.

Having recovered from the astonishment of his successes, Chaplin it seems, as befitted one of such inquiring mind, set out to see what might be the extent of this new and wealthy wonderland of the screen. He led Anderson on to more and more ambitious offers.

Presently all this came to the attention of Mack Sennett and was relayed by him to Adam Kessel and Charles O. Baumann in New York, the owners of Keystone.

They were selling the Keystone comedies to the Mutual Film Corporation for ten cents a foot for the positive prints. This print sale was considerable, but it was built on the old program idea of volume production, not star value. It was recognized in a dim way that this little comedian in the baggy pants was considered very funny, but that was just part of the product. Chaplin was just as unknown and important at Keystone as Griffith had been at Biograph.

Now Chaplin's price was going up, not a little but about ten-fold. This was exciting, amazing.

Kessel and Baumann notified the Mutual Film [continued on page 122]
The Magic of Make-up

A small round mirror, a battered tin box and a slim paint brush. And Lucien Littlefield is ready to maintain his reputation as a make-up man.

Putting in the villainy by means of adhesive tape—which gives a wicked Chinese slant to one eye—and wax, which is moulded onto cheek, jawbone and nose. A sinister effect.

The finished product. Murder, rum and pieces of eight—this piratical countenance suggests them all! Notice, especially, the asbile wrinkles, and the detail of the teeth.

A false mustache is the hardest part of make-up—and the easiest. Easy to adjust, but hard to get away with. Littlefield makes his secure with glue, and trims it after it's pasted.
A Liquid Polish that doesn't crack or peel off

The most famous manicure house in the world has perfected the ideal liquid polish—as good for a lasting brilliance as Cutex is for soft smooth cuticle.

One that won't peel off!

One that was especially formulated to spread smoothly and quickly and leave no ugly ridges or brush marks.

One that gives the nails just the rose color of today's smartest Parisian manicure.

Try this perfect new Liquid Polish at the end of your very next Cutex manicure. You will be delighted with the way it keeps your nails.

Its brilliance lasts and lasts; even housework or dishwashing will not crack or peel the smooth glowing surface. Not until tiny dull places begin to show do you have to give the nail a new application.

Always be sure to have the nail clean and absolutely dry before applying the polish. This polish needs no separate remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure just put a drop of the polish itself on each nail and wipe it off before it dries.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish and all the other Cutex preparations for 35c at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England. And it comes in two of the complete Manicure Sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

CUTEX Liquid Polish

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q9
114 West 17th Street, New York.
I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name ____________________________________________________________
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A single drop of Cutex Liquid Polish spreads its lovely lustre all over the nail, so thin, so firm, you yourself can hardly see it.

THE COMPLETE MANICURE
Send 12c for Introductory Set

The polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First shape the nails with the Cutex emery board. Then soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin with Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then comes Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails smooth and healthy with a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort).

Send the coupon with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Dept. Q9, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPAY MAGAZINE.
A Remarkable Monument To Wally Reid's Memory

THE Wallace Reid Foundation sanitarium is at last an established fact. This humanitarian memorial to her husband which Mrs. Reid has planned ever since that day, over a year ago, when Wallace Reid himself fell a victim to the horrors of drug addiction, has come into being and stands ready to begin its mission of mercy. Mrs. Reid's dream of a permanent institution for the cure of unfortunate drug addicts has been realized.

The Reid Foundation sanitarium is located on a beautiful knoll in the heart of the Santa Monica mountains, in a big, rambling cottage covered with vines and surrounded with flowers. Here sixteen patients can be cared for at a time and can be given the marvelous new cure, the discovery of which caused Mrs. Reid to start her Foundation at once.

Although she has done it so quietly that only her most intimate friends were aware of it, for more than a year Mrs. Reid has been working among drug addicts and she has spent very large sums of money in rescuing drug victims and aiding their families. From all over the country these unfortunate have flocked to her, begging for help, and if the story of her work could be told it would form one of the most remarkable chapters of woman's labors of mercy ever imagined.

But always she has been searching for some definite cure. She has, with the help of doctors, investigated hundreds of methods and so-called cures without finding what she sought.

Some months ago a young man named Du Bry was presented to her attention. He claimed that he had a cure which was effective in seventy-two hours without the terrible suffering attached to most withdrawal methods. Mrs. Reid was skeptical, but she has never refused to look into anything presented to her in this line. She put several penniless addicts who came to her, some of them from the jails, through this cure with remarkable success.

In time, Mrs. Reid hopes and believes that the Wallace Reid Foundation will grow into a great institution, a home of salvation and hope to all unfortunate sufferers who need its saving cure.
Natural coloring is of greatest importance in choosing rouge

And of almost equal importance is the natural way in which you apply it

In a day when we acknowledge the use of rouge as frankly as yesterday we acknowledged the use of powder, it is well to stress, a little, the points that have given rouge this acceptance.

There are two intriguing facts that have given the world a favorable attitude toward women using rouge: one is the fact that it gives an added effect of beauty and health; the other is that it is possible to find a rouge so natural-looking that it is easily mistaken for the natural flush of youth and health.

This rouge is known to thousands of women who use cosmetics artistically. It is the famous Pompeian Bloom, which has earned its favor through merits of "exact coloring," and the complete purity of its ingredients.

The medium shade of Pompeian Bloom is so perfect for the average American woman that it would seem almost to fill a national demand! Yet, because among American women we find extreme types, we find Pompeian Bloom in the light reddish tone for the one (Light Pompeian Bloom)—or in the dusky damask-rose tone (Dark Pompeian Bloom) for the others. And there is yet another type—brilliant and interesting—the woman with honey tones in her skin. She often has hair with tawny tones of coppery gold or bronze. Her skin is not olive, nor white, nor ivory, nor pink, but a skin with some of the sunshine in it—and this type wears admirably the new addition to Pompeian rouges that is called Orange Tint.

How to select your rouge tone

This matter of selecting the right tone of rouge is one in importance with selecting the right shade of powder, for when these two agree in color-relation with the requirements of your skin, you have arrived at the triumphant point of cosmetic success.

The medium shade of Pompeian Bloom should most often be used with the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. These are some exceptions, of course, but in the great majority of cases this is true.

The light shade of Pompeian Bloom should be used with Naturelle, Flesh, or occasionally with the White Pompeian Beauty Powder, depending on whether the skin tends toward yellow, pink, or the colorless white skin.

The dark shade of Pompeian Bloom should be used most often with Rachel and in some cases with the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Orange Tint has an exceptional value in tone and obtains slightly varying results with different powders and types of skin. It is quite

gold or orange-colored in its compact form, but when it is rubbed onto the skin it becomes a rarely delightful tint that has the natural brilliance of a maiden's cheek with its first touch of sun-kisses.

This rouge is often affected by women during the summer, as it combines beautifully with the warmer tints of the skin exposed to out-of-door activities. It is also the most successful rouge for the woman "with honey tones in her skin." It complements the Naturelle, and occasionally may be used with the White or the Rachel shade of Beauty Powder.

How to apply your rouge

Having selected your shade of Pompeian Bloom, and found its complementing shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder, your attention should be centered on the necessity of "How to apply it so that it looks completely natural."

The color in your cheeks forms an area that is somewhat triangular in shape. It begins at the highest point of your cheekbone and sweeps outward toward the upper line of your ears, then slanting downward it approaches the corners of your mouth. But never with hard lines! Never with any circumscribed rule of covering cheeks—rather with a perfect blending of rosy cheeks with a clear skin.

Pompeian Bloom, 60c. (In Canada, 65c.)

After reading my descriptions of types of skin and rouge-tones, you probably will be able to go directly to your favorite shop and buy the shade of Pompeian Bloom your skin needs. Price 60c per box. (In Canada, 65c.) If you are in doubt between two tones, check them on the coupon below and I will send you, without charge, a sample of each.

MADAME JEANETTE

Pompeian Bloom—a rouge

Pompeian Bloom comes in a dainty gift box, and is an attractive accessory in your handbag.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
I
Some folks' said I had Mary Pickford's hair,
An' some said I had Swanson's nose an' smile;
An' some folks laughed an' told me—"Kid, you're there!
You beat them burning beauties by a mile.
You'd daughter be an actress on the screen,
An' show them other women up," they said,
I ain't conceited—you know what I mean—
But people says I got a business head!
An' so I went out, to a studio,
Where they was shooting mobs fer some big play;
Of course, I didn't have no way to know
That I'd be standing there almost all day.
Before somebody spoke to me.
This earth
Ain't got no use fer class an' honest worth!

II
At last, when I was getting pretty tired,
A feller come out through a little door,
A door marked private—say, but he looked sore,
An' angry with th' world, like he'd just fired
A leadin' lady. He walks close to me.
An' says—"It's just a shame a girl like you
Is waitin' in a line all day ter see,
If she can get a little work ter do.
"Look here," he says, "let's you an' me go out,
An' have a bite ter eat, an' get acquainted."
I sorter wonders what it's all about,
An' if his money's good—or if it's tainted!
I says—"Are you some big director—what?"
He says, "I'm a lectrician on th' lot."

III
I left him pretty cold, I'll hope ter say,
Though he was quite a handsome boy, at that;
But when a girl is out ter make her way,
She's got ter leave th' rikers pretty flat!
I stood in line, with all th' rest, an' then
When I was tired so I like ter died,
A little guy, dressed same as other men,
Come to a gate an' motioned us inside.

We passed by him, in line, an' some he sent
One way, an' some of us he sent another;
His look was high an' cold. I seen I meant
No more ter him than if he was my brother.
I tried to catch his eye, but all he said
Was, "Hurry—dresst' room's first door ahead!"

IV
I guess he wasn't such a much, although
He had the old D. Griffith naughty look—
I told myself that some fine day he'd know,
He couldn't treat me like I was a cook.
An' then I sorter shook him from my mind,
Because of all the goin's on around:
I helped a girl t' hook her dress, behind,
An' she told me where powder could be found.
An' then they herded us like so much sheep,
Into a place with books and weights and wires.
An' there we stood, while my feet went asleep.
An' my eyes burned with half a thousand fires.
An' then they led us down from off our shelf—
An' then it was I seen th' star—hisself!

V
Say, he was better than the pictures tell,
His hair was shinier than I had guessed;
An' he was stately as a king, an' well,
I can't begin ter say how he was dressed.
I stopped right short, an' looked up in his face.
Big-eyed, I guess, as any yearlin' ealf—
An' he looked down at me, an' all the place
Rang with his shouts—as he begun ter laff.

The little director guy look me away,
An' I could see that he was pretty sore,
He says, as cross as eross, "You ruint th' play!
An' don't you never come here any more.
We was to shoot a scene where tears was shed.
You'd draw a giggle from a morgue!" he said.

VI
An' then he told me, an' he spoke right out,
That stars is temperamental and when one
His lost a mood, there isn't any doubt
But that the work, for several days, is done.
"You better go in for some such position,
Where you can wear a mask," he says t' me.
"An' listen here—this is my one petition—
Lay off th' action... ter th' movies be!"

An' so I wandered out of th' same gate,
Where I come in—all filled with hope an' pride—
An' I was th' enter, if it was too late.
T' meet that e-lectrician boy outside.
Directors, stars an' such, they get th' can—
Me fer a good old-fashioned workin' man!
TOURING
$495
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Women Do Value
Mechanical Excellence

Women everywhere favor Overland because women everywhere have a sharp eye, a good ear and an unerring sixth sense in matters of value. In these modern days, the daughters of Eve are as car-knowing as the sons of Adam!

With true feminine insight, women see greater safety in the Overland touring car's all-steel body—and appreciate the enduring beauty of its baked-enamel finish—and realize that Overland engineering gives greater reliability—therefore, greater pleasure and less worry.

Women thrill to the power of the big Overland engine as keenly as any man—and enjoy the cradled comfort yielded by Overland's patented Triplex Springs—and have absolute confidence in the steadfast sturdiness of the big Overland axles (tough Mo-lyb-den-um shafts fortified by Timken and New Departure bearings). All's well on any road.

Everybody likes Overland's easy-driving conveniences—the dependable Auto-Lite starting and lighting system—the enclosed disc-type clutch—the handiness of brake and gear shift levers—the easy-parking wheelbase.

Finally, all the Overland economies—in upkeep, gasoline, oil, tires, everything—appeal to a woman's inborn desire to save. When you total up the benefits and superiorities of Overland it is clear as crystal why owners call Overland the most automobile in the world for the money.

Other Overland Models: Chassis $395; Roadster $495; Coupe-Sedan $655; Business Coupe $650; Blue Bird $725; Sedan $795; Spad Commercial Car $525; all prices f. o. b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change specifications or prices without notice.


When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The battle for the heroine's hand is being waged. The rivals (censor-proof types) meet in a deserted shack and there engage in a tense, soul-stirring game of tiddle-de-dinks. Physical encounter having been decreed vicious and unworthy of our better selves, the traditional encounter on the cliffs has been supplanted by the above. To escape the gambling element, fate is left to decide.

Following much bitter contention among the censors, some of whom were openly accused of forgetting the higher things, it was decided that the bathing-beauty comedy might continue to be shown, provided the ladies be seemingly garbed and remain submerged except when engaged in a dive. The public must be protected.

The end of a just-too-charming romance—all the censors said so. Our hero owns the stern portion of a very rare bug, the forepart of which belongs to the heroine. Both enthusiastic biologists, they met one day in a museum, patched the bug together, and now spend many happy hours together—in joyous contemplation of the bug, of course.

After a sizzling courtship, during which the hero has, on three occasions, read polite portions of the Bible to the heroine over the long-distance telephone, this passionate meeting has been arranged. It was necessary to exercise great caution in the selection of settings and costumes for so risque a scene. And even then, it barely slid by the censors.
The supreme test of a wife's charm, a famous novelist recently quoted, comes after two years of marriage! Sparkling life and warm cheeks, wives who are ever brides—how few women realize the part these play in modern life. Today is a day of youth prolonged, with freshness and charm at every side—no woman can afford to neglect herself.

You may not be beautiful, but you can be charming, and that surpasses all beauty. Start with correct skin care—not costly beauty treatments, but common-sense, daily care. The means are simple, as thousands will tell you, just the balmy lather of palm and olive oils—scientifically saponified in Palmolive.

Today begin this simplest of all beauty methods
See what one week will bring

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. 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.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only 10c


Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.
Above is shown Gold-Seal Pattern No. 516.

For a spotless nursery—a sanitary Congoleum Rug!

Perfectly appointed, dainty and attractive—exactly the nursery a woman dreams of for her baby! And the Congoleum Art-Rug with its artistic design and coloring completes the picture.

So varied are Gold Seal Congoleum patterns it's no wonder they're popular with housewives! From the host of styles—rich Oriental motifs, fresh-looking, dainty floral effects like the rug illustrated, conventional tiles and wood-block designs—you can make an appropriate choice for any room.

They're so easy to clean, too. Made all in one piece of a sturdy, waterproof material, they have a smooth, firm surface that cannot take up dirt and spilled things. Just a few easy strokes with a damp mop and these sanitary rugs are again bright as new.

No trouble at all to lay, either. Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs hug the floor without tacks, cement or any other fastening—they never curl at the edges.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

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<td>6 ft</td>
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Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
CONGOLEUM CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.……Montreal
A Child of Destiny

That is what Hollywood calls Philippe de Lacy, whose baby eyes first opened during an air raid in the Great War

By Larry Jansen

Do you believe in destiny?
Do you feel that certain people are marked by Fate to hold a certain position in life and are guided safely through the many obstacles that crowd their path?

It seems that Destiny had a hand in the life of Philippe de Lacy. Fate must have watched over his troubled babyhood days, saving his life for big things. That he is destined to occupy a prominent place in the sun, there is no doubt. His power to express emotion, pathos, laughter; his uncanny understanding of certain moods, of expressing sorrow, anger and longing, is simply amazing.

Imagine being born during an air raid! Think of being the flower that... (continued on page 134)
Rules for the Great Cash-Radio Contest

Do you want $2,500? Do you want one of the finest radio receiving sets made? Thou-ands of photoplay and radio fans do.

They have entered the great $5,000 radio contest by submitting titles for the story and sub-titles for the first installment of Arthur Stringer’s absorbing mystery romance, “The Story Without a Name.”

The third installment of this great adventure tale appears in this issue. Somebody will receive one of the splendid De Forest D-12 Radiophone Receiving Sets for submitting the best sub-title for it. It might as well be you.

Remember, this is the latest receiving radio set manufactured and is complete in every detail, including batteries and loud speaker. Inventors and designers have left nothing undone to make it the finest of the instruments on the market.

Irvin Willat, noted director for Famous Players-Lasky, is busily engaged with a wonderful cast filming this story of love and adventure. Antonio Moreno, Agnes Ayres, Louis Wolheim, Dagmar Godowsky, Tyrone Power, Maurice Co-tello and Jack Bohn are only a few of the greatest film favorites taking part.

Moreno and Miss Ayres are doing the best work of their careers and Jesse Lasky has ordered that no expense be spared to make it one of the greatest screen productions of the year.

A wonderful story, a wonderful picture, a wonderful cast, a wonderful offer of $5,000 in cash and four wonderful radio receiving sets make this contest the most talked of, most enticing and most popular of any ever conducted. It is a remarkable opportunity for you.

Read this installment of the story and then send in your suggestions as early as possible. Send as many as you want, but send them one at a time.

The Prizes

Here are the prizes for Photoplay Magazine Radio Contest.

First Prize . . . . . $2,500.00
Second Prize . . . . 1,000.00
Third Prize . . . . . 500.00

Five $100 prizes, three $50 prizes and ten $25 prizes—all cash. Four De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Sets, complete with batteries and loud speaker will be given away. The second prize will be $1,000; the third $500; $250 will be given to each of five persons submitting the next best five titles and sub-titles; $50 will be given to each of the five persons submitting the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth best titles and sub-titles, and $25 will be given to each of the ten persons submitting the next best ten titles and sub-titles.

Conditions of Contest

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wants a title for a story written by Arthur Stringer, which started in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be known as “The Story Without a Name” in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Radio Contest. Suggestions are invited for a title and $5,000 in cash and four radio receiving sets will be given away under the following rules:

1. Any person, except an employee of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, or members of their families, may enter the contest. By submitting a suggestion a person becomes a contestant and as such agrees to abide by these rules.

2. To the person submitting the best title for the story and best sub-titles for the installations of the story, together with his, her, or her reason why such titles and sub-titles are best suited to the story and installations, and expressed in 100 words or less, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will give $2,500 in cash. The

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

This coupon may be used to submit suggestions in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Radio Contest for which $5,000 in cash and four De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Sets will be given away. Read the conditions carefully and then send all suggestions to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Radio Contest Editor, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Title for Story...
Sub-title for September Installment ...
Name of Contestant...
Street Number...
City...
Reason for selecting title and sub-title...
State...

6. For the convenience of contestants a coupon will be printed in each issue of the Magazine during the contest, and may be used to submit suggestions. Although use of this coupon is not compulsory, contestants must submit suggestions on paper that conforms to the coupon in size and shape. This is for convenience in handling and classifying the suggestions.

7. The judges of the contest will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and Jesse Lasky, President of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. In selecting titles and sub-titles for cash awards, the judges will be at liberty to disregard sub-titles for which radio sets are awarded, in an equally clever, accurate, concise, original and neat manner, a duplicate prize will be given to each such person. If more than one person submits the same titles for which radio sets are awarded, duplicate prizes will be given in every instance to each such person.

8. All awards will be announced in December PHOTOPLAY.

9. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE reserves the right to use the titles submitted as it sees fit. If a suggestion offered as a sub-title is better in the opinion of the judges, than any title submitted for the story, the judges are at liberty to use it as a title for the story and award the person who submitted it the first cash prize.

10. All suggestions submitted are to become the exclusive property of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

11. The contest will close at midnight, October 15, 1924, and no suggestions received after that hour will be considered.

12. All suggestions must be mailed to Radio Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

3. To each of the persons submitting the best sub-titles for the installments of the story, PHOTOPAY MAGAZINE will give a De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Set complete with batteries and loud speaker.

4. Cleverness of ideas, accuracy, conciseness, originality and neatness will determine the awards for the titles and sub-titles. No title will be considered that duplicates or conflicts with the title of any copyrighted story or photoplay.

5. Contestants may submit as many suggestions as they desire. They are urged to send them as early as possible to facilitate work of the judges. The name and address of the contestant must be on each suggestion submitted.

13. All suggestions must be mailed to Radio Contest Editor, PHOTOPAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

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All out-doors invites your Kodak

Autographic Kodaks $6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kodak City
Not many male motion picture stars could appear in an ensemble of real West Point plebes under the cruel eye of the camera. But Richard Barthelmess has youth and his forthcoming appearance in "Classmates," an old time play by William de Mille and Margaret Tarbush, ought to be of unusual interest. Here is Dick and a squad of real plebes taking the oath of allegiance to the flag at historic West Point.

which spelled "THOMAS H. INCE STUDIOS."
"You don't abbreviate Incorporated that way—it should be just INC."
Such is fame.

GLORIA SWANSON fled to Europe for a brief vacation after completing "Her Love Story," with Allan Dwan directing. She went to London and then on to Paris. Rumor had it that she made the flying trip to confer with Sir James Barrie about playing the name part of "Peter Pan." Be that as it may, the identity of the player to get this much coveted part is still a secret. We hear that Barrie himself will come to this country to watch the making of the fantasy.

RICHARD BARTHELMES has been spending several weeks in the Florida Everglades. Hardly the place to spend the hottest weeks of the summer, particularly when you are a highly paid film star. But the life of a film star isn't as easy as it sounds. Not only has DICK been summering in the Florida swamps, the center of interest to millions of tropical insects, but he has been wearing a four-week-old crop of whiskers as well. For he is playing the role of a chap who, upon being expelled from West Point, goes upon an expedition up the Amazon to redeem himself. Hence the swamps and the whiskers.

Three other players have been working in these scenes with Mr. Barthelmess under the direction of John Robertson. They are Reginald Sheffield, Beach Cooke and James Badlury Jr. Following the Florida scenes, the Barthelmess company has been doing the remainder of the picture at West Point with the co-operation of the government officials.

JACK DEMPSEY, the champ, has blossomed out in all his Henglish glory and now looks more like a sailor than the world's greatest fighter. He even admits it himself. But Jack's

an actor now and can't go around in lavender tights and bathrobe all the time—he simply must have a wardrobe.

And Jack has a wardrobe now.

A recent issue of a national "what-men-should-wear" magazine carried a photograph of Jack Dempsey, his manager, Jack Kearns, and Jim Coffroth at the Tia Juana track and captioned it "The Three Worst Dressed Celebrities in the World."

The accompanying story accused them of being two years behind fashion and rules of the first water.

Coffroth, international sportsman, laughed and ordered some more clothes of the same old-fashioned style.

Not Kearns. No sir, and NOT Dempsey.

The champ blossomed out with a dozen new suits of the latest vintage. He wasn't been for the pleats in the vests and trousers and the flaps in the bottoms of said trousers, but when the tailor convinced him they were NOT extreme but simply six months in advance of anything west of Broadway, the champ decided to grin and bear 'em.

The heavyweight champion insists that his motion picture work has nothing to do with his change in personal adornment or his brand new Rolls-Royce, but admits that a certain Hollywood star "suggested" he get in line with the sheiks.

"Just as soon as I can get around to it," said Dempsey, as he stood first on one foot and then on the other while we admired his clothes. "I am going to have this flattened nose of mine filled out by some of these new fangled face rectifiers and then, hot diggity dog!—look out, you Valentino."

The office boy took one look, sniffed and muttered: "He's a helluva lookin' fighter, ain't he?"
Among the screen's gallery of villains, none is more thoroughly lovable than Adolph Menjou. His sophistication adds greatly to the success and entertainment of every photoplay in which he is cast.

On the screen as well as off, Mr. Menjou typifies the well-groomed man. Visible eyelets are one of the smaller but important items which Mr. Menjou finds necessary for the correct and fashionable appearance of his footwear. Visible eyelets are decorative, they add comfort and long wear to your shoes and they are essential for the perfectly finished appearance which is so desirable on all footwear.

Diamond Brand Visible Fast Color Eyelets have genuine celluloid tops that cannot wear brassy and that actually outwear the shoe. They can be identified by the two tiny raised diamonds on their surface. Look for the diamond, only the genuine Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets have this trademark.

Ask for shoes with visible eyelets!

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY

Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS
WILL someone please page Kitty Gordon? We wonder what she’ll have to say to this From Mack Sennett, the Flo Ziegfeld of Hollywood, comes the announcement that Madeline Hurlock not only is the most perfectly proportioned girl that has ever been on his lot (and there have been some nice ones), but that she has the most perfect back of anyone on the stage or screen.

Here are her measurements—“specifications” which Mack offers as proof. Try ’em and see how closely they agree with yours.

Height, 5 feet 3½ inches; weight, 120 pounds; neck, 12½ inches; bust, 34 inches; waist, 24 inches; hips, 36 inches; calf, 13 inches; ankle, 7½ inches; forearm, 9 inches; wrist, 3½ inches; upper arm, 10 inches; thigh, 21 inches.

WALTER HIERS, jovial screen star, is going around Hollywood with three ugly scratches across his face. And as Walter is very happily married the comedian’s calm countenance caused considerable comment (pardon the alliteration) in the film colony.

Finally Walter explained that a cat had gotten up in a tree in front of the Hier home and was afraid to climb down again. Being the nice kind of a guy that he is, Walter climbed up to give it a lift. Not appreciating the Samaritan’s intentions, however, tabby took a mean swipe at Walter’s face with its paw. It was either let go of the tree and fall or else take the blow.

And Walter, appreciating his own weight, preferred the latter.

CHARLES J. BRABIN didn’t stop directing “Ben Hur” because of illness. Brabin says he himself in a statement he issued when he filed suit against Metro-Goldwyn asking $583,000 for breach of contract. The complaint states that when Brabin arrived in Italy to start making the epic the equipment necessary had not been provided, and that a general condition of “chaos and futility” existed.

A NUMBER of Metro-Goldwyn officials were at a private view of Eric Von Stroheim’s “Greed” just a few nights before this issue of Photoplay went to press. The production was then in twenty-five reels and ran exactly seven hours. The officials staggered out a bit groggy but Rex Ingram, who had been invited to view the proceedings, came out declaring that “Greed” is “the greatest motion picture I ever saw.” We shall see.

IF what one newspaper said Ramon Novarro is true, then his chances have doubled for his legion of feminine admirers. However, girls, just remember the line forms at the right and no crowding will be allowed.

According to the newspaper, the dashing Ramon said he was going to have two wives. Now what do you think of that? Neither do we, but we thought we would tell you all about it just the same.

Novarro was supposed to have been asked if he had as yet chosen the one and only woman for his wife. He is also supposed to have replied as follows:

“Yes, I have, but I am not going to marry her for the next four years. And I am not going to marry her alone. I am going to have one more at least.

“The first one will be my real honest-to-goodness wife. She will stay home and take care of the children. The second one—oh, she will be my companion. When I go out of an evening she will go with me. The first—she must have nobody upstairs—empty-head. I think you call it. The less she knows, the better I’m off.”

This is supposed to have been said as Ramon was seated in his cabin on the Leviathan, just about to cast off for Europe.

YOU can’t keep a good man down—especially if he weighs close to three hundred—assert friends of “Fatty” (once Roscoe Arbuckle. The big comedian went right back to San Francisco, city of desolate memories, and staged a big comeback—in vaudeville.

He appeared in the Pantages house in the Bay City and the crowds were so great that the newspaper had to give extra space to the achievement of the rotund one. That extra
No more shiny nose!

Discovered—a new principle! Shine and oiliness stopped for hours at the touch of a dainty cream

Something to keep your nose from getting shiny—

Something to rid you of that unsightly oiliness on chin, forehead, etc.—

Something lasting, to save you the embarrassment of repeated dabbing and fussing!

How often have you wished for this magic "Something"?

And now at last you have it—in a new cream that does not just cover up shine, but helps to correct the conditions that cause it. A cream that gives you a delightfully soft, smooth finish that lasts for hours. A cream that holds your powder as never before, giving you double protection against shine and oiliness!

Increasing benefits—reduces enlarged pores

Vauv is based on an entirely new principle; made from a secret new formula, perfected only after a year of laboratory research. It absorbs excess oil, it reduces enlarged pores! These are the conditions that commonly cause shine.

Vauv does not clog the pores in the least, but helps to cleanse them; for all the impurities absorbed by the cream are carried away when it is washed off. For this reason, as you continue to use Vauv regularly every day, you will be troubled less and less with blackheads and other blemishes!

Vauv is absolutely harmless. Hundreds of women are writing to praise its many benefits. They like it because it protects from sun, wind, dust; because it dulls over freckles, tan and sunburn; because it can be used to whiten neck and arms.

Men praise Vauv, too

Men find in Vauv the same relief from shine and oiliness, the same delightful finish. And in addition, they find it an ideal after-shaving cream that closes the pores, tones up the skin and gives them a refreshing feeling of cleanliness that lasts!

THE VAUV CO. (for Jane Morgan)
240 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

"Worth 10 times its cost!"

"I have found that Vauv is invaluable to me, because my skin was so shiny, that even constant and bothersome powdering would not relieve it. I have found that Vauv applied in the morning quickly removes all trace of this and my face is never shiny, throughout the entire day. I hope that the money enclosed will reach you safely because I am sure Vauv is worth 10 times its cost."

—Mrs. L. C. B., Baltimore, Md.

Send for sample!

Vauv is on sale at all drug and department stores, price 10c. for generous tube. Or, fill out coupon below and send it to us with 10c. for sample tube that will last a week.

At drug stores and toilet counters

THE VAUV CO. (for Jane Morgan)
240 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me at once sample week's-size tube of Vauv. I am enclosing 10c.

Name__________________________
Street (or P. O. Box)__________________________
City__________________________State__________________________
Your dealer's name and address__________________________

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space was the basis for a great deal of speculation as to whether "Fatty" would be allowed to return to the screen. So far it is still speculation. "Fatty" started to win fame as a vaudevillian. There are lots of men who have tried for a "comeback" in their chosen fields. Most, if not all, got a licking of which James J. Jeffries was the initial and most spectacular example.

"Fatty" has been successful in his vaudeville "comeback." His friends predict that he will return to pictures because of a popular demand. Well, the public will be supposed to be supreme in this country.

Hedda Hopper, who won fame in three ways, namely, by the stage, by marrying DeWolf Hopper and by screen success, has made another bid for popularity.

As soon as film actresses reach anything like stellar proportions they move out to Hollywood and buy the biggest horse they can find. That's what Miss Hopper started to do. But she wound up by taking the smallest in the California film colony and says she wouldn't trade it for a king's palace. She's happy in the tiny bungalow and says that the only excuse for having a house of any kind is to enjoy it. Happy Hedda Hopper.

Did you ever run ten blocks to a fire and then find that it was only some measly little woodshed burning? Sure you have and so have we. In fact that is about the only kind we ever did run to until recently. And then we felt repaid for all the futile miles we had run.

For this fire was different. It was a garage fire and among the eight garages blazing was one that belonged to Mabel Normand. And in her garage was a spick and span limousine. It was and still is the pride of her heart, despite the fact that the flames damaged it about $1,000 worth.

But it was not the burning or saving of her limousine that made the fire such a success from the spectators' viewpoint. The fair Mabel furnish-bed the excitement. Awakened from peaceful slumber, she rushed to the garage clad only in her pajamas, slippers and a filmy something thrown over her shoulders. She has appeared in many fire scenes in pictures but never to better advantage than she did that early morning.

The dashing comedienne took command of the firemen in directing their work of saving her garage and limousine, and no firemen ever worked harder or more valiantly than did those gallants of the Wilshire fire station.

When it was all over she took them into her house and served breakfast. It was some fire and some breakfast. Jeanie Macpherson has reached out and taken new honors unto herself. In addition to being a special scenario writer for Cecil B. DeMille, she will henceforth be known to fame as the first woman to fly a commercial seaplane between California ports and Catalina Island. Carrying passengers across the thirty-mile stretch of ocean was as easy for her as writing a scenario, and she did it just as successfully. She has been a licensed air pilot for some time but none of her friends ever thought she would dare take the huge passenger-carrying planes for a flight over a stretch of the mighty Pacific.

Once more the stork has made the film colony happy. Barbara Bedford, otherwise Mrs. Alan Roscoe, is the happy mother. A tiny daughter came to the Roscoe home and will be known as Barbara Edith.

A Monkey party is just one bite after another. Vicious bites. Jealous bites. Amorous bites.

When Gilda Gray, arrayed in white embroidered in red, stood at the door to receive a professor from Princeton University, Ford Maddox Ford, Charles Belmont Davis, other celebrities and still others, a long-legged, pink-eyed white ape from Singapore that perched on her husband's shoulder stared at each one and shook his head. None of those who passed under his scrutiny received his O.K. He shook his peaked head and wrinkled face. But he did not bite. He did not even nip. Though I must say he ate a mango in unmanners fashion.

The three baboons from the Hippodrome that were there to receive the stranger, though he would have none of them, were the ones that bit and bit and bit. They bit the knees and ankles and fingers of Miss Gray and her women guests. Coarse in the luncheon at the

\[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 92 \]
“I’m going to quit!”

—if he’s that way again today

HER friend saw her hesitate a moment before entering his office. This was the dictation that she dreaded every day. The other stenographers felt the same way, yet, of course, none of them would have dared to discuss the real reason with him. It became a matter of general office gossip.

* * *

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 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 union 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—three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Way, the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Wake up your gums!

It will lengthen the life of your teeth

The Importance of healthy gums in the preservation of your teeth cannot be over-estimated. The threat that the "pink toothbrush" brings cannot be made too clear.

Under a diet of soft food, our gums lack the stimulation which they need so much.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Dentists will tell you that the best thing you can do for your gums is to keep them healthy and hard. Today they are preaching and practising the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth.

Thousands of dentists have written to tell us how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana. Many prescribe a gum massage with Ipana after the ordinary brushing with Ipana, for Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

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 difference. You will be delighted with its grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

— made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

Bristol-Myers Co.

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

In generous tubes at all drug and department stores—50c.

MEALS BLENDING GUMS

IPANA TOOTHPASTE

Studio News and Gossip

[Continued from page 88]

Majestic which Miss Gray gave for the homesick Simon were punctuated by screams from the women who were bitten.

The men were annoyed by quite different attentions. The prototypes of our alleged ancestors climbed to their heads and industriously scratched their scalps as though seeking seeking—ever seeking.

The excitement surrounding the making of "Ben Hur" in Italy goes on and is about as interesting to the film colony in Hollywood as the picture itself is likely to be. If they wanted to make the title of "Ben Hur" better known to the public by this mystery and manipulation, that object has certainly been accomplished.

Ramon Novarro has been spirited out of Hollywood—going to a small wayside station by car to board the train, none know exactly why—to play the title role. George Walsh, originally selected, will be removed at once. Fred Niblo replaces Charles Brabin as director. May McAvoy leaves Hollywood this week to play Esther, in place of Kathleen Key, who went over in the first place.

How long this present arrangement will stand no one seems to know, but it looks pretty definite.

The answer to the whole thing is that when the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer merger took place the new officials had new ideas about their biggest feature picture and decided to make the above-mentioned changes. June Mathis, who wrote the continuity and has been the ruling spirit, has been removed from her supreme authority over the production, and Fred Niblo will have entire charge.

Working conditions in Italy have not been of the best and Brabin faced tremendous difficulties, with no preparation, and the organization behind him in the chaos of a complete transformation.

UBITSCH, the great foreign director, went into the producers' offices the other day and said to them, "I want a gag man. On my next picture I must have this thing you call a gag man."

The producers, much surprised, protested. Gag men were only for comedies. They were only employed by comedians. What in the world did he want with a gag man?

"These other directors that make comedies, they have gag men. I want a gag man too—he should make me laugh while I am making the picture."

[Continued on page 94]
IN this new Fall and Winter Style Book are America's real rock-bottom prices on wearing apparel for women, men and children. Think of it—only $7.98 for the smart, all-wool velour, tailored dress pictured! Latest straight line model and most popular Fall fabric. Fully described and illustrated on page 71 of our new book, and this is but one of many equally big values shown. Just get this book and compare the prices.

Here is a partial list of bargains:
Women's Coats, $4.98 to $37.98
House Dresses, .59 and up
Other Dresses, 2.79 to $16.98
Sweaters, .49 to 8.98
Furs, .79 to 24.50
Women's Hats, .79 to 4.98
Shoes, .43 to 6.48
Hosiery, .15 to 2.25
Corsets, .69 to 6.44
Kaat Underwear, .10 to 5.59
Children's Coats, 2.98 to 18.98
Boys' Suits, 2.98 to 12.90
Men's Suits, 11.95 to 24.85
Men's Dress Shirts, .69 to 4.48
Complete Supplies for the Baby, Dry Goods, Toilet Goods, Novelties, and hundreds of other items for all the family.

Here is what Mr. Farrell, the new president of Philipsborn's, said to the new directors:
"We must publish this Fall the best Style Book in the history of the business. We must show the most authoritative styles and absolutely accurate descriptions. And besides, we must give the greatest bargain values we have ever offered."
"We want to make the end of the year 1924 a climax to show what the new management of Philipsborn's has accomplished in satisfying customers."

Only a limited number of extra copies of this Fall and Winter Style Book are reserved for free distribution. Send coupon for yours now while they last.

Style Book
Free Just Out!

Latest New York styles, a book of authoritative information, 268 pages, 141 color illustrations, accurate descriptions in every detail showing exactly all the various features of up-to-date styles in dresses, coats, millinery, shoes and general wearing apparel—and wonderful bargains in all kinds of women's, men's, children's clothing. See coupon below.

You'll know what to wear, you'll know prices, rock-bottom prices—when you've looked through this Style Book.

Send Coupon

The number of extra copies for free distribution is limited. Learn about the latest styles and about bargain prices. Don't miss getting your copy. So be sure to send the coupon now.

PHILIPSBORN'S
Porter M. Farrell, President

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Marvelous New Curling Cap Marcelle Waves Any Hair

Startling new invention makes marcelling quick and easy

HERE'S the greatest beauty news you've had in many a day! It makes no difference whether you wear your hair bobbed or long—or whether it’s thick and fluffy or thin and scraggily—for this great beauty invention insures a mass of lovely ringlets, waves and curls all the time at practically no expense to you and with only a few minutes’ time every few days.

Like all great inventions, McGowan’s Curling Cap is very simple. There is no complicated apparatus. Nothing to catch in your hair or get out of order. It is a simple device that applies the principles of the curling iron, using a specially prepared, safe and harmless curling fluid—Spanish Curling Liquid—in the place of water and heat.

You can see at a glance how the Curling Cap works. Elastic head bands hold the six rubberized cross pieces in place. The hair is held in “waves” by the cross pieces until it dries, when the Curling Cap is removed, and you have a beautiful Marcelle that would cost a dollar or more at a Beauty Shop and take about an hour’s time.

A timely aid to beauty
There never was a more timely invention than this, when nearly all girls and young women are wearing bobbed hair—and wondering how they will keep it curled through the summer. Tennis, golf, boating, swimming and other summer sports always have played havoc with Marceles and make it nearly impossible for the average outdoor girl to keep her bob looking as smart as it should. But now she can laugh at her former worries, for with McGowan’s Curling Cap and a bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid she can carry a fresh Marcelle every day in less time than it took to comb her hair when it was long.

Curly hair’s the thing now
No matter what style of bob you favor, or even if you wear your hair long, you’ve got to keep it curly and wavy if you want to be in style. There never was a style more universally becoming and there never was one more rigidly demanded by the arbiters of fashion.

It makes no difference, either, whether you prefer the waves running across your hair or from front to back. The Curling Cap is adjustable either way. When not in use the Cap may be folded and carried in your handbag.

Read this amazing offer
If you are familiar with the price of other curling devices—none of which is to be compared with the Curling Cap—you would expect this one to cost at least $10 or $15. In fact, when Mr. McGowan first showed his invention to his friends many of them advised him to sell it for that price because it is easily worth it. But Mr. McGowan wants every girl and woman to get the benefit of his great invention, so he decided to put the price within reach of all. By selling in tremendous quantities it will be possible for him to make a price of $2.50 for the entire outfit, which includes a large sized bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid as well as the newly invented Curling Cap. This delightful hair balsam is not only a marvelous curling fluid but a splendid tonic as well. It makes the hair glossy and promotes luxurious growth. There is no heat to scorch the tender strands of hair and dry out the scalp.

Send no money—just mail the coupon
You don’t even have to pay for this wonderful curling outfit in advance. Just sign the coupon and in a few days the postman will deliver the Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid to you. Simply pay him $2.87, plus postage—and then your Marcelle worries will be at an end. If you don’t find it the greatest beauty and you ever used—if it doesn’t bring you the most beautiful of Marceles just as we promised—if you are not satisfied with McGowan’s Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid in every way just return the outfit and your money will be refunded.

COUPON

THE McGOWAN LABORATORIES
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 608, Chicago

Dear Mr. McGowan: Please send me the Curling Cap and a bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid. I agree to return them for $2.87 within 30 days. If I am not satisfied with results in any way I will return the out fit to you and you are to refund my money.

Name______________________________
Address____________________________

Note: If you return this coupon in a timely manner, you can order the Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid for only $2.87. This offer is subject to availability and while supplies last. (Offer expires ___________.)
W. B., ALCO, GA.—If Agnes Ayres is about to be married, she has deceived the poor old Answer Man. In conversation with her, she said "I have no intention of marrying for a long time, if ever." Glorh Swanson is divorced.

LILLIAN, MARINE BARREACKS, QUANTICO, VA.—Lois Wilson, without any stir, has stirred your admiration. She has brown hair and blue eyes. She measures five feet, five and a half inches. Make it five? All right. Her home is at Hollywood. She was born June 28, 1896. How old is Lois?

J. C. L., ATLANTA, GA.—Mary Pickford has returned from Europe. Address her Pickford-Fairbanks Studio.

FRED, EAST ST. LOUIS, MO.—No, Fred. Helene Chadwick is not married at present. She was born November 25, 1897. Figure it out. Her height is five feet, four and three-fourths inches. She lives at Hollywood.

KATHERINE, CHICAGO, ILL.—Certainly. The thirteen baby stars named in 1933, in a published list, were Davey, Perri, Denny, Janis, Perdue, Rufus, Dino, Tash, Denny, Cary, Rona, Bette, and Marla. How are they all doing? And are they all still married?

NORMAN, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—How you girls and boys admire a tall man! Ever read the list of the great little men, Napoleon, Alexander, Caligula, Disraeli and several hundred others? Well, here goes. Rod La Rocque is six feet, three inches tall. Norman Kerry is within an inch as tall and within a pound as heavy, his weight being one hundred and eighty pounds and Rod La Rocque's one hundred and eighty-one. Rod is twenty-six and Norman about thirty years old. Ramon Novarro's height is five feet, ten inches and his weight one hundred and sixty pounds. His age is twenty-five.

M. V., CHIC, CAL.—Marion Davies' chief lumovaker in "Janice Meredith" is Harrison Ford. "A Chip from the Flying U" and "A Gentleman from Indiana" have been filmed. No, old fellow, you have kept within the quota of questions. Thanks for your very sincere compliments. Here's my hand.

GERTRUDE, BLOOMINGDALE, N. J.—Theodore Kosloff was a Russian dancer of distinction when he left his home this country by Morris Gest. He has not lost that reputation. He was born in 1878. Here's your table. Johnny Walker is married. Norman Kerry, not married. Douglas MacLean, married. Theodore Kosloff has appeared in "Law of the Lawless;" "Children of Jazz" and "Don't Call It Love."

FRANCES, CHICAGO, ILL.—Rod La Rocque is unweighted by wedding ring or matrimonial vows.

GRACE, CHICAGO, ILL.—If you asked Margaret Clark why she does not return to the screen she would give you one of two sincere answers. Both are true. They would be, "I don't have to" and "My husband won't let me." Norma Talmadge enjoys the prestige and wisdom of her twenty-eighth year.

LOU, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Harold Lloyd would, no doubt, be interested in the resemblance if you are sure it is marked. Why not send him the photograph and ask him whom he sees there pictured.

REGINALD, TOLEDO, OHA.—It's clubby of you to call me "Our Answer Friend." Reaches the sub-cellar of my experienced heart. The name Ralston (Demmy) is an impressive person of six feet height; in poundage, one hundred and seventy, and in age, thirty-three years. He should be glad to know that you enjoy his screen work. He married an actress, Irene Haisman, who is not seen in pictures. John Gilbert is Leatrice Joy's husband. Lois Wilson is not married. But I make no promises.


EMMA G., OCONOMOWOC, Wis.—The man whose power you regard as supreme was once a member of President Harding's cabinet. Will Hays' office is at 525 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

CONNIE, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Minneapol, Minn., is the city that claims to be the birthplace of Richard Dix. It maintains its claim. So does Mr. Dix. Marjorie Daw's husband is "Eddie" Sutherland. No relation to Victor of the same name.

THELM, KEARNEY, NEB.—Jack Hope is married to Marvin Nain. He is about thirty-five. Further specifications, Thelma? All right. Height six feet, two inches. Weight, one hundred and ninety-three pounds.

BETTY, GALESBURG, ILL.—Waren Kerrigan is a "dashing even if he is married." That's generous of you. Betty, Louisville, Ky., is his birthplace. He has reached the age at which a few of the stars begin to be interesting to women, thirty-five. Coloring, eyes, hazel; hair, black. Height, six feet, one inch. Weight, one hundred and ninety-five pounds. Not married at the moment of my writing.

ROSALIE, MCALLEN, TEX.—Just "Answer Man" will do, sweet Rosalie. Your list of favorite players is a good one.

M. N., PORTLAND, MAINE.—A letterful about Edna Murphy. As you like, Rose of Maine. Miss Murphy has gray eyes and blonde hair. She is the caddie-one height of five feet, two inches and the also caddie-one weight of one hundred and eighteen pounds. She has been seen in "The White Moth," "The Golden Phantom" and "Wanted by the Police."

DORA, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Greetings, fair Australian. I am glad to learn that your countrymen like and love me as you. Charles de la Roche is Count de la Rochefort. He was born in Vendome, France. He is a healthy specimen of six feet in height and weight, one hundred and eighty pounds. He was seen in "The Marriage Maker," "The Ten Commandments," "Shadows of Paris," "The White Moth." and "Love and Glory."

HILDA, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Barbara La Marr's age is twenty-four. Marjorie de la Motte is engaged in the Vitagraph production "Behold the Woman." Sound? Call you, "Ramon Novarro's favorite." Do you mean that, Miss Hilda?

T. M. B., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Thomas Meighan was born April 4, 1879. His eyes are blue. His hair is three shades this side of black.

ELIANOR, PORTLAND, MAINE.—Charmed to be of service, Eleanor. Write Jackie Coogan through Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer Studios for his photograph. Don't forget to enclose a quarter to cover the cost of sending his picture. Dix's new play is "Sinners In Heaven." Corinne Griffith is a wife.

GRACE, TULSA, OKLAHOMA.—Bust? Yes. But she should be interested in "a girl who looks enough like her to be her twin." Send her your photograph and ask whether she notices a resemblance. Or get a photograph of her and make a searching comparison with your own. If you "will not be happy until you have written her" do so, by all means. Why be miserable?

"SUN FISH," GREEN POND, N. J.—Why the piscatorial name of your pet? You are a fishing enthusiast, and beautiful actresses have appeared in photographic semblance on our covers and many more will appear.

SUNBONNET SUE, BALTIMORE, MD.—Dear Southron, you couldn't "pester" me even if you were so unkind as to try. Glad I cure your blues. Glad, too, that you call me "Dear Old Questions and Answers." I know the "old" is an adjectival endearment. The height of one of your objects of admiration, Eugene O'Brien, is six feet. Art Acord tops him by an inch. Wesley Barrow has shot up to five feet, six inches. Claire Adams is five feet, five inches tall.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120 |
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NORMA TALMADGE has bought a new home on Hollywood Boulevard. It is the famous mansion which once belonged to the Jack Cudahys, and is one of the showplaces of Hollywood. She expects to move in as soon as it can be redecorated.

By the way, Norma was on the Boulevard the other morning wearing the cunningest frock, an orange and white checked gingham, sleeveless and straight with a little narrow belt, and ornamented on one side with a big cluster of padded silk flowers, appliqued onto the dress. They were in all the bright colors and ran from her waistline on the right side.

CONWAY TEARLE and Howard Hawks, scenario editor of Paramount, are contesting hotly the title of the best tennis player in the film colony.

It seems to have settled down to a duel between these two, though George Fitzmaurice, George Archibald and Maurice Flynn have been giving them a close race.

JETTA GOUDAHL is a well-known vampire on the Eastern circuit, and has been seen to great advantage on the screen as the Hindu dancing girl in "The Green Goddess" and the spy in "The Bright Shawl." She came West to appear in Paul Bern's first picture, "Open All Night."

After making an apparently valiant attempt to make an appropriate entrance to Hollywood, she arrived on the set one morning and said to Viola Dana, playing another role in the same picture, "Oh—my dear—I am delighted. You don't know how glad I was when I heard they had got Viola Dana to support me."

Now Miss Dana has been a consistent and popular star for some time and "to support" another actress is something not quite in her category. She cocked one eyebrow at Jetta, but said not a word. That night, however, there was a consultation in the office, and Miss Goudahl learned quite definitely that Miss Dana wasn't supporting her. It was an all-star cast, with Miss Dana and Adolphe Menjou as equally important members.

THEDA BARA is leaving Hollywood for New York and Hollywood is very disconsolate over her loss. She has been a brilliant addition to social life in the film colony.

Miss Bara has been looking for a story to serve as a vehicle for her return to the screen, and as yet hasn't found one. She is very anxious to get back to her chosen work and all arrangements have been made for her first picture as soon as she finds a story.

"If I can't find one," she said, "I shall get some playwright in New York to write one especially for me."

She will join her husband, Charles Brabin, who is returning to New York from Italy.

DORIS KEANE, the famous stage actress, whose only picture was her most successful play "Romance," has been in Hollywood for some weeks and is enjoying it immensely. Whether her love for the Western film capital and her delight in her charming bungalow will lead to her making a picture during the summer isn't yet known, but there are rumors.

It isn't any wonder that Pauline Frederick simply stood on the stage speechless with emotion, her eyes filled with tears, the night she opened in Los Angeles in "Spring Cleaning"—her return to the speaking stage in California after many years' absence.

Never was anyone given such a reception in the history of the town. When the curtain went up and Polly made her appearance, the audience nearly dis-lodged the rafters.

At the end of the second act the ushers began to bring down flowers but they actually couldn't get them all on the stage, and Polly stood there amid enough blossoms to start a flower shop, bowing and trying to smile through tears.

It was a most interesting and distinguished audience that greeted her, too. Probably no one else except Miss Pickford could have brought forth such a demonstration from a gathering of film celebrities.

Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joe Schenck, were there, Norma in flowing white chiffon with red silk flowers caught in the skirt; Charlie Chaplin, Constance Talmadge, Theda Bara, May McAvoy, Ramon Novarro, Mae Murray, Mac Busch, Florence Vidor, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, Hartley Manners and Laurette Taylor, Doris Keane, very regal in old rose satin; Viola Dana, Paul Bern, Jetta Goudahl, Lew Cody, Betty Blythe, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Bell, Monte Blue and Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel.

---

These whiskers are worth $112,500. At least they earned their five owners that much as extra men in the past ten years. They are all being used in support of Laurette Taylor in "One Night in Rome."
 MANY actresses, famous for the perfection of their beauty, have found the STAR-Rite Curling Iron invaluable in achieving that perfection.

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The two coiffures shown here are taken from the ones given in our book on beauty and hair dress, called "Charm."

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Your boy may be sturdy—but his scalp is tender

Even healthy, strong youngsters have delicate, soft scalps. That is why mothers should never wash children's hair with ordinary soap that is harsh and ill-smelling.

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It is surprisingly economical. For only 50 cents your druggist will give you a large six-ounce bottle so that you may see for yourself how easy it is to keep your child's hair healthy, sweet and lovely. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

The biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs held in Los Angeles recently was a most interesting time for the film colony, and was the first opportunity given the players to get in close contact with the vast body of clubwomen who are today such a power in the land.

Hollywood certainly did its best to give the visitors a royal reception. The studios were thrown open to them for visits and several interesting entertainments were given. Thomas H. Ince gave a most beautiful luncheon for them at his Culver City studios. In the form of a garden fete, and the beautiful Colonial studio, surrounded by gay tents and big umbrellas, never looked more attractive.

Mrs. Wallace Reid was the honored guest at an Americanization luncheon given during the session and attended by more than a thousand women.

Charles Ray and Lois Wilson were speakers on other occasions.

All the women expressed themselves as delighted with their visit to Hollywood and meetings with film stars.

Hollywood enjoyed the Federation and believes that much good was done by having its members visit the Hollywood film colony.

When Mrs. Tom Mix got back from her recent trip to Europe, she found a "coming home" present from her devoted husband awaiting her. In her absence, Tom had bought a beautiful house at Catalina Island, furnished completely, and now Mrs. Mix and three-year-old Thomasina Mix are there to spend the summer. Tom expects to commute—by boat—between pictures.

Naturally everyone in Hollywood is glad to hear that Doug and Mary are returning to their home after months spent in European traveling. The studio is being all scrubbed up and everything.

But just the same there is considerable fear and tribulation around the Fairbanks lot. They are wondering what Doug will say when he comes back and finds an enormous gas tank, several hundred feet high and as big around as the Woolworth Building, looming in brilliant orange paint above his cherished sets.

The gas company owning the next lots has erected this tank in the star's absence, and it is certainly going to arouse Doug's wrath—too late to do anything about it, unfortunately. It does spoil some of the artistic beauty of the studio in the foothills and will also make shooting difficult, as any shot in that direction cannot avoid the enormous tank.

The world-famous trial of Horace Greer for the shooting of a young Denver clubman, Courtland Bines, in his apartment in Hollywood on New Year's Day in the presence of Mabel Normand and Edna Purviance is over and resulted in a verdict of not guilty, which set Greer free. At the time of the shooting Greer was employed as a chauffeur by Mabel Normand.

The trial lasted several days and both Mabel Normand and Edna Purviance took the witness stand for the prosecution. Greer refused to take the stand in his own defense, stating that

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
he would rather “go to the pen than say anything against Miss Normand.”
Evidence showed that Greer went to Dines’ apartment to get Miss Normand and drive her home. He took Miss Normand’s gun with him from her home and when he arrived at the apartment and found a party in session, he fired at Dines, shooting him twice. The jury based their acquittal upon self-defense, though several jurors stated later that they voted for acquittal because they were not convinced that Greer shot Dines. Neither Miss Purviance nor Miss Normand testified to seeing the actual shots fired.

The engagement rumored at the time between Edna Purviance and Courtland Dines seems to have been without foundation, as Dines is now living with his people in Denver and refused to return to Los Angeles for the trial.

The film colony is sending condolences to Wallace MacDonald and Doris May over the loss of their baby, who lived only a few hours. Mrs. MacDonald is recovering and is once more at home.

Of course Mildred Davis Lloyd would have the prettiest baby that anybody ever saw. Hollywood has decided that Harold and Mildred are just about the two luckiest people in the world, but it’s all right because they deserve to be. Little Gloria Lloyd at the age of six weeks looks like a beautiful French doll, all eyes and dimples, and beautifully pink and white. More than that, she actually has quite a nose, for such a little baby.

Interesting boxes of all sizes and shapes arrive at the Lloyd house all day long for Gloria.

“But I do wish,” said Mamma Mildred, plaintively, “that the dear fans who send her presents had put in their addresses so I could thank them. Gloria has received some of the loveliest gifts from all over the country and no name attached to them. Anyway, she and I and her daddy all thank the generous givers just the same.”

MILDRED HARRIS, former wife of Charlie Chaplin, is about to realize her life ambition—she is to tour the European continent as a dancer and study vocal at a Paris conservatory preparatory to a career on the musical comedy stage.

It is understood that Chevalier Du Brac, a Spanish dancer, is to be Miss Harris’ dancing partner on the tour.

According to present plans, Miss Harris will go abroad as soon as she completes the picture in which she is starring. Following an engagement at the Coliseum theater in London with

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Irvin Cobb once facetiously wrote that New Yorkers were all front and no back. That’s where Madeline Hurlock differs from New Yorkers. Mack Swett says she has the most perfect back on stage or screen.

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Free Trial For introductory purposes we will send you free a generous supply of Lashbrow Liquid. And we will include a trial size of another Lashbrow product—Lashbrow Powder, which quickly stimulates the growth of the brow and lashes. Clip this announcement, write to us to cover cost of packing, shipping and send it at once to LASHBROW LABORATORY, TORIES, Inc., Dept. 29, 417 Canal St., New York City.

This looks as if the bull fighter were "thrusting the bull." At least Renee Adoree seems to take it that way. However, the gentleman, Emanuel Granada, is one of the most noted bull fighters in the world and was hired especially to fight the bull in "The Bandolero." It will be the only honest-to-goodness bull fight ever shown in a screen play, the producers say.
C. P. (Chick) Morrison, veteran horseman of the screen and brother of the Western star, Pete Morrison, was killed while riding an Arabian stallion at the Hal Roach studios. Morrison, one of the best known horsemen in the west, was training the animal for use in a picture when it fell, pinning Morrison against a fence and crushing his life out.

Chick Morrison was also a veteran of the motion picture industry and was known to everyone. Beside being an expert horse trainer, he was at one time manager of the old American Film Company at Santa Barbara.

His first screen experience was in the old days with Bill Hart at Incerville and for a time he was one of the Triangle cowboys, when they numbered some of the greatest riders and ropers in their outfit. After Hart left, Morrison and his brother, Pete, worked with Roy Stewart in a series of westerns.

Chick Morrison was a true son of the West. He was born 49 years ago at Morrison, Colorado, a little town named after his family. All Hollywood turned out at the funeral to pay him tribute.

FAREWELL lip stick. Good-bye rouge.

Enter the Non-Make Up Club, organized by Colleen Moore, the screen’s “perfect flapper,” with every member pledged against the use of artificial coloring on the face.

This reactionary movement was started at the United Studios and Miss Moore made all the members of the club, which includes, beside a few prominent actresses, stenographers, film cutters and extra girls, sign the pledge.

It was noticeable that bobbed hair was not mentioned, however. Colleen’s tresses rank with the shortest of the short.

Now Hollywood is wondering just how long it will last, for two violations of the pledge brings expulsion from the club.

Pauline Frederick has become temperamental—and there’s a reason. Pauline is working night and day—every day. She is playing eight performances a week in “Spring Cleaning” at the new Play House theater in Los Angeles—six evening shows and two matinees—and is spending the rest of her time working for Bob Vignola in “Mrs. Paramour,” in which she has the title role. Others in the cast include Mae Busch, Conrad Nagel, Huntly Gordon and Frank Elliott.

The reason we say Pauline is showing a dash of temperamental is that the other day when we were at the studio the set was entirely shut off and everyone barred.

Wouldn’t be temperamental in this hot weather if they were working night and day with only “forty winks” between studio and stage?

“I WOULD rather see one moth-eaten geranium in Hollywood than all of the widely heralded beauties of Bandit and the Canadian Rockies.”

So writes beautiful Estelle Taylor from the Canadian garden spot, where she is working with Tommy Meighan on “The Alaskan.”

However, in her long and pithy letter, Estelle fails to mention whether it is the Hollywood geranium, the climate or Jack Dempsey, who is also of Hollywood, which she misses so much that she is desperately homesick.

We might lay a little bet, however—risk just a tiny wager—that if the Champ were in Bandit it would be the most beautiful spot in the world to that charming actress.

SOME people have all the luck.

There’s Lois Wilson, for instance. She’s getting a free trip to Europe with no work to do and gets her salary too. Pretty soft. It was this way: Jesse L. Lasky, of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, went to Europe and found that the English were all wrapped up in the British Empire Exposition at Wem- bley, one of the greatest affairs of the kind ever

The Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the “profile” of the teeth

THIS is the tooth brush that is shaped to fit the “profile” of the teeth—a feature originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. It brushes in between, not over the teeth. It can’t “skip over” the crevices, because the tufts are formed to fit every possible variation of tooth structure.

It is sold everywhere in the United States and in every civilized community on earth. It is the world’s standard tooth brush. The whole world knows it to be the correct brush to clean teeth the correct way. The three sizes are priced in the United States: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made with hard, medium, or soft bristles. Always sold in the yellow box. Florence Mfg. Co., Florence, Mass., U. S. A.

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The price range of all Washburn instruments—Banjos, $29 to $150; Mandolins and Guitars, $20 to $150; Ukuleles, $15 to $30—is exceptionally wide, but the same high quality dominates each model.

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Have one of these famous "Washburn" Banjos in your home for a week's FREE trial. Prove its beautiful tone, its wonderful quality. Write for Catalog! Easy terms can be arranged, if desired. The coupon will bring full information. Multitoday!

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They sure take wonderful care of that kid and are giving him every advantage," said the scenario writer. "He has private tutors, his own gymnasium and gym instructor and everything, and now he's going abroad."

"Yes," agreed the director, "they're teaching him French and geography and history and music but I don't notice them teaching him any arithmetic."

MILADY's portable boudoir. This is fashion's latest in Hollywood, which is watched by the women of the world for the last word in styles.

This new fad—perhaps we had better say fashion, for it seems to have come to stay—was originated by Norma Talmadge, for she was the first Hollywood star to have her own little boudoir right on the stage where she worked. It was attractive and roomy enough and small enough so that the stage gang could carry it from set to set.

Miss Talmadge found it a great convenience—so much easier when she wanted to fix her hair or her make-up or change a costume than having to dash over to her bungalow dressing room, which might be blocks from the stage on which she was working. She also found it a great time-saver, and time is often a great deal of money in the pictures business.

So the portable dressing room was adopted by Sister Constance as well. Then Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith followed suit and now Mae Murray is using one in her new picture "Circe." And Miss Murray's little boudoir ostentates them all. It is simply exquisite, a bright canary yellow with its walls paneled with mirrors. Miss Murray has profited by the experiments of the other stars and her miniature boudoir would make any woman green with envy.

FATE is a great jester but she plays some exceptionally funny pranks in Hollywood. For instance, when King Vidor began his picture career it was as a scot—an extra man to be exact—and Jack Gilbert began as a director.

Now King Vidor is directing Jack Gilbert in "His Hour," one of Elinor Glyn's stories, and Madame Glyn is hailing Gilbert as her greatest romantic discovery.
The happiest couple in Hollywood has parted. For that is what they called themselves when they came into the limelight recently over a spirited battle waged as their car sped through the streets of Hollywood. It was only "a lover's tiff," they explained at the time.

Ora Carew, film beauty, is seeking a divorce from John C. Howard, son of a millionaire manufacturer, on the grounds of cruelty, charging that on frequent occasions her husband threatened her life and several times inflicted bodily injuries upon her. And it would seem that this time it is no more than a lover's tiff, if rumors about their trouble are to be believed.

So far Miss Carew has refused to make any other statement than the one in her divorce complaint, but from other sources it is reported the filing of the divorce action was directly caused by a sensational episode which terminated early one morning in the emergency ward of the Los Angeles Receiving Hospital, when a man giving his name as "John Smith" was treated for an overdose of veronal.

He was brought to the hospital by a woman describing herself as "Lulu Smith," who drove a limousine later identified by the police as one owned by Ora Carew. When first questioned by detectives, "Smith" said he had been on a wild party for a week and had taken the veronal to induce sleep.

Later, just before he was whisked away in a private ambulance, he said he had just come from San Francisco and denied he had swallowed the veronal with suicidal intent.

Upon discovering the limousine was owned by Ora Carew, officers asked "Smith" if his real name wasn't John C. Howard, and he said: "Well, I guess you know me, but let's forget all about it."

Further questioning by the detectives brought the admission from "Lulu Smith" that she resided at a Hollywood address which is listed as Miss Carew's home.

Howard and his film star wife came into the limelight several weeks ago when they admitted to the police that they were the couple seen in an automobile speeding through Hollywood. Witnesses of the incident told officers that the woman was fighting furiously and screaming at the top of her voice while the man held her tightly and steered the car.

"We are the happiest couple in Hollywood," they said when interviewed the day following this escapade. "Just a slight tiff. We merely had an argument about driving, as most husbands and wives do."

The young millionaire and the film beauty were married in December, 1922, and Miss Carew gave up her career.

TWO of the most promising new directors of Hollywood to-day, men whom the industry is following with a great deal of interest, are Monta Bell and Renaud Hoffman.

Both have made two pictures in recent months and all four of these pictures have been more than a mild sensation. Bell's first effort was "Broadway After Dark" and the industry watched with interest for his second to see whether it was just a mistake or whether Bell, who is a former newspaperman, really has something on the ball. With his second picture, "How to Educate a Wife," the verdict was unanimously "Yes."

And it was much the same in Hoffman's case. Formerly an art critic, he produced a little picture called "Not One to Spare." It broke all motion picture traditions—there was no hero or heroine—no villains or love story—and yet the public liked it—was crazy about it.

Now Hoffman has followed this first effort with a picturization of Frank Condon's "Legend of Hollywood" which appeared in Photoplay. It is a dramatic story of the heart-break side of Hollywood life and critics are unanimous in their unqualified praise of this picture. They declare the atmosphere is true and highly interesting and are hailing it as the first picture to tell the true story of most of the
What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!

— all the difference between just an ordinary cigarette and—FATIMA, the most skillful blend in cigarette history.

People who are lured to Hollywood by gilded hopes of fortune and fame.

Much is expected of both these new directors and it is rumored that Bell, who is under a personal contract to Harry Rapf for one year at a nominal salary, is being besieged by others to sign for three more years (also at a nominal salary). To date it is understood Mr. Bell insists on waiting until his Rapf contract has expired before taking terms.

At last we've found two Hollywood celebrities who do not deny their engagement. They are pert, vivacious little Marie Prevost and big, handsome Kenneth Harlan. And they brazenly admit it—even going so far as to admit the date has been set for sometime in the fall. This is one of the Hollywood rumors which has been speculated upon a great deal in the colony of late. They must have their little secret, however, and will not divulge the exact date, even to their most intimate friends.

Following her final Los Angeles performance of "The Laughing Lady," Ethel Barrymore was given a farewell party at the home of Conway Tearle, once her leading man on the stage, at which many prominent Hollywood artists joined Tearle in a tribute to the great actress.

It was Miss Barrymore who first interested Tearle in pictures when, in 1917, she induced him to leave the stage to support her in "The Nightingale," the first screen appearance of both. Since that time Tearle has confined his efforts almost entirely to motion pictures.

Among the guests were Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick, Pauline Frederick, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Moore, Tom Moore, Besley Love, Mr. and Mrs. John Francis Dillon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Harley Manners (Laurette Taylor), George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence, Mr. and Mrs. Robert MacIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Chadwick, Charles Coleman, Jack Mayo, Louis Payne, Florence Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaut, June Elridge, Cyril Kightley, Vivian Martin, Donald Brian, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Ballin, Edwin Brophy and Mrs. Blanche Flynn.

I COULd dance all night to that orchestra," said the flapper who was getting a little peek into Hollywood life. She had been invited to an intimate little party by a friend who worked in the pictures.

And no wonder she liked the orchestra, for it was Hollywood's $10,000 jazz band. Small but very good. Its six members included Conway Tearle, Creighton Hale, Raymond McKee, Earl Metcalfe, John Miljan and Gil Pratt.

This orchestra is very much in demand at little gatherings of the colony's artists and for two reasons. They play exceptionally well and—their salaries are paid by the producers. They get paid for acting and play for their friends for fun.

Norma Talmadge is the latest star to demonstrate that sometimes jobs, like charity, may begin at home. For in her recent production of "Fight," there appears as a gilded youth a handsome young actor who, until Miss Talmadge's discerning eye fell upon him, was an auditor in the business office of the Talmadge organization.

Wally Davidson's thoughts were all ledgers and daybooks until Miss Talmadge, by whom he has been employed for two years, decided that he was a type. She called the handsome young Mr. Davidson to the attention of her husband, Joseph M. Schenck, whose only expression of opinion was that it might spoil a good auditor to make a poor actor.

But Miss Talmadge had her way and her protégé's success in "Fight" has led other members of the Talmadge office force to do some intensive thinking as to the relative merits of working and acting.

Not to be outdone by Miss Talmadge, her
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 ferment and forms acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invades 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 beat 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 glistening 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.

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Only one tube to a family

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

YOUNG IDEAS—Universal

A SLENDER IDEA made to go a long way—and pounded into jelly with a lot of slapstick. A young girl has a lot of sponging relatives, would-be invalids every one of them, until her sweetheart devises the idea of having her quarantined and the near-invalids pushed out into the world to make their way. Laura La Plante does passably in the leading role and T. Roy Barnes is the young man with the idea.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL—F. B. O.

FURTHER adventures of Gladys Murgatroyd, the telephone girl, otherwise the much photographed Alberta Vaughn. No. 9 of the series, "Bee's Knees," deals with the efforts of a press agent to get a picture of Gladys' legs to use as a hosier advertisement. Slapstick comedy built upon the theory developed by Mack Sennett, that a comedy peddlery outdoes a multitude of slapstick sins.

UNGUARDED WOMEN—Paramount

HERE is a drama as lurid as life, but one, at last, which bears some resemblance to it. A good picture of social square-shootin' with Bebe Daniels doing great work as a delinquent and heart-broken war widow who drifts into a convenient liaison with a cad and kills herself when she awakens to the irrevocable mess of
Her life. An emotional rôle, and Bebe Daniels with her sombre beauty is well-suited to it. Richard Dix co-stars with her as a veteran who sacrifices his own happiness in order to repay a wrong to her soldier-husband. And Mary Astor’s fragile charm animates a rather sappy and ungrateful rôle, that of his fiancee. The picture is well-done and absorbing. An adaptation of Lucy Stone Terrill’s Saturday Evening Post serial “Face.”

THE GUILTY ONE—Paramount

THIS is a murder mystery which begins as a farce, has enough dance and party shots to qualify as a musical comedy, shows possibilities of drama, and then almost winds up as a burlesque. The old story of the work-absorbed husband, the faithful wife, the fascinating tale with an apartment full of rare curios, a scandal, a shot in the dark—and then the perfectly obvious denouement, with innocence rampant at the finish and the husband convinced that his real career should be tangoing with a singularly vacuous and uninteresting wife. Agnes Ayres plays this petulant individual mechanically. In fact, none of the cast is what you’d call inspired. Only fair entertainment.

DARK STAIRWAYS—Universal

HERE is a mystery story as unplausible and impossible as an old penny novel, and just as absorbing. As such trash frank goes, this is satisfactory. Herbert Rawlinson is starred as a young banker who is framed and sent to prison for grand larceny, escapes (via a passing airplane) and devotes the rest of the footage to bringing the real crooks to justice. An honest hokum-thriller and not bad entertainment.

THE SAWDUST TRAIL—Universal

The spoiled son of a wealthy man is placed with a wild west show to find himself. Incidentally, he finds one “Calamity Jane,” who has come to hate men. The rest is inevitable. Western stars no longer seem to do their stuff. The nearest the star, Hoot Gibson, comes to riding in this is to be tossed from a mustang. Still, this is within the Gibson average, possibly a bit above it.

ROMANCE RANCH—Fox

STORY improbable but picture is entertaining. John Gilbert is a pleasing hero with too little to do. Tale hinges about a lost will and the rightful heir to gain possession of a vast estate in Southern California. The will is found and a happy settlement reached when he hero marries the daughter of the dishonest relative and burns the paper that would have nullified the property. Rest of cast is good.

BETWEEN WORLDS—Weiss Bros. Artclass

THIS is an imported picture of exceptionally beautiful photography but remote popular appeal. A company of singularly unattractive, however gifted, players moves through a succession of allegorical examples of the selfishness of love. We have a Chinese, a Hindoo legend, etc., all sensitive and artistic pictorially but not vividly interesting. A line enough picture, but avaricious to the native fan.

WINE OF YOUTH—Metro-Goldwyn

MARY THE THIRD?,” Rachel Crothers’ Broadway success, has been made into a good picture. A grandmother, mother and daughter live under one roof. The daughter, brightened by the seriousness of selecting a husband from among her suitors, decides to take the children on a mountain camping trip. This precipitates horror and rouble at home, of course. But things come right in the end. The cast is exceptionally strong with stars.

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John Charles Fremont, “The Pathfinder,” explored Ohio ninety years ago. When you, in your car, are exploring Ohio’s fine highways today, you will come to an attractive city which bears the Pathfinder’s name.

It is one of the best lighted cities in the world; and yet the per capita cost of the light is less than $2 a year.

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FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There’s no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply.net an owner of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it at a time and morning and you shall soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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As he passes the box office, he says to Jimmy: "Damn good show. Stoo bad business's rotten."

Then Jim knows where the dollar comes from. He found it in the hat girl's window.

When the Park City Loom sets up, my kid partner and I move on to Provo, Utah, and things are going pretty good here when Jim suddenly announces he wants to go to New York to seek fame and fortune.

I didn't try to argue him out of it 'cause all my life I'd been cherishing the same sneaking desire, only I was past forty-two and didn't have the nerve. I hadn't seen the big town since I come through on my way west from County Mayo as an Irish immigrant kid in my teens.

However, I didn't think it right friendly not to give the kid fair warning, so I tell him better men than has starved to death trying the same thing.

Now, if you know Jim, you'll admit he's more' n ordinarily obstinate and that decides him. He was sure going to have a try at it, so off he goes and that's the last I see of my boy partner for nearly twenty years.

Of course I heard of him off and on. He worked with Helene in the West Star until his clear starved out and makes a hit in a picture called "The Heart of Maryland." Some luck for a lad of twenty!

Then I hear he's on the road and years later I read of him as a motion picture leading man and then a director making pictures with Wally Reid.

But it wasn't till he made "The Covered Wagon" back in his home state of Utah that I realized just how important my kid partner had become.

I was past sixty then and playing through Utah and Arizona as a stock horse, and don't call it. A couple of rifflers carrying our company, wardrobe and scenery. Short stops and lots of jumps. I owns half the show. "Taint the easiest life in the world, that's sure.

Me and my partner was playing in Phoenix early in 1923 when some vaudeville performers from Los Angeles gets to talk'in' about pictures and the conversation drifts around to James Cruze, the great director, and who's a career he is in Hollywood. I just couldn't resist doing a little bragging and told 'em how I KNEW HIM WHEN...all about how we was partners once and all.

Well, they gets to kidding me, and my partner and the rest says sure he wouldn't remember me now that he's so important and rich.

"Say, some of them stars and directors gets the swell head so bad they even forget their own mothers and fathers back in Iowa and Indiana and think their ancestors was lords and dukes," says one of the vaudeville fellers. "If you met him now he'd hand you nothing but the icy stare."

This gets me real sore and I lays a little bet with my partner that I'll write the great Cruze a letter recalling the old days when Bosen and Cowgave was partners and all that. I knew I won't forget but will write me a nice friendly answer.

One of the terms of our bet is that my partner opens the reply—if one comes—which he still doubts.

But he didn't know Jimmy. An answer came and it came damn quick. Here it is:

And Luke lovingly produced a much thumbed telegram which read:

"WHEN WILL YOU BE AT LIBERTY ANSWER QUICK JIMMY CRUZE"

I was at liberty right then and nothing could be quicker than my answer.

Well, sir, in less than no time I was in Hollywood and now I'm no longer a traveling actor of past sixty. I'm a real picture artist with regular home an' everything. Soon I'm going in "Merton of the Movies," and I worked in lots of other pictures since the telegram came from Jim.

An' that ain't the first thing my partner did for me was to make my dream come true.

When I arrives in Los Angeles Jimmy me-

"I Knew Him When..."

[Continued from page 33]
An Impression of Blanche Sweet
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]
concert given by a great violinist. The mask was down. The brilliant, half-smiling, distinguished mask was down.

And beneath it her face shone soft and throbbing and tender to every cadence of the heart-stirring music.

And I remember one day when she and I went to spend the afternoon on Larry Trimble’s “dog ranch,” and to call upon Strongheart, and his wife, Lady Jule, and their many children. She looked so smart, in her sleeveless white sweater and boyish white silk shirt, and her little flat white shoes. In two hours, she had the ranch at her feet. Not only the men—the drivers of the dog teams, and the women who take care of them, but every dog in the place appeared to want to go home with her.

I have taken a number of people out to see the wonderful Trimble dogs. Blanche was the first one who met with unqualified success.

LATER I asked one of the boys—a Canadian team driver, used to the roughest of outdoor life—why. “Well,” he said, “she didn’t gush and she didn’t act like she was doing you a favor to rave about your dogs, and yet you knew she was somebody. It’s a pleasure to meet a lady who’s herself.”

Yet for all that, Blanche is—I think—a little shy. I see sometimes a little wistfulness, a little shyness, behind that defensive barrier of hers.

The dominating factor in Blanche Sweet’s life has been her love for Mickey Neilan and his for her. There can be no question about that. Contact with that erratic genius has controlled and swayed her destiny and her development. Nobody can possibly imagine being happy though married to Mickey Neilan. By that I mean happiness in the sense of a serene and calm content. A woman who loved him would be either on the height or in the depths. There would be no smooth and peaceful moments. She must take the glorious moments on the mountain tops, and the terrible hours in the dark valley, and try to make of them a path for her feet.

And yet, in spite of everything, I believe that a great love lies between them. And from it Blanche has learned the wisdom that charms and fascinates you in her lovely face. The intense curtain of her reserve, greater than that of any woman I have ever known, breaks sometimes, and I seem to catch a glimpse of a woman who has learned to laugh at what she cannot bear and to weep only over the sorrows of others and to rejoice in the happiness of the whole world.

She is a woman tried by fire. That is why she is so wonderful, so full of meaning, so worth while. When you look at her, you know that she has lived and loved and hated and suffered and fought and prayed and worked. There is something in her eyes that you cannot get away from. Beside the clean-cut, fine-worn, thinking brilliance of her face, beauty can become insufferably stupid and dull.

I am a little afraid of her sometimes, yet when I know I am going to see her, I always feel a real thrill of anticipation.

Do you remember Kipling’s description of the woman who “had known all the sorrow in the world and was laughing at it”?

That is a perfect description of Blanche Sweet Neilan.

Our Movie Art Experts

AUTHOR (interrupting hero of film drama). “I don’t like that furniture; it’s too heavy.”

Producer. “I get you. What you want is a bit o’ Louis Chippendale.”—Punch.

Are you letting your skin grow old?

It is a true saying that beauty is only skin deep. Therefore keep your skin young and you needn’t worry about beauty or the number of your years. Perfect cleanliness through the use of the right soap makes it easy to keep your face as young as you are—or even a little younger.

Resinol Soap is the ideal cleanser. It gives a profuse lather that, despite its airy daintiness, sinks deep into the delicate pores and roots out the impurities, permitting the skin to function normally. It rinses easily—an important fact to consider when selecting a toilet soap—and imparts that velvety softness and pleasing clearness which makes you feel that here is a soap whose regular use will help to preserve the natural freshness of youth beyond the time when most women lose it.

Should blemishes appear, apply a little Resinol Ointment to the irritated spots and see how it clears them away. This soothing, healing preparation has been successfully used for years in treating skin troubles, slight or serious. Thousands of homes are never without it.

FREE TRIAL OFFER
Send this coupon or a postal card today
Dept. 5-K, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days’ ordinary use.

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MODES and individuality. Show me a girl or woman who gives an impression of an equal mingling of these and I shall see a perfect complexion. I like to see a girl or woman wearing something of the season’s vogue. She proves herself observant, intelligent, adaptive. She is alert and progressive.

I admire the strongly individual type. If she does not adapt herself to the mode but the mode to herself. Probably she wears the old, for the bold is sanitary, strengthens her hair and is generally becoming. Does she not wear her neighbor’s bob, but her own? If she has a long, thin face she fluffs the hair well out at the side to make it look wider, and draws it down over the forehead. If her face is wide she builds her bob on top of her head. She trains it so that it will seem to give added length to her face. If she is tall she wears her hair flattened, and shining as Rodolph Valentino’s, above her forehead. If she is short, she coaxes the hair up in a fluff on top of her head to make her look an inch or two taller.

The individual girl or woman studies herself and makes the most of the personality that is there.

Notice, dear friends, that I said, “Makes the most of her personality.” She may have a quirk. The intelligent girl or woman, and all highly individualized persons are intelligent; does not accept her quirk as a violation of Providence. She consults a physician to learn whether an operation would correct the defect. If he advises against the operation she controls her own nervousness so that she may command the quirk to be as little conspicuous as possible. She may have a bad walk. She determines to improve that walk and does. She may have a habit of lowering or of drawing down her mouth at the side while she talks. A scrutiny of her face in action will reveal these facial faults. She asks someone of her family to remind her each time that she commits the fault. Gradually she breaks the habit. She listens to her voice. If it is weak she strengthens it. If it’s harsh she softens it by exercise. As a great Greek orator, once a weak-voiced stutterer, strengthened his by exercise. She wears the colors in which she looks the best, and the shades of these colors that are most becoming to her.

Know thyself is old advice. Make the most of thyself is modern counsel that is more and more needed.

Write me your problems. It will be my pleasure to help you as much as I can.

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

FRIENDLY ADVICE

Carolyn Van Wyck

BABY BLONDE, SHREVEPORT, LA.

Persistent application of lemon cream, lightly spread upon the affected surface, should dull the prominence of freckles. Are you, Baby Blonde, one of those charmingly inconsistent girls who try a remedy three times and cry out that it does not help you? After a few weeks or a month or two of use you may expect results. Be patient. If you shave your eyebrows, that is, shaving the irregular parts of the eyebrows, you can train them back into a straight line. Or into the slight arch, that is more popular today than the high, childlike arch. I should say that since your eyes are hazel you should use the same lighter shade of lipstick that the blonde does. You neglected to tell me whether your skin is fair. That is important in the choice of rouge or lipstick. If your skin is fair the pastel shades should be becoming to you, the popular shades of sand, beige and gray. If your skin is darker by several shades than that of the pure type of blonde, the one with blue eyes, then turn to the vivid shades, the reds and oranges, that enhance the brunette’s charms.

GLADYS, C. G., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The lather darkness that you mention is not harmful—and it will only improve your appearance if your lashes are too light. Used once a week it can certainly do no damage. Dark lashes accentuate the eyes—making them seem larger and more expressive.

A henna shampoo will give your hair a reddish glint, without either bleaching or changing the fundamental color of it. Henna has a tonic effect upon the hair.

ANTOINETTE B., MASS.

I do not think that your first letter ever reached me. I can find no record of it. If you will ask your question over again, in another letter, I will be glad, if possible, to answer it.

“JOEY,” PENNSYLVANIA.

With dark brown hair and eyes, and with very red cheeks, you can wear the most vivid colors in your sports clothes. Jade green, geranium, lacquer, tangerine, scarlet, orange, and old gold will be particularly good. Brown will, of course, be your most becoming color for street wear.

For evening, you can wear all shades of green, gold, silver, white, bronze, and any of the above-mentioned colors. As well as the pastel tints.
Perplexed, Milwaukee, Ws.

Let your heart govern your actions, by all means. If you like the boy who lives in your old home town, don’t be unkind to him because your pride is injured. Often boys find it hard to write letters! But if, on the other hand, you like the new friend better—the young man who lives in the town where you now reside—you should be fair enough to tell the first boy the exact state of your feelings. Visits often result in romance—especially when they are visits back to a place that is full of happy memories. But don’t let the romance of the affair go to your head.

S. B. S.

As you are five feet, five inches tall—and only weigh one hundred and ten pounds—you can safely wear all of the ruffled frocks that you care to indulge in. Two piece dresses will also be becoming to you, and Norfolk suits. Slim, straight line dresses will make you seem taller and quite thin.

With grey-green-blue eyes and golden brown hair you may indeed wear the more subtle shades. Apple—in fact, all shades of green, will be lovely on you. But tangerine you must wear only in combination with a darker color.

As you are slim you will be at your best in the stiffer materials. Taffeta, organdie, the old-fashioned brocades!

J. M. L., New York, N. Y.

At your age you should lengthen your figure by stretching exercises. Go to a gymnasium and swing on a cross bar. Or have one placed in a room in your own home. Swing from the bars and stretch. Rise on your toes and sink back on your heels. Both are good exercises for those who want to increase their height. I know a boy of fifteen who was vexed because he was short and who exercised as I have advised you to. He grew to be a young man of more than medium height. He helped himself to grow. You can control your over plumpness. Eat less. Exercise more.

The Story Without a Name

[Continued from page 30]
cotton above his doorway, even the worn and oil-stained overalls inherited from his predecessor on the island. With thread and needles inherited from that same forerunner he patched and stitched and sewed these fragments together. A day came and went and another day dawned and grew sultry with the mounting sun. But still he worked feverishly at his odd craft. He worked with every ounce of energy at his command, freshly disturbed by Mary's talk over the radio that morning. She had confessed that there were rats aboard the vessel and they frightened her. But she was more afraid, she acknowledged, of the human rats about her. For some one had stolen the key of her cabin and she was no longer able to lock herself in. And Sig Kuder's manner was not at all to her liking. But she still had faith in Alan, and in the power of their friends to find them.

Two days later, as Alan struggled to waterproof his canoe-covering with shellac and a can of engine dope found under his work bench, he started to hear the faint but familiar drone of a plane. Looking up, he saw the floating cross enlarge to a thing with wings, heading over his island. And as it closer he waved and shouted and signaled. But the seaplane, flying low, winged on over the lonely cay without a break in the hum of its engine. Alan could even detect the derisive gesture of its pilot as he leaned out over the fuselage with an armwrestle of mockery as he went on.

The lone exile anchored to his island took that winged messenger to be a sea-scout of Drakula's carrying news of contraband to some outer cay. And his heart was bitter as he fell to work again on his slimy craft, the craft that at its best could only crawl like a snail while his enemies could roar like a gull.

That bitterness rose sharper than ever when,

Somewhere ahead "Beauty's Pathway" will reach the crest of the hill. Behind you, will be the many opportunities you have had to improve your appearance. Opportunities to develop and preserve the Beauty of Youth for the time when nature can no longer respond to your efforts. Now is your big moment—your time in life to develop your beauty to its highest degree. To give to the skin and complexion the enchanting charm that only "Beauty's Master Touch"—

Gouraud's

ORIENTAL CREAM

can render. An alluring, entrancing appearance that will remain with you over the years to come, so that the hand of time rests but lightly. Gouraud's Oriental Cream is highly antiseptic—your assurance of a pure, soft skin, free from blemishes. Its astringent action counteracts wrinkles, flabbiness and excessive oiliness. For over 85 years it has been showing women, the world over, the way to a greater personal attractiveness. It is waiting now to unfold to you the secret of a new, lasting Beauty. Start its use today. Made in white, flesh and rachel so as to perfectly harmonize with your particular type.

Gouraud's Oriental Comprimettes

bring to you Gouraud's Oriental Cream in compact form with all its beautifying properties. Your vanity bag now commands "Beauty's Master Touch" for use at a moment's notice, two sizes—$5e and $1.00—6 shades, white, flesh, rachel powders, and light, medium and dark rouges. Each size complete in beautiful vanity case with mirror and puff.

Special Offer Coupon

I enclose 50c for a Comprimette (any shade), a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Coconut Oil Shampoo and a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

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Here is a chance for the winner of the great radio contest to get $500 in cash in addition to the $3,500 already offered.

Many radio stations are anxious to have one of the fans listening in on their stations win the first prize. These stations are broadcasting announcements of the contest several times a week.

They are offering $500 as an added cash prize if the winner, when he enters the contest, notes on his coupon the fact that he first heard about it over the radio and gives the station broadcasting the news about the contest.

Included in the stations are WLAG, operated by the Twin City Radio Central at St. Paul and Minneapolis. Eleanor Pocher, the managing director, has written that WLAG makes the announcement twice a week.

Dr. John R. Brinkley of the Brinkley-Jones Hospital Association, Milford, Kan., is the first to announce. The association operates Station KFBR, which holds one of the long-distance records for broadcasting, having been heard several times at Montevideo, Uruguay, which is 8,000 miles from the station. Besides being heard all over the United States and Canada, KFBR has regular reception in Honolulu and the Bermudas, besides being picked up by ships at sea.

Station WOAW is operated by Woodmen of the World Life Insurance Association, at Omaha. It is a 500-watt station and operates on a wave of 526 meters. It is one of the 50 channels of Captain Donald McMillan while near the north pole on his arctic explorations. WOAW boasts one of the largest religious congregations in the world and has an unique organization known as the World Radio Camp, which is said to be the only radio lodge in the world. It has been heard from 50 states, besides Canada.

I. C. Dice, president of the Dice Electric Company, which operates Station WCAV at Little Rock, Ark.; D. F. Streb, president and general manager of The Electric Shop, which operates Station CFCO at Saskatoon, Sask., and C. J. Windisch, manager of Station KFIL at Louisburg, Kan., are other radio enthusiasts who are working to make the contest truly representative of radio.

If you first hear of the contest over one of these or other stations broadcasting news about it, enter the contest and be sure to mention the station you heard broadcasting the announcement. It will mean an extra $500 if you win the first prize.

His apparatus. But there was no reason why his apparatus could not be carried down to the engine. And he could put the heavy generator on his skis and pole it down beside the staled plane. From the shaft of the plane he could remove the broken propeller and replace it with the belt pulley from the shack shell, once that pulley had been properly repaired. Then he could take the leather seat straps from the plane and lace them together into a friction belt and link up his propeller shaft and the pulley of his nearby generator, properly bedded and braced in the sand. And that would give him power. And power meant a call to the waiting world.

He conjectured that it would take at least a thousand watts, even with a good atmospheric condition, to reach Washington. He was discouraged, at first, by the smallness of his generator. But by charging his string of storage batteries, he remembered, and then “floating” them across the generator, he planned to unite both in a duet of energy to give the needed wings to his words. And once he had reached that decision he set to work.

He worked with rumbles of sweat running down his body. He carried and cried and juggled until even the man on the bunk smiled at his madness. When that man stepped away, to ask for a drink of brandy, Alan retorted that he had no brandy and had no time to spare.

“Yet you may not have the time,” smiled the man on the bunk, “in case you need it.” Alan knew that if you dug two feet down in the sand on the cast point of this cay you’d find five hundred cases of ninety-five per cent old French cognac.”

Alan gave little thought to that admission, for everything now depended, he felt, on how his generator would be able to build up his depleted juice, and adjusted his belt, started his engine, and heard the soul-satisfying hum of the machinery that sang hope to him.

“I’ve got it!” he said with a shout of joy.

And so relieved was he as his engine sang at its essential work that he took a spade from the shack corner and tossed the sand on the eastern tip of the cay tip and returned with a handful from one of the ruptured cases of old cognac.

He watched the man on the bunk solemnly drink his health. Then he returned to his machinery, tested his batteries and found them still low, and, of a sudden, almost ceased breathing. For his plane engine had stuttered and come to a stop. His first movement was to spring to the fuel-tank. And his heart sank as he did so, for the tank was empty. He had used up his last ounce of gasoline. He could see the leak from the strainer feed-pipe, wetting the sand at his feet.

He staggered back, passing a dirt-stained hand over a dirt-stained brow. He was defeated, after thirty minutes of victory. His last move had failed.

Then a new thought came to him, the thought of the ninety-five per cent cognac under the sand. That was practically alcohol. And even in his garage days he had learned that with certain carburetor adjustments a gasoline engine could be made to run with alcohol.

And on the bunk, hearing Alan’s shout of triumph, thought his marooned companion had already imbibed too much from Mark Drakma’s cache.

But it was the engine, and not its operator, that drank up the precious amber fluid, bottle by bottle. He had known that the broken feed-pipe was repaired. And it sang with drunken power as it drank. The sun was low before its allotted task was done and a white-faced man, standing before a rough bench on the lagoon sand, turned to his receiving set to see if he could catch his evening message from Mary Walshworth.

He did not catch that message. What he heard, indeed, was a fragment of official instructions regarding what was apparently a presidential speech to be broadcast that evening. Because of the importance of this radio event, the announcer went on an order for

Treasure Your Beauty
Before it's Too Late

We are forever saying that next month or next year we are going to make ourselves more attractive—and take better care of our tell-tale skin. But then we put it off and say we have n't the time. Some day we awaken to find that it is too late.

If only you knew how easy it is to realize that clear, bewildering beauty of skin that should be yours today. It doesn’t mean elaborate beauty treatments. Just a few minutes’ care each day with one dependable preparation—Daggett & Ramsdell’s Perfect Cold Cream, and you overcome the many enemies of your skin.

Once a day smooth this cream on your face, neck and arms, let it penetrate into your pores, and finally wipe itself off a cloth. It accomplishes so much. Besides freeing your skin from the impurities that coarsen and dull it, “D & R” supplies elements that keep your skin smooth and young. Soon you will see new beauty creep into your face.

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silence had been imposed upon all stations, and this order was not to be violated. "From 7 A.M. to 7 P.M.," he exclaimed authoritatively, "our President's words will be relayed by land wires to twelve different broadcasting stations throughout these United States, and all America, it will be safe to say, listeners in a million homes and more, will be waiting for and will receive those words!"

This was followed by a description of the stations and the wireless. But, of course, Alan did not listen in more of that message. He refueled the tank and refilled his bearings and worked his engine until darkness closed about him. He worked himself into a rutting but the power and stood by gobbling a supper of hardtack and water. He returned to his engine and speeded it up, in his impatience, speeded it up until its grotesquely-laced belt had failed to break and his imperfectly-bedded generator started to rock. But through the wires connecting them with that generator the batteries drank up power as furred draughts drink up water from a trough. And Alan, looking on his work, saw that it was good.

Yet when his moment for sending arrived he had to school himself to calmness. He had to forget everything but the essential need confronting him. Conscious as he stood that every moment in life depends on that last call for succor, he gave little thought to the circumstances of its sending or the phrasing of its sentences. He stood ignorant of the fact that last call for succor, he gave little thought to the circumstances of its sending or the phrasing of its sentences. He stood ignorant of the fact that the etheric silence had fallen across the continent, from the Pacific to the Atlantic. He knew only that he and the woman he loved were marooned in the midst of evil men, in the lonely Atlantic, and that their hope of life and happiness depended on the words which his uncounted apparatus was sending across the ocean to his homeland.

And on a hundred thousand instruments, instruments in coal mines and tourng cars, in crowded city halls and lonely prairie shacks, in silenced theaters and narrow flat parlors, in softly lighted living rooms and gaily lighted boudoirs in the iron-walled rooms of ship commanders and the dark-tailed board room of the War Department itself, four million waiting ears listened to a strange and unexpected message:

"For God's sake come to our help. This is Alan Holt speaking. Alan Holt. We are marooned and held prisoners off Jack Knife Cay. Relay to the Navy Department and advise Admiral Walsworth his daughter is still alive. But help must come soon."

The white-faced man turned and bolted more than rags, who sat gasping back on the lagoon sand, knew nothing of the rest of those words that went whining through the night. He knew nothing of starting department heads who "phoned from point to point throughout Washington, of the wires that began to hum with questions and answers, of the hurried conference at the White House itself. The equally hurried conference at the Navy Department, of the verifying of data and disturbances and the sudden despatch of orders—orders that resulted in a keen-nosed torpedo-destroyer heading out into the Atlantic from Hampton Roads, with Admiral Walsworth himself strapped to his seat in its cockpit as it followed the far-off line of the destroyer's wake, where a second auxiliary plane, bearing the signal: Flying Field at Quantico, overtook the armored greyhound of the deep and dropped a determined-eyed Don Powell on its deck as the race between the two races began to burn that night.

He stood very alone in the world, only his own torn between hope and fear, now that he had shot his last bolt. His fingers were listless with a reaction of fatigue as he adjusted the frayed head-set and automatically turned the tuning dial. Then the listless fingers stiffened on the metal dial and his eyes widened as he listened For the airwaves had spoken to him.

It was Mary calling, calling to him in a voice thin with terror.

"Can't you hear me, Alan? That diabolical signal, it's driving me crazy. It's driving me berserk. In a tone so maddening that her words seemed without the power to raise as they ought. I've been calling and calling but you do not answer. And I can't call more. They are fighting here, these drunken beasts, all around me. And I'm afraid of Kurder. He doesn't even care any more for Drakma or Drakma's order—his orders that I was to kill the Allies. It's his order. He's this other thing! I can't even get away to throw myself into the sea. And unless you come, unless you come soon, Alan, it will be too late."

A L A N, with an animal-like small cry, tore the head-set over his ears. All memory of that crowded day and night slipped away from him. He ran through the darkness to the shack, where he caught up a can of water and hard-tack and tossed them into his flimsy mockery of a canoe. After them he flung his tricorne, and after that the spade, which he intended to use as a paddle. Then he dragged his flimsy craft down over the sand to the lagoon's edge, and he began to shout the cry of an outboard, surf's booming on the reef. Somewhere in that outer darkness, he knew, beyond the reach of his vision, lay the scoop-crock he had to reach, which he must receive to reach while a breath of life remained in his body. It was a frail craft, he hazily remembered as he pushed off through the opalescent water. He had left the water open Atlantic. But it was at least keeping afloat, he saw, as he maneuvered for the reef-opening—and he had no choice in the matter.

"I'm coming!" he gasped through gritted teeth, as though in answer to some second call whining its way across the low, long swell, where the swish of a dorsal-fin in his wake seemed to be chasing him on the deep. "I'm coming!" he repeated, wielding his uncouth paddle with all his strength.

*End of third installment*

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THE Story Without a Name* began in the July issue of Photoplay. If you failed to secure your copy for July or August these issues will be mailed to you on receipt of twenty-five cents each. While you may still enter the contest without reading these installments, you will lose two chances to win one of the four radio sets offered. Better mail your request now for the missing installments to Photoplay Magazine, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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Photosof Magazine—Advertising Section
Star or Wife?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

to her feet there was a tidal wave of sincere acclaim. She stood smiling and bowing, as perfectly at ease as though in her own boudoir. Then he heard her talk—simple, straightforward, easy, natural... the Jeanne he had married had been a child; unworidly and effervescent—this was a woman of experience, breadth, culture. She dominated the room surely and certainly. Before he knew it she had seated herself again and a thunder of handicapping filled the ballroom.

"You're wonderful!" he congratulated dazedly.

"Pif! I've been doing it at least once a week for almost three months. I'm as good as a phonograph record—no better."

For the balance of the hour others at the table engaged her attention; toward her husband she maintained an attitude of the same impersonal politeness with which she handled the other men. He felt peculiarly ridiculous. Nor could he find any pride in the knowledge that this marvelous creature belonged to him... he didn't even know her, and he found himself wondering whether he would have been as different had he been led to go West and visit her. The Jeanne of the past did not interest him, but the Jeanne of the present was distinctly intriguing.

The meeting ended; she was whisked away by an excited, chattering group. Somewhat disgruntled, Roger slouched downstairs where, at the florist shop, he purchased two dozen long-stemmed red roses, which he dispatched to her room with his card. As an afterthought he wrote something on the card, and what he wrote was: President, Rotary Club. Then he grinned.

THAT night he attended the theater where Jeanne was appearing. Her act did not impress him—it was the usual cut-and-dried monolog written by the press agents, which the movie fan craves and demands. But Jeanne amazed him. Why, by his previous assurance, her striking appearance. He sent her card to her with a note scribbled on the back that he would have her car at the stage entrance after the final performance.

She seemed genuinely glad to see him. He turned southward and drove over the mountain which bordered the city and out along the moonlit highway. For a long while neither spoke—he was in a reflective mood and she waited for him to speak that she might adjust herself to his humor.

Roger Mason had lost a great deal of his sureness. From the moment of his meeting with her that day he had felt less commanding than he would have believed possible. It was as though she knew him better than he knew himself—as though in world-wisdom she had developed beyond him; he felt rather small and puny and preoccupied; it was a strange sensation and one which did not make him comfortable. They chatted idly; she questioned him about himself, and because she imparted to him a sensation of humility he told of his professional triumphs very matter-of-factly—and she liked him for it. Then he inquired about her. She seemed indifferent.

"I suppose after all it's similar to engineering," she remarked. "Anything loses its illusion when one becomes too familiar with it."

It was quite possible to me, you should control a great industrial plant. To you it's humdrum. The same reactions go the other way. I'm frankly rather tired of the camera."

"Tired?" There was a hint of eagerness in his voice. "You don't look it."

"One mustn't in the profession. You see, I've reached my own top rung. I'll be a competent leading woman for years, and then I'll slip into character roles. My future is behind me."

"Queer... I'm considered remarkably

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young for the position I hold. Yet you, younger than I, are old in your profession.”

"Age is comparative. Silence, then, tense silence. His voice came to her gently above the throb of the motor.

"The pranks of circumstance. . . . Wonder what would have happened . . ."—if we hadn't separated?" She finished the query which embarrassed him. Jeanne never had been one to avoid things.

"Yes.”

"Possibly humdrum ourselves.”

"I don't believe it. You are—well! Oh! I found it! Jeanne . . . I feel like a stranger with you; looks of painted satisfaction.

"Were," she corrected gently.

"Legally, I mean; not actually. It's queer kind of a man who knows his own wife. I don't know mine.”

"Isn't that rather your fault?”

"Yes. Absolutely. But from now on—" I'm all city Saturday.”

"And then—?”

"Three more weeks of personal appearances."

—Then—Los Angeles.”

"I see. . . . Don't you regret—sometimes—?"

"I never regret things. Regret is the philosopher's curse."

At midnight, he found himself alone in his rooms. Three floors below was his wife—the woman who was a radiant stranger to him. Roger Mason donned a dressing gown, lighted a cigarette, and thought things over. Connected, logical thought was impossible. He was beset by a train of disconnected impressions—Jeanne as she had been at the university—beautiful, as a bride, as a memory. . . . and now as a startling, vivid creature who seemed to understand him better than he understood himself. He even grew a bit sorry for himself; he felt lonely for the first time in his life.

Friday afternoon found him at the theater; she saw him sitting there and flashed him a fleeting smile of welcome. And Friday night he sat through both performances and afterwards he met her in his car again and they went for a long ride—stopped at a little roadside shop and bought sandwiches of broiled ham, and many bottles of ginger ale . . .

They made a picnic of it out in the woods and it was scandalously late when they returned to the hotel.

A QUEER thing was happening to Roger Mason—he found himself falling into love with his own wife, and he was afraid. She was so quiet, so sweet, so gentle, so personal—just as she might be with a brother whom she had not seen for seven years. There was nothing of the woman-to-man attitude in her manner toward him; looking back over the barren span of years he saw the magnitude of his own neglect and indifference, yet when he tried to speak of it, to put into words his realization of his defection, she shrugged it aside as a matter of no consequence.

That was the hardest thing for him to face—he reeled of no consequence to her. He was faced by an interesting incident in a life check-full of interesting incidents. He realized that this meeting meant to her just exactly what he had fancied in advance it would mean to him. It meant to give her solace, to work toward her, to do something for her he had not been able to do before.

He would to him had he met the Jeanne from whom he had parted seven years before . . . but this was another woman—a fine, splendid repute.

Saturday night again he was there in his car, and this time a regal picnic lunch was packed in a hamper and sent the man and woman into the moonlight which filtered softly through the trees which lined the road. At first he was awkward and constrained, but there was a subtle and yet indescribable charm in her manner. She, on her part, was carefree and happy—apparently enjoying the freedom to the utmost and seemingly unconscious of the farseeing eyes which watched the soft smile.

She frolicked and sang and gradually pulled him out of his own depression. But her very buoyancy defeated his firmly intended seriousness. He turned aside his efforts at personal fiction and, remaining the man of the moment and refused to permit him to go below the surface . . . and then when he looked at his watch it was one o'clock and they were driving through the city toward the glow which marked the city.

She snuggled in the corner of the coupe and watched him out of the corners of her eyes. His fine, firmly-chiseled face was set rigidly ahead, as though he hadn't a thought in the world beyond handling the powerful car. But when he spoke there was a quiver to his words: I'm sorry, I keep thinking of our last out.

"So am I, Roger." Her words were casual, friendly, unfrightened by hidden meaning. "I've enjoyed it more than anything in years."

His next question surprised her.

"Because—Oh! well, because I suppose I'm a little tired of artificiality and pose . . . and this has been natural."

"Yes. Not physically, but mentally. It isn't pleasant to know that one has progressed as far as one is capable.

Her face was startled. . . . And when your tour is finished?"

"I don't know. Frankly, Roger, I have no contract. Oh! I can get work all right—that isn't worrying me. I'm fairly well fixed. What is eating on my soul is the problem of whether I want to remain in the movies." He didn't see the tears well up in her eyes, Jeanne, I thought you were so happy. . . ."

"I was, I suppose I am."

"But if you're tired, Jeanne—why not—"

A ND then he saw her smile. "Mm—mm! Roger—don't get sentimental. It just doesn't do these days between husband and wife. Besides, I had no intention of boring you with the recital of my troubles. I've all imagined, and in the second there's nothing to be done about it. Step on it, Roger! I want to ride fast."

Fifteen minutes later as she swung over the crest of the mountain and came within view of the twinkling lights of the sleeping city he voiced another question:

"When are you leaving?"

"Eleven in the morning."

Then tonight is goodbye?"

"Yes, absolutely."

He left his car in the garage a block away from the hotel and walked with her to the grim, straight-lined structure where they both were staying. As they waited for the elevator he said, "Now you know, Jeanne, I hope I hate to say goodbye this way, Jeanne."

"Yes?"

"I wonder whether I'd mind dropping in at my rooms for a few minutes?"

Her answer was immediate and quite matter-of-fact. "Why, certainly."

He was a trifle surprised. There had been no indication from her of argument. But that wasn't Jeanne's way—not the way of the new Jeanne. And after all there was no reason why a wife should be allowed to engineer such a trifle. The trouble was that he couldn't make himself believe that she was his wife.

Flashing upward on the elevator he was nervous and agitated; he inserted his key in the lock. Then his face paled and he withdrew it. He spoke to her with a peculiar tenseness:

"I've changed my mind, Jeanne. Let's go to your room instead."

"Certainly. But—"

"Don't ask me why. Let's go downstairs and talk."

They reached her room; he tossed his coat and hat on a chair and seated himself opposite her. He leaned forward in his chair and somewhat shyly said, "Jeanne, if anything caused the smile to leave her lips. She met his gaze with a seriousness to match his own.

"Jeanne," he said softly, "I'm ashamed of myself."

"Ashamed? Of what?"
"Of an idea... I suppose you're curious to know why I preferred to come down here?"
"Perhaps."
"Didn't it strike you as queer that after insisting that you visit my rooms I should change my mind at the last moment?"
"I didn't ask any questions, did I?"
"No... You didn't seem much interested."
"That isn't exactly fair, is it, Roger?"
"No-o. At any rate I'll explain." He lighted a cigar and smoked silently for a few moments. "The first night we came in together, Jeanne, someone saw us. It was the house detective."
She smiled slightly. "Scandalous!"
"Exactly. I've known the man for years—have done him a favor or two. But I was apprehensive. I was jealous of your reputation and not unmindful of my own. I explained to him our status."
"That we are husband and wife?"
"Exactly. I know he'll keep his mouth shut. And it was better that way..."
"But if he knew—?"
"He knew a great deal more than that. You see, Jeanne, in the last few hours desperation has made me childish. I've been guilty of a kid trick—and I'm sorry and ashamed. That's why I brought you down here."
"I still don't understand."
"If we had gone into my rooms, Jeanne—that house detective would have arrested us within a half hour. That is, he would have pretended an arrest. You would have believed it genuine. It was my scheme... puerile and all that... but I couldn't see any other way—"
"Explain—"
"If we had been caught in my rooms at two o'clock in the morning, don't you see that explanations would have been necessary? That we would have been forced to proclaim to the world the fact of our marriage?"
"Yes. But why—?"

He rose now and crossed to the window. He spoke with fierce earnestness and without even turning his eyes upon her... "Can't you understand what I'm trying to say, Jeanne? I wanted you to be forced to declare that you were my wife. I stopped to a silly, childish scheme to bring about... because after that had been done I could urge you to remain my wife. Oh! don't despise me; there isn't anything you can think about me that I don't already think about myself. Can't you understand why it was? I've fallen in love with you—I've tried to make you know it—and try as I might I couldn't get you to talk seriously with me—about that. I know you don't love me—there's no reason why you should. But I thought that if perhaps we were together—you might—after a while—"

His voice trailed off. Her fixed gaze compelled him to turn. There was no smile on her lips, but her eyes were shining.

"You—Roger Mason, in an engineering position; a member of the Rotary Club; you planned this—in order that we should be forced to proclaim our marriage? You did that?"

"I love you."

"And it meant that much to you? It was so big a thing that you thought your plan..."

"I was desperate."

She rose. She handed him his hat and coat. Then, without a word, she donned her own wraps. She opened the door and nodded.

"Come on, Roger."

He stood motionless.

"Come?" he echoed. "Where?"

"With me," she invited softly, and now there was a smile on her lips—"We're going down to your rooms."

JUDGE: You say that when this man's car ran over you, you had both legs, your left arm and nose broken. Was that when you lost your left ear?

"No, your Honor, I lost that ear four runs over ago."—Life.

---

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPHAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

How They Keep Those Girlish Lines
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

stockings and hats that are designed especially for them. Because the oil of flattery is always sweet to the senses. It gives me a sweet, tiny thrill to see my face when looking out from between a sweet sixteen's hat and gown that isn't a bit too tight. Not anywhere. I have kept to the figure of sixteen by good fortune rather than system. I am fortunate in my tastes for food and exercise.

For instance I happen to like extremely green vegetables that do not fatten those who eat them. I am not very fond of eating them. I have always liked the green things that grow above ground. It may be that my wise mother guided my tastes while they were forming. But I am not sorning. String beans, peas, carrots, tomatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, yes; and onions, furnish a nourishing diet in their season. If you especially like them you are fortunate. Two or three of these vegetables, cooked or in combination salad, are enough to nourish a giant. A plentiful portion of mixed salad is a satisfying meal particularly for luncheon. There are so many delicious fruits to be eaten raw or cooked. With vegetables and fruits in abundance no one should ever grow fat.

I ride when I have time. I swim in the surf on either coast. I walk, my mother says, wherever I go if it is from Harlem to the Battery. Motorings is for those who were anannihilate time or who are lazy. I start to my destination earlier that I may walk. On a normal day, that is if I am not cooped in a studio all day, I ride six miles. So I am able to pose in the dresses of Miss Sweet Sixteen.

Dodge Sweets, Warns Dagmar Godowsky

When I know that I am to have a fattening dinner I drink the juice of a lemon before eating it. Yes, unblended lemon juice. Hard on the stomach, I crave asparagus as a child does candy. I have always liked the green things that grow above ground. It may be that my wise mother guided my tastes while they were forming. Perhaps, I am not sorning. String beans, peas, carrots, tomatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, yes; and onions, furnish a nourishing diet in their season. If you especially like them you are fortunate. Two or three of these vegetables, cooked or in combination salad, are enough to nourish a giant. A plentiful portion of mixed salad is a satisfying meal particularly for luncheon. There are so many delicious fruits to be eaten raw or cooked. With vegetables and fruits in abundance no one should ever grow fat.

The desire to avoid dreaded poungadue has made a heroine of me. I love sweets. A friend who wished to be nice to me sent me a box of chocolates. I gave them away the same day. Had that decorated box with its mauve ribbon remained within my sight I would have fallen. Remember the Lord's prayer: "Lead us not into temptation and deliver us from evil." That I honestly repeated when I gave away that precious candy.

I get up very early. At six o'clock I stand two feet back from the windows of my room and do my daily exercises. Everyone of them.

Do you not think I deserve my slimmer? Shades of suffering, I do.

Hike Like Sixty, Says Constance Talmadge

I deserve my slimmness. Indeed, I do.

Part of its price is the long country walk. Not only long, but what is more to the point, a walk in the country is a style of exercise that will help me to keep my weight. Better two miles so quickly covered that one's body is covered with perspiration, than six-mile stroll.

I play tennis. I play golf. I dance a great deal. Believe me, I was thrilled when I received a professional offer to dance upon the stage. From screen to stage instead of from stage to screen.

Besides all this I do my daily dozen of Walter Camp's exercises. While I was in Philadelphia, Jack O'Brien trained me in them. My sister, Arma, and I had a little room fitted up in our studio and there we had a miniature gymnasium, where we practiced with cross bars, dumbbells and "horses."

I eat a light breakfast of fruit, coffee or chocolate, and a roll. My luncheon is light, a green salad one day, and two glasses of milk, drunk at the rate of five minutes a glass, on the next.

My dinner is a go-as-you-please meal. I eat whatever is served but I am careful as to quantity.

Towel Best Fat Fighter, Billie Burke Declares

The towel over the door sill is my first aid in keeping my flesh within reasonable bounds.

My life has been a battle against plumpness. I have tried the regimens recommended by Dr. This and Doctor That. I have a full acquaintance with the electrical aids in flesh reduction and with starvation, masquerading under the alias of diet. And finally I evolved a system of my own. To reach it I tried methods that I later discarded. I tried others that I have adopted and made my own. For instance the towel across the door sill.

When I rise in the morning I fling open any windows that are clear of frost. At their full, stand back far enough to escape the gaze of the curious, and clad in my bathrobe, execute certain movements that I have found reduces my weight. I then pop my head forward with my hands raised above my head, until my body describes the letter "U" inverted. I repeat this until I feel that any "links that were in my body or mind have been straightened.

Then the slyte movement, as though I were cutting hay with a scythe. This calls for a wide sweep of the powers, the raising of the torso from one side to the other upon the axis of the waist.

Finally, swinging from the towel, I toss a strong towel long across the top of the door frame and I catch an end of it in each hand. Then I swing my body back and forth. The towel supports all my weight. This would not be for a woman who weighs three hundred pounds, nor one who weighs two hundred fifty pounds, for like all things else door frames reach the limit of endurance. For a woman who weighs between one hundred twenty and one hundred seventy pounds it is safe and effective. Its value is in the stretching of the cartilage packing between the little bones of the spine. With each strain up and down the cushions comes lessening of the nervous strain. The blood bounds through the veins. When circulation is stimulated fat goes.

The body needs a little starch. One must watch the scales else she may be overtaxed by a rising tide of flesh.

Keep a reasonable watch upon my diet. Occasionally I scrutinize the flesh to the extent of eating no candy, pastry nor potatoes for a month.

Cake Jag Is Agnes Ayres' Dissipation

I work hard. There was excitement in Hollywood when I seemed to be melting away, but right now I am breaking records. I did two pictures without any rest between them. My first picture called for sixteen camera days. The other twenty-one such days. During the practically every month of nearly continuous work caused me to lose about fifteen pounds. There's a moral there, friends. Keep active.

The body needs a little starch. I furnish that with rice, which is not fattening. A typical Agnes Ayres meal, say dinner after a hard day at the studio, is a chop—one chop, not two. It may be lamb or mutton well broiled.
Rub It Off and Exercise, Urges Alice Terry

I do not believe in any trick diets, but in a carefully planned menu combined with massage and exercise for reducing. I go to a specialist in Hollywood who gives me forty-five minutes a day of the most violent massage. I take a series of exercises—any regular setting up exercises will do—night and morning. And I ride horseback every day as long rides as I can find the time to take. My diet while I am reducing consists of: Breakfast—Coffee without cream or sugar and unbuttered toast. Lunch—Two soft-boiled eggs, unbuttered toast, all the fresh fruit I want. Dinner—Beef, broiled or roasted, salad and fresh vegetables. All these in very small portions. By this system I can take off 6 pounds in four days.

Priscilla Dean Uses Daily Dozen

I have taken off a good weight in the last few months. I began by taking some very drastic treatments in a rolling machine. All the beginning course of exercise and diet, following pretty closely the advice of Annette Kellermann, who is a pal of mine and lives in Hollywood just now. Miss Kellermann disproves heartily of stringent or unbalanced dieting. I have simply cut down the amount of food I eat and also eliminated from my menu certain articles of food. No white bread, no candy or cookies, no pork of any kind and no fat or other meats, no oils in salad dressings. Aside from these things, I eat about as I like, always being careful not to pack myself full at any meal.

Then I take daily exercises, play two or three sets of tennis, and swim for at least half an hour. These exercises consist of Miss Kellermann’s own form of the “daily dozen” and of a certain number of dance steps, which are excellent for reducing and also for adding grace and ease while the reducing process is going on.

With all this, I am careful not to poll after meals, not to eat between meals, and to walk whenever I can, instead of riding.

Turkish Baths Best, Lois Wilson Declares

Every time reducing is mentioned, my mother becomes speechless with indignation. The truth of the matter is that when Mr. de Mille told me I needed to take off a few pounds, I decided to do it my own way. I didn’t consult any specialist or anything, and I just went on with my regular starvation diet. The result was that I reduced too much too quickly and had to eat and get it all back to get my strength. Then, having learned my lesson about starving, or unregulated diets, I went on a

The truth about the movies—

Do you know HOW the stars, Directors, Writers and Producers of Motion Picture Fame have ACHIEVED SUCCESS? Do you know whether you are suitable for pictures? What knowledge is essential? What talent? What type of personality? What physical assets? Do you know what is meant by photographic values? How to secure photographs, back in your home town, that will be suitable for the casting director? Do you know YOUR future possibilities and how to make the most of them? The things you would like to know—that every screen aspirant should know—are now available to you through the cooperation of 160 famous men and women of filmland. Personally autographed chapters of valuable counsel from those who have won fame and fortune in all branches of the industry.

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117

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Frederick F. Ingram Company
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Sensible eat-and-grow-thin diet. I took small portions and cut out the really fattening things, such as potatoes, butter, white bread and sugar. With this I took long walks—walking from my house to the studio whenever I had the time—and a certain number of Turkish baths. This did the work in the proper way and left me not only thinner but stronger and with much more vigor and "pep."

Determination Takes Off Fifteen Pounds for Norma Talmadge

Determination in diet and exercise will work seeming miracles. I lost a great deal for a woman who is not tall, fifteen pounds, at Hollywood. A breakfast of black coffee, a luncheon of green salad in season with French dressing in which lemon juice predominates over olive oil and a "picked at" rather than eaten dinner, gradually lessened my weight.

These, with Camp's daily dozen of setting-up exercises, and five periods of deep breathing every day. Two minutes only for each period of deep breathing, yet as a flame burns tissue paper so the draughts of oxygen, introduced into the body by deep breathing, burn away the superfluous flesh.

I joined my sister in the little gymnasium in our studio. Twenty minutes of the exercises with apparatus used us with energy and rid us of our avoirdupois.

It is rather well known that a rigid adherence to the Volstead Act is required. Any physical train will help. Our company of excelling weight asks you whether you drink. If you admit that you do, he says: "You must stop." If you sincerely want to reduce your weight you do.

Roller Skating Keeps Viola Dana Slender

Walking is the finest way in the world to reduce. If I had time, I would always take off weight by long walks. But I haven't—and very few busy people have. But I have found that roller skating will accomplish the same results, and a half hour of roller skating is equivalent to hours of walking.

My sister, Shirley Mason, and I do our half hour of roller skating every day. We have a concrete court and drive way in our back yard and we get out there early in the morning or after dark, and cover a good many miles. Any woman who wants to reduce can do it by skating.

After we have skated—and we wear woolen underwear and heavy sweaters while we are exercising—we take a good hot shower to clear the pores of all perspiration and then a cold one.

I do not believe in dieting. Any actress of course is obliged to watch her diet day by day in every way, if she cares anything about her figure and complexion. I never allow myself to eat all I want at any meal and I never eat candy, or potatoes or fattening things.

Science and System Urged by Betty Blythe

Reducing should be done scientifically and systematically. When I need to reduce I do it by a combination of diet, massage, exercise and Turkish baths. I come out of a course of reducing feeling better than when I went in. But to do this expert advice and supervision must be taken.

First, the diet. My reducing diet consists of—

Breakfast—Fruit, coffee, zweiback.
Luncheon—A salad, a little cold chicken, toast.
Dinner—Lean meat or fish, one fresh vegetable, more salad, fruit, bran muffins.

This must be followed religiously, and only small quantities eaten.

CUTICULA TALCUM

Unadulterated Exquisitely Scented

A simple, safe home treatment—The three tests are the most successful in my practice. These will establish their value. Send 25 cents for 1 oz. net sample and 1 oz. bottle.

Small sample 25¢

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Those who desire recognition through a literary career can find useful guidance from Prof. George N. Willard in "First Steps to Success." "A Visit to Marseilles," by Guy de Maupassant, is also recommended.

THE MEURICE HOTEL, 2725 Montague Street
San Francisco, California
I take long walks, preferably in the hills—where climbing is necessary. I ride bicycle, and I spend an hour in the morning dancing. I prefer dancing to the regular gymnastic exercises.

In the afternoon I have a long and vigorous Swedish massage, and follow it with a Turkish bath—not too long.

This will reduce a woman any amount she desires to lose, and will also clear her skin and make her feel more active and energetic in every way.

A Pound a Day Easy for Jacqueline Logan

My reducing diet is simple, but with it I can take off a pound a day.

If I have to start a picture and need to reduce I count the number of pounds necessary and begin that far ahead. It consists simply of—orange juice for breakfast and nothing else. Orange juice for lunch and nothing else. A good, hearty dinner, of anything I want.

I never drink anything but orange juice and water while I am on this diet, and I substitute the orange juice for the water as much as I possibly can.

Army Set-Up Best, Says Florence Vidor

The only time I ever had to reduce I did it by taking the ordinary Army set-up exercises—night and morning. I also played four or five sets of tennis a day. With this I followed a rather simple diet, eliminating all fattening foods for the time being. Having taken off any unnecessary weight, it can be kept off by a certain amount of exercise every day and a proper diet.

Speaking of Pictures

[Continued from page 27]

H.

A. I. Ingram really abandoned motion pictures? He has, at least for several years. His decision is a great loss to the art in which he has distinguished himself. Since he leaped into fame by his production of "The Four Horsemen," he has been considered one of the very few great directors.

The field is crowded with second-raters, and it will be a long time before anyone like him is found.

There never was a truer artist in motion pictures than Ingram. Perhaps there has never been as true a one.

But he has his own art instincts to follow, his own life to live.

He has accumulated enough money to be comfortable the rest of his days, and if he prefers the peace of sculpturing in Tunis to the turmoil and grind of the Hollywood studios, he has earned his freedom.

The Obvious

His wife (a very amateur cook): Don't grovel over your food, John! No one is going to take it away from you!

—Sketch (London).
Gray Hair is Not Necessary

You are only as old as you look!

Wm. J. Brandt's Liquid

Eau De Henna

Hair Color Restorer

covers gray hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it. No pack. No mess.

You get the natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a natural color.

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It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling or straightening iron—nothing takes it off.

You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots.

Wonderful For Touching Up

You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair. Does not interfere with permanent waving.

Full directions in each bottle in English and Spanish. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn, Price, $2.50, C. O. D., $2.00.

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Men as well as women can use Eau De Henna to advantage.

Little People of the Films

[Continued from page 49]

merely indicated her tremendous potency and now Hollywood has joined the union in recognizing her sway.

Several weeks after Valentino triumphed in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" he confided to me that he had not received a single offer, although his salary was but five hundred a week. He might be popular with the public and critics but he wasn't with Hollywood, as he has said. All thumbs were down; he was doomed to but this one accidental achievement, they said. Even today they query hopefully:

"If I'll never come back, do you think?"

To which I always felt moved to say, "Maybe not, but let's all get down on our knees and pray." It's the usual reply when one has any personal enthusiasm for the prodigal, that moves me to righteousness. For Natasha and Rudie are sufficiently militant to outpnce the panache, as producers and lesser individuals have learned.

By little people of the films I do not mean those in small parts. The extra may be a bigger man than the star he supports, but the chances are that if the star isn't bigger the extra is going to get his job—sooner or later. These pigmies don't fool the public long. We may have the minds of twelve-year-old children, but we're not to be fooled by the utterly dumb.

Recently a well-known male star visited another of great renown. They had been associates in former days, and the purpose of the visit was publicity "stills." But the reception the visitor received was not conclusive to photography. The host, who considers himself of incomparably le position, made a few polite remarks and retired to his dressing room, from which he failed to emerge until the competitor had departed.

Incidentally, I have humorous recollection of the visitor in the case exhibiting a hand-some young man now bidding for first place among the romantic idols. Publicity pictures of the two were taken—but they never appeared in print. The star ordered the plates smashed, declaring, with amusing candor, that his guest was altogether too good-looking.

On the other hand, there is more commendable humor in Tommy Meighan's attitude when photographed with a younger and, mayhap, less desirable star. Tommy, bidding good-bye to his guest, said, "I'll send you a set of the pictures just as soon as the retoucher can fix me up.

Tommy could have as many chins as a Chinese pagoda and yet be just as big, for it is bigness, not beauty, that put him in power and maintains him there.

The former complex, which in its more aggravated form, converts a man into something resembling a scavenger rat or anonymous letter writer, is not suffered by actors only. These your law directors, little writers, little producers and little press agents.

The previews of pictures are occasions for a fine exhibit of the envy which the inferiority feeling induces. The Where people come to praise and rush away to pan.

The worst enemy of the motion picture business, so far as public reputation goes, is the enemy within, those suffering shattered egos from buffeting with greater ones.

The bully instinct is strong. I always feel like kicking a Ford when it stops me from crossing a street. But thus far I have resisted the impulse, realizing that I'd only hurt my self-respect and my shoes. After all, I argue, I was made by God, whereas that poor thing was only made by Henry.

And so my ego converts malice into Lenevolece.

To criticise impersonally is an art, to pan personally is merely to reveal a lack of self-respect, a shattered ego, an inferiority complex, an attempt at derivation from a jackal.

I repeat, listen to them and you'll know whom to praise.

Evelyn A., Chicago, Ill.—Leading actress in "Souls for Sale" is Eleanor Boardman. Eleanor, also, in "Three Wise Fools." [Continued from page 93]

Gregor the green one of twenty-four, and Johnny Walker that of twenty-seven. Harrison Ford, senior of them all, is thirty-one. They use their real names for the screen, I believe.

V. S., Chandrap, Ill.—I agree with you in your appreciation of Harry Carey. His height is six feet. His weight one hundred eighty pounds. His hair is blond. His eyes are dark gray.

Mildred, The Maybe Mennonite Maid, Penn.—Mme. Nazimov pronounces her name as though it were spelled "Nsz-ee-mo-wash." The accent is on the second syllable. Bebe Daniels' first name is French. It is pronounced as though spelled baybay. The first syllable is accented.

Harry, Kansas City, Mo.—Alice Lake married Robert Williams, motion picture star.

"Silk," Everett, Wash.—No, my child, I am not old enough to "hurt" and I never wore whiskers of any color. Richard Dix is not married.

L. A., London, Can.—Why hesitate, L.? Your demands are slight. Lewis Dayton played the judge in "Slaner the Woman" with Dorothy Phillips. Huntly Gordon played opposite Gloria Swanson in "Blue-beard's Eighth Wife." Those persons are unkind who say "all your taste is in your mouth" about your favorite players. Your list is an intelligent one.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
A Surf Board Flapper

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

sensuous Estelle, who enthralled the senses so divinely as M'lam in "The Ten Commandments," and stirred the imagination so vividly as the "Siren of the Deep" in "Dorothy Vernon," had been cast to play the leading in "Feet of Clay." Of course Estelle admitted she couldn't swim or ride a surf board, but she could do so many other things and who wouldn't try to swim if it was necessary to win that much-coveted lead with C. B.

The best instructors were hired. Duke Kahanamoku, America's Olympic swimming star, spent two weeks with her and it is even reported that Jack Dempsey took a hand. But Estelle couldn't learn to swim, that's all. She wanted to. But the very sight of that deep, dark water, made her faint and cold. She just knew it was full of sharks and devil fish she had left school and wasn't going ever in alone she would drown. She just knew it.

It was one of those strange "marks." Estelle has tremendous courage, as a rule, but she simply couldn't make it.

Mr. De Mille pleaded, coaxed, even scolded a little. Estelle went, tried again, wept some tears.

THEN they decided to give it up. It was decided Estelle should play the lead with Tommie Meighan in "The Alaskan" and return to De Mille for "The Golden Bed," to which we should say Estelle would be much more suited than to any surf board that ever rode a wave.

That was all very nice, but where was the leading woman for "Feet of Clay"? Where was she? Who was dashing, coquettish, adorable enough for the part and still possessed of the necessary strength and grace in the water? Vera Reynolds was suggested by someone who had once seen her in a small thing suit and C. B. sent for her.

"Can you ride a surf board?" he asked.

"Bring on any surf board you've got or tame," answered Vera. "I'll break him."

"Can you swim?"

"Can a duck? I was raised right here in Los Angeles, and I know Mr. Pickle's ocean intimately."

And that's the way Vera got the part. She's a perfect flapper, all right. Her trim, tight little figure, her no-nonsense eyes, her saucy, tripping walk, the toss of her head.

She came to Los Angeles with her parents at the age of eighteen months from her birthplace, Richmond, Virginia, and her first part on the screen was when, at the age of twelve, she danced in "The Chorus Girl's Romance," featuring the late Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgway.

It was then that Vera decided she would be an actress—perhaps a star.

Her father was opposed to a picture career but Mrs. Reynolds understood and sided with her daughter. For a time Vera, then attending a Los Angeles high school, would play "hookey" to do extra and bits around the picture lots.

When she was in her third year of high school the combined efforts of mother and daughter were too much for Vera's father and she was permitted to make a serious effort to win fame on the screen.

Someone told her that for real picture training she should try comedies first. So, for a time, she practically haunted the slap-stick lots. She did a series of five messenger boy comedies with Al St. Johns. Next she went to the Reynolds lot as ingenue and then to the Christie studios, where she was working when unearthed by Sam Wood.

Then came her first big chance when Wood signed her for "Productive Daughters." This was the beginning and she made good with a bang.

Today Vera Reynolds, a finished product of the "lo," is a polished little actress at the age when most girls are trying for their first chance on stage or screen.
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[continued from page 71]

Corporation that they would have to increase the price of Keystone comedies to eleven cents a foot. Another cent a foot would enable them to meet the competitive bidding for Chaplin.

The men who made the Mutual Film Corporation’s decision were business men, rather than showmen. They looked the situation over with dry, cold eyes. It seemed that their distribution of these Keystone pictures had made this upstage little actor, a nobody, into an expensive somebody. Very well, they would let somebody else pay for it. It would be rather a good joke on the bidding competitor. Therefore the answer to Kessel & Baumann’s demand for 11 cents a foot for Chaplin comedies was “No.”

That was settled.

Meanwhile C. M. Anderson was getting a bit dizzy at the altitude as Chaplin led the bidding upward.

One November day in 1914 George K. Spoor in Chicago received a telegram from Anderson at Niles. He indicated that he thought he could get Chaplin for a thousand dollars a week, which was a great deal of money, even for prosperous Essanay.

“Who’s This Fellow Chaplin?”

Spoor with the telegram in hand walked into the advertising office of his plant. He had never heard of Charlie Chaplin.

“Who is this fellow Chaplin with Keystone?”

Frank Suttle, a member of the publicity staff, looked the telegram over.

“Guess he’s that funny little fellow with the baggy pants.”

“Is he good?” Spoor waved the telegram casually.

“Sure, the best they’ve got.”

Spoor went back to his office and telegraphed Anderson.

“Pay whatever you have to to get him.”

Anderson armed with the backing of his Chicago partner went back at Chaplin with an offer of a thousand dollars a week.

Chaplin glowed inside. But he shrugged his shoulders and hesitated. He could just as well charge Anderson for the delay.

They closed an agreement at $1,250.00 a week.

Chaplin had dawned. His day of celebrity had begun.

With a fanfare of trade journal advertising Essanay announced its acquisition of Chaplin on January 2, 1915. Chaplin started to work at the Essanay Chicago studio, in a comedy in two reels entitled "Charlie’s New Job.

The comedian shivered in the winds that swept down the west shore of Lake Michigan and pined for balmy California. In three weeks he was through with his picture and Chicago.

Chaplin’s second Essanay picture, “A Night Out,” his favorite theme, was made at Niles, California, where he indicated that the conclusion of his contract a year later. The casts at the early Chaplin-Essanay pictures included all the now famous Ben Turpin. Turpin rose in screen favor by his charming alliteration of the cross-eyed cross-eyed eyes ever crossed. Turpin acquired his cross eyes on the stage playing the grotesque role of Happy Hooligan, and has since been busily resisting the operation of well meaning oculists to cure him.

Chaplin’s third Essanay picture, “The Champion,” was among the most famous of his productions.

Chaplin Meets Edna Purviance

In the course of his Essanay engagement Chaplin attended a party where he met a very fair young person from Reno, Nevada, Edna Purviance. She was as blonde as he was dark, as plucky as he was mercurial. Chaplin became

“Mum”

is the word!

No girl can be popular unless she protects herself against the unpleasant odor of perspiration. “Mum” is the word! “Mum” prevents the odor of perspiration and other body odors. It is also used with the sanitary pack—it is so safe. “Mum” is 25c and 50c everywhere.

SPECIAL OFFER

We want you to know of two other important toilette essentials, so we make this Special Offer: 35c for "Mum"; 52c for "Amoray." Take, the Powder Perfume rich in rare and costly fragrances; and 75c Evan’s Deplority Outfit, the quick, safe way of removing hair—$1.25 worth for $1 postpaid. Or "Mum" and "Amoray"—50c worth for 40c postpaid.

Please give your dealer’s name and address.

Mum Mfg. Co.
1101 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

Beautiful Complexion

IN 15 DAYS

Clear your complexion of blemishes, blackheads, redness, and spots, colored pores, ugly skin and discoloration. "Mum" can be used evening or morning, 1 or 2 drops a day in a teaspoon of water. A drop on a few drops. My mother, Frank E., 10414 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

"Mum" prevents the odor of perspiration and other body odors. It is also used with the sanitary pack—it is so safe. "Mum" is 25c and 50c everywhere.

SPECIAL OFFER

We want you to know of two other important toilette essentials, so we make this Special Offer: 35c for "Mum"; 52c for "Amoray." Take, the Powder Perfume rich in rare and costly fragrances; and 75c Evan’s Deplority Outfit, the quick, safe way of removing hair—$1.25 worth for $1 postpaid. Or "Mum" and "Amoray"—50c worth for 40c postpaid.

Please give your dealer’s name and address.

Mum Mfg. Co.
1101 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

Yes, Your EYES Can Be Improved

There can be no EYE beauty without EYE health. But with reasonable care, even the most unattractive EYES will soon become clear, bright and healthy.

Millions of women the world over have adopted Murine. They know that Murine temporarily refreshes and invigorates the EYES—keeps them free from dust and other irritating particles. Murine is hygienic and positively does not contain harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request.

The Murine Company
Dept. 27, Chicago

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

Hand Colored Photo of Yourself

With This Beautiful Foto-Pak for only $2.95.

FOTO-PAK is a new idea in individuality. A beautiful gift for Double Vanity, with the top showing the picture of you, and the bottom your sweethearts, relatives, or friends. The picture is beautifully tinted in natural colors by our special hand process.

The Foto-Pak contains genuine Bombay powder and rouge—the last word in cosmetic perfection. State shade desired.

Send us photograph, snapshot or negative and we will enlarge or decrease it to fit the Foto-Pak. (Negative desirable and will be returned.) Send cash, money order or certified check, or if you wish SEND NO MONEY, pay postman on delivery.

FREE One dollar Lipstick and beautiful hand colored container sent FREE with all orders. Lipstick usually sells for $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

ARANES MOSE, CO., 1 W. 34th St., Dept. 129, NEW YORK

Clear Your Skin!

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the Face or Body, Barbara Jeth, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

FREE A CLEAR-TONE SOAP—giving how to prepare your own soap for years E.S. GIVES IN 130 CHEMICAL BKG., Kansas City, Mo.

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The Big Shoes Debate

The Chaplin make-up, of big shoes, baggy trousers, and bamboo cane, and his able manager, half-drunk, half-witted, became accepted as the essence of Chaplin, which was less than a half-fact. This make-up and role also became the subject of a large rivalry and heavy debating, in which, by the bye, Chaplin took no part. In February of 1915 when the Essanay furor about Chaplin was at its height Billie Ritchie made a reach for publicity with a statement published in the Moving Picture World, and "in order to settle, alay and put quietus on all controvertists who contest his claims to the make-up used in L-Ko comedies, avowed that he first used his make-up in 1887; three years before Chaplin was born." Ritchie averred that he had used this make-up in vaudeville act with his three sisters, and that he used it in the role of Horne Near-Broke in an English pantomime, and it was again in the part of a street musician in Kamo's "Early Birds." Ritchie also announced to the wide, world that he played the original drunk role in "A Night in an English Music Hall," the skit which introduced Chaplin to American audiences later. Ritchie proclaimed that he had played a drunk five thousand times in L-Ko comedies, thereby nailing the role down as his personal property.

All of which is interesting, but unimportant. Ritchie and L-Ko comedies could not be debated by name and it is not fair or kind to compare their make-up to a pair of pints. All of Chaplin does not consist of merely pints and shoes. He has proven himself a master of pictorial humor, gaining no small share of renown by dint of her well-named continuous appearance on the screens of the world. A dozen efforts to take her from the Chaplin company to be starred on her own account have failed. Last season she gleaned her reward with the title role of "A Woman of Paris," produced and directed by Charles Chaplin, in execution of a promise of nearly ten years' standing.

The blast of Essanay publicity and the public's joyous reception of Chaplin's pictures brought him a series of expenses new recognition. Early in 1915 one I. Presgh, manager of a project to put an elaborate and pretentious motion picture program into Motion Picture Square Garden in New York, wired George K. Spoor with an offer to Chaplin of $25,000 to make a personal appearance for two weeks.

This would have been a disturbing interruption of a most profitale contract and it would have upset the selling schedule considerably. Spoor refused. Then the rumor obsessed that Pa's Ponds was about to approach Chaplin in person in California. Anderson at Niles grew nervous. This precious star presented many problems. Spoor hurried west and met with Anderson in Oakland. On May 14 they handed Chaplin a check on the Dearborn National Bank of Chicago for $75,000, along with a request to never mind any approaches about a personal appearance in New York.

"The real career of Chaplin as the greatest celebrity of the screen had now well begun. He was, from this day on for many a year to set the pace and style in starland, with many an interesting reaction on the whole industry and on himself. The motion picture world has never been the same since Charlie Chaplin came shambling into it.

An astonishing web of complications in the financial and the politics of the screen grew out of these influences of Chaplin, as in time we shall observe in delicious particular. Affairs began to revolve around him.
The New Smooth Effect—now you can get it for your hair

Says Juliette Crosby, playing in The Show-Off:

“To the woman who wishes to attain the severely smooth arrangement of the hair that is now so fashionable, Stacom is the most effective aid available.”

You can get Stacom at all drug and department stores—in jars and tubes.

Stacom Free Offer:

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 19-M
113 West 15th Street, New York City
Send me, free, a generous sample tube of Stacom.

Name
Address

We Teach COMMERCIAL ART

Meyer Both Company 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.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Milwaukee Ave. at 22nd St., Dept. 31
CHICAGO, ILL.

Meyer Both Company

Develops Busts Amazingly Quick and Easy!

Just what every woman has been waiting for at a price everyone can afford.

BEAUTIBUSTS for real bust and neck development.

No foolish or dangerous systems, but a real tried and tested superior natural system of development, scientifically planned and beneficial. You can’t fail if you follow the simple instructions. Everything mailed (sealed) for only 1.00. Do not miss this opportunity. It must not be repeated.

BEAUTIBUST CO., 1004-PL LEXINGTON BLVD., BALTIMORE, MD.

Chaplin Shines in “Tillie’s Punctured Romance”

Testimony indicated that Alco had paid $43,000 of an agreed $75,000 purchase price for “Tillie’s Punctured Romance.” James H. Dalton, friend and manager of Miss Dressler, testified that he had spent $10,000 on publicity for the picture, which at that time were alleged to amount to $122,000, and alleged that she had not been paid a cent.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

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over-rulled in a demand for a clause in her contract providing that "all Pickford features must be sold at double the customary prices and that an exhibitor showing them must charge double the usual price." This was the paving way for something, too.

Conditions had markedly changed from the time only five years before when Mary appeared in one reel a week, and sometimes more. Remember that only six years before she was just a little girl from a stock company walking down Fourteenth street looking for a job.

Elhert, you too: "Beauty Parlor Secrets", produced by H. E. Marchant and distributed by Pathé.

Mary Pickford Buys Up Her Earlier Pictures

In 1923, to protect herself against various lines of re-issued pictures, Miss Pickford purchased a large number of old negatives, including all of the Pickford-Biographics for which she paid $10,000.

The early weeks of the picture industry engaged in schemes to use the public from the "nickel show" idea of the screen. John R. Freuler of the North American Film Corporation broadcast several of the pictures he had on the air to test the public for both theatre and the radio, with the idea that as easy a way of getting the exhibitors ready for the expensive and endless serial. The

AMUSE YOU IN THE MOVIES

But it's not so funny to have them in real life. Mickey Daniels can afford to let others laugh at his freckles—he's paid for it. You can't.

Your freckles always attract attention, no matter how well you dress. Get rid of them quickly and surely the well-dressed will disappear.

If you use Stillman's Freckle Cream, double action—not only are your freckles dissolved away, but your skin is whitened, refined and beautified. Guaranteed to remove freckles or toning stain. Most widely used preparation in the world for the permanent disposal of freckles, delicately perfumed, a pleasure to use. Two sizes, 5¢ and 10¢, at all druggists.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and details of your parlor's feature.

Name__________________________
Address________________________

Stillman's Freckle Cream

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Youth's Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Please send me—25c, Beauty Parlor Secrets and details of your parlor's feature.

Large

Small

Studios Can Record Free

Right at Home!

You can earn good money at home in your spare time making show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. Written work for both men and women at home no matter where you live and pay you cash each week.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM

210 Adams Building Toronto, Canada

MAYBELLINE

DARKENS AND BEAUTIFIES

EYELASHES AND BROWS

INSTANTLY

mounds them...len. Makers of the Famous

MAYBELLINE

MAYBELLINE" BLACK, "BROWN" and

of your dealer's or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO., Chicago, Ill.
Diamond from the Sky" W. W. Hodkinson of the Paramount Pictures Corporation dis- tributing Famous Players, Lasky and Bos- worth pictures, on February 6, 1915, issued a circular which was well near a sensation in the trade, announcing that "owing to the enor- mous salary which it has been necessary to pay Mary Pickford in order to secure her services, all future releases will be first revealed to big city theaters at a minimum admission price of 25 cents." This releasing plan was also an- nounced for the ambitious "Eternal City" by Pauline Frederick, made in Rome by Edwin S. Porter.

The following week the Select Film Booking Agency was announced from 150 West Forty-eighth Street, the Hodkinson address, with George M. Welsey, formerly of the Lasky Company as representative. That name Select was to be heard from later in much more interesting circumstances. The same week the Way- brook Film Company, Adolph Zukor, presi- dent, announced that it had leased the Broad- way theater from Stanley V. MustaBaum of the Stanley Circuit in Philadelphia, as the Broad- way home of "the grand opera of motion pictures." Here was the beginning of the movement which today finds Broadway without an independent motion picture theater and the preponderance of the better theaters in every large center in some degree under the control of a motion picture corporation. Com- petition and rising costs sent the picture makers fighting their way to a direct route to the box office receipts back there in '14.

The Terrific Pace of High Salaries

Here was the beginning of the big salary soothing of the motion picture. Adolph Zukor started it, rather unintentionally with respect to its ultimate effect, to explain a solemn truth to the trade. But it set a pace, a pace costly every way. Every aspiring player thereafter had an itch to be mentioned in big figures. Great ones came because they were of merit. Players sought exaggerated salaries and gave out exaggerated reports of what they did get. In turn competitors began to announce bigger and bigger salaries, regardless of fact, to make their plays and players seem as important as Mary Pickford and her pictures. They started in thousands and got to millions in about two years.

With the motion picture reaching up ambi- tiously toward higher admission prices and better theaters there was an inevitable stirring among the manufacturers of the hair and depilating stage. The Lasky deal for the production of Belasco plays was announced the last week in November of 1914, and was followed by some highly glorified interviews with Belasco on art, the stage and the screen.

Lasky Company Engages Blanche Sweet

At about the same time the Lasky company announced the engagement of Blanche Sweet, who had attained the markings of star status under Griffith at Biograph and Fina Good- rich of stage fame as one of the beauties of the original "Floradora" company and one of the prettiest wives that the late Nat Goodwin ever lost.

The Shubert theatrical interests and the World Special Films Corporation entered into a coalition as early as June, 1914. In September came an announcement that William Brady's plays were to be produced with original casts insofar as possible.

In February, 1915, the World Special Films, run by the aforementioned Corporation headed by Arthur Spiegel of Spiegel, May, Stern and Company, a mail order house. His motion picture activities were financed through Laddenberg Thalman & Co. The roster of financial houses with a finger in the motion picture business was beginning to grow. Lewis J. Milestone began to blossom in the trade press under the imposing title of vice president and

Will He Ask for a Second Dance?

Modern men are pleased to see women returning to the healthy, active, outdoor life and the freedom from stuffy and hobbling fashions in dress which characterized the women of ancient Greece, and has been ad- mired for centuries.

The girl who refuses to dress in the fashion of the hour—in filmy, sleeveless gowns or the sheerest of waists—or who fails to rid herself of the disfigure- ment of under-arm hair, the girl who sits inert and lifeless, with arms fettered to her sides, rarely meets with masculine favor. She is thought lifeless and behind the times.

Many women have hesitated to use a razor, believing it unmanly and risky, and justly so. But Neet makes the removal of unwanted hair a thoroughly feminine and dainty process. After an application of this fragrant velvetly cream you simply rinse the hair away. If Neet is not available at your favorite toilet counter use the coupon below.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

It costs you nothing unless you are perfectly satisfied. You are invited to test Neet on our absolute guarantee of entire satisfaction or refund. Go to any drug or department store and purchase the generous package for only 50c. Apply according to the simple directions enclosed. If, after using Neet, you are not thrilled by the soft, hair-free smoothness of your skin, let us hear from you. Neet must absolutely please you in every way or you can remall the package to us and we will refund your purchase price plus the postage. It costs you to return it to us. If you are unable to find Neet at your favorite drug or department store, use the coupon below.

Dressmakers and Physicians:

The sterile, antiseptic, hair-dissolving qualities are so highly developed in Neet that it is in favor with many of the profession for depilation in preparation for obstetrical and surgical work. A liberal trial tube with complete instructions for use will be mailed free to any physician or registered nurse requesting it.

Neet Removes hair easily

REDUCE YOUR FLESH

arms, legs, bust, or the entire body with DR. WALTER'S Reducing Garments Reducing Corset Girdle: In dark and cream colored rub- ber. For all those hips, thighs and waistline. Sendicast measurements for estimate. $12.00

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Amazing Loss of Weight

Reduces 36 Lbs. in Six Weeks Without Harm or Hesitation

"I actually did it—got rid of every bit of the fat that had been filling up my existence. And faster than two months, after the things I had done in vain for years! We rob the whole body of the fat and don't care—or don't know."—

I took the advice of specialists and they took my medicine, and in the end I wasn't a pound better off. Then I nearly ruined my health starving. I took the Muscien diet—and gained! I came home, with Wallace reducing records and have weighed what I should every since."

WALLACE

630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name

Address

Have Shapely Feet Unmarried by BUNIONS

Fashion and comfort demand that feet fit snugly into the dainty pumps of today. There must be no hump to mar shapely feet—no rocking torture to sport comfort. Bunions are unnecessary and dangerous. You can remove them quickly, harmlessly, pleasantly, with the new, marvelous solvent, Pedodyne. Pedodyne dispenses pain instantly, banishes the disturbing hump, and keeps the well-shapely foot from returning.

SEN T ON TRIAL

Write me and I will promptly arrange to send you a box of Pedodyne Solvent for you to try. Simply write and say, "I want to try Pedodyne." There is no obligation.

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. M-356

186 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

do you like to draw?

cartoonists are well paid

"We will give you a great pile of prizes that will give you a great pile of prizes that will give you a great pile of prizes that will..."

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning

850 Leader Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

Bill Hart Finds Film-Acting a Losing Venture

It was rather up to Ince to put Hart to work. G. Gardiner Sullivan of the Ince scenario staff sat down to his typewriter and tapped out a scenario entitled "Two Gun general manager of the World. When in September of the same year the Paramount company, a producer for World release, announced the acquisition of Clara Kimball Young, the Vitagraph star, emphatic notice was given that credit should be given to Lewis J. Selznick. Selznick was building hopes and laying plans.

The patent wars were over and now the film business was anybody's business. The new battle lines were forming for the war to decide whose business it should be.

With the demise of the prominent and short-lived Alco Pictures Company, the former Richard Rowland and his associates found themselves for a few minutes without a film company. This was something to meet and resolve over. They had built up around the Alco spokes of a distributing system and now the hub was gone. Late in January there was a session in Parlor B, at the Hotel Claridge, with Rowland presiding. A motion picture concern to take Alco's place was formed. They christened it the Metro after the Metro Lithograph Company and capitalized it at $200,000. All of the participating parties were entertainment specialists. Rowland was president, Joseph Engle, treasurer and Louis B. Mayer of Boston was secretary. Metro started with the film "Petra" as its first important feature. Not long after it was introduced Juliet Shelby to the screen, this time as Mary Miles Minter.

Porter Departs and Bill Hart Arrives

After the completion of Famous Players' "The Eternal City" in Rome, Edwin S. Porter, the director and a partner in the Famous Players enterprise, sold his interest and withdrew from the production. This was the end of the directorial career of the man who may be called the motion picture's first director. From early chapters it will be recalled that Porter began in the silent picture field with Ruff & Gammon and Edison, showing pictures in the West Indies in 1897 as "Thomas Edison, Jr.," and conducted the film at the Eden Music Hall, in New York City. His larger fame began with the production of "The Great Train Robbery" in 1903. Porter signalized his departure from Famous Players with the purchase of a Rolls Royce and considerable attention to golf. He entered into the affairs of the Precision Machine Company, makers of the Simplex projection machine for motion picture projection. The Precision concern was financed by James Stillman, the New York banker who made Fred Beaumont, a Montreal insurance agent, the best known Indian guide since Uncas, last of the Mohicans. Porter's Rolls is still on the road and his golf gets better every year.

The same year which saw the screen lose the services of Porter, its first partner, brought the acquisition of one of its most luminous personalities, William S. Hart. In the winter of 1913 Hart made his last important stage appearance in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," a Klau & Ehrlander production.

When this engagement drew to a close Hart wrote to Ince, who was an old friend of stage association in years past, a letter a page long full of ballyhoo for the picture in the pictures. The life of the stage was wearing on him. He had some sort of a notion about pictures of western atmosphere with plenty of bad men.

In reply that westerns were a drug on the motion picture market, and declined to be interested. Hart took an engagement again on the stage in "The Woman," a sporting production of '14. In May, without any further encouragement, he abruptly left the stage and went to Los Angeles.

Bill Hart Finds Film-Acting a Losing Venture

PhoToPLAY Magazine—ADVERTISING SECTION

STINGING PAIN OF BURNS

promptly soothed by bandaging with healing, cooling, mentholatum

Write for free sample


PIMPLES SKIN TROUBLE BANISHED

Imperfections, short comedies in their own right, and other amusing troubles. Dermatological Treatment best satisfaction Guaranteed. Write for amazing booklet describing this new method.

Dermatological Laboratories, Dept. 5, New Bedford, Mass.
Hicks." Hart was Hicks. It was a two reel picture of the familiar western pattern. Hart started at the modest figure of $75 a week.

Hart's first important picture was in "The Bargain," which was built on the amplified story of an old two reeler made in the earlier New York Motion Picture days with J. Barney Shelley.

Hart grew discouraged when after the end of twenty-one weeks he found himself just $540 ahead. It was the result of his Hollywood sojourn. This was no suspicious beginning. He quit and went back home to the East. Some months later he returned at $225 a week.

In the next two months Hart appeared in thirteen five reel features which built him a star reputation of the first rank and gave the overworked western actor a much needed status. In Hart presented the idealized type of picturesque western bad-man-hero. Of his early pictures probably the most famous was "On the Border," starring Reginald Barker under the supervision of Thomas Ince. Prosperity came finally to Hart and after a series of several engagements at various studios he left the screen, on the ground that he could not afford to pay his income taxes.

"I paid an income tax of 12 per cent and a short time later in 1918, Hart romped away in 1922, and I had to quit. Four million people pay the taxes and a hundred million do not. The politicians are afraid to tax the rich. The rich can afford to be taxed better than the poor can. I might not get better in time to do me any good," after which Hart did return to the screen for a brief period.

While Hart was coming to fame the N. Y. M. P. studios also introduced to the motion picture picture Louise Glaum, a Venice, California, cover girl, and Bessie Bartoslle, a stage ingenue, both of whom became important screen personalities.

The N. Y. M. P. product was continuing to grow through the Mutual of the Film Corporation, and prospering.

The Willard-Johnson Fight Films

A piece of motion picture history on a bypath apart from the main thread of development, therefore of more interest than importance, grew out of the rise and fall of John Arthur Johnson, otherwise Jack Johnson or "Little Arthie," the negro pugilist. The motion picture picture of Johnson's victory against a white man in 1910 to win the championship fight against Ohio's James J. Jeffries some years before had brought down on him an expression of race discrimination in the form of a federal statute forbidding interstate movement of a negro fighter.

Now in 1915 on July 4 at Havana, Cuba, Johnson went down to defeat before Jess Willard, the large and able white hope from Alabama. The champion fight lullaby of Nevada some years before had brought down on him an expression of race discrimination in the form of a federal statute forbidding interstate movement of a negro fighter.

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In 1916, April 5, a party of motion picture sports writers sent an anxious appeal to the Daily News to be Canadian-American boundary in Quebec.

They carried film cans containing the negative of the Johnson-Willard fight. With the most painful care they labored through woods, swamps and streams for more than a mile to keep a quarter of a mile at least north of the soil of the United States. They made rendezvous at the United States-North boundary stone mile one north of the Delaware and Hudson railway station at Rouses Point, New York, U. S. A.

An Attempt to Circumvent Legally Federal Law

A tent was set up over the stone with its northern exposure to Canada and its southern exposure in the United States. Richard Parr, a U. S. customs service officer, entered the tent and made careful observation, by arrangement. The Canadian square handled the negative of the fight pictures gingerly moved about placing it in the machine quickly, and with a dexterity that tip to touch by so much as a fraction of an inch the forbidden soil of the United States, at any time that the film was in their hands. The negative when in place in the machine was just twelve inches, or one good English and American foot from the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The blank raw stock for the positive was threaded into the receiving side of the machine on the sacred soil of upper New York state and the patriots started up the mechanism. The great Willard picture was shown in terms of light and shade in a light wave.

When the operations had been completed the machine was dismantled and the negative went back the way they had come in the waiting motor car, without touching the United States.

No effort was made to conceal the remarkable exploit. On the contrary, it was announced to the world. The promoters of the project felt entirely secure in their ingenuity.

Custodians Officially Seize Fight Films

The positive film which went through the machine on which the pictures were promptly taken in custody by the customs, and the picture men started a line of contention by which they expected to prove its legality, for all practical purposes.

It was expected that it could be proven that there had been no violation of the statute in projecting the picture into New York state, and that if it could be proved that the film when properly transported across each state line as the various territorial rights were sold.

Immediate action was taken. It is said that the film which went through the American side of the international machine was taken in custody at once by the customs officer and developed, leaving the success of the effort a mystery until this day. But at any rate there was a private showing of the picture, presumably as imported by projection, on April 15, 1916, at the laboratory of the Duplex Motion Picture Corporation, 178 Fulton street, New York.

A man alleged to have a large influence in important places in the movie industry entered into the affair. A plan was evolved by which the picture was to be very freely handled in the normal and reasonable manner, with the projection-importation method used to make a public display, an abridgment to be used in explaining things to the Department of Justice.

The picture and auxiliary service was, so the inside story goes, $200,000—payable in full in advance. The counter proposition was $1,000 a state, when and as successfully imported. So the difference in the price over price broke up the deal. This is a ten year old secret of a very small group.

The complicated affairs of the picture project involved the co-operation of a number of men of widely varying degrees of standing. Although many were named openly and some were whispered, the secret involved in the scheme remained in complete obscurity, escaping altogether in public view.

I MAKE STRONG MEN

No one likes to look at a narrow-shouldered, flat-chested dweeb, such a man is good for himself or anyone else. It is the strong, robust, energetic man who gets ahead. He is admired and sought after in both the business and social world. No matter where you get such a man, he is the whole works.

Come on, then—snap into it! Right now—this minute. This is your day. This message was meant for you or you wouldn't be reading it. I'm all set and waiting for you, and, oh boy! what I do to you will open your eyes. I'm going to push out that sheet of yours, broaden your shoulders and put a pair of boot spurs on your mind. I'm going to show you how to build up your whole body with good food and exercise and make you feel like a juke-joint.

I CAN DO IT

Just because a man is built like me, it doesn't mean he can show you how to be like the same way. There are more myths about the human body than they ever did in all the world. I made my reputation teaching and preparing for you. And now I am going to prove it. I have been making this course for ten years—no ten years. My instructions are modern and up-to-date. When you come to me your success is assured. I don't promise strength—I guarantee it. Are you ready? Let's go.

Send for my new 64-page book "Muscular Development" IT IS FREE

It will show you what I have done for others and what I guarantee to do for you. It contains forms of exercises suitable for the man of myself and some of my many prize-winning pupils I have trained. None of these come to me as pupils, but come to me as friends to help them. Just look at them now and you will marvel at their accomplishments. It will give you an impetus and a real inspiration in it. You will fulfill yourself through and through. All I ask is in return to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obliterate you at all for the sake of your future health and happiness, nor put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDELMAN

Muscle Builder

IF YOU HAD A FACE LIKE A MONKEY

You would try to elimate it. But just because you wear a pair of pants and a coat to cover the rest of your body you don't seem to care a rap what you look like from the neck down. Come on out of it, fellows, let's live. Don't you know you can't keep this up? It's only a few years, and WOLF'S is too late. Your face is elimating up with all kinds of poisons. The only way to get rid of those poisons is to drive them out. Enervate what is the worthless tissue, then force them out of your system by every means possible. That's enough, don't be afraid. On April—your blood will absorb all this poison and soon you're nothing but a human wreck.

EARLE E. LIEDELMAN

Muscle Builder

DEPT. 9

530 Broadway

New York City

Dear Sir:

I enclose herewith, for which you are to send me, without obligations on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development".

Name.________________________________________

Street.________________________________________

City.__________________________________________

State._________________________________________
PUBLICITY AND SUBSEQUENT OFFICIAL ATTENTION. THE PICTURE DID NOT GET TO THE THEATER SCREENS.

AN INDICTMENT WAS PRESENTLY RETURNED BY A FEDERAL GRAND JURY AGAINST A LIST OF NAMES OF NO MAJOR CONSEQUENCE IN THE AFFAIR. THE INDICTED WERE JAMES J. JOHNSON, MANAGER OF THE MADISON SQUARE ATHLETIC CLUB, HAROLD T. EDWARDS, A NEW YORK ATTORNEY; LAWRENCE M. D. MC GUIGAN, A FEDERAL DEALERS ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK; SAMUEL SCULLMAN, MANAGER OF THE DUPLEX MOTION PICTURE CORPORATION, HARRY A. FISHBECK, AND W. V. GRIMNEY. THIS CHARGE WAS THE UNALLOYED IMPORTATION OF PRIZE LIGHT PICTURES FOR EXHIBITION PURPOSES.


NOTHING HAS BEEN HEARD OF THE JOHNSON-WILLARD PICTURES SINCE.

TO THIS POINT, PREVIOUSLY AND IN ANY PUBLICATION, A HELPFUL, PLAINLY TOLD TRUE STORY OF HOW I BECAME THE PHYSICIANALLY PERFECT MAN AT A TIME WHEN MANY WERE WORRIED WITH A SICK, WRETCHED, FEAR, DEBILITY AND THE WHOLE WARTY BOUNDARY OF PHYSICAL, MENTAL AND CONSUMPTION DISORDERS RESULTING FROM INNOCENT, MILD AND EVEN UNETHICAL LIFE OF LIVING WITH THE DISEASES WHICH HAVE SCARS OF SUPERB CANCER STUDIES OF MYSELF AND PUPILS.


THE REAL MOTION PICTURE EXCITEMENT, NOW AFTER TWO-YEAR FIVE OF THE YEAR, HAD JUST BEGUN.

THE WAR OF MILLIONS WAS BREAKING.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Prettiest Princess

The story of the prettiest princess was about to be told when it was revealed that she was a daughter of the King. She was beautiful and kind, and everyone loved her. She was raised in a castle with her sisters, but one day she decided to leave them behind and go out into the world. She went to the country and lived in a small village. She was very happy and enjoyed her time there. She was also very kind to everyone and helped them when she could. She was a true princess and everyone loved her for it. She was very special and everyone admired her for her kindness. She was the prettiest princess anyone had ever seen.

Crystal Gazing Balls

An interesting, illustrated account of the fascinating phenomena of crystal gazing. Includes full-color, beautiful and informative illustrations. This is a wonderful book that will keep you entertained and informed. It is a must-read for anyone interested in psychic phenomena, will be a valuable addition to any library. The book contains many unique and interesting facts. The book will be of great value to anyone interested in the subject.

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Crystal Gazing Balls

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"BABBITT"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Sinclair Lewis. Scenario by Dorothy Farumn. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. George F. Babbitt, William Lloyd; Mrs. Myra Babbitt, Mary Alden; Tanis Judique, Carmel Myers; Babbitt’s mother, Lillian Standing; Tash McKee, Verona Babbitt, Maxine Elliott Hicks; Tina Babbitt, Virginia Loomis; Paul Reisling, Robert Randell; Mrs. Zilla Reisling, Cissy Fitzgerald; Edward Littlefield, Gertrude Goodstead; Edward Littlefield, Lucien Littlefield; Tillie, the maid, Dale Fuller; Miss McGone, Kathleen Key; Mrs. Littlefield, From Hazel; Mary Mather, Chum Frink; Virgil Gunck, Chris McCugh.

"THE ARAB"—METRO-GOLDWYN—From the stage play by Edgar Selwyn. Directed by Rex Ingram. Photography by John F. Seita. The cast: Jami, Ramon Novarro; Mary Gillette, Alice Terry; Dr. Gillette, Gerald Robertshaw; The General, Edward Lawr- sein, Count de Limur; Abdallah, Adelqui Miller; L’habitant, Paul Vermorel; Myra Justa Estelle; Max, Carmen de Campo; Marnout, Paul Francesci; Orlot-Nile, Alexandre.

"BEING RESPECTABLE" WARNER BROS.—Story by Grace H. Flandrau. Scenario by Dorothy Farumn. Directed by Phil Rosen. Photography by H. Lyman Broening. The cast: Valeria Winship, Marie Prevost; Charles Carpenter, Monte Blue; Deborah Pepper, Louise Fazenda; Suzanne Schuyler-Leyster, Irene Rich; Stephen O’Connell, Theodore Von Eltz; Darius Carpenter, Frank Cur-rier; Theodore Exception, Edward Jessen; Edward Winship, Lila Leslie; Sam Beasley, Charles French; Philip Denby, Sidney Bracey.


"MANHANDEL"—PARAVISION.—Story by John Story. Scenario by1 Frank W. Tuttle. Directed by Allan Dwan. Photography by Hal Rosson. Cast: Tessie McGuire, Gloria Swanson; Johnny Hogan, Tom Moore; Mary Lewis, Linda Tashman; Paul Garretson, Paul McAllister; Brandt, the sculptor, Ian Keith; The Salesman, Frank Allworth; Boarding House Keeper, Carrie Scott; "Chip" Thordyke, Arthur Houseman.

"CAPTAIN JANUARY"—NEWSPAPER.—Story by Laura E. Richards. Scenario by Eve Ursell and John Gray. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. F. C. Chie. The cast: Captain January, Baby Peggy; Jeremiah Judkins, Hobart Bosworth; Miss Penelope, Gertrude Lawrence; Harry T. Moore; Bob Pete, Lincoln Steffens; Herbert Morton, John Merkly; John Elliott, Emmett King; Lucy Tripp, Barbara Tenenbaum.

"BREAD"—METRO-GOLDWYN. Based on the novel by Charles G. Norris. Continuity and adaptation by Lenore Coley and Albert Maltz. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: Jeanette Sturgis, Mac Busch; Martin Denin, Robert Fraser; Roy Beardsley, Pat O’alley; Alier Sturgis, Wanda Hawley; Mrs. Merle Frank, Dorothy De Forest; Mrs. Tash McKee, Myrtle Winters; Mrs.锣 Borsowh; Mrs. Carey, Myrtle Sedman; Ger- ald Kenyon, Ward Crane; Ralph Beardsley, Raymond Lee.


"REVELATION"—METRO.—From the story by Mabel Wagnall. Adapted by George D. Baker. Directed by Henry King. The cast: Jilene Ihofer, Viola Dana; Paul Granville, Monte Blue; Mlle. Brezoire, Marjorie Dale; Crocco, Lew Cody; The Prior, Frank Currier; The Nun, Eucharia Connolly; Madame, Kathleen Keg; Mme. Ihofer, Ethel Wages; Ihofer, George Siegmann; De Claus, Otto Matiesen; Jean Ihofer, Bruce Guerin.


"TIER LOVE"—PARAVISION.—From the play by Manuel Payson Scenario by Howard Hawks. Directed by George Melford. The cast: The Wildcat, Antonio Morcono; Mar- keta, Estelle Taylor; Ed Penno, G. Raymond Nye; Maxon, Manuel Cameron; Don Vic- toriano, Edgar Gordon; Don Giguier, David Torrence; Hunchback, Snitz Edwards; Father Zaspard, Monti Collins.

"SWORDS AND THE WOMAN"—F. B. O.—From the story by Baroness Oreyzy. Scenario by Kinchea Wood and Isabel Johnston. Directed by Henry Kolker. The cast: Sir Percy Blytheon, Holmes Herbert; Paul De- rolyde, Pedro de Cordoba; Juliette De Marry, Flora Le Breton; Due De Marry, Georges Tra- ville; Anne Mire, Margueritte Le Bokey; Mme. Derondele, Jane Brindeau; Merlin, Lewis Gilbert; Tinville, A. B. Imeson; Vincete De Jarve, Ivan Samson; Villefranche, Robert Lang; Penoncel, Mrs. de Gray.


"CHANGING HUSBANDS"—PARAVISION.—Story by Elizabeth Alexander. Scenario by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgins. Directed by Frank Uron and Paul Irbe. The cast: Gwynn Evans and Eve Graham, Lestnice Joy; Oliver Evans, Victor Varconi; Bob Har- mon, Raymond Griffith; Mittis, Julia Faye; Della, Cass Pitts; Mrs. Evans, Sr., Helen Dun- bar; Conrad Brashaw, William Boyd.

"BEHIND THE CURTAIN"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by William J. Flynn. Adapted by Emil WACHEL. Scenario by Allie Copeland. Directed by Chester Franklin. The cast: Sylvia Bailey, Lucille Ricksey; Hugh Belmont, Johnny Harron; Laura Bailey, Winifred Bryson; George Belmont, Charles Clary; Prof. Grecorius, Eric Mayne; "Shue" Garman, George Cooper; District Attor- ney, Clarence Geldert; "Spice," Pat Harmon.

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“A SELF-MADE FAILURE”—First National.—From the original story by J. K. McDonald. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Sonny, Ben Alexander; Brucey, Lloyd Hamilton; Steelie, Matt Moore; Alice Neal, Patsy Ruth Miller; Grandma Neal, Mary Carr; Cyrus Crutshank, Sam De Grasse; Spike Malone, Chuck Reiser; Pokey Jones, Victor Poletti. The cast: Harry Todd; Mrs. Spike Malone, Alta Allen; The Goofy Waitress, Doris Duane; Alice Neal, age 4, Frieda Moran; Verman, Joe McCray; “Cannon” Herself.

“THERE’S MILLIONS IN IT”—F. B. O.—From the story by Roland Pertwee. Directed by Denison Clift. The cast: Anthony Flo- dough and Richard Frenchman Altar, Clive Brook; Hilfort Tarrington, Ernest A. Douglas; Sydney Crabbone, E. Dannial; LordAlmonEayre, Robert English; Doris, James; William; Hugo Van Diet, Norman Page; Era P. Hips, A. B. Inmes; Oliver Lawrence, Ivo Harrison; Samuel Park, Cameron Cart; Corny Range, Olaf Hytten; Mrs. Barrington, Lillian; The Can- mel; Isobel, Irish; Irene Norman; Flora; Prudence Ponsouby; Cynthia, Jose Shannon; Jane, Margaret Desmond; Auriol Craven, Catherine Calvert.

“FOR SALE”—First National.—From the story by Earl Hudson. Directed by George Arliss. The cast: J. Howard, Claire Windsor; Joseph Hudley, Adolph Men- jou; Allen Penfield, Robert Ellis; Mrs. Harrison, Bakes, Mary Carr; Harrison Bakes, Tully Marshall; Bob Benton; Jack; Ben; Twombly-Smith, Vera Reynolds; Mrs. Twom- bly-Smth, Julie Power; Mr. Twombly-Smith, Lou Payne; Mrs. Winship, Phillips Smalley; Mr. Winship, Christine Mayo; The Iris, Ve- chon; Eric Porter, George Irving; Sir John Goddes, Frank Elliott; The Butler, Finch Smiles; Parisian Dance Hall Girl, Marga La Ru.

“YOUNG IDEAS”—Universal.—Story by Sophie Kerr. Scenario by Hugh Hoffman. Directed by Robert F. Hill. The cast: Lovden, Laura La Plante; Prickett Spence, T. Roy; Elise; Lovden, Lucille Rickson; Eph Thompson, James Barrows; Aunt Minst, Lydia Yeamans; Minst, Grandma; Jennie Lee; Bertie Loomis, Rolle Sedan; Dr. Hiram Smith, Hal Stevens; Bob Lovden, Buddy Messenger; Bronwue, By Himself.

“TOILET INSTALLED”—Universal.—Story by Sophie Kerr. Scenario by Hugh Hoffman. Directed by Robert F. Hill. The cast: Lovden, Laura La Plante; Prickett Spence, T. Roy; Elise; Lovden, Lucille Rickson; Eph Thompson, James Barrows; Aunt Minst, Lydia Yeamans; Minst, Grandma; Jennie Lee; Bertie Loomis, Rolle Sedan; Dr. Hiram Smith, Hal Stevens; Bob Lovden, Buddy Messenger; Bronwue, By Himself.

“LEARN TO LOVE” (The Telephone Girl)—F. B. O.—Story by H. C. Witwer. Scenario by George Marlon, Jr. Directed by Robert F. Hill. The cast: Chips, Gladys; Rynn, Alberta Vaught; Icel, Gertrude Short; Jerry; Al Cooke; Jimmy, Kit Guard, Tom, Arthur Rankin; Wilbur, Elliott Roth; Miss Fortune, Elsa Lortimer.

“UNGUARD WOMEN”—Universal.—Story by Lucy Stone Terrill. Scenario by James Creeley. Directed by Alan Crossland. Photography by Henry Cronjager. The cast: Berta Banning; Bebe Daniels; Douglas Albrith, Richard Dix; Helen Castle; Mary Cates; Louis; Margett; George Castle, Frank Losee; Aunt Louise, Helen Lindroth; Sigg Woo, Harry Mesteray; James Craig, Donald Hall; Capt. Robert Banning, Joe King.

“DARK STAIRWAYS” Universal.—Written by Marie O’Orch. Adapted by L. J. Rigby. Directed by Robert Hill. The cast: Shelden Polk, Herbert Rawlinson; Sunny Day, Ruth Dryer; Frank Forrester, Hayden Stevenson; P. Frank; Robert; H. Howard; Chris Martin; Walter Perry; Risa Minor, Bon- nie Hill; Geraldine Lewis, Kathleen O’Connor; Made Armstrong, Dolores Rousse.

“THE GUILTY ONE”—Paramount.—From the stage play by Michael Morton and Peter Traill. Scenario by Anthony Coldewey. Directed by Joseph Hensley. The cast: 

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“ROMANCE RANCH”—Fox—Story by Jesse Maude Wybro. Scenario by Dorothy Yost. Directed by Howard Mitchell. The cast: Carlos Brec, John Gilbert; Carmen Headley, Virginia Brown Faire; Cliff Vanston, John Miljan; Felipe Vanallo, Bernard Beigel; Tessa, Evelyn Selbie.

“WINES OF YOUTH”—METRO-GOLDWYN—Based on the play “Mary the Third” by Rachel Crothers. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by King Vidor. Photography by John Mescal. The cast: Mary, Eleanor Boardman; Clifton, James Morrison; William, William Collier, Jr.; Tish, Pauline Garon; Mother, Eulalie Jensen; Father, E. J. Ratcliffe; Gunny, Gertrude Claire; Bobby, Robert Agnew; Annie, Cydelle Hutton; Peter, Virginia Lee Corbin; Flapper, Gloria Elliot; Doctor, Sidney De Grey.


“BETWEEN WORLDS”—WESS BROS.-ARTCLASS—Written and directed by Fritz Lang. Cast: The Girl, Lily Dagover, Her Sweetheart, Walter Jansen; Stranger, Bernadette Gocete; Giraldos, Rudolph Kleine-Roggie; Moor, Lewis Brody; Viceroy, Karl Huszar; Magician, Paul Behnfeld, Calph, Edward Von Winterstein; Apothecary, Karl Patin.

HE leaps from trains rattling a mile a minute. He doubles for mountain-gests in breath-taking precipice jumps. He swings from one airplane to another in film stunts.

He does a thousand other things that even a rat of nine lives would shirk. Yet Charles Dure-devil! Hutchison, the man who sells bullets in bulk, has one lone fear. And he dmits it, too!

A short time ago, after finishing several of its spine-freezing thrills at the studio, his wife and hildren were taken on a troubled look in her eye. “I wish you'd tell our cook we don't need her any more,” she requested.

“Sure,” agreed the man with the cast-iron eyes. “I'll do that very thing.”

Stirred and on tip-toes he started for the cred portal of the culinary artist. Once or twice he started to knock, but he never quite made the step.

In the end, he never gave way. “I guess you’ll have to do it,” he confessed icilly to his wife. “I'm plumb scared. Everyone was like me. I guess all the chiro-practors in Hollywood would have to go out of business.”

We all have our own pet aversion, but here's a man with seven and he admits them all. It's Coway Teare, romantic lead- man and the tennis champ of the Holly- wood colony. And here are his pet aversions: simple sinsuousness (Can you blame him?)—long- haired men; chewing-tobacco; affected English cents (And they're growing rather too common Hollywood); spats; yellow shoes; straw hats.

ELAND S. RAMSDELL, president of Hollywood Playload Productions, now educes a series of “puppy love” two-reel specials. He has turned all traditions of the film into pops—turvy.

Ramsell is a student of psychology and as a director is now working with an American college locale, he has attempted to rate a real college atmosphere on the sets. He has furnished everybody—props, tech- niques, costumes. Standard carpenters with white overalls and no one is allowed to work on the unless dressed in such. Everybody in his company has four suits—all furnished by the Metro-Goldwyn. When not on the sets he cleaned at his expense.

Another tradition Ramsell has shunned is that he does not have music played during the scenes. But he does have an orchestra which uses on a nearby dance-floor between the scenes. Everybody who is not working at the time—principals, extras, electricians and carpenters may use this floor.

Some of the wise Hollywoodians have given this producer three months to last. Others have predicted he would be good for six months. And a few—a mighty few, too—think he has hit something really worth while.

Anyway, Ramsell's employees are satiated.

NOW that it is known, everybody has joined the "I told you so" club. When Famous Players-Lasky Corporation announced in July that David Wark Griffith would direct for them, the "I-Told-You-So-ers" gave a happy sigh, though a trifle exultant. Anyhow, the great director will start working for Famous Players-Lasky as soon as he completes "Dawn" which will be his final effort for United Artists. He is making it in Germany. While there had been many rumors that Griffith was to make the change, there was nothing definite about it until the formal announcement was issued in which it was stated that the full resources of Famous Players-Lasky would be placed at the disposal of Griffith in an effort to produce the best he is capable of doing.

In France they do things differently. The decoration conferred by the French government upon Douglas Fairbanks reveals the fact that things worth while are appreciated. The famous American actor was made an “Officer de l Instruction Publique” because of the great pictures he has made for the public. The decoration was conferred by Minister of Beaux Arts Jouvenel and is seldom bestowed upon any but natives of France. The honor is bestowed upon persons who have given valuable service to the French people. The French government likewise of Doug's pictures have provided that service.

The members of the original "Ben Hur" company have been gradually drifting back to this country. Charles Brabin, the director, has returned, very ill. It is said that he will see Metro-Goldwyn for a large sum or money, something like a half-million or so. It is said that a wholly new cast will work in “Ben Hur” and that both George Walsh and Frances Buxman are out. And rumor has it that June Mathis, no longer connected with Metro-Goldwyn, is to be Rudolph Valentino as executive advisor. Miss Mathis is was semected Rudy for the role of Julio in "The Four Horsemen." There are reports, too, that Miss Mathis is to wed George Walsh. Take your choice of the rumors.

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104]
"I Knew You'd Make Good"

"I ALWAYS felt you had it in you to get ahead. But for a time I was afraid of your natural ability all your life; it seemed more ambitious—more cheerful—more confident of the future. I knew you couldn't employ others but help notice the difference in your work."

"Think what this last promotion means! More money—more comforts—more of everything worth while. Tom, those hours you spent on that C. S. course were the best investment you ever made."

How about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

Opportunity knocks—this time in the form of that familiar I. C. S. coupon. It may seem like a little thing, but it has been the means of bringing better jobs and bigger salaries to thousands of men.

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

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A Child of Destiny

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

bloomed from the union of a sweet, seventeen year old French girl and her chosen mate! Ah! the romance was beautiful: the gun, the guns, when the lovers came home on a short furlough. In that one week of blissful joy, he held the girl close to his heart and poured out his love and his longing. Then came the parting, the dreary days of waiting for a love letter that never came. And the short, cruel note:

"Mort pour ta patrie."

Came the gradual tightening of the ring of steel around the little mother. Then an air raid, leaving among the shattered ruins of a big house, an aged grandmother and a tiny babe. The village destroyed, most of the inhabitants killed, and the two in the cellar of the once prosperous home. Dark days followed. The whimpering child, bereft of sunlight, living on coarse war bread soaked in tepid water, still struggled on.

Destiny smiled.

Out of those long, weary years of his dspoilhood, Philippe de Iacque emerged one day into the hands of a Red Cross nurse.

It took weeks and months and more than loving care to make this frail bit of humanity into the strong, real child. Looking at Philippe now, plump, sturdy, bright-eyed, his curly hair framing the eager, questioning face, one can hardly believe that he is the same baby that Edythe de Lacy brought out of that damp cellar near Verdun.

Who taught Philippe to say that first word of "Mother" that strange so readily to his lips as Edythe de Lacy bent over his bed? Did some voice from the Infinite whisper it into his ear? Did the child-wife and her husband tell their little one that this woman was really his mother, his loving, devoted and loving?

To Geraldine Farrar comes the credit of having "discovered" Philippe. She was filming "The Riddle: Woman." Edythe de Lacy and Philippe were watching her. She noticed the child and decided at once that he was needed in the picture. Since then, directors have said that it is simply marvelous how Philippe responds to instruction. It is like playing on a violin. High lights and shades are there; emotion, deep and stirring.

Philippe has now played in twenty-one pictures. Among them are "The Kiddie," "The Rubaiyat," "The Insolite," "A Doll's House," "Is Matrimony a Failure?" "Why Do We Live?" and last but not least, with Mary Pickford in "Rosa."
Ever buy a wooden nutmeg?

A HUCKSTER stopped at great-grandmother's door. "Any nutmegs to-day, lady?"

In the tray before him he displayed his wares—big beautiful nutmegs, and at a ridiculously low price.

Being fond of nutmeg's spicy flavor, and seeing an opportunity to stock up on them to advantage, great-grandmother bought generously.

There was to be rice pudding for supper. Great-grandmother took the golden-brown beauty from the oven and prepared to give it its finishing touch—a sprinkling of nutmeg. Out came the grater and one of the new nutmegs. She scraped and looked puzzled. Scraped again, and looked closer. Sawdust!! The nutmegs were made of wood.

How far from such methods we have traveled in these days of advertised merchandise. The manufacturer of to-day signs his name to what he says about what he makes. He knows that when you buy you will expect the goods to be what he has said. He knows that if he deceives you once, your confidence is gone forever.

Wooden nutmegs never could have been advertised.

Read the advertisements.

The fire of publicity consumes falsehood—advertised goods are reliable
This entire family, including Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Hinckley of Suffield, Conn., is evidence of the good results obtained from the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification
Now You Can Be Free of Hair!

RECALL last summer. Those embarrassing moments when you wanted to look your best. Those critical glances of your friends. Those offending hairs on your arms and limbs.

Don't subject yourself to the same handicaps this summer. Others on the beach are free of every tiny hair, for they have learned the secret and the magic of ZIP.

You can be one of the favorites during the warm days at the beach, at the dance, yes, even at your daily occupation, if you will take my advice now and eliminate your objectionable hair by my simple process.

Quick as a Wink
you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember you are not merely removing surface hair—you devitalize the roots, thus treating the cause and invariably checking 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.

Lasting Results
More 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 devitalize the roots and in this way check the growth, gently, painlessly and harmlessly, leaving the skin soft and smooth, really adorable. Use ZIP once, and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

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The searching glare of the spotlight demands a skin of naturally flawless texture.

The actress who would keep hers thus, despite late, weary hours and the daily irritation of make-up, must have faith in her array of powder puffs.

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Paris, herself, explains the Toilette of Fashion

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Indeed, then, let Mademoiselle purchase all these many Djer-Kiss toilettries at her favorite shop—this very day, n'est-ce pas? Through them all she will add to her own charm, the élan Parisien of Djer-Kiss itself.

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Monsieur Kerkoff's Parisian Paquet contains dainty samples of Djer-Kiss Parfum and Face Powder, and a fragrant miniature satin Sachet pillow. His importateurs will be pleased to send it to you in return for only 15c. Address: Alfred H. Smith Co., 26 West 34th Street, New York.

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"The New Book of Etiquette" does not recognize any of the old standards, the outworn traditions. Conditions of life have changed, and this 1925 book of etiquette is written for 1925 conditions. The old maid, for instance. Does she still exist? What has happened to her? Where is she now? What is she doing? How does the new etiquette recognize her?

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Though it has been condemned by almost every writer on etiquette, slang is accepted by "The New Book of Etiquette" which says, "Slang is a characteristic phase of the American home scene. It can be colourful and expressive, without being coarse, and since it adds a typical veve and sonority to our talk, there is no reason why it should be condemned."

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A sane, sensible book of etiquette at last! By the same author whose famous "Book of Etiquette" has sold more than a half-million copies.

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how to use a toast to tea?
how to order in a restaurant?
how to plan a formal wedding?
how to adapt yourself to every environment?
how to be socially popular?
how to be at ease in a ballroom?
how to overcome timidity?
how to call on a young woman?
how to propose marriage?
how to cultivate an interesting speaking voice?
how to dress for social occasions?
how to entertain in the latest, approved fashion?

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An IRVIN WILLAT Production with Jack Holt, Kathlyn Williams, Noah Beery and Billie Dove. Screen play by Jeanie Macpherson. From the story by May Edginton.
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The World’s Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

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*A Tremendous Story that will be a Sensation!*  

"It Can’t Be Done"  

Two years ago Frederick Arnold Kummer, one of America’s most famous writers of novels, plays and short stories, started a serial that begins in the next issue of *Photoplay.* It is without doubt the most remarkable novel ever written about motion pictures and studio life.

What Is Love?  

Haven’t you always wondered what it is all about? Haven’t philosophers for thousands of years tried to analyze the greatest of human passions? Twelve great screen stars were asked by the editor of *Photoplay* to give him their ideas, and their answers are remarkable in their contrast.

Do not miss the November Issue of

**PHOTOPLAY**  
Out Oct. 15

*It has dozens of surprises*
Marvelous New Curling Cap Marcelle Waves Any Hair

Startling new invention makes marcelling quick and easy

HERE'S the greatest beauty news you've had in many a day! It makes no difference whether you wear your hair bobbed or long—whether it's thick and fluffy or thin and scraggily—for this great beauty invention insures a mass of lovely ringlets, waves and curls all the time at practically no expense to you and with only a few minutes' time every few days.

Like all great inventions, McGowan's Curling Cap is very simple. There is no complicated apparatus. Nothing to catch in your hair or get out of order. It is a simple device that applies the principles of the curling iron, using a specially prepared, safe and harmless curling fluid—Spanish Curling Liquid—in the place of water and heat.

You can see at a glance how the Curling Cap works. Elastic head bands hold the six rubberized cross pieces in place. The hair is held in "waves" by the cross pieces until it dries, when the Curling Cap is removed, and you have a beautiful Marcelle that would cost a dollar or more at a Beauty Shop and take about an hour's time.

A timely aid to beauty

There never was a more timely invention than this, when nearly all girls and young women are wearing bobbed hair—and wondering how they will keep it curled through the summer. Tennis, golf, boating, swimming and other summer sports always have played havoc with Marcellas and make it nearly impossible for the average outdoor girl to keep her bob looking as smart as it should. But now she can laugh at her former worries, for with McGowan's Curling Cap and a bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid she can have a fresh Marcelle every day in less time than it took to comb her hair when it was long.

Curly hair's the thing now

No matter what style of bob you favor, or even if you wear your hair long, you've got to keep it curly and wavy if you want to be in style. There never was a style more universally becoming and there never was one more rigidly demanded by the arbiters of fashion.

It makes no difference, either, whether you prefer the waves running across your hair or from front to back. The Curling Cap is adjustable either way. When not in use the Cap may be folded and carried in your handbag.

Read this amazing offer

If you are familiar with the price of other curling devices—none of which is to be compared with the Curling Cap—you would expect this one to cost at least $10 or $15. In fact, when Mr. McGowan first showed his invention to his friends many of them advised him to sell it for that price because it is easily worth it. But Mr. McGowan wants every girl and woman to get the benefit of his great invention, so he decided to put the price within reach of all. By selling in tremendous quantities it will be possible for him to make a price of $2.87 for the entire outfit, which includes a large sized bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid as well as the newly invented Curling Cap. This delightful hair balsam is not only a marvelous curling fluid but a splendid tonic as well. It makes the hair glossy and promotes luxurious growth. There is no heat to sear the tender strands of hair and dry out the scalp.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't even have to pay for this wonderful curling outfit in advance. Just sign the coupon and in a few days the postman will deliver the Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid to you. Simply pay him $2.87, plus postage—and then your Marcelle worries will be at an end. If you don't find it the greatest beauty aid you ever used—if it doesn't bring you the most beautiful of Marcellas just as we promised—if you are not satisfied with McGowan's Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid in every way, just return the outfit and your money will be refunded.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOCPLAY MAGAZINE.
BROADWAY OR BUST—Universal.—A Root Goose picture. Not a bad film, however. The scenario writer overlooked much in producing picture. (July.)

CAPTAIN JANUARY—Principal.—The sentiment of the old lighthouse keeper, and his protege, a girl washed ashore. Baby Peggy is the watch. Fair. (September.)

CAUSE FOR DIVORCE—Selznick.—A lot of troubles about which one can possibly care. (April.)

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

CHECAHIOS—Associated Exhibitors.—Story of the life of gold rush. Not much of a plot but wonderful scenery never before shown on the screen. (July.)


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

DANGEROUS COWBOY, THE—F. B. O.—Poor entertainment provided by story of a cowboy who refuses to make his girl marry. HisITUDE is dubbed “yellow.” (August.)

DARING LOVE—Truax.—An unfaithful wife drives husband to a questionable resort, where a dancer makes him see the light and happiness. Not much plot. (August.)

DARING YEARS, THE—Equity.—A good little boy falls in love with a chorus girl. You know the result. (April.)

DARING YOUTH—Principal.—A tacy face, well enough done, with Bebe Daniels and Norman Kerry. (May.)

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.)

DAUGHTERS OF TODAY—Selznick.—Another good story last the flapper, with a few digs about parents who are inclined to flap. (May.)

DAWN OF TOMORROW, THE—Paramount.—Clean, heart-stirring entertainment for the whole family, well directed and acted. (July.)

DISCONTENDED HUSBANDS—Apollo.—Fornals of the man who gets rich while his wife gets old. It seems out, but is cured. (May.)

DO IT NOW—Romances. —The troubles of young love with father. Fine entertainment. (May.)

DON’T DOUBT YOUR HUSBAND—Metro.—Vigorous and ably handled. A real romance story and put life into it. (August.)

DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL—United Artists.—Great combination of Mary Pickford and Marshall Norden and the historic novel by Charles Major. Don’t miss it by any means. (July.)

DRUMS OF JEOPARDY—Truax.—Someone steals a lot of esseribles and there is much excitement. But it doesn’t amount to much. (May.)

ENCHANTED COTTAGE, THE—First National.—A charming fantasy, beautifully handled, with a most appealing story, enacted by Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy. (June.)

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

EXCITEMENT—Universal.—One of those wife stories. (July.)

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

FIGHTING COWARD, THE—Paramount.—A satire on the fr-eating Southernier of the anti-bellum days, remarkably well done. (June.)

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

FLAMING BARRIERS—Paramount.—An interesting story, with a tragic note in it. The forest fire is worth the admission. (April.)
And Now Another Masterpiece—"The Sea Hawk"

HAVE you yet to meet the outstanding screen character of the year? "The Sea Hawk," born in the fertile mind of Sabatini, visualized by Frank Lloyd, living his wild, daring life again in the person of Milton Sills, is a towering dramatic figure never to be forgotten.

His soul, hardened by the wrongs men have done him, is softened by the love of a woman. From English lord to sixteenth century pirate, his life is abrim with adventure such as the screen has never told before.

"The Sea Hawk" will be the talk of movie fans for many months to come.

"Cheer Up, Florence, It's Only Make-Believe"

Of course, it's not right to appear at a fashionable wedding in shirt sleeves, but it's only a movie wedding and Director John M. Stahl is giving the bride a little preliminary instruction. The picture is "Husbands and Lovers," a Louis B. Mayer production, with Florence Vidor, Lewis Stone and Lew Cody as the principals.

Stahl, you remember, is the director who made "The Dangerous Age" and "Why Men Leave Home."

Abe and Mawruss—Movie Magnates

Is it? Can it be? The famous cloak and suit partners, Potash and Perlmutter, making movies?

Right you are. Samuel Goldwyn has taken Montague Glass's famous characters straight to Hollywood and set them to teaching vamps to vamp and training handsome heroes in the ways of love-making. Above, you see them rehearsing a scene from their first picture. Mawruss thinks it's great; Abe calls it rotten—but then they never could agree in anything.

"In Hollywood With Potash and Perlmutter" will be the prize laugh fest of all new pictures. Watch for it.
FLAPPER WIVES—Sela Sterling.—The faith-healing theme, with nothing new in the story. Fair. (June.)

FOLLOWING GOLD—First National.—Rex Beach melodrama of the life of an adventurer in which the story is given a modern setting. Thrills. Film entertainment for everyone. (May.)

FOOL’S AWAKENING, A—Metro.—Proves that happiness can’t be built on a lie. A picture of the better class and the stories behind them. Good. (June.)

FOOL’S HIGHWAY—Universal.—A story of the Bowery, excellently done. Characters well drawn and played, with Marshall Churchill hitting the best. Good entertainment. (May.)

FOR SALE—First National.—Clare Windsor’s beauty goes to highest bidder, when her father (Tully Marshall) calls about to shoot himself. Mediocre stuff. (September.)

FORTY-FOUR HAWKINS—Universal.—A good comedy with the charming Monty Gibson as a village jack-of-all-trades. (July.)

GAITY GIRL, THE—Universal.—English picture with slow action and poor plot. (August.)

GALLOPING FISH, THE—First National.—Trained seal supported by Louise Fazenda and Sydney Chaplin. Sydney’s best. (May.)

GALLOPING GALLAGHER—F. B. O.—An amateur Western, Fred Thomson being the redeeming feature of the picture. (May.)

GAMBLING WIVES—Arrow.—An amusing conglomeration of fast house parties, cabarets and gambling rooms. Just (June.)

GIRL SHY—Pathe.—All the laughs and all the thrills that one can get from a mad picture. Fast and funny and starts from start. (June.)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERFOST—F. B. O.—Interesting and human. The novel transferred to the screen by the author herself. (July.)

GOLD FISH, THE—First National.—Constance Talmadge finally succeeded in getting back on the silver screen in a minor role and with comedy with this comedienne at her best. (July.)

GOOD BAD BOY, THE—Paramount.—Principal—Story of the worst boy in the town. He is really good at heart. Worth while. (August.)

GUILTY ONE, THE—Paramount.—A regular vaudeville of farce, murder and whatnot, and the result is mostly nothing. The players themselves don’t seem to think much of it, either. (September.)

HAPPINESS—Metro.—A very thin story, adapted from J. Hartley Manners’ play, with Luella Fox, Edward Crone and Sybil Seely. (May.)

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT, THE—Paramount.—A Zane Grey story, as good as all his Westerns. Ernest Torrence best of the cast as usual. (April.)

HIGH SPEED—Universal.—Story of an athlete in love with a banker’s daughter. Herbert Rawlinson retains his popularity. (August.)

HILL BILLY, THE—United Artists.—Jack Pickford in a truly appealing role. His best picture in a long time. (June.)

HIS DARKEST SELF—Hodgkin.—Formed originally for Al Jolson and done by Lionel Hamilton, it proves Jolson should have done it. (June.)

HIS FORGOTTEN WIFE—F. B. O.—The third of the Palmer’gete pictures, and up to the standard of the others. The war is in this one. (June.)

I HOLD YOUR BREATH—Hodgkin.—An amusing thriller with a human fly and funny situations. (September.)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Hodgkin.—A worthy effort to publicize an old best-seller, but it’s rather too slow. (June.)

HUMMING BIRD, THE—Paramount.—The best thing Gloria Swanson ever has done. One of the best pictures of the year. Well acted and well directed. (May.)

ICEBOUND—Paramount.—Another William de Mille etching. Restraint is the keynote. Handled by a less able director, it might have been drab, but he made the best out of it. (June.)

IN FAST COMPANY—Triumph.—Incongruous. Comedy falls flat. Good prize fight scene. (August.)

JACK O’CLUBS—Universal.—Lots of trouble and no reason, except to be photographed. (April.)

JEALOUS HUSBANDS—First National.—Ordinary, with the only outstanding feature the work of John Novak. (April.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—Fox.—A swiftly moving crook drama, with plenty of thrills and excitement. (April.)

KENTUCKY DAYS—Fox.—Old Kentucky again with “Covered Wagon” trimmings. Just fair. (May.)

KING OF WILD HORSES—Pathé.—A remarkable picture because of the work of the camera man. A first-rate picture, never equaled. The Black a worthy star. (June.)

LADIES TO BOARD—A Tom Mix comedy, with Tony added. Mix pops a lot of his best stunts. (April.)

LAW FORBIDS, THE—Universal.—Again Baby Peggy, to whom the world is subordinated. A pretty good picture, too. (May.)

LEAVE IT TO GERRY—Ben Wilson.—A mild juvenile comedy, with situations and antics. Boarding school scenes are good. (May.)

LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER—Vitagraph.—One of the worst ever made. (April.)

LIES OF THE FIELD—First National.—A story so idiotic that “foil not, neither do they spin,” with Corinne Griffith as the feature. For un幣s. (April.)

LISTEN LESTER—Principal.—Adapted from a musical comedy popular some years ago and modernized to include bookkeepers. Fast and full of tricks. (April.)

LONE WOLF, THE—Paramount.—A revival of an old favorite with plenty of intrigue and adventure and a good many thrilling scenes. (July.)

LONE WAGON, THE—Fox.—If it hadn’t been for the “Covered Wagon,” this wouldn’t have been made. Who cares? (May.)

LOVE LETTERS—Fox.—The moral is, don’t throw out your troubles on paper. Two sisters get into all sorts of woes, but few care. (May.)

LOVE WHIRLPOOL—Hodgkin.—A crook story of the better sort, with James Kirkwood and Latimer. A story of thrills and holds the interest always. (May.)

LOVING LIES—Allied Producers.—Mediocre, in spite of Monte Blue and Evelyn Brent. (April.)

MAN FROM WYOMING, THE—Universal.—A roaring Western, with Jack Hoxie as the blustering hero. (April.)

MANHANDLED—Paramount.—In which Gloria Swanson is discovered that “foil not, neither do they spin,” with a few scenes that please. (April.)

MAN’S MATE, A—Fox.—John Gilbert and Renee Adoree do their best, but the result is pretty bad. (June.)

MARRIAGE CHEAT, THE—First National.—The South Seas again, with Leslie Joy, Percy Marmont, and Adolph Menjou mixed up in a triangle plot. One character, a native girl, helps to picture the same. (April.)

MARRIAGE CIRCLE, THE—Warner Brothers.—A masterpiece of direction by Lubitch which results in a strikingly amusing comedy, admirably acted. (April.)

MARTY TRAIL, THE—Capital.—What one wouldn’t do to two poor victims! But generation of the wicked and sunshine follow. (June.)

MAYTIME—Preferred.—The camera doesn’t help this dainty musical play. (February.)

MEN—Paramount.—Typical Pogo Negri film constructed on the lines of the old musicals and a failure. (August.)

MIDNIGHT—Metro.—Mae Murray in a black wig which somehow detracts from her usual allure. America local and risque. Fair. (July.)

Subscription rates are listed on page five, below content.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]
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 beset by 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 when 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 unset 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, she deals with strong emotions by her fearless manner, she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and so artfully that the book can safely be read by any man or woman.

Certain shallow-minded persons may criticize "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an ideal character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Brief Reviews of Current Pictures</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MORAL SINNER, THE—Paramount. Screen version of &quot;Leah Elektra&quot; has the great melodrama. (June.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MRS. DANE'S CONFESSION—F. B. O. An old picture revived because of the notoriety of Count Cain, who is in it. (May.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>NEPONLE AND JOSEPHINE—F. B. O. Story too well-known to be told here. Picture lacks vitality despite several good acting. (April.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>NELLY, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL—Goldwyn. An old thriller, done with a sense of humor which makes it preferable. (April.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NET, THE—Fox. If you like Bertha M. Clay novels, you might see this one. (April.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEXT CORNER, THE—Paramount. Not so good. Direction is bad and picture drags. (April.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NIGHT HAWK, THE—Hodkinson. Harry Carey at his best in a western drama with plenty of plot and riding. (June.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>NIGHT MESSAGE, THE—Universal. Melodrama based on a Southern family feud. Also, pretty well done. (June.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NO MORE WOMEN—Allied Producers. All right if you've nothing else to do. (April.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER—Fox. If you like melodramas, this will please you. Genevieve Tobin as a sort of perfect specimen. (May.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>NORTH OF HUDSON BAY—Fox. An excellent story of the Far North, with Tom Mix as hero. Well acted, with thrills and humor. (May.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NORTH OF NELSON—F. B. O. A story of good Western stuff in it—the fight on the cliff and some sure-fire scenes. (May.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>ON TIME—Trust. Richard Talmadge doing athletic stunts around a very poor story. (May.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>PAGAN PASSION—Selsitz. Starts well, but gets off the track and becomes tiresome. (June.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PAINTED PEOPLE—First National. A story of a small town girl who becomes a real somebody. Colleen Moore's work excellent. (April.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PAL O'MINE—C. B. C. A human story of a wife who feels she doesn't take up a career and does it. Pleasing. (August.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>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.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PHANTOM RIDER, THE—Universal.—Jack Mower has made him pleasant. His riding is worth the price. A very good Western. (May.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PIED PIPER MALONE—Paramount. Tom Meighan's new one and as likable as Tom himself. Young and pretty. (May.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POISONED PARADISE—Selig. A rather nice story of a woman and the man who loves her. Formula. (May.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>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.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RACING LUCK—Associated Exhibitors. One of the finest pictures ever made. (August.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REJECTED WOMAN, THE—Distinctive. Fine story served up with a smooth acting by Alma Rubens who loses her voice and wins a husband. (July.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REVELATION—Metro. A revival of Nazimova's best picture; Nazimova and Joseph Cawthron do an excellent job. Production a part in study of redemption. Her talents not adequate to the role. (September.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RIDGWAYS OF MONTANA, THE—Universal. Typical Western ride with some quite worth watching. (April.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RIDERS UP—Universal. An old favorite, Crichton Hale, in a good role. That of a racketeer who is just too kind hearted and easy to fool. A girl knows he isn't and loves him anyway. Good picture. (July.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE—Universal. And Hoot Gibson does for his on-screen and other lives. There's little else to it. (May.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROMANCE RANCH—Fox. The lost will and the young one is happy when the will is burned. (September.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>ROUGH RIDIN’—Approved. Just a regular Western with lots of action and little novelty. (June.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROULETTE—Selznick. The perils of the gambling table, but lot of well acted good. Nothing to get excited about. (May.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SAWDUST TRAIL, THE—Universal. A spoiled son finds his heart's desire in a girl of the circus, who hates men. Hoot Gibson, the star, doesn't do much riding. (September.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>SEA HAWK, THE—First National. A romantic take on seven seas that reaches superlative heights. (August.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SECRETS—First National. A charming picture, with Norma Talmadge as star. Don't miss it. (April.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>SECOND YOUTH—Goldwyn. A comedy that is very funny, is ludicrous. Just bad, that's all. (June.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>SELF-MADE FAILURE, A—First National. Lloyd Hamilton and Ben Alexander in a splendid comedy of mistaken identity. (September.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>SHADOWS OF PARIS—Paramount. Pola Negri as an Apache—one of the types she does so well. Wonderful. Wonderful. Wonderful. (May.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHERLOCK, JR.—Metro. —Buster Keaton with a new bag of tricks. Don't miss it if you like Buster. This time he is an amateur sleuth. (July.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>SHOOTING OF DAN McGREW, THE—Metro. A western, and it shot throughout very well, with such a theme and cast. (June.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SILENT STRANGER, THE—F. B. O. The great open spaces, mail robbers, a handsome stranger, the girl in distress. (May.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>SINGER JIM MCKEE—Paramount. A typical Bill Hart picture surely will please all his admirers. (June.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOCIETY SCANDAL, THE—Approved. Another surprising picture. Good in different type from &quot;The Humming Bird,&quot; but none the less well done. Well worth seeing. (May.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SON OF THE SAHARA—First National. A good picture of the &quot;Sheik&quot; type. Besides Judy and Claire Windsor do splendid work and are supported by good cast. (August.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPIRIT OF THE U. S. A.—F. B. O. Another attempt to use our own soldiers and make money. (May.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPORTING YOUTH—Universal. An auto racing picture of the type Wally Reid used to do, with Reginald Denny as hero. Good. (April.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STOLEN SECRETS—Universal. Another crook drama, with a pretty girl, and a mystery and reforming the chief crook. (May.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STORM DAUGHTER, THE—Universal.—Priscilla Dean in an interesting and well-acted drama of the north. But it ends too suddenly. (June.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STRANGER FROM THE NORTH.—Biltmore. The only difference is that, in this one, the city folk makes good. (June.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STRANGER, THE—Paramount. This picture stands alone, but picks up and tells an absorbing story in direct and effective fashion. (April.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SWORD OF VALOR, THE—Capitol. Contains one of those interfering fathers and produces a clean-cut action story. Anyone can win anything he tries in any class. (August.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORDS AND THE WOMAN—F. B. O. Story of the French Revolution, done with artwork and music. (May.)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—F. B. O.—A screen version of the dainty "Wire and Head" story, with Alberta Vaughn, a clever comic-drama, as the fresh telephone operator. Amusing. (May.)


TELEPHONE GIRL.—F. B. O.—This one of the series, called the "Bees' knees," is about an attempt to get a photo of the pretty wire-wrapping operator's nettles, Uninteresting. (September.)

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And the special lining in the back which makes it easy to adjust as you become more slender. The garters hold the Madame X firmly in place, so that while you enjoy maximum freedom of motion, your entire figure is held in firmly and the body is kept erect and well-poised.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
A Sense of Humor Would Help
Manchester, England.
I was reading over Cal York’s various gossip and studio views in the June issue of Photoplay, and I really wonder at some of his slighting and ridiculous articles.
First, I read about “Doug and Mary” visiting “Faith’ in Cal York: “Well, one thing sure, Mary can look them all in the eye and dare them to hold their thrones as long as she has held hers.” We English would like to teach this writer the meaning of the words “Respect” and “Royalty.” This cheap article is most disparaging. It is impossible to compare a screen actress with “Royalty,” especially in a slangy sentence, and I can assure you all the honor is Mary’s part.
Then, again, I read about the “Ruth Roland and Cliff Durant affair,” in which Cal York riles in one part of his article to a portion of the Holy matrimonial service as “love, honor and obey stuff.” Personally, do you not think this is going beyond the line.
I am not trying to say means. Rather, the reverse. But I consider that with this type of “literature” before you and your readers it is not surprising that you have so few happy marriages. And that your writers are not elevating to your good magazine, which, apart from the foregoing complaints, I regard as a “top hole” book.

An Englishwoman.

Three Male Favorites
Yonkers, N. Y.
I am a much interested reader of your magazine, but there is something I don’t quite understand. Why are not such delightful and finished actors as Winter Hall, Edward Martindel and J. H. Gilmore more often mentioned? I read each issue of the magazine, hoping to get some information concerning them. To my mind they are three of the finest actors on the screen. I think they act with naturalness and feeling in all their roles and certainly deserve much praise.

An Interested Reader.

Photographs and Missing Quarters
Missoula, Montana.
Can’t something be done about the business of writing to the stars for photographs? Some fans get the fever and write to everyone they can think of just for the fun of getting a collection of pictures. But then there are many who are sincere in their letters and really admire the players to whom they write.
A great many movie people are traveling almost continually. It is impossible to attend personally to all their mail. But what about the public that sends quarters with requests for those photographs? Of course no star has ever asked anyone to write her or send quarters. But if one thinks enough of Mac Murray to write her an appreciative letter containing two bits and a stamp, addressed envelope to return the money if she is not able to oblige with a picture, the writer of the letter deserves at least a reply. I didn’t get any, though I have written twice. But Miss Murray isn’t the only one. Chairs Windor still has my quarter.
The few other favorites to whom I have written have been lovely. I have portraits of Gloria Swanson, Violan Dane, Colleen Moore, and Marion Davies, so I haven’t a great deal of disappointment to register.

Another Fan.

Doug’s Fair Boswell
Lynchburg, Va.
Although more or less of a flapper, and still susceptible to the charm of a handsome, masculine face, I am impelled by some mys-

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 personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. 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.

The World’s Rose
Panama, C. A.
Would you kindly allow me space in your most valuable magazine to voice a word of praise for Miss Swanson? I was struck by her fine acting in “Masters of Men.” She is without a doubt the most believable lady of the screen, and the combination of characters represented by her appears as the act of unbroken scope. Her grace and beauty are undeniable. In all of her pictures one has to note the simplicity and naturalness of her work.

The Australian critics have named her, “Rose of the World.” I am entitled to adopt that name.

George L. Carlyle.
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4 Stew Pan, 1 qt. capacity; 1 Steamer Pan, 1 qt. capacity.
5 Six qt. Colonial Panelled Steamer, 11 in. in diameter; this is a very handy piece; water drains out through strainer in lid; lid locks on securely and prevents scalded hands.
6 Colonial Panelled Coffee Percolator, 3 in. high; 1 cup capacity.
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Brief Reviews of Recent Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

THERE’S MILLIONS IN IT—F. B. O.—The
Balkans, rich radium deposits, and the battle of
independence makes up this very interesting picture. Well directed. (September.)

THIEF OF BADGAD, THE—United Artists.—
Doug Fairbanks’s latest and greatest. A picture of
magic and mystery. Excellent story, brilliant
photography. Should be seen by everyone. (May.)

THOSE WHO DANCE—First National.—A
thriller, well directed and acted, through a maze of
loggers, liars, politicians, pistols and jazz.
(August.)

THREE O’CLOCK IN THE MORNING—C. C.
Bur—Unconvincing story, while Constance
Bennett as a jazz-mad girl who dances beautifully. (May.)

THREE WEEKS—Goldwyn.—A lavish picturization
of Elinor Glyn’s novel, with lovely settings. (April.)

THY NAME IS WOMAN—Metro.—A tragedy, told
simply and effectively, with some beautiful scenic
photography. Barbara La Marr excellent. (April.)

TIGER LOVE—Paramount.—Antonio Moreno
and Estelle Taylor manage to have a wild time in the
mountains of Spain with outlaws, and kid-
napping at altar. (September.)

TRAIL OF THE LAW, THE—Biltmore.—Ok
formula of cowtown girl and city chump, and not well
done. (April.)

TROUBLE SHOOTER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix
is in a part that suits him; a simple story sustained
by his straightforward acting and enlivened by Little
Kenneth Key. (July.)

TRY AND GET IT—Hodkinson.—An impossible
story of crooked justice and a clever one.
(Billie Dove in cast. Good entertainment. (June.)

TURMOIL, THE—Universal.—Both Tarkington’s
story of a little middle-western town. Besides
one big scene the picture is fair. (August.)

TWENTY DOLLARS A WEEK—Selznick.—
George Arliss in a comedy that is by no means
worthy of his. A weak farce. (June.)

TWO WAGONS, BOTH COVERED—Pothe—
One of Will Rogers’ best, and a clever one of
Great. If you’ve seen “The Covered Wagon.” (April.)

UNGUARDED WOMEN—Paramount.—Drama
of the life of a woman, determined to make an exciting picture
Good work by Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix. (September.)

UNTAMED YOUTH—F. B. O.—A pretty good
story of a gypsy (Dorothy Perkin) whose unconven-
tional manners merit the disapproval of the small town
and the love of the village catch. (July.)

VAGABOND TRAIL, THE—Fox.—Again the
bravado of Buck Jones conquers all wickedness. (May.)

VENUS OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Lee Bradford.
-Annette Kellerman still good in water but inade-
quate to the emotional lines on hand. (August.)

VIRTUOUS LIARS—Vitagraph.—Good cast, but
a comparison of a good, but never quite convincing. (June.)

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND—Para-
mount.—Filmed in natural colors this picture wins by
its beauty, acting and directing. (August.)

WANDERING HUSBANDS—Hodkinson.—
Littleknown Lila Lee wins in this picture with many
situations marvel and over-sentimental. (August.)

WANTED BY THE LAW—Aywun.—Neither
worse nor better than a hundred other Westerns. (July.)

WANTERS, THE—First National.—Wealth, fine
clothes, Fifth Avenue, and the moral that we don’t al-
ways what we think we do. (June.)

WATERFRONT WOLVES—Remon.—The title
tells everything except how bad it is. (May.)

WEEK END HUSBANDS—F. B. O.—The picture
is weak at both ends and in the middle. (April.)

WESTERN LUCK—Fox.—Lives up to name
without a thrill left out. (August.)

WHAT THREE MEN WANTED—29—Mystery
story. Dull and unconvincing. (August.)

WHEN A GIRL LOVES—Associated Exhibitors.-
A love story that is entertaining. (August.)

WHEN A MAN’S A MAN—First National.—A
Harold Bell Wright story, well made. You will like it
if you favor Westerns. (April.)

WHICH SHALL IT BE—Hoffman.—A picturization
of an old poem with real sentiment and heart appeal in it.
Very much worth while. (June.)

WHITE MOTH, THE—First National.—Story is
gratuitous and tawdry. Dull and marked with poor
directing and bad acting. (August.)

WHITE SHADOW, THE—Selznick.—Good story
of twin sisters. Could be handled better, especially
in puzzling situations. (August.)

WHITE SIN, THE—F. B. O.—The second Palmer
Photoplay story and well up to the standard of
“Wings of the Storm.” Interesting throughout. (May.)

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME—First National—A
farce by Avery Hopwood done seriously. Title is a
bit. (August.)

WINE OF YOUTH—Metro-Goldwyn.—Fright-
ened by an army of doctors, the heroine takes two of
them to a moonlight camp for a trial honeymoon.
Nothing much happens. (September.)

WINGS OF THE TURF—Fidelity.—A racing
memorial brought from England, and as good as
the usual home product. (May.)

WOLF MAN, THE—Fox.—John Gilbert at his
best in a Jewf-and-Hyde sort of role. A bit grim-
across at times, but with redemption at the end. (May.)

WOMAN ON THE JURY—First National.—A
strange story of a gay philanderer and a jury con-
taining one of his victims. Hardly for the family. (August.)

WOMAN WHO SINNED, THE—F. B. O.—
Melodrama with the huckstered moral that if a woman
involves her love in any kind of “bad” things she
gets a nee’d-of-her, she’s bound to be sorry even-
tially. (July.)

WOMAN WHO GIVES—Metro.—A story of the
sea and the fishing fleet. Convention, but interest-
 ing, with a good storm scene. (May.)

YANKEE CONSUL, THE—Associated Exhibitors—
A remarkable screen comedy with Douglas
McLean as star. By no means miss this. (April.)

YANKEE MADNESS—F. B. O.—This story, but
lots of action in a Central American revolution.
Good if you like excitement. (May.)

YOLANDA—Cosmopolitan.—A gorgeous spec-
tacle, beautifully staged, but with a weak story.
Worth regular prices, but no more. (May.)

YOUNG IDEAS—Universal.—A host of sponging
men’s aid to push you up to a cold world. Roy
T. Barnes turns the trick. Fair. (September.)

“IT CAN’T BE DONE”

Frederick Arnold Kummer, whose writings are known to all fiction
lovers, has written one of the most vivid tales of behind-the-scenes ever
written about filmdom in “It Can’t Be Done.” He takes you into the
studios, into the luxurious offices of the producers, into the apartments
of the stars. It shows you the humble and the hopeful dreams and
disappointments of picture life. It is entertaining, illuminating and
true to movie life, the most fascinating life of all the professions.

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All civilization is but a thin veneer over the surface of savagery. The habits, customs, impressions, fears, impulses and passions accumulated by our ancestors since the beginning of life still slumber within us.

For instance, there existed in the dawn of life a human pairing-off system which took place at a time that corresponds to what is now June. That accounts for the modern urge to marry in June.

Similarly, we throw rice after the bride because it satisfies a certain primitive impulse, and we dare not say in words what this curious old custom suggests.

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"Bathing in asses' milk, wherein lettuce leaves have been soaked"; "bathing all the year round in raspberry juice"; "a daily bath of chickweed water, oatmeal, and cow's milk"; "a bath every morning in Italian wine", etc., etc.

The care of the skin was once based almost entirely on superstition. Science has destroyed the value of these fantastic old formulae. But in return it gives us today such clear, definite knowledge about the skin that any woman, by regular care, can gain the charm of a beautiful complexion.

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Today we know that for cleansing, nothing has ever been found that so satisfactorily meets the skin's requirements as soft water and the best soap.

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Cut out this coupon and send it to us today!
Norma Shearer is rapidly advancing to the forefront of young cinema actresses, for she has beauty and unusual promise. Miss Shearer was born in Montreal, she has been in pictures just three years and she already has several pleasant hits to her credit.
From old Dublin comes Pat O'Malley, now after being one of the best leading men in all filmdom, aside from being a regular fellow.

Ricardo Cortez came to the films, like the famous Rudy, via the dance floor. Jesse Lasky saw him tango and signed him instanter.

In the old pioneer days, James Wood Morrison was playing boyish roles at Vitagraph. He has held his own place ever since.

Douglas MacLean has been moving rapidly along the film comedy highway. The screen needs brisk humor and Doug seems to have it.
WHEN Mary Fuller was an idol at Edison, Viola Dana was revealing fine promise as a child player. Cheery little Viola literally grew up to celluloid stardom, stepping steadily to greater popularity through more than ten years of hard work.
The scarf and shawl vogue is upon us. Here Marion Davies is wearing her $1,500 hand embroidered Spanish shawl with its 12-inch fringe. The shawl presents all the phases of a bull fight from the time the animal enters the ring to its death.
HELENE CHADWICK'S intriguing and charming scarfs are of satin with hand painted designs by a Japanese artist. The fringe is of silk. The white scarf has red, blue and green rose designs and the black has a red and blue flower arrangement
MAY ALLISON is back on the screen again after a brief absence. Up to that time May has been with us steadily since her film debut in 1915, after she came from Georgia and played Beauty in the stage morality drama, "Every Woman"
WHATSOEVER else she may ever do, Laurette Taylor always will be the unforgettable and lovable Peg of "Peg O' My Heart," since delightfully reproduced in celluloid. The films seem to have won Miss Taylor and she is going to do more pictures
"But you don't know me, sir."

"Ah, but I do, Lady. Thy fair face betrays thy masked eyes. Thou'rt none other than the charming Sally of my dreams!"

The simplest, safest aid to natural beauty

Most women know that daily cleansing with pure soap and water is indispensable if one is to achieve and maintain a clear, healthy skin. Indeed, this, together with good health, constitutes the only sure foundation for a really beautiful complexion.

But many women do not yet realize that soap's only function for the skin is to cleanse. Magical promises of cures or transformations cannot be carried out by any soap, whatever its ingredients or price.

For instance, if artificial coloring matter, medicaments or heavy perfumes could add anything to the beneficial qualities of pure soap, we would have put them into Ivory Soap long ago, for our aim has always been to make, in Ivory, the finest possible soap for the skin.

But no! Ivory is, and always will be, simply pure soap—white, mild, gentle, delicately fragrant, safe!

The gentle stimulation of a face-bath with Ivory and warm water, followed by rinsing and a dash of cool or cold water, brings fresh color—the natural glow of cleanliness. If your skin is dry, use a little pure cold cream afterwards.

In Guest Ivory, designed for slim feminine fingers, we offer you genuine Ivory Soap in a dainty size especially for your washstand. Guest Ivory's modest price, five cents, is not a measure of its value, for if we were to charge you a dollar, we could give you no finer, purer soap.

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Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

ONE producer recently told May Allison, one of the loveliest stars of the screen, and whom Harriette Underhill, the clever critic of the New York Tribune, declares to be the world's most beautiful blonde, that she was not as good a box office attraction as another star because she looks like a good woman.

THE producers do not seem to be able to abandon their pattern idea of making pictures and selecting stars. Let an unusually good picture appear and they rush around frantically for another story or another star to fit that pattern.

First it was the out-and-out vampire which Fox made famous in the person of Theda Bara as is told in this month's chapter of "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture," on another page of this magazine. Then it was the almost-naked bathing girl, Mack Sennett's screen inspiration. Now it is the good woman with so-called sex appeal; that is, one who plays the part of a good woman, but gives the impression that she isn't too good. They're building many on that pattern now.

Barbara La Marr or Nita Naldi playing the sister superior of a convent, in a close-fitting, low cut garment, should be a knockout according to that pattern.

Recently Lois Wilson, in an interview in Photoplay, asked if she would have to commit a murder to rid producers and exhibitors of their objection that she looked too chaste. Our advice to Miss Allison would be to spend a month in the Balkans, have a few grand dukes killed in duels over her, start a new world war, and thus live down her five years in Metro program pictures.

I WISH our motion picture audiences would learn to applaud. You rarely hear it now except from a professional first night audience in New York, or the little folks in the front seats at a matinee.

We applaud a good play or the good performance of a player in the spoken drama, but we feel that the producer or player in the screen will never hear it in a picture house. I was thrilled recently when I heard, first scattered, then loud and general, applause of a wonderful close-up of Noah Beery in "The Wanderer of the Wasteland."

It is the most emphatic way of telling your exhibitor what you like, and an encouragement to him to get more pictures like those that please you. It gets right back to the producer, and he wants to please you because it's his business to do so.

Don't be dumb in your enthusiasm because the players are not there. They hear you out in Hollywood.

It may not be polite to hiss a bad performance or a stupid picture, but if we would encourage good ones with applause, we would discourage the bad ones by an eloquent silence.

THE mezzains of Hollywood have been crying death to the costume picture. They contend that the box office scrolls reveal that the public is tired of it. The truth is that the public is tired of bad costume pictures. Given further penetration the Hollywood seers might say that the public is not only tired of bad costume pictures but of bad pictures. What has actually happened is, not that the costume has given the picture a bad name, but that the picture has given the costume a bad name.

Following on the trail of the greater producers of costumed play, the independent jobbers of poverty row rushed to the second-hand clothing establishments in Hollywood where costumes are rented and said, "Give me the second shelf from the top on the south side. I want to make a costume picture." After seeing a few of these shoddy films all bustled out in the flounces of a noble era the public began to shy on sight. Yet a Lubitsch picture would be a success whether it was clad in the style of Finchley or Fragonard. No picture ever failed because of the cut of its pants.

Try to get into your theater without standing in line when "Monsieur Beaucaire" is shown.

VIRTUALLY every player has a "good side" and a "bad side" to his face. He has achieved this knowledge after hours of conscientious study before his mirror, hence regards the matter of some importance.

"Which is your good side?" demanded a young male star of his feminine co-star as he came on the set the first day of work.

"The left side," said she.

"That's mine, too," he wailed. "We're going to have a hell of a time in this picture!"

Out of such gigantic conflict is movie art born.

THE difficulties encountered in the making of "Ben-Hur" and "Romola" in Italy present some interesting sidelights upon the production of American pictures in Europe. First, actually is it cheaper to make photoplays abroad? Second, is it better to film a foreign story before the actual background of the tale?

To find the answer to the first question it would be necessary to audit the costs of all the pictures made by American directors on the other side. Off-hand, we would say that the gain, if any, isn't worth the heart break involved.

The answer to the second [continued on page 172]
Why I Quit Being Mr.

"It's the toughest job a man can go up against—being a star's husband.

"Barbara and I were separated by her stardom.

"If she hadn't become Barbara LaMarr, a screen idol, we would have been a thoroughly happy and devoted married couple.

"Our honeymoon was about as private and romantic as Madison Square Garden.

"The husband of a star is always a nonentity. No man likes being a nonentity. I was background, when I was anything at all.

"The films come first in a star's affections. The husband is a poor second."

I WANTED to make a success of being Barbara La Marr's husband. I loved her when the name of Barbara La Marr wasn't known to a hundred people in the motion picture industry, and I didn't love her any more or less because she became a great star, known around the globe. But I didn't make a success of it, because I believe it's the toughest job a man can go up against—being a star's husband. Barbara and I were separated by her stardom. The trials and tribulations of being married to a star were more than I could bear. And yet no man was ever more in love with his wife than I was with mine, and it is my absolute conviction that if she hadn't become Barbara La Marr, a screen idol, we would have been a thoroughly happy and devoted married couple.

I don't blame Barbara in any way. I sometimes wish the world might know Barbara as I know her—might see behind the alluring and beautiful exterior into the fine intellect and big, warm, generous heart of hers. She was the best of pals, the sweetest of sweethearts, and, insofar as her position permitted her to be a wife at all, she was a good wife. None of our trouble was her fault. But the situation was an unbearable one for me, and it has been for many a man before me who hasn't been driven by the searchlight of public opinion to explain his position to the world.

I'm just an ordinary sound Irishman. My hair is red and my pride is a heritage of which I am still foolish enough to be proud. I work hard and always have and I have always been able to earn a good living for myself and a good living for my wife. My temper may be a little quick on the trigger, though I like to think that life and love have softened it and made me understanding and tolerant, and that my sense of humor has kept me from taking a lot of things so seriously that tragedy might have been the result.

I am here to admit that I couldn't stand being "Mr. Barbara La Marr." That, of course, isn't the important, fundamental thing. Knowing that Barbara loved me, I might have stood that silly title. I might have been big enough to laugh and forget it, though it rankled a lot. "Mr. Barbara La Marr." I might have been able to overlook the thousand and one difficult situations and humiliating positions into which I was thrown. The husband of a star is always a nonentity. No man likes being a nonentity. I was background, when I was anybody at all. I sometimes wished the world might know Barbara as I knew her—might see behind the alluring and beautiful exterior into the fine intellect and big, warm, generous heart of hers. She was the best of pals, the sweetest of sweethearts, and, insofar as her position permitted her to be a wife at all, she was a good wife. None of our trouble was her fault. But the situation was an unbearable one for me, and it has been for many a man before me who hasn't been driven by the searchlight of public opinion to explain his position to the world.

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I'm just an ordinary sound Irishman. My hair is red and my pride is a heritage of which I am still foolish enough to be proud.
Barbara LaMarr  By Jack Dougherty

hair. I tried to look dignified and unembarrassed, but as a matter of fact those were the most miserable moments of my life. Suddenly my hostess noticed me, looked a little puzzled, and finally with a wave of her hand that called the attention of the room to me, said, "and, oh, yes, this is—this is Mr. Barbara La Marr."

That lady will never know how close she was to death in that second. That ended my share of the evening's entertainment. Now Barbara was just as angry as I was about the thing. A few days later we went to another big dinner and there wasn't even a place card for me. Barbara was in the place of the guest of honor. At the last instant the hostess suddenly began to shuffle cards and direct servants, and I saw that she had forgotten all about me.

Our European trip, which was really our honeymoon—and, after all, a man does feel some rights to privacy and happiness and romance on his honeymoon—was about as private and romantic as Madison Square Garden.

Everywhere we went there were crowds eager to see Barbara. I don't think I had ten minutes alone with her while we were there. We had no chance to enjoy each other or get each other's reactions to anything. We had no time for tenderness or romance, or even for mutual sightseeing. Barbara was always the center of the crowd. I was always hovering around on the outside trying to rescue her and have her to myself for a few moments.

And that brings me back to the major issue. All those things, supported by the knowledge of Barbara's real love for me and my pride in having her as my wife, I might have borne. But the films come first in a star's affections. The husband is a poor second. Her life is in her work, her career. The reflection of portrayals which she actually lives while she is playing them, the continual emotional upset, the thousand and one demands of her position, make a woman an entirely different being than she would be otherwise. My own individuality was smothered. And in that smothering I became so unhappy and so unlike myself that I could no longer enjoy our life together. I felt myself always at a disadvantage.

A man cannot be a satisfactory lover or husband when he is continually suffering from slights and humiliations. A woman like Barbara needs a strong, dominant man-type.

"I wish the world might know Barbara as I know her, might see behind the alluring and beautiful exterior into the big, warm, generous heart of her," says Jack Dougherty.

Here was the home of Jack Dougherty and Barbara LaMarr in California. Where Dougherty tried being a star's husband.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]
Gloria's new home is comfortable but not pretentious. Peeping into view may be observed the tricycle of little Gloria II.

Gloria poses at the sand-box of Gloria II, who has never been photographed. Miss Swanson has never permitted it.
The house, of twelve rooms, has green stained shingles. Reached by a winding drive through the 25-acre estate, it is hidden from view until a visitor is close upon it.

Miss Swanson has bought a secluded home in the Hudson hills.

When work permits, Miss Swanson motors out each night to be close to her daughter, a three-hour drive from her studio.

One of the delightful features of the place are the rustic seats and nooks in keeping with the woodland atmosphere of the estate.
Only One Boy
in this bevy of
Little Queens

There are babies and babies, but these babies of the Hollywood film colony are all prize winners—in the eyes of their parents.

Like all babies they have dimpled toes and dimpled cheeks.

Like all other babies they are the cutest little darlings in the world.

But, these babies—shh!—also are responsible for the tales of wild night life in Hollywood. They have been known to keep their parents up at all hours of the night. They demand their drink (of milk) at the most unseemly hours and, when mama and papa arrive at the studio the next day with that drawn, morning-after look, why everybody knows that baby has been on a tear.

Well, babies will be babies.

The “Crown Prince” of Hollywood. Robert Talmadge Keaton is the only boy among the many babies born there this year. Buster and Natalie Talmadge Keaton are his parents. Five months old.

Joan Constance evidently thought somebody in the Earle Williams family ought to look serious when her picture was taken, so she did it herself. Three months old, when snapped.

Here’s one heroine who isn’t afraid of the “villain.” She is Karen Greta Hale, four months old, with her father, Allan Hale, one of the best, or worst, villains of the screen.
has been doing around Hollywood

Patricia at three months gets her pretty mother and her director-father, Cullen Battle Tate, known as "Hezi Tate," to pose. The proud father now directs Bryant Washburn.

Her father is known as "that youthful comedian," but Glor's picture was taken when six weeks old—rather young herself. Yes, Harold and Mildred Davis Lloyd are her parents.

No wonder Ella Hall (Mrs. Emory Johnson) and Ellen Joon look so safe and happy. There is Brother with his pistol ready to defend them, while Junior stands (or rather sits) by to defend them.

Pat O'Malley has three red-haired, blue-eyed daughters and here he is with the youngest—Mary Kathleen, three months old. One really can't blame Pat for the smile.
What Their

Fabulous sums spent by Stars in big pictures

camera. The male portion of an audience isn't able to detect that Thomas Meighan's tuxedo is the same one he wore in two previous pictures. But let Gloria Swanson try to wear a hat twice!

Some weeks of sleuthing reveals the interesting fact that more money is spent on Gloria Swanson's wardrobe than on any other actress of the silent drama. All of which means that Gloria's clothes cost more than those of any other woman in the world.

To be exact, it costs in the neighborhood of $125,600 each year for Miss Swanson to be the sartorial leader of filmdom. This does not include the special jewelry worn, worth $500,000, and generally rented at 10 per cent of its value.

Miss Swanson uses as many as twenty-five pairs of shoes
Clothes Cost

All jewels worn in famous films are not paste

in a single screen production. Her stockings cost $800 a month. She has a preference for sheer black stockings costing $12 a pair and she buys them in twelve dozen lots. She never wears stockings more than twice. The day she was interviewed, Miss Swanson had thirty summer street frocks hanging in her hotel closets.

Miss Swanson uses three to four bottles of perfume a week. It is called "Forbidden Fruit," and runs to $100 a week.

All of her lingerie is white, despite stories that she affects black. Now and then, when a gown is extremely sheer, it is black. The little item of lingerie runs to $10,000 a year. Her gloves run into a neat little sum, too, since she never has them cleaned.

Miss Swanson has some two hundred hats. She buys an average of a hat a day and probably a hundred of her current hats have never been worn, except to be tried on. She smokes an imported gold-tipped cigarette, bought in large quantities and costing eleven cents each.

I looked over the itemized list of Miss Swanson's expenses in the itemized costs of her four recent pictures: "Zaza," "The Humming Bird," "Manhandled" and "The Society Scandal." The total was $46,372, an unusually low figure, since these were not the dress parts in which the star is best known to the public. The average cost of Miss Swanson's clothes for a single picture runs to $45,000. There are unusual instances of expensive appearances, as the $96,000 bridal attire worn in "Her Love Story," Miss Swanson's most recently completed picture.

Miss Swanson itemizes her yearly wardrobe as costing something as follows: Coats, fur, $25,000; other wraps, $10,000; gowns, $50,000; stockings, $9,600; shoes, $5,000; perfumes, $6,000; lingerie, $10,000; jewels, $500,000; purses, $5,000; headdresses, $5,000.

Naturally some of these items do not grow useless in a year. The jewels alone are a permanent investment. Furs, too, are almost as good as the best bonds as an investment. This itemized list includes both Miss Swanson's screen and personal wardrobe, so it is impossible to detail just what it costs the star to be a sartorial celebrity.

It is interesting to note that Miss Swanson's contract calls for her to appear always in public dressed in the best and in the newest mode. The contract, too, goes on to place 150 pounds as the ultimate
Dagmar wins a part with Valentino

Clothes! Clothes!
They've been known to break up homes, and now they're said to be the cause of a change in the cast of "A Sainted Devil"

"Temperament is all right if it is kept muzzled," says Dagmar Godowsky, who has been named to play the aristocratic vampire in Valentino's latest picture, "A Sainted Devil." She is a lady not easily amused.

DAGMAR GODOWSKY has recently been given the most important rôle of her career, and all because of the "temperament" of another actress!

Several weeks ago, Jetta Goudal was selected to play in "A Sainted Devil" opposite Rudolph Valentino. She was at that time appearing in a film on the coast, and when Famous Players sent for her, she left Hollywood upon completion of the picture and made her way to the Paramount studios at Long Island City to play the much coveted rôle of the royal vampire.

So far, so good.

At just this time, Dagmar Godowsky was busily employed in two pictures on which she was working simultaneously. One was Howard Estabrook's "The Price of a Party," and the other was the Paramount picture, being made by Irvin Willat from Photoplay's prize contest serial, "The Story Without a Name."

Now, to return to Jetta. This young woman has a peculiar manner of dressing. Her street costumes can be seen far off with the naked eye. The other day she appeared at the Algonquin clad in such a startling manner that everybody dropped knife, fork or spoon, or whatever implement happened to be in use at the moment, and gazed at the sight in the doorway. Jetta was beautifully blasé about the attention she was attracting. Still, she must have known that arrayed as she was in a vividly colored cretonne coat and a picture hat with streamers blowing willy nilly down about her knees, that any man in his right mind would at least look at her.

And now a word about Dagmar and her clothes, for it is a very important item, this costuming business, so far as this article is concerned. Her style, too, is best suited to the bizarre and exotic. Her blue black hair and long green eyes demand that she adorn herself in clothes that are a bit unusual. And Dagmar does. Whether or not one likes her mode of dressing is largely a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]
CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

VENICE, ITALY.
I thrum my remining this month from a Venetian balcony overlooking the Adriatic. The sea is a spread of rippled satin flounced in Venetian lace, the sky, of a boudoir blue to match, is strewn with powder puff clouds. I sit and watch the mystery of the fish market, Venezia is the most feminine of cities, a goddess whose ambrosia exerts a most puissant sway, as I have learned after quaffs not an hour ago of Lacinia Christi and the melted emerald of Chartruese verte.

WHEN Ramon Novarro was given ten-hours’ notice to fly secretly from Hollywood to Rome to enact Ben-Hur he called me by telephone to ask if I would like to go along and see the chariot race. Being an adventurer and lover of dangerous sport since the day I first rode a merry-go-round, I agreed to come over and see him do the big dusty ride.

We left on the Leviathan from New York. Alice Terry, more gorgeous than a Titian Venus, came down to bless our departure. Everyone wanted to be photographed with her, especially David Warfield, who was also at the boat to give Bon voyage to young Ben-Hur. Ramon and Alice did an embarass before the cameras in parting that surpassed any love scene I ever saw them do in “The Arab.” I was wishing Rex Ingram could see it. They proved they can act away from him, especially in love scenes.

After posing for stills and movie cameras for an hour, Alice said she guessed she’d quit the screen and just meet boats. What might she get into flower amid the fragrance of the fish market? Venezia is the most feminine of cities, a goddess whose ambrosia exerts a most puissant sway, as I have learned after quaffs not an hour ago of Lacinia Christi and the melted emerald of Chartruese verte.

By Herbert Howe
applauded Novarro’s Mexican piano numbers and shook hands with him afterward. He also graciously introduced a gaunt opera singer with a wreath of gold leaves in her hair who looked exactly like Dante. The whole affair was dispatched by radio to points as far east as Egypt, they said. I was glad King Tut’s tomb was open so he could get an earful. Still, I don’t believe in punishment after death.

THE first day that Novarro visited the swimming pool on the boat the man in charge told him he looked like Ramon Novarro. It came as a distinct shock to Ramon. “That’s funny,” he said. “I’ve been told I look like most everyone, but never Ramon Novarro. I’m glad some one sees a resemblance.”

WHENEVER Bess Meredith appeared on deck she was seen to clutch a headed bag. I suggested that it must contain something as valuable as the Russian crown jewels or the gem recipe. “It does,” retorted Bess shortly. “It contains my passport with my age on it.”

ON the second day out Enid Bennett suddenly remembered that she failed to instruct Gussie, the cove gardener, to take care of the pet goldfish.

“I think I’d better wire him to feed the fish,” she said.

“He’ll probably wire you to do the same,” retorted husband Niblo.

AN English steward at that moment appeared with the tea. Miss Bennett, who is proudly British, remarked that there were a great many English aboard boat.

“Yes,” agreed Mr. Niblo. “They certainly make fine servant.” Thereupon Miss Bennett haughtily withdrew from conversation with her churlish lord.

Enid got even, however. The morning we sighted France she awakened Fred at dawn by chanting La Marseillaise with fine frenzy. Her only regret was that she hadn’t a tricolor in which to wrap herself, after the fashion of patriotic cabaret queens.

WE received a startling salute as we crossed the border from France into Italy. The customs inspector entered at five in the morning and thumped on the door of Novarro’s compartment. The Roman, who had been made to understand that the coach contained movie people, in reply to this awesome statement the customs inspector snorted, “Rotani,” which freely translated means, “The dirty rats!”

MY encounters with Italians, on previous trips to Italy and Sicily as well as on this one, have engendered in me a pleasant glow of sentiment. With the possible exception of a few Neapolitan cab drivers, whose colorful brigandage amused more than irritated, I have found Italians the most courteous, ingratiating and genuinely democratic of peoples. On the train to Rome I met Count Maroni-Candoleri, who offered me official assistance and to arrange a meeting with Mussolini, who is my favorite star in the current world movie. The Count expressed interest in American pictures, which virtually monopolize the favor of the Italian people. “Robin Hood,” he said, ran for two consecutive months in Naples. And the Neapolitans are clamoring for Doug’s personal appearance. Mary Pickford he declared to be the most popular actress here. Chaplin is the idol of both aristocrat and lazerone. He also made mention of Priscilla Dean. “The Kid” shows continuously in Italy as it does over the continent. Jackie Coogan, who has become the cinema sovereign of Russia and Germany, holds a potent sway over the Fascisti empire as well. Lilian Gish is reverently regarded, and “Broken Blos-...
A Baby Star who has become a Leading Lady

The beautiful young woman above is none other than Virginia Lee Corbin, who, only a few years ago, was a baby star. Now she is a featured player in James Cruze's latest picture, "A Drama of the Night."

And here is the same young woman when she was five years old. Then she was a star in such pictures as "Babes in the Woods," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and "Treasure Island."
The Girl
on
the Cover

She played bits—
extra—atmosphere—
and waited

By Ivan St. Johns

I t began—this career that critics say
will some day reach heights of dramat-
ic power such as only Lillian Gish has
shown—in a dark, ordinary little
photographer's shop, on the "Main
Street" of one of the suburbs of Chicago.
One of those picture galleries that display
family groups, and baby in a large shell,
and the bride and groom in their wedding
finery.

One morning a girl, very thin, rather
plain, and almost pathetically timid, with
nothing to distinguish her except a pair
of wistful, dark brown eyes, came to the
doors. It took all her courage to enter.
And once inside it took still more to admit
that she had come to have her picture
taken to enter in a beauty contest.

Now it happened the photographer was
busy, very busy. After one brief glance at the thin, colorless
young girl, he told her he had some important business to
attend to down the street, and went out, slamming the door
behind him. The girl turned to go, tears gathering on her
lashes, but the photographer's wife, who lived back of the
store, stopped her. Something in the droop of the girl's
shoulders touched her. "Wait a minute, Mary," she said
good-naturedly. "I never
did take a picture in my life, though I've tended the place
often enough. I'd like to try. Come on—I'll take it."

It was that photograph, taken by a woman who had never
before operated a camera, of a young girl who hadn't had one
taken since she was a baby, that appeared in a Chicago beauty
contest. It didn't win first prize, but Eric von Stroheim, one
of the screen's greatest directors, saw it.
The prize for that particular beauty contest was a year's
contract with Universal. And Eric von Stroheim, then chief
director for them, happened to be in Chicago just after the
final choice was made. He dropped in to see the girls who
had been entered and, when he saw the picture of Mary Philbin,
said, "There's the real picture star. She may not be a prize
beauty, but that face has every requisite for great acting.
You've missed a bet in that girl. Take her anyway, and see
what we can do."

Thus it was that little Mary Philbin of Woodlawn, Chicago,
came to Hollywood.

It was a good thing that Mary had faith and lots of it. She
needed it. Von had promised to do big things for her—to give
her a chance. But Von was very busy, in the midst of a battle
with the officials and the rest of the powers that be at the "U."
He couldn't see Mary. They thought Von was crazy and the
more they saw of Mary Philbin around the lot—thin, quiet,
childish, without animation or beauty—the more they thought
so.

For a year and a half she played bits—extra—atmosphere—
and waited.

Then Von Stroheim started "Merry-Go-Round" and cast
Mary Philbin for the lead. To the "U" it was just one more
instance of how red and radical Von Stroheim could be. They
wept. But when the advance notices began to come in they
weren't so sure. It had started out to be an all-star picture,
but when the critics got through there was nothing for the
exhibitor to do but star Mary Philbin. No young actress of
our day has ever been hailed with such acclaim as was Mary
Philbin, both in and out of the motion picture industry.

Still Universal didn't realize what they had in Philbin. She
was just funny little Mary Philbin, not at all pretty and very
far from brilliant—not witty nor vampish in the very least.
They were used to seeing her hanging around the lot. She
couldn't be a second Lillian Gish. But month by month praise
continued to roll in until at last there was nothing to do but
star her, and she has completed her first two starring produc-
tions, "Fools' Highway," directed by Irving Cummings, and
"The Galatea Girl," and is now working on the third.

Mary seems to spend her life "showing" people. Nobody
will ever believe in her without proof.

After "Merry-Go-Round," but before they had decided to
star her, she was rented by Universal to Fox, and an interesting
yarn goes with that experience which shows more than any
amount of detailed description what Mary Philbin is like.
The Fox director had been at San Clemente Island for weeks,
making or trying to make, "The [continued on page 116]"
Mae Murray
Then and Now

A study in contrasts
that time has brought

A graceful, beautiful, although timid-appearing little girl was Mae Murray in "The Follies," as one can see by the above picture. Her beauty was of the school-girl type and her expression betrayed the eagerness of youth.

But on the right we have the full-blown flower of pulchritude, dashing, confident, daring all. It is the beauty of the mature woman, the finished dancer and actress, eager and sure of herself in any chosen film role.
The Extravagance of Screen Fashions

By Grace Corson

CECIL DE MILLE, Paramount's spectacular producer, is a great showman. No one ever disputes that. When I see his pictures I wonder sometimes if they are as unconvincing to the average devotee of the motion picture theater as they are to me. I wonder whether people have not gotten into the habit of going to see them for the extravagant effects he produces, rather than for their real dramatic qualities. When he sets out to show the smart ladies of New York or Paris, he clothes his actresses in designs that the most bizarre designers of Europe would not dare to present as their own. Designer after designer has worked on his productions and, regardless of their own training or their own ideas, they all seem to fall in with his preconceived notions of what a woman of fashion should wear.

Mr. De Mille brought Gloria Swanson to the front. But under his direction she was never proclaimed a great actress. The ability was there, as has been demonstrated under Allan Dwan's skillful handling. But she seemed to be so overwhelmed by clothes that her real personality was lost. Gloria became known not as a great actress, but as a "clothes horse."

In fact, this magazine has used that very expression more than once. She still wears exotic gowns, and I am just as anxious to see her pictures for her clothes, but I see more of the woman, more of the character she is portraying. Since Gloria has come under the Eastern influence, a remarkable change has come over her. Years ago, in California, she was almost a horrible example of bad dressing. Now, in her private life, Gloria Swanson is acknowledged to be one of the best dressed, if not the best dressed, woman in New York. The simplicity, good taste and beauty of her gowns in private life is a remarkable contrast to the over-dressed Gloria of yesterday on the screen.

It is not my province to criticize Cecil De Mille's showmanship. Cecil De Mille is a great success as

[continued on page 123]
TWO utterly impossible designs from "Feet of Clay." At left is Lillian Knight, wearing a creation, the lines of which are bad, the trimmings worse, and with a train seldom if ever used now at even the most formal private balls. The ugly side drapes, tucked, the showy earrings, buckles, bands of jet, and unkempt coiffure, never, under any circumstances, should be taken for examples of smart style. Fitted lines, if used at all, are for the slender woman. At right, Vera Reynolds in another weird invention. Tawdriness can be the only result when so many ideas are used in one design, as in this backless concoction of rhinestone bands, ostrich, elaborately designed beading and lengths of tulle. A straight or semi-fitted gown may be trimmed with ostrich, or beaded designs, or tulle and beads may be combined, but never all of them. Also, only a stately type should essay the wearing of such a gown, and Miss Reynolds is an ingenue.
At left, Gloria Swanson, wearing a straight tea gown, from "Manhandled." How dramatic effectiveness and simplicity may be combined. The headdress is in harmony with the long lines of the gown, creating an effect of dignity and charm. This costume is copied in the simpler materials, by substituting lace or chiffon for the fringe, which is present. At right, Julia Faye in a very lovely evening gown, worn in "Feet of Clay." From the gracefully pointed lace bodice to the last trailing bit of tulle, that it is hard to unsee. Shown in this production are so poor. The ever-present scarf, of matching lace, is still have added a pearl bandeau and tiny lace fan, as reminiscent of the Victorian era, which gown suggests to me.
RUDIE is himself again, the good bad man. With all the lure of the romance of Julio in "The Four Horsemen" and the wickedness of Juan Gallardo in "Blood and Sand," he comes back as Don Alvaro in "A Sainted Devil," a story of wild loves and adventures in the Argentine. Slouched hat, high boots, striped shirt, gay neckerchief, draped serape, wide trousers, knife and loaded riding whip. And he makes love to all the girls, the final fortunate one being Helene D'Aalgy, beautiful in her Spanish costume.
Bullied Into Pictures

Bill Haines is one of those lucky birds who blunder into success

By Herbert Howe

He was getting twenty dollars a week in a Wall Street brokerage office.

He was enormously overpaid. Realizing this, he decided he might as well go into the movies and be overpaid a little more. Accordingly, he deposited photographs in the office of Bijou Fernandez, a New York theatrical agent.

To his surprise nothing happened immediately. So he went up to the studio of a commercial photographer who wanted him to pose for hats or Bull Durham or some such art subject. There he met a little girl in a little grey hat and a grey gown, very neat, home-made.

They called her "Jackie." She asked him why he didn't try for the movies. She said she was going to.

The dawn of another day. A phone call. Would Mr. Haines call at the office of Mr. Samuel Goldwyn? Mr. Haines obliged.

"What an office!" says Bill. "It looked about two miles long. At the end of it was a mahogany plateau, behind that Mr. Goldwyn, and behind him a window. I started down the two miles feeling like a Ziegfeld chorus girl advancing down the runway to the footlights. Finally, I arrived, a little out of breath. Mr. Goldwyn said, 'Walk across the room.' I walked a mile the other way in profile. 'That is all,' said Mr. Goldwyn. I exited, feeling as though I had tried out for a track meet or something.

The days passed. Disgusted with high finance at twenty per, and feeling that the appreciation of art was rather low so far as he was concerned, Bill decided to go to his home in Staunton, Virginia.

That evening Miss Fernandez called to say that a contract was ready for him to sign. Goldwyn had been scouring the East for "finds." He and one other were the discoveries.

"I'm sorry, but I'm leaving for home tonight," replied Bill.

"But this is a great opportunity," argued Miss Fernandez.

"I have my tickets," insisted Bill. "The holidays are coming and I'm going home."

"Don't be foolish!" "Can't be bothered."

"You will be here in the morning and sign!" flamed Miss Fernandez.

"Yes, um," said Bill. When he arrived at the office he met the other "find." It was the girl in the grey gown. Her name, he learned, was Miss Eleanor Boardman.

The studio officials in the West were awaiting the young discoveries with high expectancy. During the trip Bill had acquired a lovely boil on his nose, and the alkali of the desert had given his mouth the general contour of Al Jolson's in coon make-up. When he walked into the studio and was announced as a Goldwyn prize-winner, the studio officials gasped and the manager choked, "My God!"

When his features had been freed of the floral effects, hope returned to the managerial bosom. Fifteen hundred dollars worth of Los Angeles clothes were purchased for him. The fastidious Mr. Haines gave one look at them and promptly shipped the whole bunch to his father.

The five-year contract which he had signed started at fifty dollars a week and went up by leaps and bounds of about ten dollars a year. But when he acquitted himself with promise in King Vidor's "Three Wise Fools," the office summoned him, tore up the old contract and gave him a new one of gayer renumeration. Which proves that studios are not controlled exclusively by heartless mercenaries. Since then he has played in "The Gaiety Girl" with Mary Philbin at Universal, in King Vidor's "Mary the Third," and in "Circe" with Mae Murray.

Architecturally he's good, six feet in height, with a pleasing facade, a gift of considerable humor and honesty. He describes himself as being photographically a cross between a prize-fighter and a Broadway cake-consumer.

I liked Bill the first time I met him because of a line he pulled on me. It was at a prankish Hollywood fete. I had just arrived from New York and was being uncontrollably oiled with flattery. Indeed, I was quite giddy with all the attention until Bill, whom I had just met, snorted, "My God, what these dames will do to get a line in the paper!"

I felt the sudden satisfaction of that guy—what's-his-name—who went out with a lantern looking for an honest man—only, as I recall, old what's-his-name never hit on Bill.

Just now Bill is in the coltish juvenile era. He executes jazz steps and coon shuffles behind the camera on the set. When a colored employee, greatlyawy by Elinor Glyn's manner, asked who she was, Bill said she was Baby Peggy. The chocolate boy is now in a sanatorium somewhere, I believe. Peggy Joyce considers Bill a perfect lover. Barbara La Marr has cast a favorable glance or two upon him. I believe.

With the approval of such critical authorities, it looks rather bright for Bill in the kleig-lighted vale of romance.

Architecturally he's good—he's William Haines. He's six feet tall with a pleasing facade, although he describes himself as a cross between a prize-fighter and a Broadway cake-consumer.
Chapter VII

MARY WALSWORTH, crouched before her threetube set in the cramped and foul-smelling sloop cabin, felt hope ebb out of her body as she listened in vain for some answer from Alan. She remembered how the man she was seeking in the unaunswering night had once said that therefrom there could be no silent places in the world, that the wilderness itself would remain till with voices, that it never again would be mute to the wanderer with a vacuum tube. Yet she wrung her hands with helplessness as she sat with a disc of metal pressed against her ear, waiting for some word from that outer world which seemed to have forgotten her. All she could hear, in the tepid dead air of the cabin so filthily barricaded against the prowlers without, were the drunken shouts and oaths and the ribald minstrelsy of Sig Kurder's mutinous crew. Now and then she could even see an evil yellow face peering in through the narrow-latticed window, peering in and passing on again and leaving her with a chill creeping closer and closer about her heart.

She knew, as she turned wearily back to her receiver, that the thing could not last much longer. She could recall only too vividly Kurder's own defiant threats, his obscene and alcoholic advances, his sneering disregard for Mark Drakma and his orders. And she could not, in her helplessness, look for further mercy from that human hyena. The anxiety of the last three days had sharpened up into agony, an agony of fear that left her trembling at the sound of every step at her door. It could not, she remembered as she once more took up the receiver on the end of its alarumed cord, last much more, for death itself would be preferable to such uncertainty. And as she sat there she let her fear-shadowed eye rest on the soiled wooden partition that separated her cabin from Kurder's. Instinctively her glance roved to the ragged loop-hole, little bigger than a man's fist, that her tormentor had deliberately cut there with his keyhole saw. He had claimed, with his coarse mockery, that it was for the purpose of keeping his eye on her and protecting her. But this, she knew, was not the truth. She had grown to hate that little wall-vent with its hinged covering that could be so quietly withdrawn, to hate the lewd and leering eyes behind it, the watching eyes that violated her privacy, the feasting eyes that so often brought a chill to her cringing body.

Even as she looked she saw the wall-vent open and the evil and estivative eyes rest on her crouched body, bent above the radio-set that now seemed only a mockery to her. She looked away from those blood-shot eyes, finding the hunger in them unendurable. She looked away with a throaty small gasp of desperation—and then fell suddenly silent, with the nervous movement of her fingers on the tuning-dial just as suddenly arrested. For many miles away, in a clean and white-walled room on a plunging destroyer, Don Powell, with a uniformed officer on either side of him, sat before a navy Holt transmitter and sent his voice arrowing out across the open Atlantic.

"This is Don speaking to Mary and Alan," were the words that vibrated through the waiting ether. "We are racing to your help. We are coming as fast as steam can carry us, so whatever happens, hold out to the last!"

Mary heard that voice, and as she listened, in her close and tepid cabin, a new wave of hope welled up through her body. And others beside Mary heard it. Mark Drakma, lying off Little Abaco in his sea-going yacht, also caught up that message and issued sudden commands and swung about in his course, a more malignant light in his meditative eyes. And the commander of the battleship Colorado, in his floating fortress of thirty-two thousand tons, heading up from the Florida Channel, heard that call of hope and reconsidered certain无线 telegrams despatches from the Department, and after talking by code through the slowly breaking morning light, veered about and threw the full force of his seven-thousand horse-power into his four-hundred propellers. And the same message was heard on the sea-plane winging its way eastward like a frigate-bird, with Admiral Walsworth's haggard eyes searching the rim of the horizon once more made lucid and lonely by the rising sun. And as the same sun rose Alan Holt, poised on his precarious and wave-tossed mast, watched the sun's path and wept in the grey morning and the grey dew, and the sun's path and wept in the grey morning and the grey dew.

When Sig Kurder, aroused by the oaths and shouts that signified a still bitterer renewal of the fighting amongst his drunken crew, went forward to look into the cause of that quarrel, he found the less sadder of his men deliberately casting lots for the white woman so deliberately placed within their reach. Drakma had not meant him for Kurder and they drunkenly proclaimed that Kurder should not carry her off as his own.

Kurder, however, had his fixed and personal ideas on this point. And when he strode among them, with a windlass in his hand, his coming was signalized by a sudden eruption of action, not unlike that following upon a horse's sneeze in a nose-bag.
$5,000.00

Read the synopsis on page 107.

and Four Radio Sets

For a Title

There was a deafening report. The boat, long and lean like an otter, lurched and veered like a mallard with a broken wing.
The feral spark exploded and he was once more a caveman battling for his own. He stood at

Mary, listening to that commotion, learned enough of its causes to leave her no longer undecided in her course. She saw the deck clear about her cabin door and slipped to the slop-side where the unclean dingey rocked against the unclean hull-planks. She struggled with unsteady fingers at the knots in the frayed ropes, loosed the small boat, and, making sure that she was still unobserved, dropped overboard.

It seemed an age before she could recover herself and take up the battered oars and definitely direct her course away from the evil hull rocking so grossly above her. She pulled away, with no thought of direction or destination. She drew off into the open Atlantic, conscious only that she was escaping from that floating hell, careless of where she fared or what she faced. The boat was not easy to row and she had little strength left in her arms. But she saw the distance widen between her and the

Antonio Moreno, who plays Alan Holt in "The Story Without a Name," enjoys a concert over the De Forest D-13 Reflex Radiophone Receiving Set.

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huddled figure wondering why he was without the will to stamp out its final spark of life

heaving hull. Fifty feet, a hundred feet, finally lay between her and her captors. When she had once more doubled that distance she had to rest, to ease the ache in her arms and the barbed agony of breathlessness in her throat.

As she heaved slowly up and down there on the long and oily swell, a figure stood up above the faded taffrail and stared inquiringly about. A shout broke from that figure, a moment later, as the searcher caught sight of the girl in the boat. The rail was lined with other figures, ragged and half-clad figures who jostled and contended and laughed aloud at the girl's feeble efforts with the oars.

"Swim for her," shouted a giant in blue denim. "And let her go to the winner!"

"Swim for her!" roared half a dozen other lusty throats. And the next moment they were [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]
A Ghost Made Her a Leading Woman

SELECTED for a leading role after an appearance in some forty feet of film in double exposure! That is the remarkable story of Polly Archer, who was one of the ghosts of the olden days in Richard Barthelmess' "The Enchanted Cottage."

Miss Archer is now playing the leading role in Mr. Barthelmess' "Classmates." Her promotion to celluloid prominence is probably the most unusual since Florence Vidor appeared briefly in William Farnum's "The Tale of Two Cities," a tragic but unprogrammed prisoner riding in a death tumbril to the guillotine. Miss Vidor stepped to fame overnight.

Miss Archer's name wasn't on the cast of "The Enchanted Cottage" but, when that production was first shown to the critics at the Hotel Ritz-Carlton in New York, there were many inquiries as to the identity of the pretty ghost of another century. Then, when "The Enchanted Cottage" came to be released to the public, letters began to pile up asking the name of the personable shade.

At the very moment Miss Archer was dancing in the Ziegfeld Follies. She had rejoined the Follies when John Robertson, who directs Mr. Barthelmess, sought her out again. Further screen tests led to the leading role in "Classmates," a part which was played by Blanche Sweet when a version of the West Point play was made, in 1912, in four reels at old Biograph.

Although Miss Archer was born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., seventeen years ago, she first won a place in the public eye in St. Petersburg, Fla. This was as a swimmer. Miss Archer was a member of the Florida state swimming team for three years and has a collection of cups and other prizes for her aquatic prowess.

Incidentally she won several beauty contests. A motion picture news reel caught a picture of Miss Archer and, as a result, a company engaged in making a picture in Florida offered her a minor role. Then her mother decided to bring her to New York to seek her fortune in the screen [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]

He Can't Leave the Sea

GARDNER JAMES is an actor by profession, an adventurer by inclination, an idealist by nature and Irish by inheritance. All these together only half describe him. His personality is unusual for Broadway or Hollywood. Were you to localize him at all it might be to Soho, Greenwich Village, Le Quarte Latin, or wherever Spirituality is permitted publicly to dominate. He has ideals, ideas and vision. And suggests quite potently the young O'Neill.

Like him, he loves the sea.

The Gardner James whom you have seen in pictures, "The Adventurer," with Doris Kenyon in "The Love Bandit," is a young actor with decided talent, an Irish, rather wistful charm, and important eyes animated by imagination and mentality. His personality can be photographed. But not his eloquence. Even his dreams are articulate.

He quarrels with pictures because they are untrue to life. And with life because it is untrue to itself. And when the war is bitterest he ships off to sea and finds his soul as supercargo and his illusions out there awaiting him, dancing on the horizon.

As a youth, Winthrop Ames, one of the most astute talent discoverers of Broadway, gave him a chance to play in his productions. And by that curious alliance of the stage and screen, chance and economics led him to the studios. He became interested in pictures—their inspirational and educational possibilities and their potential perfection as mirrors of life. And like the young idealist, his first thought was of D. W. Griffith. He went to work for him.

Some day Gardner James should write an interpretive and critical analysis of Griffith's attitude and methods. And identify the particular quality which passes as his "genius." The young actor and film enthusiast learned hard things about successful pictures which he had not dreamed.

Then in an errant moment he went to sea. He always is doing that. Shipping off to some [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]
She Feels Like Barnum

WHENEVER anybody tries to throw a halo around Alice Brady's head she knocks it off—the halo. That's her way. Still, there are those who insist that she does it for effect. Some of her closest friends admit they don't know whether she does or not, but they do say that a bright and shining orbit of light around her shapely crown couldn't make her more enticing.

But Alice was never meant to be "Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire." Just because the censors wouldn't let her play "Cassie Cook of the Yellow Sea" for the movies, she took to the stage—and to the road. She describes herself and entourage as a caravan, a traveling circus and a hippodrome, all in one.

The menagerie is due to her three-year-old son, "Snaps," as she affectionately calls him. After a long season on the road in "Zander the Great," she took "Cassie" into vaudeville. She took "Snaps" with her. Also the youngster's wire-haired terrier. That meant a nurse for "Snaps," a maid for herself and a maid to dress her in the theater, because Alice will be nothing if she is not well dressed. There are two other members in her company.

They finally reached the Pacific Coast. The fair Alice had to play Los Angeles, San Francisco and Oakland in quick succession. Why not use her automobile? Alice pressed it into service. Of course a chauffeur was necessary, which added only one more to the party. Thus, at last they were all equipped to ride over the highways of the Golden State, be they through mountains or valleys.

By the time San Francisco and Oakland had seen "Cassie," the alluring Alice said she felt like Barnum.

"I'm not a dramatic star any longer. I'm not a movie star, nor yet a vaudeville performer. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]"

A Dove of Peace Candidate

AFTER all, past performances are the only thing on which to print a dope sheet, and I defy anybody in the modern world to find a better candidate for a dove of peace than Dimitri Buchovetzki. (Pronounce it just like it's spelled. If you're not Russian, you'd better send for a specialist in dislocated jawbones before you start trying.)

I am obliged to admit that he doesn't sound peaceful. Trying to pronounce his name is like eating a bunch of firecrackers.

Neither is he a peaceful acting individual. He bounces, rather like a large rubber ball, and his black eyes snap with excess brain power, and he emits long streams of language, composed of English slang, Russian literature, French finesse, all interluded with dashes of Chinese philosophy, Cheko-Slavonian oaths, ancient Greek poetry and a dash of Tartar sauce.

Buchovetzki, as a Russian officer, fought in the Great War when he was only twenty. He had played in the Moscow Dramatic Theater during the terrible Red uprising of 1918, when bullets zipped at every corner and cries incidental to slaughter and pilage in the streets interrupted the lines of the actors. He had fled to Poland with his wife, hidden in a box car full of cattle, sheep and pigs, and experienced most hairbreadth escapes. He could speak seven languages fluently and many more semi-fluently. And he had landed in New York without a word of English and arrived in Hollywood with a fair, though somewhat startling, English vocabulary.

So, when one thinks of his past, one doesn't wonder that he is able to bring peace upon a set filled with turbulent, temperamental men and women. His first picture, "Men," shows his unfamiliarity with American studio methods, but his second, "Lily of the Dust," is a masterpiece. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]
THE SIDE SHOW OF LIFE—Paramount

PROBABLY it is Ernest Torrence who lifts this visualization of William J. Locke's novel to high interest. His is a vivid and admirably shaded performance of a derelict Englishman, a clown in a small French circus, who is lifted to the heights by the World War. He becomes a general, just as the armistice comes. So he goes back to the old life—and to failure, for he has lost his comic cunning. Then, too, he is torn between his hopeless love for an English gentlewoman back home and a little French dancer, who has been his circus partner through the years. Herbert Brenon's direction is highly effective. It has style and sensitiveness and the verity of understanding craftsmanship. Louise Lagrange gives a fine verve and sparkle to the rôle of the French dancer.

MERTON OF THE MOVIES—Paramount

HARRY LEON WILSON'S superb satire of movieland has reached the screen minus a considerable measure of its tang. James Cruze's version avoids the biting satire and centers upon the pathos of the dreaming small-town boy who wanted to do better and bigger things on the screen. The adaptation follows Merton Gill from Illinois to Hollywood, traces his tragic collision with the world of celluloid make-believe, and reveals his ultimate success—as a burlesque comic foil for a cross-eyed comedian. In this the screen's "Merton of the Movies" is pretty satisfying. But you will miss the pointed satire of old. You will resent, too, the making of Flips Monlague into a soubrette, although Viola Dana has a good moment or two. We would rather have had Charlie Ray as Merton than Glenn Hunter.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE—Paramount

MARKING the return of Rudolph Valentino to the screen—and probably the biggest drawing card among all the productions of the early fall season—"Monsieur Beaucaire" is an adaptation, and a highly workmanlike one, of Booth Tarkington's romantic vignette. It possesses charm, delicacy, a genuine interest and a Watteau loveliness.

Tired of the court of Louis XV and spurned by a beautiful princess, the Duke de Chartres starts out in quest of true love. He masquerades as a barber within the sacred circle of Beau Nash at old Bath in England, only to find that real romance lies back at Versailles, at the feet of the princess. So he goes back to his title and to happiness.

As originally written in novelette form, "Monsieur Beaucaire" centered about Bath. Curiously, as developed into celluloid, it reaches its strongest vein of interest in the freshly created sequence in the court ruled by Louis XV and Madame Pompadour. All the way, however, it maintains a uniformity of charm.

Valentino's Duke de Chartres seems to us to reveal a great deal more technical resource than anything he has yet done for the films. It has poise, distinction and quite a deal of sublety. If the star's appeal is subordinated to silks and laces in making Valentino into something of a valentine, there is, nevertheless, enough to set feminine hearts fluttering everywhere.

Next to the star is Bebe Daniels as the Princess Henriette. It is an exquisite bit. Lowell Sherman's Louis XV is deft and the rest of the cast flits adequately across the silken background. All save Doris Kenyon as Lady Mary, the belle of Bath. There is incongruity here. She seems out of the picture.
**SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY**

**The Six Best Pictures of the Month**

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE  JANICE MEREDITH  THE SIDE SHOW OF LIFE  MERTON OF THE MOVIES  LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOE  THE IRON HORSE

**The Six Best Performances of the Month**

ERNEST TORRENCE in "The Side Show of Life"  RUDOLPH VALENTINO in "Monsieur Beaucaire"  RAMON NOVARRO in "The Red Lily"  NORMA SHEARER in "Broken Barriers"  BÉBE DANIELS in "Monsieur Beaucaire"  LOUISE LAGRANGE in "The Side Show of Life"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 102

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**LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOE—Metro**

**JANICE MEREDITH—Cosmopolitan**

**THE IRON HORSE—Fox**

**THIS** has a distinctly juvenile appeal and is likely to have some interest for grown-ups, too. After all, the desert island story has had its enduring lure ever since Defoe wrote his immortal tale. This time Jackie Coogan plays the sole survivor of a tramp steamer, tossed upon a tropical island. There is an uprising of the cannibals against a white copra trader on an adjoining isle, in which Jackie saves the man’s daughter. An American destroyer comes to the rescue, Jackie returns in state to 'Frisco and is welcomed with a big parade. This story, written by Willard Mack, is full of the sort of stuff you day dreamed as a small boy. Rather difficult though—for an adult at least—to let the imagination blend entirely into the picture. It would be better if Jackie’s acting had more of its old spontaneity.

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An epic of the flush times that followed the Civil War, when competing railroads struggled for the richest empire in the world. The picture is a visualization of the winning of the West which should endear it to all Americans. The story starts with the vision of a civil engineer, scorned and scoffed at by all save Abraham Lincoln, who dreams of the day when the continent will be spanned by a railroad. The years pass and work is started on the road. The Central Pacific and Union Pacific start building from opposite directions. There are wonderful Indian fights, fist fights and gambling hall scenes. J. Farrell MacDonald as Corporal Casey wins fame by one of the best bits of character acting seen in many a day. Madge Bellamy plays the heroine and George O’Brien the hero.
THE RED LILY—Metro

A MUCKY and sordid tale is this, moving through the drags and very severs of Paris. “The Red Lily” has a certain degree of atmosphere and effectiveness but it may offend your sensibilities and it most certainly is not a family picture. Still, Fred Niblo has directed his own story in a workmanlike way and Ramon Novarro gives his best performance thus far as Jean.

SINGLE WIVES—First National

ONCE again the wife-neglected-by-her-business-mad-husband theme reappears. This time Corinne Griffith is the wife left to her own resources and Lou Tellegen. It is not until the husband, Milton Sills, is a wreck in a wheelchair that he realizes his love. Reminiscent of a thousand films and has its only interest in the orchidaceous Miss Griffith. Considerable bad acting surrounds her.

BROKEN BARRIERS—Metro

MEREDITH NICHOLSON’S novel is developed along conventional lines. A young woman comes to care for a married man and, in the end, gets him when his wife gives him up, believing him a hopeless cripple from an automobile wreck. Norma Shearer reveals a steady improvement in her screen work as the girl. She will bear watching. The picture is slightly better than passable film fare.

FOOLS IN THE DARK—F. B. O.

THIS picture must have been named in honor of the people who relish sitting in the theater to see it. It is the frankest kind of bunk mystery play, with skeletons, cats, timorous poets, heiresses, scheming guardians, Hindoo servants, etc. Only at the beginning, with the introduction of Matt Moore as the romantic son of a garbage-can king, does it show any promise as an obviously intended satire.

THAT FRENCH LADY—Fox

LITTLE Shirley Mason is starred in this story in which as a play Elsie Ferguson was featured. All about love without marriage. Censorship necessarily has robbed the picture of what punch it might have had and made it ludicrously weak and unconvincing. The plot concerns itself with a young American who falls in love with a disillusioned French girl, who at first refuses to marry him.

BIG TIMBER—Universal

A PROGRAM feature, obviously built around a forest fire and a heroic lumberjack, in which the story is none too gripping. The usual theme of war between hostile lumber camps, a dishonest foreman, and the like. William Desmond is the star. There are two love-lorn ladies for a little further fire. But the film develops into merely tepid and luke-warm entertainment.
**JUBILO, JR.—Pathe**

If you were ever a kid you will like this picture. Will Rogers meets a gang of tramps (playing one himself) and tells the story of his youth. Each scene is enacted by "Our Gang" and the combination is one of the cleverest things seen on the screen. The story finally revolves around a three-dollar hat the youthful Rogers bought for his mother on her birthday.

**TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES—Metro**

Between the shadow of the censors and the changed viewpoint of today, this sombre Thomas Hardy novel has reached the screen minus most of its vitality. The original ending on the scaffold is left to top the tragic career of Tess, victim of a wealthy squire. There is a tendency to overdo on the part of Blanche Sweet as Tess and Stuart Holmes' performance of the squire is particularly bad.

**LOVE AND GLORY—Universal**

This is the second time Rupert Julian has filmed "We Are French." The first version, produced about five years ago, was a gem. This one isn't. It presents the life long search of a brother and a lover for a lost girl and has a sub-title covering the passage of fifty years. The film never achieves anything but saccharine hokum and obviously contrived patriotism. The acting is poor.

**THE MAN WHO FIGHTS ALONE—Paramount**

PARALYZED and helpless in a wheel-chair, John Marble fancies that he is losing the love of his wife to another. Of course, he is cured, when he suddenly recovers his ability to walk as he sees his child in danger of death. A fair story, the chief interest being in the fact that it is William Farnum's first Paramount production. He plays the husband and Lois Wilson is the wife.

**FIGHTING FURY—Universal**

A CONVENTIONAL Western of cattle-rustlers, lovely ranch-owner and heroic stranger which merits the unqualified verdict, "pretty punk." A camera trick furnishes some quite lovely moonlight effects and there are beautiful horses and wild riding. But the story is banal and Jack Hoxie, the horseman star, is hopeless as an actor. Also, too many close-ups of villain's physical deformity.

**HIT AND RUN—Universal**

A HOOK GIBSON program picture in which his fans will find him at his best in a story quite unusual and entertaining. Hoot plays a bush-league Babe Ruth, and the story, naturally enough, concerns itself with how he wins a game—and, of course, the manager's pretty daughter. There is comedy, melodrama and some fine characterization in this picture.
The Discovery of the "Vamp," and the Picture

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

By Terry Ramsaye

Chapter XXXI

WHEN a century or so in the future the history of the motion picture is written again 1915 will loom back in the distant perspective as the year of Theda Bara.

The story of Theda Bara and how she came to be is a very considerable segment of the motion picture affairs of a decade ago.

The screen careers of other stars of great fame are intricate webs of development, romances of work and struggle and luck running through the years. Pickford, Chaplin, Clara Kimball Young, the Talmadges, Sweet, Arthur Johnson, Florence Lawrence, Lloyd, Valentino, Meighan, any of the other stars of any period, had screen beginnings small and obscure and served periods of apprenticeship to the art, in some instances for many years, before the crown of stardom came.

Theda Bara, for extraordinary reasons, became for her day as famous as any of them, by a single step. There is no parallel in the annals of the picture, nor is there likely ever to be.

But the screen flowering of the Vampire was only the outward, personified expression of things rooted deep in the affairs of the motion picture in general and the Fox interests in particular.

We have traced the career of William Fox up along the path from the day he abandoned the prosaic cloth-sponging business to become a theater operator on a large scale, presenting motion pictures, vaudeville and stock, with the Greater New York Film Rental Company and its exchanges as a sizable incidental.

The really significant and practical phases of Fox's long battle with the Motion Picture Patents Company were over when he announced the Box Office Attractions Company in 1913-14 and advertised for films. Fox had by processes of...
DO YOU KNOW—

Why Theda Bara became a screen vamp?

How Lasky instead of Zukor captured Geraldine Farrar for the pictures?

When Fairbanks broke into the pictures by going to lunch at the right place?

What made a working team of John Emerson and Anita Loos?

That Elaine Hammerstein’s father sued Belasco for letting a motion picture into a Hammerstein theater?

That D.W. Griffith got his idea for “Intolerance” just out of fighting censorship of “The Birth of a Nation”?

How PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE was started?
Unknown Girl Chosen for Greatest Role  

Young dancer selected over stars to play Peter Pan

FAIRY wand was waved in England and a little, seventeen-year-old girl in Hollywood was made Peter Pan.

Romance was outdone when Sir James Barrie named Betty Bronson to portray one of the greatest characters in fiction. The announcement that he had selected an unknown little screen girl for the film version of his "little boy who never grew up" created a tremendous sensation in the picture world. Some of the most famous stars had sought the part—some even traveling to London to press their qualifications on the noted author. Hundreds of others submitted test films in the hope that they would be selected for the part.

The selection was left entirely to Sir James—and he picked an unknown dancer who stood before the movie camera for the first time only two years ago.

For months the picture world had been waiting expectantly for Barrie's decision, which meant a greater honor than any other that could be conferred upon a screen player. Then came the following laconic message to Jesse L. Lasky, first vice-president in charge of production for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation:

"I have selected Betty Bronson to play Peter Pan. Regards."

It was signed "Barrie." Mr. Lasky called the young woman and her mother to his office and showed them the cablegram. The little girl's blue eyes lighted up in surprise and then she almost fainted with joy. Peter Pan-like, her gratitude took the form of expression and she sent the following cable to Barrie:

"I feel like a new Cinderella, thanks to you. I realize the importance of your trust in me and my tremendous responsibility. I pledge my every effort to justify your faith. I am the luckiest girl in the world."

But behind it all, Mr. Lasky, Herbert Brenon, who will direct the picture, and Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players-Lasky, see something besides luck. Like Cinderella they believe Betty was chosen because of her natural qualifications and because of her spirit and whimsical personality.

Betty was born in Trenton, N. J., November 17, 1906. At three her parents moved to Los Angeles, and the future star resided there and in Pasadena until eight. Then they returned to New York, later living for a time in St. Louis, where she attended public and private schools. Later they returned to New Jersey, where Betty attended the East Orange high school and later St. Vincent's Academy in Newark, where she studied music and French.

From the time she was ten, her parents had planned a stage or screen career for her, and at fourteen took her to New York to study Russian ballet under Fokine, with the idea that dancing might get her into pictures.

Betty's first job in pictures was at the Paramount Long Island studio in 1922, when Ned Hay, the casting director, gave her a small part in "Anna Ascends" with Alice Brady. Her next picture was "Java Head," in which she worked seven weeks. Then she was in two Cosmopolitan pictures—"Go Getter" and "Great White Way." She had a small part in "Twenty One" and also in the Paramount production of "His Children's Children." Then she went to Hollywood to appear in "The Human Mill," the picture Allan Holubar was to have made just before his death.

The rest of her work before the camera were bits in several Metro pictures and also a Graf film in San Francisco. She also appeared with Barbara La Marr in "The Eternal City."

Betty lives with her mother, Mrs. N. S. Bronson, in Hollywood, and loves to swim and dance. Most of her reading is confined to plays. She is slightly built, weighing one hundred pounds. She is five feet three and one-half inches tall. She has blue eyes and brown hair, which is not bobbed.

Her selection came after Mr. Lasky and Mr. Brenon had made separate trips to England to consult with Barrie. In discussing these visits Mr. Lasky said: "We kept our favorite's name strictly to ourselves, for the right to make a selection was entirely in the hands of Sir James Barrie. When he cabled me that he had selected Betty Bronson from hosts of tests we sent him, I felt that beyond the shadow of a doubt we had at last found the ideal for Peter Pan."

The cablegram which Mr. Lasky sent in reply to Sir James Barrie was as follows: "I am delighted beyond words that you should have selected the artist favored by Mr. Brenon and myself as the ideal Peter Pan from among many likely candidates whose tests were submitted to you. Although Betty Bronson is only seventeen years old, she has had several years' dramatic motion picture training, is a classical dancer of unusual ability, and, to my mind, has all the qualities we associate with Peter Pan. The spirit of eternal youth, comedy, pathos, extraordinary grace and frank joyousness in life, which swept so many audiences... [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]
LILLIAN and Dorothy Gish will soon be seen together in the recently completed "Romola," based upon George Eliot’s novel and filmed by Henry King in Florence, Italy. This is one of the highly promising things of the new film season.
MARY ASTOR came from a small Illinois town to filmdom by way of a screen beauty contest. Quite a step to leading woman for John Barrymore in "Beau Brummel." Miss Astor has a singular and delicate beauty—elusive and intangible.
LIKE Miss Astor, Virginia Brown Faire reached the screen via a contest. She is a Brooklyn girl and made her film debut at Universal. Hers is a striking Eastern type of beauty. Miss Faire has been revealing a steady development in recent pictures.
SINCE she first leaped to prominence as Milady in "The Three Musketeers" Barbara La Marr has studded her screen progress with a careless emotionalism. Who knows what the future holds for this girl of the amazing eyes and the picturesque past?
When Connie Made a "Snoot"

How a beauty baffled pursuing fortune hunters

Constance Talmadge is one actress who is not afraid of disguising her beauty for art's sake. In her latest picture, "Heart Trouble," she plays the role of an heiress pursued by money-seeking suitors. She flees to England and makes herself as ugly as possible to throw them off her trail.

Here she is in the same picture with Ronald Colman—dark of hair and eyes, charming and grave—her leading man—the beautiful Connie as known by her host of screen admirers. He is the one man in the picture that she evidently didn't run away from.
Studio News

By Cal York

Written from the inside of the Hollywood and New York Studios.
If you read it here it's so

the industry,” though I’m sure they’d both object most heartily to being so termed.

HAROLD LLOYD has taken up golf—seriously. At least he says it’s seriously. But to hear him describe his first lesson is anything but that.

According to Harold, there are several hundred things to remember before you begin to play. By the time he has his right thumb and his left eye and various toes in the proper position, he’s forgotten what it’s all about and has to begin all over again.

But Harold is never interested in anything except during the stages of mastering it. Once he becomes expert, it loses its savor. Only a few months ago he started handball.

Nothing else was as important as that, and he went at it with the greatest fervor. Now he is a first class handball player and—he starts to play golf.

In the meantime, he is getting ready to start a series of starring productions for his wife, Mildred Davis, who is to

I t is seldom, if ever, that anybody in Hollywood is satisfied with a cast. There are usually a thousand suggestions as to how it should have been done and who should really have played which.

William de Mille’s cast for “Spring Cleaning,” the big New York success, is one of the first to meet with unqualified approval. Betty Compson as the wife, the rôle created in New York by Violet Heming, and later played with tremendous success in Los Angeles by Pauline Frederick, Elliott Dexter as the novelist husband, Adolph Menjou as the “other man,” and ZaSu Pitts as the lady of the streets, form a powerful array in those particular rôles.

The screen adaptation is by Clara Beranger, and the picture should be one of the most interesting of the year.

ADELE ROWLAND (Mrs. Conway Tearle) and Blanche Sweet went to New York together not so very long ago. Then Blanche went to Europe, and when Mrs. Tearle got ready to return to Hollywood, she found Blanche had taken her return trip ticket to California with her and that it was probably seeing the sights of Paris about that time. So she had to buy a new ticket, but she is waiting silently, patiently, for Blanche’s return to Hollywood and some sort of revenge.

Miss Rowland, who is a famous musical comedy star, has been doing a few weeks of headlining on the Orpheum circuit, but her husband doesn’t like it very well. He prefers to keep her at home and play her accompaniments himself, which he does very well. They’re a most charming couple, whether at the piano together or on the tennis court, and might almost be referred to as a “credit to

The limit in press agent yarns: “A Los Angeles Chinatown beauty starts an open air raw food restaurant, with Aileen Pringle and Carmel Myers as patrons.” Nothing raw except the story
return to the screen as soon as Miss Gloria Lloyd can spare her. He has some rather unusual plans for Mildred that should be of the greatest interest to the motion picture fans.

At last Hollywood has seen Douglas Fairbanks' "The Thief of Bagdad." No picture ever made has been awaited with such eager interest by the film colony itself, and the opening night at Grauman's Hollywood theater was one of those unforgettable occasions, marred only by the absence of Doug and Mary, who were somewhere on the high seas, bound for America.

The scene was an amazing one, from the crowd that packed the streets outside, to the interior of the theater, transformed for the production of this picture into a veritable Arabian Nights palace, filled with incense and Oriental perfumes, magnificent tapestries and rich colors, dancing girls and throbbing Eastern music.

In the audience were Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Madame Alla Nazimova, with the most fascinating new bob above a frock of gold and coral; Florence Vidor, in cream chiffon with orchids; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mildred wore the daintiest of *Bose Soeurs* frocks under a summer evening wrap of pale pink chiffon and marabou); Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denny (Mrs. Denny in a smart taffeta (rock of blended pastel colors); Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, the latter stunning in cloths of gold and flame net; Miss Jeanie MacPherson, wearing a gorgeous evening coat of green silk shot with gold and banded with gold embroidery; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), Paul Bern, Mabel Normand, all in white satin trimmed with rhinestones under an evening wrap of ermine; Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, Kathleen Clifford, in scalloped white chiffon ornamented with red silk roses; Mae Busch, black and silver; Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Forrest (Lottie Pickford), Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard (Mae Murray—in some shimmering white and silver thing, with a coat of delicate canary yellow); Mr. and Mrs. Normand Kerry, Priscilla Dean, in autumn leaf brown, with a big picture hat of the same color; Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, George Fitzmaurice, Eugene O'Brien and Mr. and Mrs. Monta Bell.

In addition to the actually announced engagements made this month, there are several others strongly rumored.

Howard Hawkes, Western scenario editor for Paramount, and Pauline Stark have been seen together so frequently of late that there are whispers of forthcoming wedding bells. Pauline was engaged at one time to Jack White, comedy-producer, but the engagement was broken.

The John Considine-Carmelita Geraghty affair has passed the rumor stage and in spite of refusals on both sides to confirm it, is being accepted as an actuality. They are seen lunching frequently on the veranda at The Writers—and that's very serious. It has a staid, proper look about it that suggests matrimony.

BEVERLY BAYNE, one of the most beautiful women and one of the finest emotional actresses who ever graced the screen, comes into her own again with an exceptionally fine performance in the leading role of "Her Marriage Yow." Miss Bayne has been in Hollywood for some months,
Lois Wilson autographing post cards—five shillings each—at the Paramount marquee at the British Empire Exposition, Wembley, proved to be the most popular film star present.

'Twas a sad parting. Noah and Wallace Beery have their picture taken before Noah leaves for Texas to play a feature role in "North of 36" for Paramount.

while her husband, Francis X. Bushman, has been in Rome, making—or trying to make—that film of many troubles—"Ben-Hur," in which he is to play the great rôle of Messala.

MRS. REGINALD DENNY has deserted Hollywood, bound for her home in England and a three-months' visit to her mother, whom she hasn't seen since her marriage ten years ago. She is leaving her handsome young husband and her small daughter, Barbara, in charge of her sister-in-law and her mother-in-law, so she feels they would be perfectly safe even if Reg wasn't a most circumspect young husband and father.

Mrs. Denny, who, as Irene Haze

A puzzle picture. The puzzle is to find anybody in the world who doesn't know Ethel Barrymore and Elmar Glyn. A recent Hollywood meeting.
everything except the imperial robes. She rode up Market Street to the City Hall, where the Mayor turned over the city to her rule, then went to her hotel, where her court was so numerous and so enthusiastic and her admirers so insistent in presenting her with floral tributes that she didn’t get a bite to eat until one o’clock—which is late for breakfast even for a queen.

However, the week was a huge success and Norma, in spite of her embarrassment and her natural inclination to be a bit shy, says she had a great time.

With her was Miss Lola Bara, sister of the famous Theda, who is now Miss Talmadge’s house guest. The younger Miss Bara is studying character acting under Norma’s direction.

MAYBE it isn’t really serious, but nothing has ever lasted so long in Connie’s gay young life.

I mean the heart interest existing between Constance Talmadge and young Buster Collier. Usually it’s safe to count on mentioning a new suitor for Connie’s hand every month, but of late she and Buster have formed a little circle a deux and no one else seems to have a chance.

However, nothing of any importance is likely to take place in the youngest Talmadge’s life until “Peg” returns from Europe. The mother of the Talmadges is still the ruling spirit in their lives. Constance got married once without her consent and against her advice and it evidently proved that mother was right, for that marriage ended in the divorce court. This time Connie will probably be guided somewhat by “Peg’s” marvelous understanding and deep knowledge of human nature.

By the way, Constance is godmother to Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams’ small daughter—Constance Joan Williams. Connie and Mrs. Williams have been intimates for a number of years.

THERE seems to be considerable delay and some misfortunes surrounding Theda Bara’s announced return to the screen. And it’s too bad, for Miss Bara has grown in power and beauty and understanding since she left the screen, and those who know her best believe that if she once gets the right story and makes the right pictures she will easily recapture her former glory.

But to find the right material is not so easy. The literary treasures of the day and of the past have been tapped, and those once rich sources do not yield as plentifully as when this sort of prospecting first began.

More and more the cry seems to be for good stories. On all sides, in Hollywood, you hear nothing else. Directors, stars, producers, are searching for the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]
LOVELY Louise Huff tried to stay away from the screen, but memories of her picture career kept crowding up and the lure was too great. After two years of private life she returned to films to play the leading woman for Richard Barthelmess in "The Seventh Day." She is devoted to her babies and is married to E. A. Stillman, a noted engineer.
The star of "The Alaskan" at the crest of the Canadian chain of the Rocky Mountains, saluting the world and, incidentally, his cameraman in the distance.

With Tom Meighan in the Canadian Rockies

Tom seems unable to comfort Little White Fire, who weeps because the candy is all gone.

Director Herbert Brenon on the roof of the Banff Springs hotel, watching the company, 1000 feet below, and signalling them by the semaphore method. John Sainpolis has a good hold on the signaller.

Things are primitive up in the Canadian Rockies, where Estelle Taylor was playing with Tom in "The Alaskan." See what happened the day the laundress disappointed her. Working on location has its uncertainties.
When a fellow's in the millionaire class, and has to bear the weight of grave business responsibilities, like Jackie has, he's got to look out for avoirdupois. That's something Jackie doesn't want to catch, because it sounds terribly formidable. So every day he reports to his gym instructor, David McCary. Being a healthy, normal boy, Jackie likes to do his stunts—all the way from setting up exercises to a whirl on the rings or a turn on the horizontal bars.

"Left foot forward, inhale, and arms straight out to the sides," calls the instructor, as Jackie goes through the dumbbell drill.

And here the spine and neck come into action. Legs and knees are kept going, bicycle fashion, and bent from the hips. At right, the left leg is swung out as far as it will go, and the same stunt then repeated with the right leg.
For coolness, daintiness, and free body comfort, the feminine world greets the corset sensation of the season — Ribbonette.

This one-piece, semi-las tic, non-lacing model is flexibly boned at proper points of body support — and features at the back ventilating bands of rich satin ribbon or beautiful embroidery panels, horizontally placed.

It is splendidly made of the very best fancy material broche, has rustless boning that 

fleets freely with the figure — and the famous non-pinching clasp.

Strong, light, supple, durable, and practical, this fashionable new model is particularly adaptable for all athletic activities where a cool, comfortable corset is desired. Carried everywhere by all good stores and specialty shops.

Two qualities: Royal Worcester at $1.50 and 
$2.50 a pair; Bon Ton at $3.50 to $10.00

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Having nothing else to celebrate, Joseph M. Schenck decided to celebrate the eighth anniversary of his engagement to his beautiful young wife, Norma Talmadge. So he celebrated it by giving her the $1,500,000 Talmadge Apartments in Los Angeles. It is eleven stories, in the fashionable Wilshire district, and consists of 46 apartments, containing eight to ten rooms each.
Gloria Gould tells why
the care of the skin is vital

"The women of the younger set today never permit the strain of many engagements or the attacks of wind and sun to mar the smooth delicacy of their complexions.

"Fatigue and exposure can leave no trace on the skin that is cared for by Pond's Two Creams. They are really remarkable."

GLORIA GOULD, who has recently become Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop, is the youngest—and many think the loveliest—daughter of one of America's oldest families of great wealth. She commands a unique position in New York's exclusive younger social set.

When in the cream-and-blue drawing room of her smart East Side apartment she gave me her views on the care of the skin, the simple friendliness of her manner delighted me, but still more, her vividness, her enthusiasm. Even her lovely ivory skin seemed to breathe life.

"Mrs. Bishop," I asked, "what in your opinion is the most important factor in a woman's looks?"

"Three things, I think," prompted Gloria Gould, "are vital to the woman who wants to keep an important place in the social world. Fine eyes, white teeth and a lovely skin. The latter, luckily, any woman may possess, if only she'll take the right care."

Then we spoke of the young women of her set, who in their need to keep themselves looking fresh and lovely have turned to Pond's Two Creams which prevent all weariness from showing and keep the complexion satiny-smooth and exquisitely protected.

The first step in the Pond's Method is a thorough daily cleansing of the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it on generously over the face and neck. With a soft cloth wipe it all off, and rejoice at the black look the cloth gives you! Repeat the process, finishing with a dash of cold water or a brisk rub with ice.

The second step in the Pond's Method is to smooth over your freshly cleansed face a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Do this before powdering and especially before going out into the wind, sun, dust or cold. This delicate cream renders a four-fold service—it protects the skin from the weather, gives it a soft, smooth finish, holds rouge and powder evenly and long, and freshens and rests it amazingly.

Like Gloria Gould and the other smart young women of the exclusive social set, you can have an exquisite complexion. Begin today with Pond's Two Creams. Their daily use will keep your skin exquisite and with Gloria Gould you'll agree they "are really remarkable!"

Pond's Extract Company

These are among the women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed their approval of the Pond's Method of caring for the skin and of Pond's Two Creams.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon at once and we will send you free tubes of these two famous creams.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. K
147 Hudson Street, New York

Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name
Address
City
State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
An idol of photoplay fans, Alla Nazimova is not afraid to share honors. In "Madonna of the Streets," she will co-star with Milton Sills. The picture is an adaptation of W. B. Maxwell's "The Ragged Messenger" and is being produced by Edwin Carewe for First National.
Women who use the right shade of powder are never obviously "powdered"

Your powder should always complement the color-tone of your skin—and be applied to cover it evenly. 

SMNE. JEANETTE

SOMETIMES we have the experience of seeing a woman approaching us on the street and we have a horrible feeling that her face is deformed. Then when she reaches us we see a very pretty person with her nose so powdered that it is accentuated out of all proportion to her face. This unpleasant result is especially noticeable if the wrong shade of powder is used.

The shade of your powder should match the natural tone of your skin. If we are of the Caucasian race, we all naturally think we are "white" women, and therefore must use white powder. This is a mistake—there are several gradations of color-tone in our skins. Even sisters are frequently found whose skin-tones are as different as though they belonged to different races. So we should study our skin and determine its classification.

In a general way, there are four distinct tones of skin found among the women of America—the medium, the very dark, the white, and the pink skin. And because of this fact there are four shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder—a right shade of powder for every typical skin.

The Medium skin is more variable than the others. It is harder to determine, for it is frequently found with light or dark hair, light or dark eyes, or combinations of middle shades. The medium tone of skin is neither milk-white nor swarthy, it is pleasantly warm in tone, with faint suggestions of old ivory, and fleeting suggestions of sun-kissed russet.

Medium skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. If you find it difficult to determine whether you have a light skin or a dark skin, the chances are that you really have a medium tone of skin, and should use the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Milk-White skin that is quite without trace of color except where the little blue veins show is the only skin that should ever use white powder.

The Pink skin can be turned into a definite asset of beauty if it is properly treated. Women with pink skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder. They should always use the pink tone of powder—the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Olive skin. Many artists think there is no type so beautiful as the clear, dark skin we frequently see in beautiful Spanish or Italian women. The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is made from the finest selected ingredients. This powder has an exceptional adhesive quality that keeps the skin well covered over an unusual period of time. 60c a box. (Canada, 65c.)

The New Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact—a thin model

Thousands of women who are devotees of the superior qualities of Pompeian Beauty Powder will welcome the news that there is now available this delightful powder compacted in a smart new refillable case.

The new Pompeian Powder Compact is a graceful, round, golden-finished case—thin, of course, to avoid ugly bulging when carried in pocket or bag. The top is engraved in a delicate design, the cuttings filled with violet enamel, the color that is typical of the regal purple of the Pompeian products. The mirror in the top covers the entire space to give ample reflection—and the lamb-swool puff has a satin top. At toilet counters $1.00. Refills 50c (slightly higher in Canada.)

Get 1925 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained in Love Retained," size 8x8x1/2. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 50 cents. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for 50c.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2131 Fair Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio Gentlemen: I enclose ten for the new 1925 Art Panel, "Beauty Gained in Love Retained," and the four samples named in offer.

Name

Address

City State

Shade of face powder wanted?

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
A British Tourist in Alaska

High in the Sierras of California Charles Chaplin is making his picture of the North

The life of a tourist is a cinch for Charlie. Instead of carrying a kodak he has others carry a movie camera for him. Then somebody aims the darn thing and if Charlie likes the perspective he lets somebody else crank it. Pretty soft!

"These are the funniest feet that have ever skidded in my snow," say the mountains. "Who's skidding?" asks Charlie

Here's where the tourist sets new styles for directors. He wears gloves and goloshes. The umbrella keeps the sun off his back, while the goloshes and gloves keep his feet and hands warm.
All Steel Adopted for Greater Safety

With Everlasting Baked Enamel Finish

Most motor car bodies are skeletons of wood, with thin sheets of steel nailed outside—whereas the Overland body is all steel, a frame of steel covered with steel—all steel, welded into one-piece solidity.

Wood collapses at a bending stress of 5,000 lbs. to the square inch—whereas steel will stand a stress of 35,000 lbs. to the square inch. That's the kind of strength and safety and durability Overland gives you!

—the only touring car under $800 with coachwork entirely of steel! Body by Budd, pioneer in steel bodies.

—and the only touring car under $800 with a genuine finish of hard-baked enamel!

Steel, the great builder and bulwark of civilization . . . Steel, the strength of mighty ships, trains, bridges, skyscrapers . . . Steel is the strength of Overland . . .

Here is a car that keeps its looks with age. Its everlasting enamel finish is baked on in ovens fiery-hot.

You can pour scalding water on this finish or scrub it with strong chemicals used to remove road tar—and even turn the scorching flame of a blow-torch on it without marring its gleaming beauty.

And with all of this strength and permanent beauty are linked big power—great economy—dependability—and 23 big-car quality advantages unmatched at anywhere near the price. See this all-steel Overland. Drive it in traffic or over the hills. Ask the dealer to explain the easy buying terms. In an age of steel, drive an all-steel Overland!

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada

OVERLAND

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The story is finished.
Five thousand dollars in cash and four wonderful radio receiving sets are awaiting readers of Photoplay for the best title and sub-titles to "The Story Without a Name."

Read the final installment in this issue of Photoplay and then send in your suggestions. Don't wait. Do it today.

The wonderful screen version of the story which a notable cast, headed by Agnes Ayres and Anthony槟杰, has been making all summer, is also completed. It promises to be one of the most sensational productions made by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation this year. Jesse Lasky, Vice-President of Famous Players-Lasky, allowed no expense to be spared in making it one of the finest films ever screened. Irvin Willat, noted director, whose "Wanderer of the Wasteland" created such a sensation in the picture world this year, directed "The Story Without a Name."

Four marvelous De Forest D-12 Reflex Radiophone Receiving Sets will be given as prizes for the best sub-titles for each of the four installments. These sets are the last word in radio. They are not only noted for their long-distance carrying qualities but are considered the most beautiful and artistic of any ever constructed. The simplicity of operation of these sets makes the De Forest D-12 a thing of joy with all radio enthusiasts.

In addition to the money and radio prizes enumerated above, still others have been added. The winner of the capital prize is given the opportunity to increase his or her check to the amount of five hundred dollars. There is another prize of one hundred dollars, also. Details of these extra cash offers will be found on pages 160 and 168, this issue.

Read this installment of the story. Read the synopsis of previous installments printed elsewhere in this issue, and then send in your suggestions for a title to the story and sub-titles for the four installments of the story.

Send them today.

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CUT OUT THIS COUPON

This coupon may be used to submit suggestions in Photoplay Magazine Radio Contest for which $5,000 in cash and four De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Sets will be given away. Read the conditions carefully and then send all suggestions to Photoplay Magazine, Radio Contest Editor, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Title for Story: ____________________________

Sub-Title for October Installment: ____________________________

Name of Contestant: ____________________________

Street Number: ____________________________

City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________

Reason for selecting title and sub-title: ____________________________

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Rules for the Great Cash Radio Contest

The Prizes

Here are the prizes for Photoplay Magazine Radio Contest.

First Prize . . . . $2,500.00
Second Prize . . . . 1,000.00
Third Prize . . . . 500.00

Five $100 prizes, five $50 prizes and ten $25 prizes—all cash. Four De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Sets, complete with batteries and loudspeaker.

Conditions of Contest

Photoplay Magazine wants a title for a story written by Arthur Stringer, which started in the July issue of Photoplay Magazine. It will be known as "The Story Without a Name" in Photoplay Magazine Radio Contest. Suggestions are invited for a title and $5,000 in cash and four radio receiving sets will be given away under the following rules:

1. Any person, except an employee of Photoplay Magazine or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, or members of their families, may enter the contest. By submitting a suggestion a person becomes a contestant and as such agrees to abide by these rules.

2. To the person submitting the best title for the story and best sub-titles for the installments of the story, together with his or her reason why such titles and sub-titles are best suited to the story and installments, and expressed in 100 words or less, Photoplay Magazine will give $2,500 in cash. The second prize will be $1,000; the third $500; $100 will be given to each of the five persons submitting the next five best titles and sub-titles; $25 will be given to each of the five persons submitting the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth best titles and sub-titles, and $10 will be given to each of the ten persons submitting the next ten best titles and sub-titles.

3. To each of the persons submitting the best sub-titles for the installments of the story, Photoplay Magazine will give a De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Set complete with batteries and loudspeaker.

4. Cleverness of ideas, accuracy, conciseness, originality and neatness will be considered in the awards for the titles and sub-titles. No title will be considered that duplicates or conflicts with the title of any copyrighted story or photoplay.

5. Contestants may submit as many suggestions as they desire. They are urged to send them as early as possible to facilitate work of the judges. The name and address of the contestant must be on each suggestion submitted.

6. For the convenience of contestants a coupon will be printed in each issue of the Magazine during the contest, and may be used to submit suggestions. Although use of this coupon is not compulsory, contestants must submit suggestions on paper that conforms to the coupon in size and shape. This is for convenience in handling and classifying the suggestions.

7. The judges of the contest will be James R. Quirk, editor of Photoplay Magazine, and Jesse Lasky of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. In selecting titles and sub-titles for cash awards, the judges will be a liberty to disregard sub-titles in which radio sets have been awarded. Their judgment is final.

8. If more than one person submits the same titles and sub-titles for the story and installments which win cash prizes, and give reasons for selecting them in an equally clever, accurate, concise, original and neat manner, duplicate prize will be given to each such person. If more than one person submits the same sub-titles for which radio sets are awarded, in an equally clever, accurate, concise, original and neat manner, a duplicate radio set will be given in every instance to each such person.

9. All awards will be announced in December Photoplay.

10. Photographers Magazine reserves the right to use the titles submitted as it sees fit. If a suggestion offered as a sub-title is better, in the opinion of the judges, than any title submitted for the story, the judges are at liberty to use it as a title forward to the person who submitted the first cash prize.

11. All suggestions submitted are to become the exclusive property of Photoplay Magazine.

12. The contest will close at midnight, October 15, 1924, and no suggestions received after that hour will be considered.

13. All suggestions must be mailed to Radio Contest Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.
Some day a debutante

The same mild daily cleansing that has retained mother's schoolgirl complexion will give baby, when she grows up, an attractive, wholesome skin for which she will always thank you.

CA debutante! That little bundle of fluff—baby. Mother remembers her own début, not so many years ago. The thrill of parties, attentions, popularity. Someday baby, too, will make her bow. Will she be lovely, attractive—popular? Or will she be handicapped by a poor complexion—a wallflower?

Mother's duty to baby is obvious. The tender, rose-petal skin needs the same simple care that mother's does. Constant attention, the thorough cleansing that dermatologists recommend, will give baby, when she grows up, the complexion that others envy—men admire.

For by this simple method, superior to costly beauty treatments, the complexion is built, wholesomely protected, with a result which renders cosmetics, powders unnecessary or of secondary importance. For if the skin itself is right, artificial aids are little needed.

A simple, wholesome "beauty treatment"—do this just one week—then note results

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. If you do, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both the 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 before retiring.

Sallow, unattractive skin no longer excusable

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty and charm.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt, 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 the 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.

And it costs but ten the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Note the difference just one week makes.

The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), Chicago
Can You Succeed in the Pictures?

Your handwriting often reveals talents you do not know you possess

The camera often reveals not only a likeness but also a personality which no one knew existed. But no camera can reveal those important traits and characteristics which an expert graphologist can readily see in your handwriting.

Handwriting is the camera of character. There, in that sheet on which you have casually written to a friend, is you, yourself. Those heavy strokes of your pen show physical vitality, although you may look frail.

Do you wonder if you have literary talent? The answer is in your “d’s” and “e’s” and capitals. Will you succeed in the pictures, or on the stage, or as a dancer, or an artist, or a writer? Your handwriting will tell you the truth.

Don't think your character and your talents are not worth mentioning just because your handwriting is not beautiful? I gladly and eagerly spend time over writing which is designated as “hen tracks” because I am looking at the writer through the revealing camera of handwriting.

Your personality—the way you appear to others—is no proof of what you really are. The fact that you never “write twice alike” may mean that you have the germ of genius in you. Your use of excessively plain capitals, for instance, may mean that you are potentially an artist.

What do you wish that you might be? Are you wishing in vain? What is the meaning of the unrest which so often attacks you? Is it the stirring of a power which will carry you to heights of which you hardly dared dream, or is it just plain bad temper and laziness?

Arrange with the dealer from whom you buy your stationery to send me a specimen of your handwriting—written in your usual way and let me find the answer to those insistent questions.

Lena Rice

EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO.
225 Fifth Avenue, New York
The Metallic Mustang

When steam came as a pioneer into the West

Based on the construction of the first transcontinental railroad, authorized by Abraham Lincoln after the Civil War, the William Fox production called "The Iron Horse" not only follows history with a fine degree of accuracy, but it presents the romance and action of the time with telling effect.

After the Union Pacific started work at Omaha, Neb., building westward, the Southern Pacific commenced at Sacramento, heading into the east. The race began when the government granted land allotments and bonds to the roads as they acquired more territory. Each strove to outdo the other, for it had become a financial proposition for the backers.

The picture deals with the men on the rails who fought desert heat and mountain blizzards, along with Indians and wolves, often going without supplies. The hero is Davy Brandon, a young rail builder on the U. P. In love with the daughter of the construction engineer, he finds her engaged to another, and, discouraged, he goes over to join the C. P.

An Indian war brings the two together. They fight side by side on a flat car. A chain of events finally leads to a solution of their love problems, but before the romance reaches its climax with the wedding of the rails at Promontory Point, Utah, in 1869, the young lovers endure untold suffering and prove their heroism a thousand times.

The picture centers more about the romance, but in its historical details it closely follows the records of the railroads.

A strong cast was engaged and the direction was handled by John Ford. George O'Brien has the leading rôle, with Madge Bellamy opposite him as the pioneer girl.

Hundreds of horses were used to "haul "Jupiter," the original Union Pacific locomotive used in "The Iron Horse"

Frances Teague gives an alluring characterization of Polka Dot, one of the girls that haunted Judge Haller's "bar of liquor and justice"

As Corporal Casey, the ace of track layers, J. Farrell MacDonald proves to be one of the best comedians the screen has seen

Mudge Bellamy gives a fine performance, whether it be in the love scenes or where the fighting was heaviest, as Miriam Marsh, the heroine
Why You, too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

How famous Movie Stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking, full of life and lustre.

BEAUTIFUL hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have hair that is charming and attractive.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

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.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

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

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product 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 throughout the entire length, down to the ends of 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 dirt and dust that stick to the scalp. After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly —always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up the lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and 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.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

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
SARA G., LOUISVILLE, Ky.—Bless your warm Southern heart! I am glad that you can truthfully subscribe yourself, "Admiring Friend." Edward Burns has black hair and gray eyes and a complexion that harmonizes with them. Lucky fellow! He has no freckles. His age is thirty-two. He is not married.

TAR HEEL FLAPPER, SALISBURY, N. C.—Absurd to call me "Sir," because my "chat sounds so much like a boy's." Thanks, dear one. How young a boy do I sound? Wouldn't every woman be a boy to a picture critic? "Colleen Moore is just perfectly darling. Gloria is lovely. Conway Tearle just simply knows all there is to know about acting. I could watch Rod La Rocque for hours and hours and then some." If all "notices" were like that there would be no need of heaven for "movie" players.

Sara, in answer to your inquiry. We charge an extra amount toward the expense of their photographs. It would bankrupt most stars to provide all their admirers with photographs.

ANN W., AURORA, ILL.—Sidney Chaplin is a brother of the famous funny Charlie. His age is thirty-nine years; height, five feet, eight inches; weight, one hundred and seventy pounds; hair, brown; eyes, gray. He is married to a non-professional. His next picture will be "Charlie's Aunt." Thomas Meighan has not chick or child. Louis Fazenda, at twenty-five, is not married. That is her real name. Frank Mayo's last picture was "The Price She Paid." Dagmar Godowsky told me she has separated from him and is starting a suit for divorce.

CONSTANCE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Mae Murray's birthday is May tenth. She entered movieland when she was about twenty-two. She has blonde hair and blue-gray eyes. Hers is what has been called the dancer's height, five feet, three inches, and her number of pounds is the dancer's weight, one hundred and fifteen. I should say that any one who is enough like Mae Murray to be called her twin might have a good chance for success anywhere.

ELEANOR, MUSKEGON, Mich.—Richard Dix has a heart, not a pebble. It cannot but be moved by the story of him as you send me. "He makes the best lover, or husband, or anything else that calls for a he-man. I would go every mile to save him." I like the screen star most because there is nothing shabby about him." Write him all that, adding your postscript, "He is the most wonderful actor on the screen. He is the greatest of actors. I am distressed to see a photograph from you? Send a quarter, though, in case he asks a granting secretary to forward the picture to you. He is in Paramount pictures.

A READER, PROTOPLAY, JACKSONVILLE, Fla.—This is the first letter I have seen from you, Goold Old Reader. Let us tell our troubles to Uncle Sam. Share your commendable curiosity with these facts. Baby Peggy is really Peggy Jean Montgomery. She is with the Principal Pictures Corporation. Born Oct. 26, 1918, so of the bewitching age of six. Hollywood is a suburb of Los Angeles, its most famous suburb.

FERN, GRIDLEY, CALIF.—"More than interested in Lloyd Hughes pictures," eh? His address is 9104 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

MARIE V., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Which is older, Ben Lyon or Barbara Marr? A year separates them, the year being in Ben's favor if being younger is an advantage. J. Warren Kerrigan is working in Captain Blood. Corinne Griffith has been twice married. Rod La Rocque is twenty-six. His employers are of the Famous Players-Lasky Co. Not married. Give him time, Marie. Marriage is an expensive luxury in the post-war days.

MARIE, ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Tere? Yes. Courteous, M. Eugene O'Brien is thirty-six. Not married. Thomas Meighan was born in 1875. Figure it out for yourself, Marie.

JANIE, ALPINE, Tex.—Pleased, little Janie. Cullen Landis' age is twenty-six years. His height is more than considerable. It is five feet, ten inches.

CAROLINE, GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Glad to receive your sunny letter, Caroline. Aren't you afraid that you will turn this human violet into a flouncing hollyhock? Yes, Fred Thomson is married. His wife is Frances Marion, the scenario writer.

SWEET SIXTEEN, ANSONIA, OHIO.—"Low Cod, the prettiest man on the stage? Wonder whether he will preen or writhe when he reads that? My vote is for "writhe." Here's his dope sheet. Not married. Thirty-nine years old. Black hair. Brown eyes. Real name, Louis Joseph Coté. Born in Berlin, N. H. Height, five feet, eleven inches. Not forgetting the extra half inch, we might be generous and say he is a six-footer.

A MOVIE FAN, TULSA, OKLAHOMA.—I am not sure that an engagement between Richard Dix and Leo Wilson ever was "on." It now seems that the engagement was of the ethereal stuff of many rumors. Ralph Graves is twenty-four. He is a widower. Engaged with the Mack Sennett Comedy Productions.

E. H. THIBAUDAU, LA.—Certainly, charming little girl of Louisiana. Freeman Wood, who made so deep an impression upon you in "Innocence," is engaged at the Lasky Studios.

F. W. S., ALBANY, N. Y.—The Romantic History of the Motion Picture began in the April, 1912, issue, and has appeared continu-ously since that time. Write Photoplay Magazine, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, for back copies.

Doris, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Since you admire Rod La Rocque so very much, send your compliments to him through the Lasky Studios; I sha'n't tell him. Even though he is an engaging man and actor.

Sara, KINGTON, N. Y.—"Dear, dear," eh? No'ody ever doubled the dear on me before. Thanks, Sara. I think Madele Bellamy would send you her photograph. Ask the Universal Studio about it. Corinne Griffith measures upward five feet, three inches. She has acquired wisdom through twenty three years.

IDA CLAIRE, HERKIMER, N. Y.—You think I am "six feet tall, have brown hair, eyes a shade lighter and very strong looking features?" Guess again, Ida, dear. Orchid stationery, with rounded corners, shaped like ro-c petals, and silver edges. Lovely. Lloyd Hughes' picture "The Last World" looks like playing Jane in "Icebound." I answer every letter I receive, Ida, mine. Wonder where your hidest self.

L. P. & A. R., NEWARK, N. J.—I assure you that Richard Barthesmo was only born once. That time it was in New York City. So New Jersey's claim must be denied. Ralph Graves is a widower. Ramon Novarro went to Europe in the summer.

GIPSY, SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN, CAN.—You are the pioneer in letters from your interesting habitat, Gipsy. The screen has a quarter of lovely red-haired women. I'm afraid, Alice Terry, Jacqueline Logan and Hope Hampton. Gloria Swanson's bob is like a boy's close hair cut. Becoming. Her latest picture is "Her Love Story."

G. E. G, BRADGATE, Ia.—You simply must know their ages? All right. G. E. G. Mary Pickford is thirty-one. Wanda Hawley is twenty-five. Wanda is of charming slenderness. By actual vulgar computation with scales she weighs one hundred, ten pounds. She towers prettily for five feet, four inches.

ADEELE, BALTIMORE, Md.—Write Photoplay Magazine, 750 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, for back copies of the same. Thanks for those kind words, sweet Baltimore.

A. M., ALBANY, N. Y.—Ah, Miss Morning. Ramon Novarro's name is pronounced as spelled except that the middle syllable of the last name is stressed as "no" instead of the "o." "Ah," John Barrymore waved his hand lightly to the Lambs Club, in New York, before sailing for Europe. He said that he wished all mail to be there one month until his return. He's sure to get it. He is the truest lamblin in all the club. Ramon Novarro is abroad. Jackie Coogan will be in the cast when this meets your eye. Richard Barthesmo has not severed his connection with Inspiration Pictures. [continued on page 133]

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of Photoplay to have questions for this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that are in Rep, for instance, 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. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.
right vehicles. Sets and stars for the moment seem to have taken second place and once again "the story's the thing."

It was announced that Miss Bara was to do "Declide." Then she found that another company already had bought the rights. One story which she found didn't satisfy her backers and something they liked wasn't pleasing to Theda. So the matter hangs fire.

Buster Keaton's tiny son, Buster II, pulled a typical Keaton gag the other day at the baptismal ceremony in honor of Buster II's brother, Bob, born in February of this year.

Right in the middle of the ceremony, Buster II escaped from his parents and ran screaming down the main aisle of the church, yelling lustily, "Wants be kept! Wants be kept!"

Everyone present was puzzled at the incident until Buster Senior explained that, just a few days before, a litter of kittens had been eliminated at the Keaton menage via drowning. One kitten alone had been kept. Buster II had noted the fun utilized in baptism—and had misconstrued the intent. Hence the attempt to escape. Buster II was taking no chances.

They say that even the unmoving face of Buster Senior wrinkled into laughter.

The much delayed production of "Ben-Hur" is expected to be completed by the holidays. That, at least, is the expectation of Marcus Loew, head of Metro-Goldwyn, who has just returned from his hurried trip to Italy. It was upon the arrival of Mr. Loew in Rome that a change was made in the cast and direction of General Lew Wallace's famous novel.

George Walsh was succeeded as Ben-Hur by Ramon Novarro, and Charles Brabin and June Mathis were removed from the production direction of the picture, being supplanted by Fred Niblo.

Miss Mathis, Mr. Walsh and Mr. Brabin are now in this country. Miss Mathis is emphatic in stating that, while she had anticipated having the production supervision of "Ben-Hur," she had actually had very little to do with the 200,000 feet or so of film "shot" by Director Brabin. She declares that she found Mr. Brabin in full authority upon her arrival in Rome and that, until the appearance of Mr. Loew, he had been in complete charge.

Miss Mathis puts the delay in making "Ben-Hur" squarely up to Mr. Brabin, although she says the making of pictures in Italy, or anywhere in southern Europe, is under a severe handicap. A great deal of this is due to the difficulty in handling players who speak another tongue. Another source of delay lies in governmental red tape which must be cut diplomatically by an American producer.

"Despite my own disappointment," says Miss Mathis, "my chief regret has been the treatment of Mr. Walsh. I had complete faith in his ability to play Ben-Hur. I realize that many other people did not believe in him. But the same thing occurred when I selected Rudolph Valentino for the role of Julio in 'The Four Horsemen.' Valentino justified himself and I am confident Mr. Walsh would have done the same thing.

"Actually, Mr. Walsh was given no opportunity to succeed or fail. He was withdrawn without a chance. Indeed, Mr. Novarro was in Rome for three days before Mr. Walsh was notified that he had been succeeded in the leading role."

Miss Mathis points out that, when Mr. Brabin was originally selected as a director of "Ben-Hur," it had been planned for him to direct only the intimate portions. The Goldwyn powers—that he felt that, through his success with "Driven," Mr. Brabin had demonstrated his ability in the line of motion picture direction. The handling of crowds and mobs, says Miss Mathis, was to be left to an Italian or German director, to be named later. These plans were changed upon the arrival of Mr. Brabin in Italy. It is said that the entire footage shot by Mr. Brabin is to be discarded. Among the big sets being constructed by Mr. Niblo are those representing the Joppa Gate, three hundred feet high, and the Circus Maximus, in which the chariot races will take place and which will seat 170,000 extras. A portion of "Ben-Hur" will be filmed in Technicolor, the process used in making "Wanderer of the Wasteland."

Pearl White can always be expected to do the unexpected—even when it comes to taking a bath. Sunburned ladies are all the rage at Deauville this season and of course Pearl has to be in the swim no matter what discomforts one has to undergo. But she thought she could cheat Old Sol. One doesn't like to be burned to a crisp just to get the proper shade of tan, does one? Of course not. So Pearl took henna baths. A moderate use of henna in the bath gives one a lovely tan, but an overdose is terrible. When Pearl emerged from her bath and confronted her dinner guests an hour late,
Seena Owen

beautiful and popular Cosmopolitan star, has become noted for the good taste and beauty of her costumes and the grace with which she wears them. Miss Owen, like many other stars of the stage and screen who realize that not the least part of an actress’ success and effectiveness is the correct and fashionable costuming of her roles, wears shoes with visible eyelets because visible eyelets are fashionable, decorative and practical. Visible eyelets promote easy lacing, lengthen the life and preserve the style lines of the shoe and give to lace footwear a perfectly finished appearance.

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Everyone thinks he would know his favorite on sight. But when Lillian Gish recently dined at a New York café well known for its steaks and chops, not one guest recognized her. At least that is the report of the owner and head waiters, who kept careful watch to see what the other guests would do when the fair Lillian appeared. So far as they could see not one person in the restaurant, which seats five hundred, knew that Lillian Gish was dining in their presence.

There were many engagements announced by members of the picture colonies last month, but none caused quite so much comment as that of Agnes Ayres, the beautiful. Quite formally and simply she announced that she would marry H. Manuel Reachi, diplomat and attaché to the consul general of Mexico at San Francisco. This will be the star’s second matrimonial venture. Her first husband was Captain Frank P. Shuker, from whom she was divorced in 1921. Just when Miss Ayres will marry the diplomatic Mr. Reachi was not stated in the announcement, but probably early in the autumn.

Wedding bells rang for two more Hollywood couples recently. Miss Margaret Campbell became the wife of Josef Swickard, who is best remembered by his performance as the father in “The Four Horsemen.” The others were Ralph E. Bushman, son of the illustrious Francis X., and Miss Beatrice Dinti, an actress with whom he has been working at Universal City.

The palm for the most elaborate social event of the month must be awarded to Sam Goldwyn, the producer, for his masquerade ball in honor of Norma and Constance Talmadge, given at his beautiful Hollywood re-idence. The two fair Talmadges did a day’s work for Mr. Goldwyn in “With Potash and Permutite in Hollywood,” and the delightful costume ball was Mr. Goldwyn’s way of saying thank you.

The guest list included most of the well known names in the Hollywood film colony, and many of the stars appeared in elaborate costumes. Norma Talmadge wore the costume of a Moorish maiden and was attended by her husband, Joe Schenck, as a sheik. Constance Talmadge and Buster Collier appeared as a pair of pirates, very piratical, even down to the famous cutlasses. Marion Davies was a most charming boy, after the order of “Little Old New York.” Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mildred Davis) were the cutest pair of Childs anybody could imagine—right out of Little house Blues, and Fred Thomson and Frances Marion, who is Mrs. Thomson, wore real Western costume—chaps, guns, sombreros and all. The comedy hit of the evening was Lefty Flynn and Viola Dana as twin babies—the comedy being that Lefty is five feet three and Viola four feet eleven. Jack Pickford was a Spanish grandee and his wife, Marilyn Miller, a boy—a le Flo Ziegfeld. George Fitzmaurice was most impressive as a mandarin, Ronal Colman as a rajah, and Lou Tellegen as Spanish grandee. Colleen Moore accepted the inspiration of her name and wore the quaint costume of an Irish colleen, and Phyllis Haver never looked better in life than in the costume of a Dutch girl.

Charles Meredith and Al Greene were the Smith Brothers, of cough drop fame; Thelma Morgan Converse was Marie Antoinette; Mrs. Thomas Meighan was Joan of Arc Carmelite; Geraghty was a Spanish dancing girl; Cath erine Bennett appeared as the heroine of the “Sea Hawk,” following the footsteps of her sister, Enid Bennett, who created it on the screen; and Eugene O’Brien came as “Ben Hur”—just by way of being different since he was one of the three leading men never mentioned for the role.

Other guests were Betty Byrne, Madeline Hurlock, Thomas Meighan, Mr. and Mrs. Ear Williams, Norman Kerry, Sidney Chaplin, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Levee and John McCormick.

I wish you could see Alice Terry’s syphl-ic figure. Really, it’s remarkable how thin Alice looks once more. And it was certainly a good thing. She’s taken off pounds and is “The Great Divide” she’ll look like any one your boneless-klepis flappers.

Rod La Rocque continues to be the most favored of Pola Negri’s suitors. We believe them when they say it isn’t serious. But so the present it seems to amuse Pola sufficiently. It’s impossible to imagine Pola Negri without love affair. Not permanent, possibly, but hectic for the time being.

As for young Rod, the experience ought to be very good one for him. He lacks anything which I understand his feminine fans are looking for; it is a certain poise and polish—finish, as it were. And Pola, who is continent to her finger tips, will probably impart this during the course of their friendship.

Art must be served.

The creator of “The Miracle” does his first creative work for pictures. Dancing floor and pool designed by Norman Be Goldes for Cecil B. de Mille’s “Freed of China.” It is considered one of the most beautiful sets ever designed.

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**It isn’t this cat’s whiskers but his mustache that won him the name of Charlie Chaplin. He (that is the cat) is Estelle Taylor’s latest pet. The name, she says, has nothing to do with the fact that she was once reported engaged to the famous film comedian.**

Mae Murray has the most beautiful new Rolls Royce cabriolet. It’s canary yellow—Mae’s favorite color—with black wheels and top, and is quite the smartest thing on the boulevard at present. Jack Dempsey also bought himself a new caramel-colored Rolls, but it was badly smashed up the other evening when the champ and Mr. and Mrs. Ted Hayes were on their way to Wheeler Hot Springs. A car came out of a dark side street and collided with them on a hill, wrecking the beautiful limousine and cutting Dempsey’s hand and arm.

However, he was able to be back on the set the next day, but the car will be in the repair shop for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Williams have been visiting in Hollywood and they have certainly been royally entertained by their friends. No one in the industry is more popular than “J. D.,” and his wife is a favorite with all the screen stars.

A series of dinner parties, including affairs given by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd and Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, and the Talmadges and others, have kept them busy.

Barbara La Marr and her latest—though possibly not her last—husband have apparently come to the final parting of the ways. The fair Barbara is in New York. Jack Dougherty is in Hollywood. There have been rumors—and rumors. First it was Ben Lyon—said rumor. Jack said he wasn’t. Pen was an old friend of his. Then Bobby was going to sue—because Jack didn’t love her any longer. Then they exchanged telegrams and—nobody was going to sue. In fact, Jack was invited to go East and play Barbara’s screen husband in “Sandra” and all would soon be well.

But now Jack at least admits that it looks as though the six-months’ separation might be final—though he and Barbara are still the best of friends. And he says, from the depths of what is evidently a full heart, that it isn’t so easy to be a famous star’s husband.

The screen is losing Hope Hampton, at least for the present. Miss Hampton is going into a starring role on the speaking stage this fall. She will be presented by the theatrical manager, Charles Dillingham, in “Madame Pompadour,” which is the work of Leo Fall, and has been one of the largest successes on the other side since Lehár’s “The Merry Widow.”

Miss Hampton has been studying vocal music for over two years and is said to have a voice of unusual possibilities. Anyway, her appearance in “Madame Pompadour” will be watched with much interest by motion picture fans.

You will be interested to know that the screen will no longer know Lois Wilson’s sister, Roberta, by the family cognomen of Wilson. Roberta has decided to change her name to Diana Kane. There is an interesting story behind the selection of the name of Diana Kane. Lois Wilson has long been a friend of Robert Kane, who was for a considerable
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period a prominent executive of the Famous Players. Thus it was that Roberta decided to absorb the name of Kane.

LOUIS WOLHEIM and Ivan Linow are two rough looking birds. So rough looking, in fact, that they attracted the attention of revenue officers who were cruising about Long Island Sound and brought a visit to the yacht where Irving Willat was filming scenes for "The Story Without a Name," a forthcoming Paramount picture.

"What are you carrying?" said one of the revenue men as they swarmed on board.
"I don’t know; what are we carrying?" asked Wolheim.
"This is no joke. Where’s your papers?"
Just then Director Willat interrupted the conversation and informed the men that coal, a few movie cameras, and a group of actors were being carried.
"Cut that stuff," said the agents. "We’ll just search the boat for liquor. I don’t like the looks of these two fellows." A finger of scorn was pointed at Wolheim and Linow, who had been letting their beards grow for a week so as to look rough.

Just then Agnes Ayres and her maid came out of a cabin and the revenue men hesitated in their search.
"Movies, eh?" they mumbled. "Well, we’ll watch you work a while."
Willat called his cameraman and Antonio Moreno and Miss Ayres went through a scene for the picture just to prove to the skeptical men of the law that they were making pictures. Finally they shoved off in their cutter.

Rex Ingram’s departure to his new home in North Africa has been delayed. The director has been occupied in adjusting his real estate holdings in California. As these lines are being written, Mr. Ingram is not sure whether or not his wife, Alice Terry, will start for Africa at the same time. It is possible a motion picture contract may prevent. A number of directors have been trying to secure Miss Terry and it is highly possible that she will remain behind for a few months. Incidentally, Mr. Ingram looks greatly improved since his recent rest.

While the method of releasing Rudolph Valentino’s future Ritz-Carlton produc-
Into the attic

FEW youngsters today ever saw a horsehair sofa. They wouldn’t know what to do with a fire taper, carpet stretcher, or coal-oil lamp. They couldn’t braid rags into a rug, or wind yarn without tangling. But they know the how and why of typewriters, phonographs, telephones, automobiles; what happens when a push of the button gives light, or a kodak’s flash fixes their image on paper.

Their education is as modern as the advertisements they see. They have no more use for the lamp and chimney of yesterday than you for the wick and tallow of the day before.

Advertisements induce such progress. They urge wide use that means improvement. They help you lift the out-of-date into the attic—rid you of the water buckets and soap kettles of slavedom. They bring late improvements within your reach.

Read the advertisements regularly. Keep alert to the new.

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for Every Use
To develop and keep a clear, soft, smooth skin you need only use
Ingram's
Milkweed Cream
It is a thorough cleanser and yet
light enough in body to form a
comfortable foundation for powder.
But it has certain remedial proper-
ties that subdue redness, roughness,
tan, freckles and such imperfections.
Whether you use it as a
cleanser, a protection, or a powder base, its nourishing and healing
properties will bring fresh beauty
and new life to your skin.
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months of effort later on. Get a jar
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No one knows John Ford, the director,
who can accuse him of being phlegmatic. His
boyish enthusiasm for life and everything in
it is one of the most attractive of his many
likable characteristics. But when he
completed "The Iron Horse," the William Fox
production based on the building of the trans-
continental railroad, Mr. Ford came East.
He visited the Fox studios in New York
one day and the next he was on his way to Peak's
Island, Me., the place of his birth. And there
he remained, even though his picture opened
at the Lyric Theater in New York on August
28th.
"I'd have to wear clothes if I came to see
"The Metallic Mustang,"' he wrote to friends
in New York, using his pet title for the picture.
"Here, I wear a shirt and pants. And I fish."

What is believed to be an end to the
squabble within Inspiration Pictures,
Inc., was seen in the action of Charles H.
Duell, president of that company, in forming
a corporation of his own. It was reported that
he would retain his production contracts with
Lillian and Dorothy Gish, leaving Richard
Barthelmess to Inspiration. Dick has been
dismissed for some time with the arrange-
ment under which he worked, because Mr.
Duell was devoting all his time to the Gish
pictures, it was reported.

The Hollywood film colony rather expected
it, but nevertheless was surprised when
Lenatrice Joy filed suit for divorce from Jack
Gilbert. Their friends believed that the ex-
pected arrival of an heir in the Gilbert bunga-
low might stave off a separation indefinitely,
but Lenatrice refused to wait. In her complaint
she charged cruelty and habitual intoxication.
They fell in love when playing together in "A
Dollar Bid" in 1922. Her most impressive
work was in "Ten Commandments."

Mr. and Mrs. Valentino sailed for
Europe in August to spend a month abroad
before he starts work on his next picture, which
will be his first one for Ritz-Carlton. They
planned to spend a few days in London and
Paris before leaving for Mrs. Valentino's villa
at Nice.

Many of the famous stage successes pro-
duced by John Golden will immediately
become available for the screen through an
arrangement entered into by Mr. Golden with
William Fox. Through the efforts of Will
Hays the two great producers have organized
a five million dollar corporation which will be a
unit in the Fox organization and known as the
John Golden Unit of Clean American Pictures,
Inc. All the resources of the Fox organization
will be at the disposal of Mr. Golden, who will
have personal supervision of the production
of such plays as "Lightnin'," "Howdy Folks,
"Thank U," "Chicken Feed," "The Wheel,"
"The First Year" and "Seventh Heaven."
When the contract was signed Mr. Golden was
paid $1,000,000 in cash by Mr. Fox.

Ew Cody is to be married. The former
husband of the beautiful Dorothy Dalton
is to have as his second wife none other than
the oft-wedded Nora Bayes. While it will
only be Lew's second venture into matrimony

Here is the way they take the picture of a busy typewriter. To show just how
it is done, Pauline Frederick posed with her director, Robert Vignola, in a
scene from her latest picture, "Mrs. Paramount"
it will be Nora’s fifth. Four times has she been married and four times divorced. In fact, she calls the wedding march her personal and national anthem. Well, now that the surprise of the announcement has worn off a bit, everybody is wondering just how the match will turn out. Lew and Nora have brilliant personalities; they have histrionic ability to a great degree; they are successful in diversified lines—she on the stage and he on the screen. Both are “mighty good company.” To be with either means a refreshment of wit, repartee, and laughter. More than that, an hour with either is a conversational feast. One thing is certain, everybody in the film world and stageland wish them happiness and prosperity.

The few bootleggers who operate in Hollywood have hit upon a transportation device which is giving the prohibition officers a lot of trouble. They are carting the liquor around in milk cans on milk wagons. The few Hollywood men who drink say there seems to be just as much water in the milk cans as there ever was.

In Hollywood they’re pouring coals of fire upon the head of the keen-witted Laurette Taylor. The first time this actress saw Hollywood boulevard, which is the Fifth Avenue of the picture capital, she ran an appraising eye over the buildings and sniffed: “It looks like a street-drop in one,” which is the theatrical description of lowly background against which talking acts do their stuff in vaudeville.

Yet, now that she is acting before the camera in “One Night in Rome” at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, the forgiving picture people have devised for her the trickiest set ever seen on that lot.

It represents the fortune telling room of a professional mystic and is furnished with heavy velvet draperies, an eight-foot bronzed Buddha, other idols and images, and a crystal-gazing ball, etc. The room is so built that with the pulling of a few strings it instantly becomes transformed into a bright, sunny living room. Upon it more time and money has been spent than upon any of the castle halls, ball rooms and boudoirs used in the picture.

“I was not in the room when the shot was fired,” was the salient line in the testimony given by Mabel Normand concerning the shooting of one Dines of Denver by Greer, Mabel’s chauffeur, some months ago, and the line bobbled up again the other evening when at the Writers’ Club in Hollywood were shown a couple of old Biograph pictures in which appeared Mabel Normand, Mary Pickford, Donald Crisp, Owen Moore and others of the old crowd.

One of these old Griffith dramas contained a scene in which an actor, playing Mabel’s sweetheart, fired point-blank at an actor playing the heavy.

For the purposes of the drama it was made to appear that Mabel was to be accused of the marksmanship.

Suddenly in the darkened room in which the picture was running there boomed out a mighty voice.

“I was not in the room when the shot was fired,” it bellowed.

Joseph M. Schenck has just made his beautiful young wife, Norma Talmadge, another gift which has all Hollywood gasping over its magnificence. It is an eleven-story $1,500,000 apartment house, The Talmadge, in the heart of Los Angeles’ most beautiful residence district. The property was given Miss Talmadge in memory of the eighth anniversary of their engagement. It has forty-six apartments, ranging from eight to ten rooms in size and is the finest thing of its kind in the West, with its Riverside Drive or Park Avenue atmosphere.

The case of a certain young leading man, Eddie Phillips, shows that there is more or less truth in the old saying that in the motion
The poet who wrote something about tears, idle tears, never knew Zazu Pitts, the gal with the weep-yoge face, who has cried herself through countless celluloid epics in which her part has usually been as bright and cheery as a rainy afternoon in a graveyard. But her tears have been far from idle, for new work has appeared in Hollywood at the wheel of one of the highest-paid roadsters in the colony, and she and her husband, Tom Gallery, who, although he does not cry for a living, has, in his time, played his share of lachrymose leads, have invested in a new house, set in an acre of ground upon which there is not even one weeping willow.

Latest to enter the list of film producers is C. Gardner Sullivan, one of the oldest and highest-salaried scenario writers in the business. He has just begun production of "Cheap Kisses," the first of a series of four which he will release through F. B. O. He is making the picture at the studio of Thomas H. Ince, who several years ago gave him his first job as a scenarist. At that time Sullivan’s salary was thirty-five dollars a week. Now it is said to be in excess of $100,000 a year.

Culver City, where the Ince and the Hal Roach studios are situated, has a new restaurant, which fact reminds the picture colony there of the time that a pilgrim from Oklahoma bought another restaurant in Culver City on the strength of an order for four hundred lunches which he had opined to hear one of Ince’s staff men giving to the man who owned the eating house.

"If this restaurant does business like this I’ll buy it," said he, and he did.

The next day the Ince studio closed for two months.

Carter de Haven’s latest comedy has run into a fog of tragedy. He made it at a Hollywood studio, and, according to the proprietors of the studio, became so intensely absorbed in the business of being funny that he quite forgot the more serious business of paying his final rental bill. So they attached his film and until this little difficulty is edited out there can be no release. De Haven’s contention is that the bill against him is unjust and was of such impressive proportions that when it was presented he was unable to laugh or to make anybody else laugh for the rest of the day.

It certainly pays to be a friend of Bill Hart. Ask James Montgomery Flagg. He knows. The artist arrived in Hollywood the other day with the new Mrs. Flagg, who formerly was Miss Dorothy Wademan, his model, and this is what he said: "We decided to motor from New York to California for our honeymoon. All went well until we reached Wade, Kan. There the sheriff, one Jeremiah Zook, who looked exactly like Irvin Cobb in distress, placed me under arrest because he said I resembled a phoney check artist for whom he was looking. "Did you know James Montgomery Flagg? I inquired of this Zook person, at the same time showing him a reduced copy of one of my war posters which I happened to have in my pocket. "Naw," he responded without enthusiasm. "Well, perhaps you have heard of Irvin S. Cobb?" I persisted, thinking I might flatter him.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
"Naw, I haven't,' replied the sheriff, truculently. 'Looky here, young feller, don't try to come none o' that bunk on me. I know you. Come along to jail peaceful.'

"So to jail I went and was just about to be escorted to a cell when I suddenly thought of a letter in my possession from my old friend, William S. Hart. I asked Sheriff Jeremiah if I might call my wife, who was at the hotel. Grudgingly he consented.

"I told Mrs. Flaggs I was in jail and asked her to bring down the Hart letter to establish my identity, Jeremiah keeping a suspicious eye on me all the time. She could not find the letter but brought down the grip in which it was contained, and after a feverish search the letter was brought to light.

"Say, you don't know Bill Hart, do you?" I inquired of the sheriff.

"Something like a human gleam came into his eye at mention of the name.

"Sure, I know Bill Hart,' said he, 'I've seen him in the movies. Is he a friend of yours?"

"I handed him the letter.

"You're all right, young feller,' he said, after he read it, 'any friend of Bill Hart's is bound to be all right. You kin go.'

"I went."

A NOETHER mystery of the recent Democratic National Marathon—pardon me—Convention has been solved. The missing sombrero of that veteran campaigner, William Jennings Bryan, has been discovered.

When Helene Chadwick arrived in Hollywood after several months in New York she was leading a procession of six trunks filled with new gowns, wearing Bryan's picturesque campaign hat and carrying a goldfish.

"You see it was like this," explains Helene. "I met Mr. Bryan, whom I admire very much, and asked him for a souvenir of the occasion. Like a true gallant, he doffed his hat, making me a sweeping bow, and presented it to me."

And about the goldfish. Well, he—or perhaps we should say she—swam all the way from New York to the Pacific Coast—in this glass bowl, of course. Helene has had the fish since she arrived in New York last fall and considers it her mascot.

And speaking of Bryan reminds us of another one told by Luther Reed, who adapted Marion Davies' great triumph, "Little Old New York," to San Francisco and on the trip west had breakfast opposite Mr. Bryan.

"Don't let anyone tell you the Great Com- maner is fading away or anything of the sort," says Reed. "I watched him, fascinated, at his morning meal and this was his menu:"

"Three mutton chops—and they were big ones.

"One large bowl of radishes—one each well battered.

"Buttered toast and coffee.

"Scrambled eggs—and he didn't leave a crumb."

SHIRLEY MASON and Harlan Fengler, the boy Speed King, are to be married, but just when they will not say. They have been seen constantly together in Hollywood circles and at Hollywood parties and there was much speculation. And then came Fengler's accident at the Indianapolis Speedway. Shirley dropped everything and sped east. At first Fengler's condition was reported critical, but he had a quick recovery and is now at his home in Hollywood again.

Shirley admits they are to be married—some time next year. And Fengler's story is the same, but there are those in Hollywood who believe that they are already married and that the ceremony took place in an Indianapolis hospital. And it seems that a certain girl friend of Miss Mason's received a telegram from the pretty little star while she was still in the speedway town, which indicates that another wedding in the spring would be quite unnecessary.

Miss Mason is a sister of Viola Dana and is the widow of Breakfast Burning, the director who

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WHO always purchases the best foods for her table, insists on "Uneeda Bakers" products. She knows that they are always wholesome and always good. She knows that she can buy no better soda cracker than fresh, criso UNEEDA BISCUIT.

She knows LORNA DOONE SHORTBREAD, the golden brown, perfect shortbread that tastes good eaten alone or with crushed fruits.

She knows that the delicious nut-like flavor of UNEEDA GRAHAM CRACKERS comes from using specially ground real graham flour.

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And she knows they are all good because they are

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Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hatton never had a serious altercation in all the years of their married life until she pulled her hair. Then he immediately got a job that took him to Arizona on location for five weeks. But he came back
died last year. Her hand has been hotly contested and Fengler takes the winner's flag from a field in which Bobbie Agnew was considered his keenest rival.

The wide open spaces of a Hollywood parking place was the scene lately of a nifty little five-cornered battle from which emerged victorious John C. Howard, the two-listed husband of Ora Carew.

In single combat he met and overcame his wife, his sister, Alexander Pantages, proprietor of a string of theaters in the West, and one Mr. Rosenberg, who modestly described himself as "just a friend of Mr. Pantages."

It's been a long time since the dove of peace has roosted on the roof-tree of the Howard and the head of the house has long entertained a suspicion that his wife had become too much interested in a vaudeville tour which Pantages had offered her.

On the night that Howard led with his right, his wife, her sister, Pantages, the impresario, and Mr. Rosenberg, the friend, had been at a pre-view in one of the Pantages theaters. They strolled from the theater to the parking place where was Ora Carew's car. Also they strolled into a lot of grief, for, according to the police, they encountered John C. Howard and his perfectly good right and left hands.

Pushing his wife and her sister none too gently from his path, he went into action against Pantages and Rosenberg with such dire results that these two gentlemen, accustomed as they were to public fighting, sought the assistance of the constabulary. The police told them to talk to the District Attorney. He who had laid them low then announced that he would do some talking of his own and the next day he instructed his lawyer to bring suit against Pantages for $50,000 damages, alleging alienation of the affections of Mrs. Howard. Hers was the classic comment:

"I had no affection left for my husband for anybody to alienate."

Howard says he doesn't want the money so much as the vindication. Certainly he does not need such small change as $100,000 — his family being one of the wealthiest in New England.

ADIRERS of beautiful Marie Mosquini may find it difficult to believe that she could be guilty of cruel and inhuman conduct toward anybody, but here comes her husband, Roy Harlow, and in a suit for divorce alleges that she has been cruel and inhuman to him. His resentment extends to her mother whom he names as defendant in a suit for $25,000 for damages, alleging that Mrs. Mosquini alienated from him the affections of her dusky-eyed bride.

The Harlows have been married less than a year. In his petition the husband says that his wife's salary is $250 a week. He says further that his success as a husband was impeded by the fact that his mother-in-law used to lock the fair Marie in her room and refuse to permit him to talk to her.

On a Hollywood picture lot the other day the irresistible force met the immovable body and the irresistible force got all the worst of it.

The principals in the collision were Alexander Carr of "Potash and Perlmutter" fame, Samuel Goldwyn, his employer, and Al Green, his director.

Carr, a recent arrival from New York, had brought with him a supply of temperamet upon which the railroad companies lost money.
Do you have compliments on your complexion?

S YOUR color so fresh and clear, your skin so soft and youthful that people just can’t help admiring your good looks? . . . You like to have your friends tell you how pretty you are. You will have some new compliments coming to you when you use Armand Cold Cream Powder. There is in it a magic touch of cold cream that keeps the powder in place. Exquisitely soft and fine, delicately fragrant, Armand Cold Cream Powder satisfies the fastidious woman as to quality, pleases the most particular girl as to effectiveness. Armand is the only genuine Cold Cream Powder. There is nothing like it. Armand created it with a magic bit of cold cream as its base. In White, Pink, Creme, Brunette, Tint Natural and the new Armand Flame (double brunette). Priced $1.00 a box everywhere—and it is the best powder you can buy.

An amazing introductory offer! So that you may give all the Armand products a fair trial and have the delightful experience of using them all at once, Armand has arranged a special Week-end Package, so called because it is specially designed for travelers’ convenience and because the samples are generous enough for use over a week-end. It includes the famous Cold Cream Powder and three other Powders, all in practical metal purse boxes; tubes of Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream; a box of Cold Cream Rouge with puff; Mimosa Soap, and the “Cred of Beauty” booklet which is full of happiness secrets. Send for yours to-day. Address, Armand—Des Moines. In Canada address, Armand, Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario.
For the growing youngster Beeman's is a pure and healthful treat — its daily use is "a sensible habit"

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INGRAM'S American Blush Rouge does not clog the pores and because its coloring matter cannot be absorbed it is recommended particularly for a delicate, sensitive skin. It applies so evenly and smoothly that its effect can only be a natural, healthy glow.

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My method is the only Way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars, Baldness free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

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A screen star making a picture man out of a shoe manufacturer. Anna Q. Nilsson assists Thomas H. Ince to instruct her husband, John Gunnerson, in the mysteries of the film business. Mr. Gunnerson is a millionaire shoe manufacturer of Milwaukee.

pany will work at the United Studios and may return to New York for the interiors of "Zan- der," after doing the exteriors here, as the fine new Cosmopolitan studios in New York will be completed by that time.

So much has been said of the motion picture mother, who is always doing the best she can to advance the interests of her daughter, that the fact that the father of an actor or actress sometimes does his bit has been overlooked.

For instance, look at the father of Douglas MacLean. He's well worth looking at for he is a fine, scholarly old gentleman whose years in the ministry have given him a benignity of expression which is winning to the last degree. To no article in his faith does he hold harder than to his belief that his boy, Douglas, is one of the greatest actors as well as one of the most worthy sons in the picture business.

The elder MacLean has no patience with those who, contrary to the Biblical precept, hide their talents, so, not long ago when a con- vention of exhibitors was in session in Los Angeles, the Rev. Mr. MacLean, liking exhibitors, and also liking Douglas, drifted into the convention and, at the request of the chairman, delivered some well-chosen words about the better pictures which are being made. He gave a little list.

"There's 'Going Up,' " he said, "and 'The Yankee Consul' and 'Never Say Die,' and this new one that Douglas is making."

Having covered the field he sat down and the convention, in which sat many exhibitors who had fathers and many exhibitors who had sons, got on its feet and gave three cheers for the clergyman who has faith in the works of his son.

After a six-months' tour of the big cities throughout the country, where he has been making personal appearances with his latest picture, "The Love Master," Strongheart, the great dog star, is once more in Hollywood and re-united with his beautiful wife, Lady Jule, and their children at their ranch in San Fernando family.

Lady Jule, who supports her husband star in "The Love Master," started out on tour with Strongheart but was forced to return to southern California through ill health. Laurence Trimble, director and trainer of the wonder dog, who accompanied him on his home trip, allowed his star but two days with his family and then started him to work doing the interiors for "White Fang," the picturiza- tion of Jack London's famous story which was started while on location for "The Love Master."

On his return home Strongheart was greeted by ten new little sons and daughters whom he had never seen, as they were born while he was on the road.

When asked upon his return how he felt about his former double, Peter the Great, blossoming out as a star in "The Silent Accuser," Strongheart expressed nothing But the best wishes for success.

EVIDENTLY King Vidor has abandoned hope of ever winning back his beautiful young wife, Florence Vidor, for he has started work on a home in Beverly Hills. The house will entirely surround the tiled swimming plunge and there will also be a tennis court.

FOLLOWING the example of his famous brother, Harold, Gaylord Lloyd has decided to join the ranks of the beneficents and his en- gagement to Miss Barbara Starr, a well known leading woman, has just been announced. The wedding will take place sometime early this fall. Miss Starr will probably keep up her screen work for a time.
How Pretty Teeth affect the smile—teeth freed from film

See what one week will do

The open smile comes naturally when there are pretty teeth to show. But dingy teeth are kept concealed.

The difference lies in film. That is what stains and discolors. That is what hides the tooth luster.

Why teeth are dim

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to your teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. The tooth brush, therefore, leaves much of it intact.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It often forms the basis of the tooth decay. Billions of teeth are clouded in that way.

The tooth attacks

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs constantly breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhoea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few people escape them.

Must be combated

Dental science has long been seeking a daily film comb.

Pepsodent

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent for softer than enamel. Never use a film comb. Pepsodent which contains harmful grit.

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of the new styles. Most of the gowns were in the new two-tone, rainbow effects. The shoulders of the evening frocks were cut low, with ruffs around.

It is interesting to note that none of the stars wore bandeau headdresses, just now out of vogue. Now and then the straight hair was decorated with a narrow band, but that was all.

Miss Swanson and the other feminine stars, too, gave a glimpse of the new style of wearing flowers high on the left shoulder. No longer are flowers worn at the belt.

After the first performance, Miss Davies received many telegrams in California. Among them was an enthusiastic message from David Belasco.

JUNE MATTHIS has returned from Rome. Likewise George Walsh, erstwhile Ben-Hur. Miss Mathis has denied that she is either engaged or married to Mr. Walsh. So that's that.

Further, she declares that it is absolutely impossible to make good pictures on the other side. To these impossible conditions she attributes the difficulties encountered in filming "Ben-Hur." Meanwhile, Fred Nihlo is at work in Rome with the revised cast and a new script. Ramon Novarro is the new Ben-Hur, as has already been noted by Photoplay.

AFTER all, Gloria Swanson isn't to do "The Swan," the much coveted comedy of royalty which ran all last season in New York. The role of the princess royal goes to Elsie Ferguson, who returns to the screen for Famous Players after an absence of two years.

Dimitri Buchowetzki will direct the production, which by this time is probably well under way at the Long Island studios of Famous Players.

Incidentally, "The Swan" will also mark Miss Ferguson's first film since her recent marriage.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE made his film debut recently for campaign purposes. He used the De Forrest "Phono-Film" as his medium to express himself visually and orally to the people. Lee De Forrest, the inventor, personally supervised the making of the film at the White House where President Coolidge spoke to a small audience while the cameraman ground the crank that results in pictures and speech.

RICHARD DIX is a fighter. If you don't believe that wait until you see "Manhattan," the Paramount picture from Jeffrey Farnol's novel, "The Definite Object." There is a fight scene in the picture that is a fight. Dix and George Siegmann stage it. After it was shot Dix was nursing three bumps on his head, one hand was all out of joint and both knees were scratched. Then Director Burnside said: "Take it over and get hit on the head some more, Mr. Dix." The amiable and obliging Richard did. At the conclusion he looked almost as bad as Willard after Dempsey operated on him at Toledo. But, oh, girls, you should have seen Mr. Siegmann.

WONDER how Charlie Chaplin feels with a chaperon. It must have been a quite long time since Charlie had to take a chaperon along when he took a young lady out.

But he does now. When his new leading woman, the Spanish and very beautiful seventeen-year-old Lolita Gray, goes to lunch or dinner with the great comedian, she is always accompanied by a most aristocratic and discreet duenna, either in person of her mother or her aunt.

Well, that's the way the Harold Lloyd-Mildred Davis affair started. Just at first Harold was obliged to buy three theater tickets—though it wasn't long before the Davis family adopted him as a son.

Perhaps a chaperon isn't such a bad start for matrimony.

IF only Helen Holmes and Helen Holmes would get together and effect a peaceful settlement! But they conduct a guerrilla warfare and indulge in long distance "sasa." Helen Holmes of Hollywood and Helen Holmes of New York resemble each other considerably, which complicates the already complicated situation. Helen Holmes of New York declares that she is the victim of vicarious adoration from near-sighted friends of Helen Holmes of Hollywood. She says she sent the sweetest epistle it was possible for one woman to write to another whom she has never seen and asked her to please—"O, please"—change her name, if ever so slightly, if only by the addition of an "E" to the first name. Modest request! Helen Holmes of Hollywood never answered the missive of Helen Holmes of New York.

Strange.
A Ghost Made Her a Leading Woman
[continued from page 59]

world. That was eighteen months ago. Miss Archer's first appearance was as one of the four daughters in "Java Head." Other tiny roles, many of the extra parts, followed. Finally came the opportunity to play one of the ghosts in "The Enchanted Cottage." It was Miss Archer's thirteenth picture and she was signed by Mr. Robertson for it on Friday, the 13th.

Miss Archer isn't superstitious, unless it is to have faith in the number 13. For she received her promotion to film prominence in "Classmates" on June 13th.

Miss Archer's mother, Evelyn Archer, was on the stage all her life. She appeared in "The Copperhead," with Lionel Barrymore, in "Turn to the Right" and other plays.

Meanwhile, Miss Archer has resigned from the Follies, following the foot-steps of dozens of other screen ingenues, from Billie Dove and Jacqueline Logan to Marion Davies. Very soon the Ziegfeld Seminary of Pulchritude can chalk up another graduate as a film favorite. For Miss Archer says she is going to succeed.

He Couldn't Leave the Sea
[continued from page 50]

peculiar republic. Or going West, or coming East. Leaving for here or there. "Getting away from things," he calls it.

But he comes back to the pictures. For he has purpose. And he believes that Truth must some day inevitably find its way into the films. That people don't want truth, but to escape from it, he realizes. But he has a vision of a gradual education of the public—until one day the clap-trap movie will be as passe and unwelcome as the hokum melodrama of the theater. A day when directors will be able to reach inwardly for beauty and not have to express it with brocade portieres—to show poetry without a tear—grand opera without a tear—loveliness without an artificial light beating down on permanent waves—and the brutality of hearts without having to engage Louis Wolheim to wring clocks and knock whips.

He has the zeal and enthusiasm which make revolutions. But can he make one and does he wish to?

The A B C's of the Movies

A is for Actor and Actress as well.
B is the Bunk that the press agents sell.
C is the Camera which never shirks.
D is Director, the boss of the works.
E is Expenses—the millions they spend.
F is for Fade-out that comes at the end.
G is for Gold that they're getting from you.
H is for Hero and Heroine too.
I is for Innocence—we must have that.
J is for Juvenile—not must be fat.
K is for Kisses that must be cut short.
L is for Legs of the Mack Sennett sort.
M is for Marriage that must be brought in.
N is for Naughtiness just short of sin.
O is for the Oceans that lovers do part.
P is the Passion that quickens the heart.
Q is for the Querrels that plots always send.
R is for Reconcile, just at the end.
S is for the Spectacles, done by De Mille.
T is for the Tumbles that never quite kill.
U is for Uke, played at jazz parties last.
V is for Virtue which triumphs at last.
W is for Westerns with happy cowboys.
X is the mark that the censor employs.
Y is for Yawns when through dull ones we sit.
Z is for Zero, the point some films hit.

Will his hair be there—
and will you be as fair—at 40?

WHETHER he is your husband, or husband-to-be, his hair has much to do with your happiness. Because you will be happier at 40 if he is still handsome—and he can't be handsome if he is bald. Settle this now. Say to him:

"Please don't get bald. Nothing will put hair back on your head, but you can keep it by proper care. And I know how.

"I spend lots of time and thought on my hair for your sake. I try hard to keep it and keep it attractive. You have often said you loved my tresses, and I have tried to deserve that compliment.

"Why don't you do as I do? You're welcome to my Wildroot Hair Tonic. Just rub some into your scalp every other morning or so. And after you shampoo, put some on your hair.

"If we both do this, then at 40 you will still think my hair attractive, and I will be prouder of you because you will be less likely to be bald."

If you do not happen to have a bottle of Wildroot Hair Tonic in your boudoir, get a bottle from your druggist, and see that the whole family uses it regularly to keep their hair and to keep it attractive. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

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CASTS OF CURRENT PHOTPLAYS

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"MONSIEUR BEAUCARA"—Paramount.—From the story by Booth Tarkington. Scenario by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Sidney Olcott. Photography by Harry Fishbeck. The cast: Monsieur Beaucara, Rudolph Valentino; Princess Henriette, Bebe Daniels; Queen Marie of France, Lois Wilson; Lady Mary, Doris Kenyon; King Louis XV of France, Lowell Sherman; Madame Pompadour, Paulette Du Val; Richelieu, John Davidson; Mirpoir, Oswald Yorke; Duchess de Montmorency, Flora Finch; Francois, Lewis Waller; Duke of Winterfield, Jack MacLaren; Badger, Frank Shannon; Holmecus, Templar Powell; Beau Nash, H. Cooper Cliffe; Lord Chesterfield, Downing Clarke; Duchess de Plaisance, Yvonne Hughes; Vathek, Harry Lee; Colombina, Florence O'Dinshaven.

"JANICE MEREDITH"—Cosmopolitan.—From the story by Paul Leicester Ford. Adapted by Lily Hayward. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: Janie, Lord Cherwell, Louis B. Mayer; Squire Meredith, Maylne Arbcuck; Mrs. Meredith, Hattie Delaro; Sophie, the Maid, May Vokes; Philomen Hennessy, Olin Howland; Squire Hennessy, Spencer Charters; Tobitha Larke, Mildred Arden; Sir Frederick Mbray, Douglas Stevenson; Lord House, George Nash; George Washington, Joseph Kilgour; A British Sergeant, W. C. Fields; Colonel Rob, George Segway; General Corwars, Tyrone Power; Mrs. Loring, Helen Lee Worthing; Marie Antoinette, Princess Marie de Bourbon; Paul Revere, Kenneth Maynard; Patrick Henry, Robert Thorne; Theodore Larke, Harkin Knight; Dr. Joseph Warren, Wilfred Noy; Martha Washington, Mrs. Maclyn Arbcuck.

"THE SIDE SHOW OF LIFE"—Paramount.—From the story by William J. Locke. Scenario by Willis Goldbeck and Julie Herne. Directed by Herbert Brenon. Photography by James Howe. The cast: Andrew Lackaday, Ernest Torrence; Lady Auriel Dane, Anna Q. Nilsson; Eloise, Louise Lagrange; Horatio Bakus, Maurice Cannon; Charles Verity-Stewart, Neil Hamilton; Mignon, William Ricciardella; Erceline, Mrs. Pozzi; Sir Julian, Verity-Stewart, Lawrence D'Oyly; Lady Verity-Stewart, Effie Shannon; Eudora, Katherine Lee.

"THE RED LILY"—Metro-Goldwyn.—Story by Fred Niblo. Adapted by Bess Meredyth. Directed by Fred Niblo. Photography by Victor Milner. The cast: Mary LaNeve, Emid Bennett; Joan Leonne, Ramon Novarro; Bobo, Wallace Beery; Eleonora Leonne, Frank Currier; Nona, Rosemary Theby; D'Agat, Mitchell Lewis; Mama Bouchard, Emily Fitzroy; Papa Bouchard, George Periolat.

"LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOE"—Metro-Goldwyn.—Story by Willard Mack. Produced under personal supervision of Jack Coogan. Sr. Photography by Frank B. Good and Robert Martin. The cast: Chief of Police San Francisco, Chief Daniel J. O'Brien; Captain of Police Mac Donagh, Will Walling; Captain Dynes, Tom Sanschi; Ace American, C. H. Wilson; Wireless Operator, Eddie Bolande; Miranda, Noble Johnson; Ugo Dufay; Tot Ducrow; Adolphe Schmidt, Bert Sproule; Gretta Schmidt, Gloria Grey; "Friday", Felix; Mickey Hogan, Jackie Coogan.

"THE IRON HORSE"—Fox.—Story by Charles Kenyon and John Russell. Directed by John Ford. The cast: In the Prologue: Davy Brandon, age 10; Winston Miller; Miriam Marsh, age 8; Peggy Cartwright; Abraham Lincoln, Judge Charles Howard Bull; Davy Brandon, Sr.; James Gordon; Thomas Marsh, Will Walling. In the story: Davy Brandon, George O'Brien; Miriam Marsh, Madge Bellamy; Abraham Lincoln, Charles Howard Bull; Thomas Marsh, Will Walling; Deroux, Fred Kohler; Peter Jason, Cyril Chadwick; Ruby, Gladys Hulette; Judge Haller, James

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"HIT AND RUN"—Universal—Story by Edward Sedgwick and Ray-
mound Schrock. Directed by Edward Sedg-
wick. Photography by Virgil Miller. The
chain: Swat Anderson, Hoot Gibson; Joan Mc-
Carthy, Marian Harlan; George Collins, Cyll
Ring; Tex Adams, Harold Goodwin; Joe Burns,
De Witt Jennings; Red McCarthy, Mike Don-
lin; The Gofer, William A. Steele.

"THE MAN WHO FIGHTS 'ALONE'"—Para-
mount—From the story by William Black-
and James Shelley Hamilton. Scenario by
Jack Cunningham. Directed by Wallace
Worsley. Photography by L. Guy Wilky.
The cast: John Marbro, William Farnum;
Marion, Lois Wilson; Bob Allen, Edward Hor-
ton; Megs, Lionel Belmore; Mike O'Hara;
Barlowe Borland; Dr. Raymond, George Iv-
rings; Dorothy, Dawn O'Day; Anni Louise, Rose
Tupley; Struthers, Frank Farrington.

"NEGLECTED WOMEN"—F. B. O.
—Story by Alfred Sutro. Directed by Henry
Kolker. The cast: Camilla Challenor, Se-
a Owen; Peter Stanley, Thurston Hall; Major
Arnold Dureath, Lawford Davidson; Mrs.
Challenor, Eva Moore; John Milford, Camer-
on Carr; Annette, Joan Morgan.

"ALONG CAME RUTH"—Metro-Gold-
wyn. From the stage play by F. Fonson and
F. Wicheler. Scenario by Winifred Dunn.
Directed by Eddie Cline. Photography by
John Arnold. The cast: Ruth Ambruse, Viola
Dana; Flindy Bangs, Walter Hiers; Israel Hub-
bard, Tully Marshall; Allan Hubbard, Ray-
mond McKee; Oscar Sims, Victor Potel; Mis,
the hired girl, Gage Henry; Nathan Hodge, Nel-
son McDowell; Captain Miles Standish Brad-
dford, De Witt Jennings; Widow Burnham,
Adele Farringdon; Annabelle Burnham, Brenda
Lane.

"WINE"—Universal. From the story by
Wm. MacHarg. Scenario by Raymond L.
Schrock and Philip Lonergan. Directed by
Louis Gasnier. The cast: Angela Warriner,
Clara Bow; Carl Graham, Forrest Stanley;
John Warriner, Huntley Gordon; Mrs. War-
riner, Myrtle Stedman; Harold Van Alytine,
Robert Agnew; Benedict (Connt Montebello),
Walter Long; Awoth, Arthur Thalasso; Revenue
Officer, Walter Shumway; Mrs. Bruce Corwin,
Grace Carlisle; The Duke, Leo White.

"BEHOLD THIS WOMAN"—Vitagra-
—Story by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Scenario
by Mirron Constance. Directed by J. Stuart
Blackton. The cast: Louise Maural, Irene
Rich; Sophie, Marqueterie de la Motte; John
Stanway, Charles Posty Eugene de Serey;
Harry Myers; Calvare, Rosemary Thoby;
Stepheh Strongwanky, Anders Randolph.

"THE FIGHT"—Fox. Story by Richard
Harding Davis. Scenario by Robert P. Kerr.
Director, George Marshall. The cast: Van
Bibber, Earle Foxe; Sydney, Florence Gilbert
Travers, Hallam Cookey; Colonel Padlock,
Frank Reel; Battling Ike, Tom O'Brien;
Madam Stee, Carol Wines.

"THE LAST OF THE DUANES"—Fox.
—Story by Zane Grey. Scenario by Edward J.
Montague. Directed by Lynn Reynolds.
The cast: Buck Duan, Tom Mix; Jenny,
Marian Nixon; Cal Bain, Brintley Shaw;
Euchre, Frank Nelson; Mother, Lucy Beaus-
mond; Jenny's Father, Harry Lonsdale.

"JUBILIO JR."—Pathe. Directed by
Robert McGoavan. Photography by Frank
Young. The cast: Mickey Daniels, Mary
Kornman, Patty Joe Cobb, Jackie Condon,
Farina, Will Rogers.

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"—Para-
mount. From the story by Harry Leon Wil-
son, and play by George S. Kaufman and Marc
Connolly. Scenario by Walter Woods. Di-
rected by James Cruse. The cast: Merton
Gil, Glenn Hunter; Sally (Filps) Montague
Vioa Dana; Jeff Baird, De Witt Jennings;
Harold Parnale, Elliott Roth; Gasbiter
Charles Seldon; Mr. Montague, Charles Ogle
Mrs. Montague, Ethel Wales; Hardy Lovell
Luke Congrave; Tessie Korns, Gale Henry
Director of Parnale Company, Frank Jon-
son; Mrs. Patterson, Eleanor Lawson.

"FIGHTING FURY"—Universal. —Story
by Walter J. Coburn. Scenario by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Clifford S.
Smith. Photography by Harry Neumann.
The cast: Clay Hill, Sr., Clay Hill Jr., Jack
Hoxie; June Sanford, Helen Holmes; "Two
finger" Larkin, Fred Kohler; "Scarface" Den-
ton, Duke K. Lee; "Crooked Nose" Evans, Bert
De More; Sydina; "Jungle" Joe Conners; "Marty"
George Connors; The Niber, Art Manning.

Harold Lloyd drove his car up on the sidewalk just as the elevator started going
up. It is a scene from his latest picture, temporarily called "Hobby"
A Dove of Peace Candidate

[continued from page 57]

Both show the actors and actresses working harmoniously under the dictates of an iron-rule, though kindly, director.

When you ask this boyish-smiling autocrat of the films how he does it, "Bucho" (as he is called) shrugs his shoulders.

But in long and rambling conversations, and he is one of the most interesting and brilliant talkers in the world, one gathers that "Bucho" believes mightily in diplomacy—also the velvet glove upon the steel hand.

"Women," he says, dreamily, as he dips countless lumps of sugar in his coffee and eats them with a relish, "it is best they think they are clever, eh? Then they think you are clever to notice it. It is easiest if they think (he says they think) they have got the great idea. Fluoresce, when you have made up what you will do. It is better to say, 'Nice, sweet, lovely lady, she has a brilliant idea. She think we should do this scene so and so. You—get me, please."

It is always best if you use brains instead of force, eh? I think so. The women—they like to be told nice things. They like it that you—how you say?—you appreciate their ideas. Why not? It is easy to say, why not, to be pleasant. Only—all the time—you must let them know who is boss.

No matter—make it nice time, maybe it take a little time, but—once they know, if you are pleasant, everything—she all right.

And "Bucho," smiling still, but with his black eyes very black, ordered up his fourth piece of pastry.

Close-Ups and Long Shots

[continued from page 57]

Italian directors to study Rex Ingram's work as a text book.

IN Rome I met Kathleen Key, who plays in "Ben-Hur." Kathleen said she had seen just three good-looking men in what she called the Infernal City. And she didn't intend to see any more. She cast an admiring eye upon one, very impersonally she avows, and he walked right up behind her and pinched her; "I'll never look at another of them," swears Kathleen. "I don't want to get hurt."

ABOARD the train from Rome to Venice, where I came to have myself in the liquid sapphire of the Lido surf, I met an American woman who came over on the boat with Dorothy Dalton and her husband, Arthur Hammerstein. She expressed admiration for Miss Dalton, whose manner she considered extraordinary in a movie actress. The star refrained from strutting the decks, only appearing on the last day to pass a plate at the ship's benefit concert. This aloofness was particularly striking in contrast with Miss Mabel Normand's, continued the lady, who happened to be on a train with rotous Mabel. It seems Mabel created hysteria among the passengers by sticking her head out of her compartment every five minutes to yell "Cuckoo!" and hurl a silver dollar at the porter.

"But I gather from an article I read in Photoplay that Miss Normand is not to be judged by her eccentricities," said madame with a depreciating smile. "I hastened to assure that Mabel was above all mortal sin, being in reality an angel who simply will play jay on the harp instead of the standard anthems."

The munificent attention bestowed by an imbecile rabble upon movie favorites whenever they exhibit themselves in public is retching to anyone not entirely cuckoo. I have no sympathy for the fawning idiots but

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There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years.

For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 50¢ and 60¢ in tubes.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

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I do entertain a pious compassion for the recipients of their droolery. There are picture players of quite same, even superior, minds. Unfortunately, the religious delusion can imbibe oblivious, even a sound mind. Alexander the Great fell not before an army but after the flattery bestowed upon him by the gods of Egypt who enkindled the vanity that was to consume him. Many a Caesar has stubbed his toe on a compliment and done a flop to oblivion. There's nothing so tragic as triumph.

The more I consider the personal records of motion picture stars the greater grows my veneration for Miss Lillian Gish. To me she appears the only one who is what the public expects a picture idol to be. I confess she has an evangelical effect upon me as no preacher ever had. I'm ever thinking of her. After quitting her presence I can't make up my mind whether I want to join the church or throw myself under the wheels of an oncoming truck to die while saving a little child. Lillian in her mystic quietude is the gentle lady in the bower who inspired heroism in the knights of old. So far as I know she has never caught a single one of the idiocies which fame deals to movie stars. She has simplicity. Her modesty is effortless. She remains glibly aloof, almost cloistered, yet without the slightest gesture of effrontery which others find necessary to effect reserve.

I respect her for her infinite wisdom. I believe her individuality has been as studiously developed as any of her characterizations. She is one of those rare masterpieces of life.

Of all the parade of performers she alone has gauged the value of illusion. She doubtlessly has felt the common yen to peer before the expected, rear herself out at public functions, to sniff the incense and hear the cymbals, but in her poetic wisdom she has withdrawn from the scene long ago in order to merit the fame that endures forever. She is a great actress. She has projected a rare and lovely personality. And she realizes, as do none of the others, the fatality of disenchantment.

Before coming to this country to play the 'Statue of Liberty,' 'The Miracle,' Lady Diana Manners played in several film dramas made by J. Stuart Blackton. In conversation with an English comedian one day she remarked that this was the premiere of his comedy and that nobody laughed. "But, ah, Lady Diana," returned the comedian gallantly, "I saw the other night and everyone laughed."

"TSN'T it a shame," gasped a horrified lady, "Mr. Griffith couldn't show Washington Crossing the Delaware in 'America' because he couldn't raise twenty-five thousand dollars!"

Poor Dave, poor George. It's fortunate for American history that Wall Street didn't control the money when George rented those rowboats."

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sea, forced on his ludicrous little hand-made craft, like a rider forcing on a broken and winded mount. He no longer looked at the shark, playing in the waters about him. His jaw was set and his eyes were fixed on a rocking hull and an untidy tower of rigging. His heart beat faster as he forged closer, dull paddle-stroke by paddle-stroke. Yet a wave of nausea swept through him as he caught the first sounds of the drunken shouts and singing aboard the slatternly boat where no one, as yet, showed any interest in his approach. He felt, with a sudden sinking of the heart, that he was already too late.

But his pulse quickened again, in a grim fever of purpose, as he glided in alongside with

What Has Gone Before

FEW stories of adventure have evoked the praise that has been accorded to "The Story Without a Name." Thousands of letters have come to PHOTOPLAY from all parts of the world telling of the deep interest taken in the story as a story. Step by step the writers of those letters have followed Alan Holt and plucky Mary Walsford through a series of amazing ordeals that Mr. Stringer's wonderful imagination and skillful writing have pictured.

In the first installment Holt has just perfected his triangulator, the deadly ray machine, which he was making as a gift to Uncle Sam. Mark Drakma, an international spy, through devilish machinations is scheming to steal it. The lawless crew kidnap Alan and Mary. Alan is placed on a lonely tropical island and Mary is held prisoner in a foul, rum-smuggling schooner. Drakma, with his cunning fiendishness, has given them each a radio set so they can communicate with each other.

Through the second and third installments, thrilling situations follow each other with great rapidity. Alan is seeking against apparently insuperable obstacles to reach Mary on the schooner and wrest her from the gang of cut-throats. His lonely battle, with his heart-strings torn by the radio messages received from Mary, inspire the keenest interest, and in the final installment Mr. Stringer has keyed that interest to the greatest possible heights.

Read this, the final installment, then enter the contest. It may bring you $2,500.

the barnacled and weather-bleached hull. He hesitated only long enough to tie his precious triangulator to a rusty rudder-chain. Then he channeled quietly but quickly aboard.

He thought, as he slid as noiselessly as a snake over the stained bulwarks, that he was to board the boat quite unseen by his enemies. But as he tumbled to the deck in the glow of the chart-house he found himself face to face with a red-skinned sailor placidly cutting the edges from a ragged disc of tobacco. The knife with which he was cutting this tobacco was long and bright and shining.

His grip on that knife, as he glanced up and let his startled eye rest on the still crouching figure of the newcomer, promptly shifted and tightened. And as Alan's eye swept the bloowy and brute-like face he realized there was time for neither argument nor hesitation.

Still crouching, his movement was one of cat-like quickness as he sprang for the red-faced man with the knife.

The tattooed knife-arm raised and descended, striking against bleached wood as

To-morrow's Telephones

So vital a factor has the telephone become in American life that the demand for it would undoubtedly grow even without increases in population. New businesses are founded; others expand. New homes are established in town and city, in suburban dwellings and apartment houses.

To meet the needs of America, to-day and to-morrow, with the best and cheapest telephone service, is the responsibility of the Bell System. The telephone will grow with the population and prosperity of the country, and the plans of to-day must anticipate the growth of to-morrow.

The service which is given to-day was anticipated and provision was made for it, long in advance. Money was provided, new developments were undertaken, construction work was carried through on a large scale. The Bell System, that is, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Associated Companies, has continuously met these requirements. It has enlisted the genius of technical development and the savings of investors for investment in plant construction.

Over 315,000 men and women are owners of the American Company's stock and over half a million are investors in the securities of the System. With a sound financial structure, a management which is reflected in a high quality of telephone service, the Bell System is enabled to serve the increasing requirements of the American public.
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There is nothing better for children, whose hair lacks natural life and lustre, or is inclined to be stubborn and hard to train and keep in place.

Glostora is inexpensive and you can get a bottle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

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Just moisten the bristles of your hair brush with a few drops of Glostora and brush it on your hair. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually soft, silky gloss and lustre-instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing the wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in and leaves your hair soft and easy to manage, so that it stays just as you arrange it—even after shampooing.

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Glostora gives the hair that rich, naturally glossy, refined and orderly appearance, an essential to well-groomed men and boys.

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Not sticky, pasty or greasy.

Alan twisted aside and kicked the clustered fingers about the heavy handle, kicked until the shining blade went whirling along the deck-board. He raised his feet and kicked them together, straining and grunting and gasping as they engaged in that quiet but ferocious struggle, rolling about the narrow deckway as though frantically bent, and against the slender body and heavy body twisted and writhed together for that final clutch which was to end the fight. But neither seemed to have that power to dictate that end.

It was not until they rolled against a chain-coil that Alan saw his chance. Then, lifting his enemy's torso from the deck-boards, he brought his own weight against the coils of metal links. He could feel, a moment later, the great arms relax about his body and the stunned bulk of flesh sink limp along the deck-board. He lifted his weight and, in the momentarily passive face, listened to the animal-like groan that was coming from between the loose lips, when still another sound spoke of their end.

That sound was the cry of a woman. It was a scream, thin and high-pitched, sharpened with some final terror that brought a curlie to his blood. And as he heard it he sprang to his feet, his hand reaching for the automatic in his belt-holster.

Even as he drew his weapon he heard the chorus of shouts and oaths which told him he had been seen by the crew scattered about the open deck. A flake was flung through the air but he dodged it as it went glimmering harmless to the deck-board and piled itself there. A revolver barked from behind a capstan and a bullet went whining close over his head. A denim-clad Gompry with a barred bronze chest swung his arm on him with a poised cross-bar, but Alan let his own weapon bark out this time and the bar of iron dropped from the shattered fingers. And before they could recover themselves and mass themselves for a common attack he charged into their midst, clubbing them aside with the butt of his automatic and fighting his way through their scattered line.

He heard the woman's scream repeated as he raised the capstan, but when he got to that cotabin he found the door locked. From within he could hear the sound of a struggle—and he knew sickeningly enough what that struggle meant. So he pressed close in against the soiled door and, aiming downward, put first one bullet and then another through the impeding lock bolt.

He was able, the next moment, to shoulder the released door in. And as he did so saw the mottled and blood-streaked face of Sig Kuder bent over the white and inert face of Mary Walsworth. He could see the horror in her face as with the last of her strength she sought to beat back the evil-eyed giant so granely intent on subduing her. He could see where she had sunk her teeth into the great hairy hand pressed over her mouth, so that the whiteness of her skin, here and there, was discolored, as they tossed and swayed in the midst of broken glass and wood and metal.

Alan could never quite remember just how or when that final combat with Sig Kuder began. He was conscious only of something snarling, sharp as the break of an arrow shaft, at the back of his brain. He recalled only that he stood face to face with something as brutal as brute-life as it was once lived in its paleolithic slime. He knew only that the woman he loved was in his hand and pinned to the wall in the arm of a drink-soaked animal who sought to possess her. And that was enough.

The feral spark exploded and he was once more a caymen battling for his own. He found himself fighting with the fury of a tiger robbed of its young. He wondered, afterwards, why he did not put a bullet through the purple temple pressed so close to his own as they threshed and lurchied their way about the littered cabin. But that, apparently, would have made too brief that battle in which he

$500 in Cash Extra!

Here is a chance for the winner of the great radio contest to get $500 in cash in addition to the $2,500 already offered.

Many radio stations are anxious to have one of the fans listening in on their stations win the first prize. These stations are broadcasting announcements of the contest several times a week.

They are offering $500 as an added cash prize if the winner, when he enters the contest, notes that he first heard about it over a radio and gives the name of the station broadcasting the news about the contest.

Included in the stations are WLAG, operated by the Twin City Radio Central at St. Paul and Minneapolis. Eleanor Pochler, the managing director, has written that WLAG makes the announcement twice a week.

Don R. Brinklely of the Brinkley-Jones Hospital Association, Milford, Kan., is another enthusiast about the contest. The association operates Station KKF, which holds one of the long-distance records for broadcasting, having been heard several times at Montevideo, Uruguay, which is 8,000 miles from the station.

Besides being heard all over the United States and Canada, KKF has regular reception in Honolulu and the Bermudas Islands, besides being picked up by ships at sea.

Station WOAW is operated by Woodmen of the World Life Insurance Association, at Omaha. It is a 500-watt station and operates on a wave of 726 meters. It is one of the favorite stations of Captain Donald McMillan, who holds the north pole on his arctic expeditions. WOAW boasts one of the largest religious congregations in the world and has an unique organization known as the World Radio Camp, which is said to be the only radio lodge in the world. It has been heard in hundreds of thousands of homes.

J. C. Dice, president of the Dice Electric Company, which operates Station WCAV at Little Rock, Ark.; D. F. Streb, president and general manager of The Electric Shop, which operates Station CFQC at Saskatoon, Sask., and C. J. Windisch, manager of Station KFL at Louisburg, Kan., are other radio enthusiasts who have been throwing the contest literally into the air.

If you first hear of the contest over one of these or other stations broadcasting news about it, enter the contest and be sure to mention the station you heard broadcasting the announcement. It will mean an extra $500 if you win the first prize.
felt the need to ease his soul of all the souring acids of injustice that had been burning there. That would have left the thing too brief, and too insubstantial to carry his corroding streams of hatred. He took a mad and adamantitic joy in feeling the thump of clenched bone against faccicd flesh, in catching the grunts of pain from the loose drooling mouth, in seeing the look of glazed wonder that crept into the yellow eyes as the final blow took the last glimmer of power from the thick-sweated arms so drenched with sweat and blood and so resolutely bristled with their pale pig-like hairs.

He stood above the huddled figure lying on his side, wondering why he was without the will to stamp out its final spark of life, awakening to the fact that Mary herself was clinging to his arm and doing her best to drag him away from an impending murder that would only cloud what remained of their lives with regret.

He stared at her, with only half-comprehending eyes, as her pleading sobs fell on his ears and her hands clung to his sweat-stained arm. He paid little attention to the words she was speaking, for the wine of violence still ran strong in his veins.

He emerged from that mist of unreality only when a pistol-shot echoed through the room and a bullet buried itself in the wooden wall behind him. And it dawned on him that he was not yet as victorious as he had dreamed.

Looking up, he saw the circle of evil faces clustered about the open doorway. He saw the intent eyes watching him and the white-shouldered woman clinging to his arm. The look on those lawless faces disturbed him. He felt a prompting to leap back for his forgotten automatic and thrust Mary behind his shielding body. At the same time that his lips hardened with decision and his finger stiffened on the trigger he caught the sound of a shout, repeated and passed along by the ragged crew beside the rail.

"Drakma!" was the cry. "That Drakma's boat coming!"

He saw the shadowy group about his doorway.

"And there's a boat to the West," was the next cry, "a boat coming hell-bent for leather!"

The doorway group was no longer in sight. And Alan, emerging from his apathy, saw that the moment for action had returned.

He caught Mary by the hand and led her to the quarter where the dingy still rocked against the hull-planks. Unseen by the eyes starting at the second shadow of battleheigh crowding down on them over the long swells of cobalt blue that broke into foam before the racing cutters, he dropped her almost helpless girl into the dingy and clambered overboard after her. He stopped only long enough to snatch his triangler from the anchor-chain where it swayed. Then he caught up the oars and rowed with all the strength that remained with him.

It was a cry from Mary that awakened him from that second fury of effort.

"Alan," she cried. "Look at that other boat! It's not Drakma's. It's a destroyer. And there's a plane in the air!"

Alan let the oars fall from his hands. He stared about, his face twisted up with the strong light.

"That plane's heading straight for Drakma's yacht," he cried out in a voice vibrant with hope. "And that looks like a cruiser coming up. But the plane'll get him first!"

"Thank God, I can see our flag!" gasped Mary, with her straining eyes bent on the grey mass driving towards them. But she was startled by a cry from Alan as he caught up the oars again.

"Drakma's heading for us!" she heard her companion call out. "He intends to run us down! See, his men are raking at the plane. They're trying to shoot it down or hold it off. He's playing devil to the last! But, O God, he'll pay for that!"

He had no further breath left for speech, for

---

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he was once more struggling with the oars.

"Lie flat!" he suddenly called out. "They may try to stop us, but Flin and I'll get the other's shoulder. "Alan, I'm afraid I did you an injustice. I— I'm a bit reluctant to refer to that woman they call the Countess. But this Claire Lacasse, I've found, is something worse than an impostor. She's a bad woman, sir, through and through. She not only beguiled me into suspecting you were a traitor to your country, but then—the young sorcerer actually tried to implicate me in one of her defence-pain thefts. She made love to me with one hand, so to speak, while she attempted to pick my pocket with the other. But that hare-brained young Powell put me wise in time.

The Admiral sighed.

"It was a very narrow escape," he admitted without meeting Alan's eye. And still again he sighed.

"She was an extremely attractive young woman," he observed, a trifle nettled at the younger man's lack of attention. "But you don't seem to be giving the matter much thought."

"I was thinking of another young woman," Alan confessed, as he rose from his chair.

"Do you mean my Mary, sir?" asked the Admiral.

"I do."

THE seamed old face of the sea-fighter softened as he reached out for the hand of a fighter much younger than himself.

"I'm afraid that was another of my mistakes, Alan," he admitted. "You have been a bit hard on me, and I'm proud of you. You saved my girl for me. You both saved her and served your country—and when the President meets us on The Mayflower I intend to let him know to just what extent you served him and his people. I intend to see—"

"You were speaking of Mary," interrupted the tired-faced youth beside the table.

"Mary, of course!" resumed the other, seeming to have trouble to keep his face as grave as he wished. "I believe she's been asking for you.

"Do you object to my seeing her?" asked Alan.

"Well, you know, fathers seem to have very little to say about such things nowadays. To be quite frank, that's something entirely between you and Mary herself."

A faint glow came into the younger man's hollowed cheek.

"Then may I see her?" he asked.

There was a touch of sadness in the older man's smile.

"Of course, you may," he said as he turned and went towards the door. "And when I send her in to you, I want you to remember that I'm—I'm delivering one of the best girls who ever drew the breath of life into your hands."

"I know," whispered Alan as the door closed behind Mary's father. And as he stood there, waiting, his heart began to pump faster. For he was writing, he remembered, for the woman he loved.

[THE END]
The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

NEGLECTED WOMEN—F. B. O.

A NOTHER variation of the wife who is neglected for business. This time the other man kills himself and hubby is accused of murder. The wife unjustly brands herself as unfaithful that she may save the neglected husband. This was made in England and France with a semi-American cast. Seena Owen is easily the best as the wife. Just a dull and mildly hectic domestic melodrama.

ALONG CAME RUTH—Metro

A FRENCH farce transplanted to an American small town. A young woman arrives in the somnambulant town of Action, Maine, and proceeds to make it live up to its name with a vengeance. Viola Dana in one of her typical pep roles but the comedy itself is thin and padded with miles of exaggerated hick hokum.

WINE—Universal

A NOTHER hectic film of the Jazz Age, featuring Clara Bow as the flapper heroine. Her father, a bankrupt aristocrat, allies himself with the king of bootleggers. Purpose of picture is to expose the sins of the bootlegging profession. Incidentally, Director Louis Gasnier has a chance to shoot some lurid cabaret scenes, including a game of strip-poker where nobody strips very far. Plot is weak, and acting by an all-star cast, is mainly hysterical. Walter Long is good as the bootlegger.

BEHOLD THIS WOMAN—Vitagraph

J. STUART BLACKTON has evolved an indifferent photoplay from this story by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Here is a giant, woman-hating cattleman who meets a motion picture actress in his mountain retreat and then follows her to Hollywood. Such interest as this possesses comes from the scenes in and about the coast studios. Charles Post, the half-wit of "Wild Oranges," is the woman-hater, and Irene Rich is the actress.

THE FIGHT—Fox

THE second comedy of a series based on Richard Harding Davis' stories. When his fiancée smiles on a prize-fighter, Van Bibber, a canny youth, grooms and retires from deck. But a cast-off flame of his rival's, seeking revenge, hypnotizes Van Bibber and inspires him with pugilistic powers. He kicks Battling Ike on shipboard and off. Snappy and well-acted, this film appeals to all who like prizefights.

THE LAST OF THE DUANES—Fox

ZANE GREY'S novel of hair-trigger shooting and hair-breadth escapes makes a typical Tom Mix picture. *Buck Duane*, having killed a man in a forced light, must wander among outlaws on the Texas border. Action slow at start, but soon gives Mix every opportunity to display his horsemanship. He rides over roofs and is pursued up a canyon by a cattle-stealing sheriff. Thrills for Mix fans! Marian Nixon, a newcomer on the screen, makes an appealing heroine.

FRANK MAYO is now known as "The Handy Man Around the House." Frank gave a party recently and he was using his radio for music. But in spite of the fact that he was using a loud speaker, the music could not be heard distinctly in some rooms. Everybody at the party had a suggestion to offer, but none of them worked. Finally Frank took the loud speaker and disappeared with it. In a few minutes music started oozing up from the floor radiators all over the house. He had placed the speaker in the basement furnace.

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Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

What Their Clothes Cost

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Miss Swanson can weigh without breaking faith with her company. The life of a star isn't all milk and honey—nor even potatoes! Indeed, it may become a daily battle with the calorie. Marion Davies checks up $3000 for clothes in her budget for the year. Of this amount, she spends about a thousand dollars a week for costumes for her pictures. Of the screen, Miss Davies dresses simply and conservatively; the forty-eight thousand dollars which she allows for her own clothes represents the cost of dressing simply.

In "Jane Ekhardt," Miss Swanson wore two more twenty-costumes, made at a cost of $50 each. Besides that, she wore two cloaks which cost $300 apiece. Yolanda," required a more elaborate and expensive wardrobe, and Miss Davies required an expenditure of $600, besides the countless extras for shoes, stockings and head-dresses.

Only the finest and most expensive materials can be used in Miss Davies' costumes, because her clothes must be able to endure long and hard wear. They must be able to stand the constant wear of between thirty and forty-five a week in the studio, so that it requires that period to make a big production.

Miss Davies avoids any appearance of show or extravagance in her personal wardrobe. Her clothes are never bizarre or extreme, for she is at her best in the styles suitable for the young girl. And yet her clothes allowance is larger than that of the most extravagant debutante.

A LARGE part of the $4,500 which she spends on her own clothes represents investment, not extravagance. For instance, she has a large collection of Spanish shawls. Some of them cost $1,500. All of them are remarkably fine. But most of them are worth even more than that, for they are one of a kind. In other words, while Miss Davies charges them against her allowance, the shawls are really a part of her art collection.

Miss Davies' greatest extravagance last year was the purchase of a sable coat for $4,500. The sable coat gives the best of care and attention and its value will not depreciate for years. As in Miss Swanson's case, this sort of investment is safer than many stocks.

Miss Davies has always refused to have her jewels photographed because she doesn't want people to think of her furt to lunchen in a blaze of diamonds. She wears her gems sparingly and only upon rare occasions. In fact, she displays them much on the principle of the "show piece" in the jewelry case. They are the jewels that are out of the bank vaults only a year for the opening of the opera. For the most part, she keeps her pearls, her bracelets and her rings safely in her jewel box.

It is easy to think of Rudolph Valentino as being the possessor of a vast and varied wardrobe. Quite the contrary is true. Valentino at the present time, is a model of discipline and thrift. The famous "harem" suit of rich velvet and silken braid which "Deanna Durbin" wore in "Italian Walk" is the only one. All of the rest of his wardrobe is hand-me-downs.

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An idea of the expenditures can be seen in "Single Wives," her last First National Productions feature. In this play she enacts the rôle of a typical society woman. The following are figures taken from the cost sheets: White velvet dinner gown, $89.91; pearl head-dress, $35.88; black negligee, $27.90; periwinkle and orange blossom head-dress for wedding gown, $28.50; white satin wedding gown, $150.26; white net veil, $38.95; pearl colored taffeta jacket and net waist, $190.26; tennis head band, $38.00; white charmeuse sport skirt, $56.25; flesh radium slip, $60.25; blue crepe satin dress, $110.25; black crepe satin dress, $25.00.

This total more than $2,500, but does not include any array of hats (each hat running from $35.00 up), shoes, stockings and the unmentionables which go with each outfit.

In the cast of "Black Oxen" it is estimated that approximately $5,000 was spent for costumes.

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It takes a fortune to dress both princesses and moving picture stars, but it would be safe to wager, as things go nowadays, that a king's daughter could not afford to dress as expensively as do some of our screen favorites.

Unknown Girl Chosen for Greatest Role

[Continued from page 38]

from their chairs audibly expressing their belief in fairies, are all here."

Seven years ago Famous Players-Lasky Corporation acquired the screen rights to "Peter Pan." At that time the technique of the screen production was not sufficiently developed to permit justice being done to the film version of J. M. Barrie's famous play. Patiently, officially, the company resolved to wait until the technical organization attained such perfection that the many problems of "Peter Pan" could be solved. Today that perfection has been realized. The genius of such things, Roy Pomeroy, will aid Mr. Brenon in the production.

Only one picture of production yet remains to be decided before the vast resources of Paramount are directed towards the production of "Peter Pan," which is to be released in the next Christmas season. It has not yet been decided whether the picture is to be produced in New York or Hollywood.

"Peter Pan" was first played in Duke of York theater in London, December 27, 1904 with Nina Boucicault in the title role. Maud Adams made her first appearance in the rôle nearly a year later and continued in it for three successive years. She later reappeared in the same role in 1911 and continued until part way through 1913. The same year that Maud Adams first appeared as Peter Pan, America, Chicago, Los Angeles played in London. Pauline Chase then played the rôle from 1904 to 1913.

Madge Titheradge, Unity Moore Fox, Campton, Faith Celii, Georgette Cohn, Edna Best and Joan MacLean followed in years from 1914 to 1921. Madge Cooper played it last year.

The rôle has invariably been portrayed by a girl...
Mr. Barbara La Marr

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

above everything else. And yet in the position of her husband it is actually impossible for a man to keep the very thing which has perhaps won her. Her great success didn't turn Barbara's head. But it did make an absolute difference in her manner of life. She was Barbara La Marr. She could never be Mrs. Jack Dougherty. I had a wife—and I didn't have a wife.

It would absolutely amaze you if I should tell you how little time she was able to give me, with her actual work before the camera, her clothes for pictures and the necessary clothes for her personal life, her hours with photographers and interviewers, her work on the scripts, her necessary business interviews, the time with her maids and hairdressers, her social life and amusements which are an essential part of a star's career—and where does a husband come in?

A husband can mean very, very little in the life of a screen star. If they happen to work together or if they can approach a mutual toleration and actually live their own separate lives, that is all well and good. Otherwise what use is a husband? What can he mean? Barbara was always very thoughtful and gentle with me. She protected me from slights in every way she could. When we went to parties where other men were continually paying her the most emphatic attentions, quite ignoring the presence of her husband, Barbara always turned to me with some open word of love or some demonstration of affection which made them know that we loved each other and that no one else really mattered.

But for all her efforts and mine the strain of the unnatural situation was too much for our health and for our happiness. Barbara cares absolutely nothing for money. The big salary that she commanded meant only one thing to her—more luxury, more comfort, more of the beautiful things of life. Naturally she began to spend and to live in proportion to her income. Well, I just couldn't sit back and take the results of her earnings. I worked hard—very hard—I earn a good salary—a salary that by itself would be regarded as top notch money for a man of my age. I know most women would consider that they could live well, even luxuriously on what I make. But compared with Barbara's earnings it was nothing. I didn't dare be idle for a few days between pictures because I became so sensitive that I thought I saw snubs in everyone's eyes. I wouldn't allow anyone to think I was living on Barbara's money. Often I denied myself little luxuries, drove a cheaper car even than I could have afforded. I wouldn't carry a handsome cigarette case for fear people would think my wife had bought it for me. I even gave up several big opportunities in pictures because they came indirectly through mutual friends and someone might think I was "getting by" because I was Mr. Barbara La Marr.

All that sort of thing is bound to tell and tell terribly upon the extremely delicate and sensitive relation of marriage. The atmosphere of Hollywood and the life of a screen star is the height of artificiality. It is not conducive to matrimonial success at best. Some people weather it but not many when the wife is the star. If you think them over you will see that I am right. It is a difficult thing for a woman to be married to a great star, to sink her whole life in his and to give him constant service and thought and help. And yet women for generations have been trained to live such a life. Men haven't. I guess I just wasn't big enough to be the first one.

There is another thing, too. A woman like Barbara La Marr is soon surrounded by a court of friends who tell her always how wonderful and how glorious she is. Now I think Barbara is wonderful and glorious, too. But I know she isn't perfect. I had to sit by and

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The Girl on the Cover

[Continued from Page 39]
Dagmar Wins Part With Valentina

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

matters of taste. Anyway, she too, attracts attention wherever she goes. "There goes Dagmar Godowsky," whispers the little blond ingénue. "I wonder where she got that Russian dress, because I'd like one just like it." But the trouble is, the little blond ingénue would look ridiculous garbed as is Dagmar, while Dagmar does not look extraordinary, but charming.

Now, back at the Long Island studio again. Miss Goudal visits the sets on which she is to play. She cannot hand them much. Well, that doesn't exactly tickle the life out of Mrs. Valentino who designed them. But let it go. The costumes are more important. And costumes, from the beginning of time when women first began to wear them, have caused more trouble than anything else perhaps. "What shall I wear?" has always been a question to arouse any number of emotions.

Now, imagine yourself one warm afternoon at Schneider-Anderson's costume shop. The clothes for "A Sainted Devil" are made there. Mrs. Valentino is present with some sketches she has made. Miss Goudal is there for a fitting. The drapers and fitters stand around with their mouths full of pins and their minds full of trepidation, for they sense "temperament" in the air, and they know what that means.

JETTA takes a look at the sketches. She doesn't rave. She scarcely approves. The drapers and fitters exchange knowing glances. All of a sudden the innocent bystander hears a shriek, as Jette makes faces at the sketches which Mrs. Valentino has designed. Mrs. Valentino loses her patience; Jette loses her sense of humor, and Schneider-Anderson figure on losing a customer.

The gossips say that a noisy half hour ensued—that session that Jette spent telling the world at large just what was the matter with the costume which Mrs. Valentino had designed. Temperament ran wild. Things flew through the air. Jette lost her temper and her job that afternoon.

The officials at Famous say that "Miss Goudal withdrew from the cast." They said that Dagmar had shown her real ability in her work in Irving Willatt's picture, "The Story Without a Name," which they produced. It is reported that they made inquiries, "Did Dagmar have a temperament?" Upon learning that she had plenty but that she kept it muzzled, they straightway decided that here was the very woman to play the role of the regal vampire, one of the most important parts in the film. Dagmar had been in the East all the time, and it took another actress' display of temperament to show the powers that be that all the time they could have been enjoying peace and quiet had they engaged Dagmar in the first place. Everybody who knows her knows that she is not easily annoyed. Her philosophy of life will not permit her to be. There are so many things about which one may be joyous, but Dagmar doesn't find time to be sad, or super-temperamental.

Miss Godowsky is a great admirer of the work of Mrs. Valentino. She spent hours the other day raving about the gowns she had designed for her.

She "adores" working with Rudy, and so, all in all, the tale ends happily, with Dagmar playing opposite the famous shrink, and peace reigning supreme on the Paramount lot.

His Dignity Affronted

MUCH annoyance was caused to a famous film actor the other day at Brighten. It seems that a sea-front photographer asked him if he would like to have his photograph taken.

"PUNCH."
FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

EVERYBODY wants to be popular.

The desire for popularity has its root deep in the soul. That is love and no love is unrequited.

The means by which popularity is secured are many and some of them are right.

Think of the most popular man you know.

Yes, let us start with the men. For, coarse and crude as some ultra-feminists believe them to be, they know more of this world and its ways than do many of us.

For instance, we can learn neatness. The average man would as lief break one of the commandments as to wear a soiled collar and cuffs that show incipient fringe. If circumstances conspire to prevent his daily shave, he considers it a calamity, and he hides from the eyes of men and women. He wants his shirt front frontless. He wants his socks whole and his shoes dustless. His clothes must be spotless and well pressed. He likes to be considered, as to his clothes, immaculate. If another man calls him a "sloven" he knocks him down or wants to punish him in that humiliating way.

The average man is neat. He knows no reason why a woman should not be as neat as he is.

But is she?

Have we that shining, well scrubbed look that a man has when he starts down town to his office, or when we meet him at dinner? We should have, but do we? Always?

A writer, characterizing a famous beauty, said: "She looks so clean." The beauty told me that she pleased himself more than any compliment she had ever received. "It isn't commonplace praise," she said. "It is extraordinary praise."

She deserved that single word of characterization. She shone. She gleamed. She was white and gold with tints of pink. To her her bath was a rite. Her teeth glistened from care. Her hair had the lustre of much brushing.

I should say that the corner stone of popularity is wholesomeness of personal habits, of which the habit of good grooming is extremely important. After that sufficient taste in clothes to look becomingly, though no matter how simply, dressed. Then quick trained intelligence. And kindness. Whoever has all these will be popular.

We are all as popular as we deserve to be. Or we are in the way of becoming so. A girl does not become popular at her first party, nor a woman at her first tea.

All good things become ours through time, patience and practice.

Mary and Barbara, Springfield, Ill.

Don't leave home, girls. Wait five years or more to take an apartment. Then you may take it with some fine, honest young men who have plighted their vows to you in church. Don't think too much about "freedom." It is liable to degenerate into license. Try to make those at home happier. Then you will be happier yourselves.

Alice M., Massillon, Ohio.

Your own admission is an incriminating one, my dear, if we choose to consider overweight a crime. You walk a half-mile to your office and a half-mile back. Try to raise the number to three miles. You have much to counteract.

Sitting all day in an office does not tend to slimness of hips. My dressmaker says she knows a girl's occupation when she fits her gown. "The office girl has spreading hips," she said, "because she sits so much at her work."

Much automobiling refreshes the motorist but it does not make her slimmer. Try to offset the office occupation and the motoring by much walking. The more the better. Speed up your walk when you see a candy store. Pass it if you have to run. Eat no fat meat, little bread, but many fresh vegetables and much fruit. Avoid potatoes. Take hot baths. You may make your perspiration lessen weight. The article you mention is used successfully by many of my friends. Avoid catching cold when you remove the rubber girdle. Bath at once in warm water or give the abdomen a sponge bath and vigorous rub. When you have reduced your weight ten pounds by these methods report to me. I will congratulate you. You should not weigh more than one hundred and twenty pounds.

Burzta orange is not too conspicuous in this season of brilliant colors. When you tire of it you can have it dyed a more sedate hue.

Better postpone your visit until your relative can entertain you in her own home.

H. A. W., Coffeyville, Kansas.

I do not think that a wrist watch is very pretty when worn with an evening frock. I have seen lovely platinum and diamond watches worn with equally lovely evening gowns—and they have looked as well as any match can look. But often with this sort of an outfit. But ordinarily I do not advocate the wearing of the plainer sort of a watch with the after dinner dress.

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 pretty, business woman, or wife and mother. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. She is a friend. Her 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.
You should be glad to have a type so nearly unique, and determine to make the most of it. Fortunate Marie. With your combination of dark eyes and dark eyelashes and "really naurally yellow hair" and a fair, clear skin you need not snub any of the colors. The smart combination of white and red should be especially becoming to you. I congratulate you on being one of the rare type to whom all colors are becoming.

To look shorter wear your skirts as short as modesty and the mode permit. Wear contrasting colors in the same dress. Wear dresses with horizontal, diagonal or zigzag trimming.

It is not a matter for lament that young men older than yourself admire you. Nor that you attract middle aged men. You feel a bit lonely at nineteen because these men monopolize your time while you would like to be dancing and chatting with boys of your own age. Extra inches and dignity of appearance and manner. The boys of your own age admire you but are a little awed by you. You seem awesomely grown up to them. Wait until they are older. Some of the tenderest friendships are slowly made.

Amelia, Chambersburg, Pa.

Fat olive oil or pure cold cream into your neck and shoulders. They will make them plumper. Select the cold cream that best agrees with your skin and use it freely at night on face and hands. Remove it with cotton or a soft, old handkerchief, after cleansing the skin. Then put in more cold cream and leave it there to its softening and freshening work during the night. Green is a becoming color to the pale person. It brings out unsuspected tints of pink in the cheeks. Study various shades of red. Hold samples of red cloths against your face and study the effect. Adopt for wear, those which are most becoming.

Blanche, Tusculum, Ala.

Blonde friends of mine use lemon juice with the rinsing water when they give themselves, or others give them, a shampoo. It brightens the hair. Use it discreetly, not more than the juice of half a lemon in a bowl of water. Olive oil and pure cold creams patted gently into the face in the morning and at night, will lubricate dry skin.

Ella, Forsythe, Mont.

It is a good career for those who are adapted to it. Visit the studio in the town nearest to you. With your mother's permission and in her company. The camera searches out faults. It is a great revealer. It discloses flaws in face and figure. I do not believe those strange stories. Yes, I recommend the article you mention. All articles advertised in Photoplay have been investigated by the magazine.

Jacqueline, Chicago, Ill.

Since you are five feet eight inches tall, and weigh only one hundred and twenty pounds, by all means wear low or medium heels. With your coloring you can wear any shade that pleases you. Save that the darkest shades make you seem taller and more slender.

Want to Know, Chicago, Ill.

With mind, disposition, teeth, eyes, hands, nails and complexion especially good you are equipped for conquest in your social and business life. Lines under the eyes are evidence of fatigue or some indisposition. The fact that your feet ache so much and that they are "always so tired," may account for the eye shadows. Perhaps you dance too much. Plenty of rest and sleep should banish the shadows. If they do not, consult a physician. Use olive oil or a good cold cream lavishly on the thin neck.


I should certainly give it a fair trial. It may afford you immense relief.
SAVING BAYER ASPIRIN and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for:

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Accept only "Baye" package which contains proven directions.
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Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing Company of Salicylic Acid.

Cleo, Albany, Oregon.
I would use cold cream plentifully after each application of the cosmetic you mention, Cleo. Some "dress up" to their eyes according to the old beauty command. "Wear colors to match with your hair" is another. But no one dresses becomingly who obeys either command and ignores her complexion. If you complexion is clear, violet, or any shade of blue, it would be becoming. If you have rich color you could advantageously wear white or black. But not cerise, nor any save the palest shades of pink.

L. K., Aberdeen, S. D.
Olives, or pure cold creams, daily and freely applied, should correct a dryness of skin. But, since your case seems to be extreme, I wish you would first seek the advice of a physician.

Adeline, New York, N. Y.
Your eyes, according to your photograph, are lovely. Live up to those eyes. In this larger, whiter, more open world of opportunity, I am sure that your life dream will be realized. I hope so. Make an effort, Adeline. This is a vigorous country of immense activities.

L. M. G., Plains, Mont.
You will find, in another part of this issue, Photoplay's answer to the question you ask — whether or not bobbed hair is gaudy or style. So long as you are living under your parents' roof, and being supported by them, you should follow their wishes in regard to your masculine friends.

Marion G., Columbus, O.
I am sorry to say that you are fifteen pounds overweight, Marion. Where your figures are legion, I advise vigorous exercise to reduce that weight and make haste slowly. Walking and swimming should rid you of the excess flesh in time. If will merge into solid muscle, I am sure. I advise vigorous exercise each morning. Swaying the legs from the hips forward and back, and literally high kicking, should drive away fat, leaving firm muscle. But your frame must be trained normal in a day, nor a week, nor a month. You must cultivate patience, my child. Exercise it while work and wait for improvement.

Bessie, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Some matters which I know use my hands effectively for what you mention as the cause of your anxiety. Perhaps you need more exercise and fewer sweets and pies and potatoes. Walk the dog as you can contrive the time for and add two to the number on Sunday. Experiment with powders until you find the tint that is becoming. Some powders have a slightly pink tint. That may be what you need. As you say, the extreme whiteness is not becoming to many. Neither is the pallor of those who are tired or undernourished.

Honey, Milwaukee, Wis.
Stay indoors for several days and make frequent applications of white. When you go forth again dust the back of your neck with a cooling powder upon a foundation of cold cream. That will temper the sunburn. An ounce of prevention, you know.

Hayde, Randoon, Java.
A little Dutch East India girl is seventeen and has never been to a party. She is ashamed to go among people because she has blackheads. Poor Hayde! Photoplay has published advertisements for the cure of blackheads and other facial eruptions. You may safely use any of these, for this magazine publishes advertisement only of those articles which it has investigated. Give them a thorough trial. Do not neglect a minute of a day. Inquire at the post-office, or ask some member of your family how to send money for the purchase of articles. In this country we send checks or postal money orders. We send the letter with the enclosure by registered mail.

Every advertisement in PHOTOCPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Do you want to write for the movies?

Editors and motion picture producers are searching for new writers. How to develop the proper technique.

IN EVERY section of the country, in crowded cities and on isolated farms, there are women who long to write short stories and motion picture scenarios, and yet do not know just how to begin.

They have the precious gift of imagination and the latent ability to write that are conferred as a priceless heritage of the human heart. Upon a fortunate few, they see things that other people do not see. They dream dreams that other people do not dream.

If you are one of these fortunate men or women who have the urge to write—If you have been longing for years for some way to learn how to make your stories sell—If you are a hopeful writer or to-day that will be the means of changing your entire life.

It is simply that there is a way for you to master the technique of story telling and screen writing.

There is a way for you to learn how to construct your plots after the manner of the great masters. There is a way for you to win fame and money as a writer if you only take advantage of it.

For more than six years the Palmer Institute of Authorship has been cooperating with magazine, theatre, and motion picture producers in the search for and the development of new writers. Some of the best authors and dramatists and motion picture producers have had the movement their enthusiastic support. Results have exceeded all expectations.

Unknown Woman Receives $10,000 for One Story

Miss Winifred Kimball, a Palmer student living in Apalachicola, Florida, won the $10,000 prize offered by the Chicago Daily News in the scenario contest conducted in collaboration with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

Mrs. Anna Blake Mequida, another Palmer student, won the second prize of $5000, and seven $500 prizes were also won by Palmer students.


Judgment of the Storm," and "The White Sin" were also written by Palmer authors. These two pictures were bought by us and produced by the Palmer Photoplay Company and are now appearing in motion picture theatres throughout the country. Each author received $1000 in advance of the production of the pictures and will share in the profits on a royalty basis.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS

The Palmer Scholarship Foundation has been established by the Palmer Institute of Authorship for the purpose of bringing recognition to men and women whose efforts might otherwise be lost to the screen and general publication field, but who need only training in the new technique of authorship in order to succeed.

Two major awards, each carrying a prize of $500, the Palmer Medal of Merit, will be made by the terms of the Foundation to the authors of the best short story and the best screen play, respectively, submitted each year.

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The success of Palmer students is due mainly to the fact that the course is intensely practical; you study under the personal direction of men who are themselves well-known authors, dramatists and motion picture writers.

Best of all, you study right at home in spare time. No matter where you live, you can now learn to write stories and sell them through the Palmer Institute of Authorship.

You learn to write by writing. You write actual stories and develop your ideas, which we help you to sell through our Story Sales Department right here in Hollywood. Here is a list of members of the Advisory Council:

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It describes the ideals and purposes of the Palmer Institute of Authorship and tells you how you may write for the screen and the theatre, and become a professional writer. It is free to the public. Write for your copy.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your book, "The New Road to Authorship," and full details of the Palmer Scholarship Foundation, which awards fifty free scholarships annually. I am most interested in

☐ Short Story Writing
☐ Playwriting
☐ Dramatic Criticism

Name
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All correspondence strictly confidential
The nicest way to keep bobbed hair trim and pretty is to have a pair of Brown & Sharpe clippers of your own. Anyone can use them.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET
Please send me a free copy of the new booklet, "Keeping the Smart Bob Smart!"

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P. P. 10

Writers! You are invited to meet around the council table of your fellow creative artists which convenes every month in STORY WORLD

Magazine and photoplay editors, successful writers and newcomers everywhere exchange advice, encouragement, information.

Here gather such writers as Charles Kenyon, Howard Higgins, Winifred Dunn, Ethel Tyler Lees Middleton, Sada Cowan, Rita Weiman.

Such fiction spinners as Eugene Manlove Rhodes, H. Bedford-Jones, F. Rapier Crew, Frederick Jackson, Carl Clausen, Gerald B. Breitgen, Ruth Cross, Magda Leigh, Arthur J. Messer.

The entrance fees are 25¢ a month, $2.50 a year.

PALMER PUBLISHING COMPANY

Are your arm beautiful?

Are you proud to look at it? Is it free from all unpleasant hair, with the under-arm white and smooth and dainty?

De-la-tone will remove every trace of disfiguring hair in three minutes. Just spread it on a moist patch, wash off, and you have the result.

For fourteen years, De-la-tone has been the favorite of hundreds of thousands of women. Always quick, safe, sure. Careful beauty specialists use it; doctors recommend it. Now you can prove it for yourself—send coupon below for generous sample of The Depilatory for Delicate Skin

DEL-A-TONE
Removes Hair At once and permanent, or may be used in plain wrapper for $1.50.

THE SKIEFF COMPANY
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Name
Address
City State (written in full)

HILDA, RANGOON, BURMA.

A lonely little Persian girl at school at Rangoon wants to correspond with American girls. She admires them. She would just love to have American friends, because they look so smart and are always so much more graceful than the girls here. Write to the director of the Inkowa Club, 12 West Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Write her as directly from your girlish heart, but do not make up any story. If you have written me. I think she will open the door of opportunity to the girls of the club. They are business girls who love the out of doors. They have a pleasant country club. Write Dr. W. P. Parker of that club, and I hope you will form the basis for friendships even though with friends unseen. An American girl may want to widen her outlook as greatly as you want to widen yours.

Hollywood is a town of much activity. But you might write one of the stars. If she has not time for correspondence she may give your letter to a girl whose time is not so fded. You may be able to give her interesting hints on Persian and Burmese life and character and costumes.

MARI, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Your ideas are sane and wholesome. I like them. Let your mother take you to places where you will meet the kind of boys and girls it is best for you to know. Mother's counsel is the word of wisdom. If you fancy you use too much powder, your coquettishness are too thick. Fix your face lightly with it. You are little a over-weight. "Corrective eating", vegetables and fruits, with little meat, and that lean, will soon remedy the slight excess of fat. Blue and white should be becoming to you. Get samples of dress materials. Hold them against your face by daylight and electric light, and study the effect. Your color is the right one for your type. To each person her individual modification of the bob.

DORIS, SAN PEDRO, CAL.

If you are fourteen you need not worry about your height. Nature will adjust that while you are growing. Doubtless you have a good, wise mother who will supply you with food that is nourishing for young girls and will make them grow. Blue should be your friendliest color. Pink should be a congenial companion. Bobbed hair is becoming to many. I think most to girls and to small women.

SADIE, PULASKI, VA.

Henna is of vegetable origin. Authorities say that it does not injure the hair. Rather, that it is a tonic for it. "It made my hair look as it did ten years ago," one of my beautiful friends said to me this morning. She has magnificent red hair.

Speaking of Pictures

[Continued from page 27]

query depends upon the point of view. If it is the function of the photoplay to reproduce settings and nature exactly, then the actual background depicted by the author is the thing. Thus, a Florentine story ought to be filmed in Florence, Italy. But those who believe that the function of real art is to suggest that the photoplay ought to play upon the imagination. The director can not watch the suggestions of Florence without drooping his camera and his players to Florence, he is not much of a director.

The authentic Arab backgrounds of Rex Ingram's "The Arab" have been criticized because they looked too much like motion picture sets. Yet the set is right, and does not imitate life; life imitates art. Make your pictures in Hollywood.

ONE Iowa exhibitor is making it hard for the Blue Law enforcers. He is a Seventh Day Adventist. He closes his theater from sundown Friday until sundown Saturday and

Studio Directory

For readers who may desire the addresses of film companies or representative active ones, the first is the business office; (a) indicates studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS, INC., 25 West 45th Street, New York City; (a) Douglas McLean, 6412 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 315 Madison Ave., New York City; (a) H此事 Enes, 315 Madison Ave., New York City; (a) Frederick H. Turner, Yacht Pictu reS, 6412 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

ASSOCIATED FILMS, 124 West Fortieth Street, New York City; (a) Samuel Goldwyn, Hollywood, Calif.

ASSOCIATED MEAT ball-MORMON PRODUCTIONS, (b) (a) Studio, 346 Fifth Ave., New York City; (a) Thomas H. Tice Productions, Inc., 302 Broadway, New York City; (a) Magda Einstein, 352 Madison Ave., New York City.

DISTINCTIVE PICTURES CORP., 366 Madison Ave., New York City; (b) (a) John C. Eddy, 366 Madison Ave., New York City.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (a) Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Samuel at 346 Fifth Ave., New York City; (a) Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 525 Madison Ave., New York City; (a) Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 H. Madison Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LA SALLE CORPORATION, (b) 455 Fifth Ave., New York City; (b) 5th St., Inglewood, Calif.; Long Island City, N. Y.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, (a) 16th Ave. and 53rd St., New York City; (a) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; (b) Home, Italy.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, 455 Fifth Ave., New York City.

M. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 455 Fifth Ave., New York City.

M. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 455 Fifth Ave., New York City.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER, (b) 1540 Broadway, New York City; (b) 5th St., Inglewood, Calif.; (b) Harold Lloyd Corporation, 6842 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.; (b) Mary Pickford Studios, Inc., Cali.


PATER DE ST, 35 West 45th Street, New York City.

W. W. PODERSSA CORPORATION, (b) 1205 Broadway, New York City; (b) Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Pickford Fountain, Pickford-Fairbanks, and Jack Pickford.

UNIVERSAL FILM CORPORATION, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (b) Universal City, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (b) George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Fifth Ave., New York City; (b) Pickford Studios, United Artists Corp., 1727 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (b) Claude Budin, 1416 Lake Ave., Hollywood, Calif.; (b) D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

WAWNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (a) Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Every advertisement in Photoplay magazine is guaranteed.
keeps it open the other days of the week. He escaped conviction on a charge of breaking the Sabbath. Now the courts are trying to define when is the Sabbath.

ONE of the interesting things of the past year has been the sudden rise of Gloria Swanson. Not that Miss Swanson was not popular before. But, with "Zaza," she suddenly revealed a real ability. Up to that point she had been a clothes horse, howbeit a picturesque one. But, with "Zaza" and her subsequent pictures, she began to act with genuine effect. Now, with "Manhandled," she is presenting a brand new phase, a keen and discerning sense of comedy.

Miss Swanson is an interesting subject of study. She is one of our few celluloid stars who is thinking, and she has in these pictures the advantage of a director, Allan Dwan, and a continuity writer, Forrest Halsey, who are also addicted to the same habit.

WHILE the tempering of the screen to forestall the censor easily can be carried too far, we are strong for the present movement to clean up the titles of our motion picture dramas. Producers, even the biggest, have been trying to sell suggestion and insinuation to the public. We have had enough of titles bearing such so-called box-office words as passion, desire, scandal, sin, lover, flaming, virtue, and virgin. Once the motion picture business had to clean up its lurid posters. Now the lurid title is to go, and Will Hays is busy greasing the skids.

The Extravagance of Screen Fashions (continued from page 41)

a producer. His pictures make money. His name in front of a theater causes millions to flock to see his pictures. I have no doubt; however, that we go to see him for the spectacular effects he produces, wondering what he is going to give us next.

The screen is, without doubt, the greatest fashion influence on millions of women in this country. They look up to the famous stars, drawing large salaries, as the last word, and it is rather deplorable that the average woman, not being in close touch with what is right and what is not right, should take for granted that anything that they wear is correct.

I spent an afternoon at the Casino in Newport a few days ago. I marveled at the simplicity—at the manner in which women who are supposed to be arbiters of fashion in this country—gownied themselves for this semi-formal affair. And I couldn't help shuddering at the thought of what Mr. De Mille would do to that gathering.

For this article I have drawn for you three evening gowns worn by his actresses in "Feet of Clay." For a very formal and elaborate occasion there are not two extremes good. The other two would be marked as bad taste for any occasion.

She Feels Like Barnum (continued from page 51)

I have my own caravan, my cook, my meningitis, and my maid. I'm a traveling circus, a high-browed drayman. Incidentally, Alice still has some time left on her contract with Famous Players-Lasky. When she will fill it is problematical. If lightening strikes the big top, and the circus is put out of business, then Alice may return to the movies. But no Californian will admit they have lightning in the Golden State. They don't need it with Alice around.
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

BETTY Nansen, already famous in the United States for her work in imported pictures. He sailed just as the World War broke. When he arrived in New York he was the supervising director of Fox pictures.

"Life's Shop Window" Proves a Surprise

The first Fox production effort was "Life's Shop Window," made on Staten Island under the direction of Henry Belster for $4,000. It starred Claire Whitney and Stuart Holmes. A weighty gathering of officials gathered for the screening in the projection room of the Box Office Attractions Company. The picture ran in silence. When it was off and the lights came on there was a roar and a demand for Fox to speak. He was speaking fiercely, evidently laying down a screen.

"Let's burn the damn thing!"

Edwards called for help and Winfield Sheehan came to the rescue.

"No, let's run it."

To the amazement of all hands "Life's Shop Window" became a decided hit. Edwards excited the Box Office Attractions Company took on some new directors, including Frank Powell and Edward Lewis. Early in the year the production schedule came up with "A Fool There Was," Fox acquired the screen rights to the stage play, which had been evolved from Kipling's poem, "The Vulture," the Fool There Was. Producers decided an offer that was refused by Burne-Jones. Thus was the interesting cycle of the idea, from the dead art of painting to the new living art of the photoplay, completed.

Edward Jose, a player of romantic bearing and some prior screen experience with Pathé's Eclectic pictures, was cast for the title role, and for at least a summer he was the hero of the company. The casting of the Vampire part was a problem. Virginia Pearson, playing the role on the stage, was offered the part and refused. The picture was stymied, waiting for a vamp. Jose interviewed Fox.

"Have you got to have a big name for the part?"

"No," Fox replied. "We'll make that."

But he was not half aware of the depth of the prophecy. Jose had in mind, somewhat elusively, a girl who had played a bit as an extra for Pathé in "The Stain," a Forrest Halsey scenario. She had appeared in a scene on location at Lake Ronkonkoma and Jose had seen her for but a moment.

Jose puzzled, trying to recall a clue to the identity of that lost face. As a last resort he called up Eclectic's casting director for "The Stain" and described the extra girl. He studied over his address book and came back with a name—"try Miss de Coppet."

"Theda Bara" Steps into the Limelight

Jose sent off a wire and Miss Theodosis Goodman, professionally "Miss de Coppet," responded. She was engaged for the part. Jose sent word to Fox, who looked into the room and passed his approval with a nod. Miss de Coppet gleefully took part in "A Fool There Was," and the extra girl. She studied over his address book and came back with a name—"try Miss de Coppet."

"How much will they cost?"

"Oh, two or three hundred dollars," Miss de Coppet estimated.

The issue went up to Fox. "Give her fifty more a week, then," he decided.

The picture was complete and all ready

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The Great Bara Myth

"Theda Bara" was her suggestion. De Coppet was the maiden name of her mother, while de Bara was the name of her maternal grandmother. The Theda was merely the family abbreviation of Theodosia, the name of her christening, back in Cincinnati, Ohio.

And Theda Bara it was, on the film, the twenty-four sheets and the electric lights. "A Fool There Was" was a box office hit of January, 1915.

Thedore Goodman said to the publicity affairs of this vampire Theda. Immediately Miss Goodman began to acquire a most amazing atmosphere. Selig's conscienceless typewriter plied the motion picture columns of the press with the announcement that Theda Bara was the daughter of a French artist and an Arabian mistress, born on the sands of the Sahara."Bara" was indeed, he said, a mere Babylonian anagram, being Arab spelled backwards. That proved the rest of the story. Meanwhile "Theda" was just a mere rearrangement of the letters of "death." This deadly Arab girl was, as Selig's word, a crystal gazey seeress of profoundly occult powers, wicked as fresh red paint and as poisonous as dried spiders. The stronger the copy grew the more it was printed. Little shop girls read it and swallowed their gum with excitement.

Miss Bara Vicariously Sins

The motion picture public went to the theater to see about all this amusingly snaky stuff and found that the optical effect on the screen was up to the advance notices. Theda Bara of the screen, working her willowy way with men, became the visible and shadowy realization of several million variously suppressed desires. Every good little girl in the nation went to see Theda do on the screen those things which every good little girl would secretly like to do, if she dared, now and then. Meanwhile, when Theodosia Goodman washed the Theda Barn make-up off, she went home to read the Ladies' Home Journal and the complete works of the late Shakespeare. The Theda Bara myth grew so pungent that it defeated the refusal of many a conservative news writer to even meet the dangerous lady.

When Bara made her first trip to the Fox California studios there was a publicity pause in Chicago. Major M. L. C. Funkhouser, Chicago film censor, declined to meet Miss Bara.

Selig arranged for the playtoy critics of the Chicago press to meet Miss Bara at the Blackstone. She received in a darkened parlor draped with black and red, in the tones of her sweeping gown. She was white, languid and poisonously polite. The air was heavy with tuberose and incense.

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The shading worked magic. The interviews were in hushed tones, and the results were columns. When the door closed on the last caller the windows went up.

"Give me air!" commanded Bara.

"And publicity," added Selig. Bara smiled, saying no less than forty pictures in her three years with the Fox concern. Which means more than one picture a month.

Within a few months of her first screen appearances the "vamp" became an all too common noun and in less than a year it was a highly active verb, transitive and intransitive, also thoroughly irregular in its conjugations.

This verb may prove to be the only permanent contribution of the Fox-Theda barrage to the world.

Censors Eye "Vamp" Pictures

In about the same proportion as the Theda Bara pictures made money at the box office they made trouble with the censors, then a rapidly increasing official race.

Through this same period "The Birth of a Nation" was following up its metropolitan presentations with a sweep of the country by twelve road companies under the direction of J. J. McCarthy, who became a conspicuous figure in the running war of censorship agitation which accompanied the presentation of the picture.

McCarthy was called to the Griffith organization from the Chestnut Street Opera House in Philadelphia, where he attracted attention by presentation of the bigger pictures for long runs, including Selig's "The Spoilers," Kleine's "Calamity," and Vitagraph's "Christy," which by the by was a failure in a pretentious presentation at the Manhattan Opera House in New York.

The new school of vampire pictures founded Theda Bara's "A Fool There Was," was added to the wave of restrictive attention awakened by "The Birth of a Nation."

"Birth of a Nation" Blows Up a Storm

A storm of opposition to the Griffith masterpiece swept across the United States, north of the Mason-Dixon line. The non-Hoofer negro pictures of the period and its white defenders rose in a clamor for the suppression of the picture, with local oppositions of serious strength developing in every community where there was a sufficient Negro vote to influence the politicians and office holders. The voters were there at home, whereas the picture was merely "a movie from New York." The political attitude was inevitable.

D. W. Griffith became for the time an outraged, screaming pamphleteer, campaigning for the freedom of the screen on terms of equality with the press.

It is to be admitted that part of Griffith's ardor grew out of the fact that he had money at stake. When the door closed he would be unlikely to believe that this was the source of more than half of his zeal. There is considerable evidence from time to time that Griffith would rather have been laughed to scorn than have no money. It was indeed this very fact which so early set him apart from the commonplace in motion picture production.

Griffith issued statements, made speeches and wrote letters proclaiming fundamental rights of expression which he held should be self-evident. His fight for "The Birth of a Nation" was a fight for the whole institution of the screen.

Meanwhile, on the road with the picture, J. J. McCarthy and his henchmen, Theodore Mitchell, were meeting the problem in terms of local politics, law suits and riots.

The Boston branch of the "National Association for the Advancement of Colored People" upheld the "black Abolitionist" traditions of New England by issuing a booklet against "The Birth of a Nation," broadcasting

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it to negro leaders in every part of the United States. The president of the Boston organization was Mansfield Storrey, a white leader of the movement and admitted, regardless of one's views on the controversy, to be thoroughly sincere and disinterested personally.

Protests from Every Quarter

The Boston booklet, read after ten years have cooled the heat of controversy, will appear to many to have been somewhat lacking in the poise and caution which it is reasonable to expect of the New England intelligence. From its pages one discovers that Dr. Charles Norton Elliot, head of Harvard and trademark of the five-foot shelf, charged the picture with historical inaccuracy and a tendency to perension of white ideas and ideals. Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, was "painfully exercised over the exhibition" and urged responsible citizens to use their influence against the showings. Francis Hackett, in the New Republic, lambasted the Rev. Thomas Dixon, author of the story, as "a yellow clergyman." Booker Washington wrote letters to the papers. It was charged, and probably true, that the audiences were sprinkled with Pinkerton men to suppress demonstrations. It was wise management. But for cam-aign purposes the name of Pinkerton was used for the benefit of such sympathy as might be gained from under dogs who had been walked on by the Pinkerton men in labor struggles and the like.

Oswald Garrison Villard wrote that "The Birth of a Nation" was "a deliberate attempt to humiliate 10,000,000 American citizens and portray them as nothing but beasts."

Hostile Criticism Makes a Box Office Record

It was these attacks which made "The Birth of a Nation" great. The roaring denunciations from the high places sent the whole public to see the picture and made that public pay a total of $15,000,000 at the box office to see what all the shouting was about.

Dramatically, Griffith and others have done as well and sometimes better in screen craftsmanship. But no one has ever since been able to get into such profitable trouble.

It is an interesting commentary that all this occurred while Europe was arar with the opening years of the World War. The United States had time to fight the Civil War over on a screen text, while the world was coming apart next door.

In the main the battle in behalf of "The Birth of a Nation" prevailed, with the incident of censorship measures in some thirty states and cities.

The bitterness of the battle gave Griffith the theme for his next magnum opus, "Intolerance," a tremendous effort to outdo "The Birth of a Nation" and expose on the screen the intolerant absurdities of public opinion down the ages of history.

Other effects, slightly less obvious, and more closely confined within the motion picture industry itself, are quite easy to see in connection to "The Birth of a Nation." Somewhere between the fact that a motion picture, was commanding such an unprecedented attention from high and low, and the fact that the Griffith preoccupations were awakening a new appreciation of the institutional nature of the screen, came a new hunger in the industry for a greater self-respect.

"The Birth of a Nation," following on the precedents of patronage of "Quo Vadis," was bringing the "carriage trade" to the doors of the motion picture theaters. The industry began to realize dimly that it was time to turn from the manufacture of movies to the production of motion picture industry.

Self-consciousness came as a preparation for a sensibility for responsibility, which is today still slowly making its way into the motion picture industry.

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Motion Pictures "Damage Theater's Reputation"

The lowly status from which the motion picture was now emerging was vividly illuminated by the recent collapse of the Hammerstein operation. Mr. Arthur Hammerstein, of the Hammerstein Opera Co., brought in 1914 against David Belasco, who had the temerity to sub-lease a theater to Universal for the showing of "Traffic in Souls." It will be found in the law libraries as Hammerstein Opera Co. vs. Belasco. The legal issue was whether or not the showing of a motion picture violated a lease providing that the premises were "to be used and occupied by said tenant (Belasco) as a first class theater," and that the tenant was not to use or permit the premises to be used "for any purpose deemed displeasurable or extrahazardous on account of fire," etc.

Now Belasco has used the theater for first class plays with a guarantee of $20,000. He licensed Universal's use of the house for a picture at from 25 cents to a dollar admission. Hammerstein alleged that the pictorial entertainment was not first class and that it was hazardous in the extreme. He won in the first court and lost on appeal. It is interesting that this famous impresario who considered himself the first to bring motion pictures in the country, used to show a picture that was sent him through the mails by a private party. The picture show was the grandfather of Elaine Hammerstein, screen star of a more recent day. This impulse, to become important and all that was written, has been repeated in a new queer of stars and names which should support the new pose of impressiveness.

Sometime early in 1915 Morris Gest, Broadway stage impresario, terms of space business had been fighting for the pennies in the slums. It was time to look at a bit more toward the folks uptown. This escape from the nickelodeon point of view was accompanied by many curious phenomena. Film folks who should have been at Dinty Moore's for corn beef and cabbage, or at Weberhaus's for chaos and noodles, began to congregate and possibly at Delmonico's with religious fidelity. The blaring arrays of Kimberly doorknobs in vogue as testimonials to proper-
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I interviewed on everything from art to toothpicks and the motion picture was rediscovered by several national magazines. Also the film folk who lunched at Delmonico's began to speak of her now as "Jerry," they were that democratic.

Also the Box Office Attractions company proceeded to prepare for the making of "Car- men" with Theda Bara.

Through this same period of realignments the motion picture was undergoing important evolutions, notably at the Griffith studios in California, where incidentally to his greater enterprises he was producing four red dramas, released as Mutual Master Pictures under Adolph Zukor auspices in New York. Griffith was continuing the traditions of Biograph and training a new coterie of directors. The Griffith counselors with his company about him or the pepper trees are reminiscent of the garden schools of the old Greeks. Griffith sat, discoursing his enthusiasms from under the shade of the ruins of a most disputable straw hat, tuttering interest run on to the neglect of rehearsals. Elmer Clifton, Jack Adolphi and W. Christy Calamante were among the directors evolved and launched in this period. Experimenting his way along in the widening possibilities of photodrama construction, Griffith began to somewhat reluctantly admit that subtitles were becoming of at least equal importance. Classical, the girl who sent scenarios from San Diego, came to doctor scripts and sit in the counsels of the cutting room.

Marshall Neilan Introduces Seena Owen to Pictures

The Griffith institution was growing and adding to the personnel of the screen. Signe Auen, known to more recent periods by the phonetic equivalent of Seena Owen, in this time put behind her the frivolities of the little debutante set of Spokane and came down to Los Angeles for a career. She had begun her acting bits in Morroco stock on the stage at the Alcazar. It was a trivial bit of destiny that on her way to the theater one Monday morning, speculating on the prospects of a part for the next week, she encountered Marshall Neilan, then directing Ruth Roland one reels for Kalem.

Signe Auen and Neilan had met at the summit port of Lake Coeur d'Alene in Idaho some years before. In those pre-picture days the handsome young Neilan was the protege of Colonel E. N. Peyton, of Los Angeles, and the driver of the Peyton motor cars. Neilan's driving must have been excellent, since the Colonel considerably embarrassed the young man by pointing to him as an exemplary person to be emulated by the younger Peyton boys.

Now Neilan was on his way up as a picture director and he advised Miss Auen to make a try at the studios. She applied to Frank Woods on the Griffith lot and Woods called Griffith in to see her.

"I doubt if you will make an actress," Griffith remarked. "You are too cold and unemotional."

He was sizing up this tall and haughty blonde girl, erect in the dignity of her Danish ancestry, to survey one of the serious social traditions of Spokane.

"I—I must be an actress, then," Miss Auen replied, "because I am all trembling inside now."

"Guess you can stick around," Griffith decided with a grin.

Ahead the future was holding the role of the Princess Beloved in "Intolerance" for Miss Auen.

Back in New York a new conflict in the industry was brewing within the Mutual Film Corporation. The Mutual with its Griffith-made Master Pictures was pursuing a straddling policy trying with a program of short pictures to hold the old nickelodeon trade while it strained to keep pace with the progress of the new feature idea. The Mutual Master Pictures, most unfor-
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Before long Triangle stock went on the curb and began to climb most profitably. The motion picture had at last joined up with American industry and the manipulation of the market. It was by this move "big business" now.

In Los Angeles the New York Motion Pic- ture plant became the Fine Arts studio and D. W. Griffith began to outline a new line of productions for Triangle release.

Griffith Mildly Interested in Fairbanks

This brought another influx of names. Tri- angle announced coming screen productions with Raymond Hatton, Raymond Hatton, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and other notables.

Up at the Knickerbocker Grill, Adam and Charles Kessell and C. O. Bauman at lunch spied Douglas Fairbanks, then a Broadway stage star, at an adjacent table. They drew him into conversation and a contract with Triangle-Fine Arts. This was, they consid- ered, a considerable stroke. Fairbanks had been sought for pictures before, when Daniel Films attempted to sign him into Famous Players studio just to look around. Famous Players made a scene with Fairbanks then, a bit of action at a card table, in the hope of interest- ing him in the pictures. But this plan had come to nothing.

Fairbanks started west and Griffith got a wire to prepare for his coming with a story.

Fairbanks had plenty to do and no great enthusiasm at the prospective addition of this new player, to him somewhat unknown. While Fairbanks sped across the country toward Los Angeles, Griffith called a hurried council of Frank Woods and Mary O'Connor of his sce- nario department, and there evolved a plot entitled "The Lamb." It appeared on screen title "Fairbanks Weekly," as "The Granville Wargick," the name under which Griffith's story conceptions went to the public.

Griffith Displeased with Fairbanks' Acrobatics

Fairbanks' beginning with Griffith was most inauspicious. Griffith was not pleased with the new star's athletic tendencies. Fairbanks seemed to have a notion that in a motion pic- ture one had to keep eternally in motion and he frequently jumped the fence or climbed a church at unexpected moments not prescribed by the script. Griffith advised him to go into Keystone comedy.

The organization acquired John Emerson, actor and stage director, late of Charles Froh- man, Inc. Emerson had made two screen ap- pearances, the first one for Famous Players in the screen version of "The Conspiracy," in which he had starred on the stage, and of which he was the playwright. He took a motion picture on assignment on condition he could range at will and study the works. In the scenario and editing department he found a considerable interest in the work of the Merle, and so on.

"It seems," observed Emerson, reading a Loso script, "that you buy the kid's clever lines in the scenario and then throw them away and put something on the screen.

Clever titles did not mean a great deal to Griffith. He thought entirely in terms of pictorial action and it was not consistent with his view for the situations by which were going to deliver their punch in a title. As a purist contending for his medium Griffith was correct, but he no more than others could see that the Hollywood methods of not to be the subject of the camera alone, but must be a hybrid art, combining the picture and the printed word. That this was an omission, none the less, immediately to hand.

Fairbanks, the star that Griffith did not admire, Emerson, the notiviate director, and Alan Leo, the writer of bright words that Griffith did not entirely appreciate, were
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"Smart" Titles Become the Rage

The effect first become apparent on screen humor. Without the assistance of the world, which has ever counted so much in American humor, the funny business of the screen was rather strictly a slapstick action. Perhaps the humor, which the same smart-aleck dumpkin's idea of a joke is to pull your chair out from under you, but Bernard Shaw did it with verbal parables.

Anyway in the Los-Evermore-Fairbanks period the screen language of action began to establish relations with the language of the written word.

The motion picture had broken away with constructive finality from the practice of the dark ages when film editors interlarded their pictures with stock titles, limericks. Lumps of stock titles, "Wedding Bells," and "Years later."

The relation of the title and picture is still evolving. This seems to be an important step to come when picture makers will take the mechanical pains to present title and picture simultaneously. There have been many attempts and emphatic fruition for some years. Under the established method, as old as the screen, a motion picture title by reason of its complete interruption of the visual picture, did not have the same effect as a scene to come or an after-thought of one which has passed. The wise-crackers will have a new chance when they can put the words alongside the action.

Photoplay Magazine Starts as a Theater Program

The rise of Photoflay Magazine began in this same period. In 1914 the magazine, which had begun in Chicago as a theater program, now came into the hands of the W. F. Quirk Company. Quirk had been in weak and feeble condition and there was great doubt as to whether anything could be done for it. Robert M. Eastman of the W. F. Hall Company, a competitor, threw in all his efforts in behalf of Popular Mechanics Magazine. Quirk was from the newspaper field with experience in Boston, Washington and New York. After meeting Quirk and found him with an advertising agency engaged in trying to keep the nation happy and on time by campaigns to sell phonographs and gold war bonds, Quirk was invited into the magazine project as its editor and publisher. It was merely a printer's bill with 13,000 circulation. What little advertising it carried had been placed for a margin of a basis to get in a few dollars. Today the property is rated as one of the great publishing successes of the last decade, with the largest circulation of any publication of its kind in the world.

One of the innovations of Photoflay was a line of serious attention to the directors of motion pictures. This brought the beginning of recognition by the business that the camera stood alongside the camera telling the actors what to do. It published the first stories of Griffith, Sennett, Ince and others. Up to this time the public had heard of no one but the actor.

Both in the art of the studio and the business of film distribution, theater presentation and the motion picture in general, 1915 rose to an entirely new importance. Meanwhile the war in Europe was extending effects and influences which neither the United
States nor its motion pictures could longer ignore. New personalities, new alignments and new excitement were lacking.

The coming of the feature picture into paramount position should have been an evolution, but it was a revolution. The shooting begins in the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Questions and Answers
[Continued from Page 83]

V. I. B., St. Thomas, Ont.—Glad your initials do not spell “Fib.” Pedro de Cordoba was born in St. Thomas, City of Spanish parents, Sept. 28, 1881. He played several seasons with E. H. Sothern and William Faversham. He supported Margaret Anglin and other singing players on the stage. His last stage appearance was in “The Gift.”

R. L. M., Dorchester, Mass.—Here are their dates, since you must know them when you say anything. Jofnya Ralston, nineteen; Lois Wilson, twenty-eight; Polly Archer, seventeen; Jacqueline Logan, twenty-two; Magde Kennedy, twenty-six.

G. K., San Francisco.—Another Norman Kerry fan! His admirers seem to span the continent. Mr. Kerry’s height is six feet, two inches, his weight hundred and eighty pounds, his hair brown and his eyes hazel.

Mrs. R. E. S., Eldorado, Ark.—You cite three recent motion pictures and ask why audiences should not be imitated upon by up-and-coming leading women. Perhaps because they are good actresses, Mrs. S. Europeans sold us for our devotion to good looks.

La Fama, Columbus, Neb.—Are you really? Anita Stewart appeared in “The Great White Way,” which was released last winter. Henry Hull was the leading man in “The Last of the Navajos.” Claire Windsor was born April 14, 1897, in Cawker City, Kan.

E. C. R., St. Paul, Minn.—Some of the producing companies occasionally need what are called “stunt actors.” Excellent equine performers are included in that group. Gloria Swanson is an American. Mrs. J. E. Carroll has been married. He is former wife Adelle Rowland, well known to the stage for her dancing and singing. She sang “Pack Up Your Troubles” into wide popularity. In vaudeville, Adeline, Appleton, Me.—Always a gentleman, Ruth Roland is a “Cool Defender,” the name given to California players who give a good account of their gifts outside the state. She was born on one of the many ranches which adorned the stage when she was three years old. Her height is five feet, four inches. She weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds. She has auburn hair, blue eyes, clear skin, a well developed system, hair reddish brown, and her complexion the shade of cream or of fine ivory.

D. A. B., Pittsfield, Mass.—Norman Kerry has attained the impressive height of six feet, two inches, and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. He has hazel eyes and dark brown hair, and is twenty-eight years old. His wife’s maiden name? Bless you! He hasn’t any wife, not at this writing.

L. E., Lafayette, Ind.—What previous handwriting, I mean L. Mary Eaton is a star. She has been playing in “Kid Boots,” one of the musical comedy successes of the year in New York. That is the reason you have no pictures of her for months.

L. J. V., Holland, Mich.—The addresses you request will find in the Studio Directory that appears each month in Photoplay.

How Strong Are You?
Can You Do These Things?

Lift 200 lbs. or more overhead with one arm; bend, and break a horse shoe; tear two decks of playing cards, bend spades, chalk yourself with one hand.

Can you do any of them? I can and many of my pupils can. It is remarkable the things a man really can do if he will make up his mind to be strong. We are not for the human body to be strong is unnatural to be weak. I have taken men who were frightened at their frail make-up and developed them into the strongest men of their locality.

I Want You for 90 Days

These are the days that count for speed. It once took four weeks to cross the ocean—now it takes less than one. In olden days it took years to develop a strong, healthy body. I can completely transform you in 50 days. You make a complete change in your entire physical make-up. In 50 days I guarantee to increase your inches one full inch. I also guarantee to increase your chest two inches. But if you don’t stop till you’re a finished athlete—a real man of the world—you will have the heart of your chest, strengthen your neck. I will give you the arm and leg strength of a Hercules. I will develop an animal place of muscle over your entire body. But with it comes the strong, powerful lungs which outlets the blood, putting new life into your entire being. You will be bubbling over with strength, pep and vitality.

A Doctor Who Takes His Own Medicine

Many say that any form of exercise is good, but this is not true. I have seen men working in factories who literally kill themselves with exercise. They ruined their health, wear down their lungs, ex- furred themselves or killed off what little vitality they possessed. I have never seen a man taking great exertion and strength. I spent years in study and research, analyzing human effects resulting from over-exertion. After many experiments, I discovered a secret of progressive exercise. I increased my arms over six and a half inches, my neck three inches and other parts of my body in proportion. I decided to come a public benefactor, and impart this knowledge to others. Physicians and authorities on physical culture have tested my system and pronounced it to be the most perfect of achieving perfect manhood. Do you crave a strong, well proportioned body and the abundance of health that goes with it? I will spend a lifetime to teach how to attain it. The knowledge is yours for the asking.

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BESSIE, BALTIMORE, MD.—Congratulations. You have contrived a new variation of the good old name, Elizabeth. You are right. Leatrice Joy married John Gilbert, erstwhile and at present "Jack," of the screen. Mrs. Rudolph Valentino's maiden name was Winifred Hamilton. Her professional title is Natasha Rambova. Ethel Clayton has returned to the screen.

JANET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA.—Interested in Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and want to write him. Good! Don't be troubled by apocryphal ages attributed to him. He is not ten, nor seventeen, but an age nearly halfway between them—thirteen. He was born Dec. 9, 1910, in this country. While he writes this he is not "signed" with any company.

OLATIE, KAN.—Gloria's age is twenty-five. Huntley Gordon is a husky lad of six feet and one hundred and seventy pounds. He has dark blue eyes and brown hair.

ESTHER, BEDFORD, IND.—Lillian Rich and Irene Rich are not sisters. Irene Rich's family name is Luther. Bert Lytell is married. Lew Cody is not.

DOROTHY, IOLIET, ILL.—The managers will learn through our letter box that you think Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle are an ideal pair for the screen. Maybe they will remember your suggestion when they are selecting their casts for the winter showings. Thomas Meighan's more recent pictures are "The Confidence Man," "Fried Piper Malone" and "Woman Proof." He is now making "The Alaskan."

LUCILLE, ST. PAUL, MINN.—So you are of the opinion that John Gilbert's eyes are the most beautiful, flashing eyes in captivity. To be exact, his eyes are dark brown. He was born July 10, 1895.

MARY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—I am proud to be numbered among the correspondents of your convalescence. I hope you will be robust when this answer meets your eyes. I think the stars you name would be disinherited if you did not ask for their photographs.

BETT, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Glad to know that Jacksonville joins the rest of movie-seeking humanity in liking Thomas Meighan. His participation in the charity ball for the benefit of an orphans' home does not prove to be a father. He has no children.

ALICE, BROOKIN, N. Y.—Glad to hear from you, Alice. Monte Blue's most recent pictures are "How to Educate a Wife" and "Her Marriage Vow."

BETTY, DETROIT, MICH.—Theodore Roberts is recovering his health at his home in Hollywood. The leading man in "Three Wise Fools" is William Haines. Richard Barthelmess is never hard to gaze upon, whether on the screen, on the street, or holding his small daughter on his knee.

PEGGY SHAW, GARRETSONVILLE, OHIO.—Certainly, (doubtless pretty) Peggy. At least I have never known anyone named Peggy who was not pretty. Walker's age is twenty-seven. He is married.

MICKEY, NEW YORK, N. Y.—You "love and are crazy about" Thomas Meighan, Richard Barthelmess, Antonio Moreno, Norma Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri. If you must be insane they are pleasant causes for insanity. In the order of their names as printed in this list their ages are forty-five, twenty-eight, thirty-five, twenty-eight, twenty-six, twenty-six, and twenty-eight.

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When the last strains of the music have fade away—when the dance is over—you thank your partner and she smiles back at you. But is her smile forced—did she really enjoy the dance? Will she say "yes" when you ask her for the second dance? Does any girl want to dance with a clumsy, awkward leader? Does she want to stumble along with a partner who is constantly falling out of step?

Why Good Dancers Are Popular

If you long to be popular, admired, envied—actually sought after—learn to be a good dancer. You can do it—right in your own home—with neither music nor partner. All you need is Arthur Murray's wonderful, new, home-lessons in dancing. And no matter how little you know about it now—with these remarkable, simplified Print-and-Picture instructions, you can master any of the newest and most popular steps in a few hours. Why, you'll be amazed to see how quickly you will be able to walk, fox-trot, one-step, lead, follow with perfect ease and confidence.

Many of the foremost society leaders of America have chosen Arthur Murray as their dancing instructor. He is recognized as the most prominent dancing authority in this country.

Five Dancing Lessons FREE

Over 200,000 men and women have already learned to dance through Arthur Murray's astonishing methods—many of them by means of their startling, quick results, that he is willing, for a limited time only, to send absolutely FREE to everyone who returns the coupon. Enclose 25¢ (stamps or coins) to pay the cost of postage, printing, etc., and the lesson will be gladly mailed to you. There's no obligation whatever. So act now, Arthur Murray, Studio 274, 290 Broadway, New York City.

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Or Unfashionably Blunt and Stubby?

Graceful, slender, tapering fingers are a mark of good breeding. No other feminine characteristic so quickly destroys your standing in life. Blunt, thick, square-ended fingers are a betrayal—a confession! They lack refinement—suggest a lack of delicacy and womanly sentiment. If you are tired of these faults, you can have them remedied quickly, cheaply, slyly by means of BEAUTIFY YOUR FINGERS NOW! It's so simple. Marvelous new Taperite Finger Reducer hat, blunt finger tips to beautiful tapering. Guaranteed. Satisfaction or your money back. IMEDIATE RESULTS Almost overnight blunt, stubby finger tips are marginally transformed by Taperite. Get a set at once. Beauty YOUR fingers. Easy. Quiet. SEND NO MONEY. Just your name and address. When postman delivers complete set of 12 Taperite hats only 50¢ and please delivery instructions.

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BEHIND every love there is a story. The love of a man for a woman; the love of mother for child—each is a separate drama, a story well worth the telling. And behind the love of a nation for Abraham Lincoln there is a drama that only the vivid art of the motion picture can tell.

It is not Lincoln the president or Lincoln the orator, that the whole world holds dear. It is Lincoln the man. The ambitious lad of pioneer days; the gentle lover of Anne Rutledge, the whimsical humorist of political campaigns, the patient leader in quest of an ideal—here is the great life story of Abraham Lincoln. In his great humanity, he has left behind him the greatest of all human stories.

"Abraham Lincoln," Al and Ray Rockett's screen masterpiece, challenges any picture of the year. It is entertainment that is stirring a nation. City after city has passed judgment and called it the most moving drama and idyllic love story the screen has ever told. Its scenario is by Frances Marion and Philip Rosen directed. George Billings, above, is in the role of Lincoln.

Your local theatre will present "Abraham Lincoln." Ask at the box office when it will be shown.
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Cutex Liquid Polish

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Vol. XXVI No. 6

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The World’s Leading Motion Picture Publication

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage

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Save this magazine — refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening’s entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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Troubles With Women

Here is a story by Frank Condon that is one of the best ever written. The author
of “Hollywood” has penned a yarn that O. Henry rarely equalled. It will appear in December PHOTOPLAY. If you want to laugh, you will find two of the quaintest characters that ever lived on a magazine page ready to keep you roaring. Do not fail to read it.

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Photoplay has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photos 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.

**CHANGING HUSBANDS**—Paramount. —When a husband can't tell his wife from another woman, the story is told, with great and wonderful scenery and photography, by Dudley Nichols. —(July.)

**CIRCUS COWBOY, THE**—Fox.—Good circus story with Charles Bickford doing some breathtaking riding. —(July.)

**CONFIDENCE MAN, THE**—Paramount. —The always likable Tom Meighan in a new version of the redemption theme. Amusing, well done and worth while. —(June.)

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

**DAMAGED HEARTS**—F. B. O. —Conventional story, with good acting by Mary Carr and others. The long arm of coincidence is stretched a gain. —(May.)

**DANCING CHEAT, THE**—Universal.—The love of a dancer for a gambler. Lots of romance—little interest. —(June.)

**DANGEROUS BLONDE, THE**—Universal.—Life story of a beautiful but promiscuous woman. Her father's letters to vamped recovered by clever flapper dancer. —(June.)

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

**DARING LOVE**—Terry.—A faithful wife drives husband to a questionable resort, where a dancer makes him see the light and happiness. Not much. —(September.)

**DARING YOUTH**—Paramount.—A racy farce, well enough done, with Bebe Daniels and Norman Kerr. —(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**—Paramount. —Here is another one that lives up too closely to the title to make it suitable for the family audience. A good cast. —(August.)

**DAUGHTERS OF TODAY**—Selznick.—Another preachment against the flapper, with a few digs about purists who are inclined to flinch. —(June.)

**DAWN OF TOMORROW, THE**—Paramount.—Clean, healthful entertainment for the whole family, well directed and acted. —(June.)

**DISCONTENTED HUSBANDS**—Paramount.—For man who wants to entice his wife to get old. He steps out, but is cured. —(May.)

**DO IT NOW, THE**—Renown.—The troubles of young love—though in marriage. —(July.)

**DON'T DOUR YOUR HUSBAND**—Metro.—Viola Dana and Alan McAvoy take an ordinary story and put life into it. —(August.)

**DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL**—United Artists.—Great combination of Mary Pickford and Marshall Neilan and the historical novel by Charles Major. Don't miss it by any means. —(June.)

**DRUMS OF LEOPARD**—Tri-Star.—Someone steals a lot of emeralds and there is much excitement. But it doesn't amount to much. —(May.)

**ENCHANTED COTTAGE, THE**—First National.—A clever farce fantasy, excellently handled, with a most appealing story, enacted by Richard Barthelmess and Mary Pickford. —(June.)

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

**EXCITEMENT**—Universal.—One of those wives-who-can't-testy-home films. —(June.)

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

**FIGHTING COWARD, THE**—Paramount.—A satire on the fire-eating Southerner of the ante-bellum days, remarkably well done. —(June.)

**FIGHTING FURY**—Universal.—A conventional Western of cattle-rustlers, lovely ranch-owner and heroic stranger who merits unequalled verdict of "pretty punk." —(October.)
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ALISON SMITH, The Evening World:—"The most truly dramatic sequence of scenes that the screen has caught for many seasons."

GILBERT W. GABRIEL, Telegram and Evening Mail:—"A celebration, proud, loud and picturesque, of the great American Odyssey."

SAM COMLY, Morning Telegraph:—"At last the great American picture has appeared upon the silver screen, if not the greatest for all time, at least the greatest until another John Ford is discovered."

LOUELLA O. PARSONS, New York American:—"William Fox believes 'THE IRON HORSE' is his biggest production and I am happy that I can agree with him."

EVENING SUN:—"It is one of the few films which this department can unhesitatingly recommend. "Merited the applause which a highly enthusiastic first night audience so liberally bestowed."

H. Z. TORRES, N. Y. Commercial:—"A great motion picture, a credit to the American picture industry."

HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, Herald - Tribune:—"It is well worth going to see, for we think it is a fascinating picture."

EVENING POST:—"Directed with skill and understanding—by far one of the most interesting pictures we have seen. Its comedy was well done and seemed an integral part of the story. "You may safely put down 'The Iron Horse' on your list of worth-while pictures to see."

EDW. E. PIDGEON, Journal of Commerce:—"A romantic and spectacular picture and one that for sincerity and detail, magnificence of backgrounds and convincing action, is in a class by itself."

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, Boston:—"Is novel, racy, picturesque. A splendid reconstruction of a glorious chapter of American History. The scale and scope of 'The Iron Horse' will assuredly command large patronage."

R. F. SISK in The Baltimore Sun:—"One that takes rank with the best. Will be known in this and later years as a true American epic. One of the best films ever shown—a smashing hit."

Editorial in THE CHURCHMAN:—"William Fox has built a stupendous photoplay around the transcontinental pioneers."

MARTIN B. DICKESTEIN, in The Brooklyn Eagle:—"Neither Fox nor any one else has brought to the screen so fine, so splendidly conceived a dramatization of the making of the great West as that which is presented in 'The Iron Horse'."

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WASH AWAY FAT AND YEARS OF AGE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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.)

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

FLAPPER WIVES—Selznick. —The faith-healing theme, with nothing new in the story. Fair. (June.)

FLOWING GOLD—First National. — Rex Beach melodrama is thoroughly well done and played, with Mary Philbin heading the list. Good entertainment. (May.)

FOOL’S HIGHWAY—Universal. — A story of the Bowery, excellently adapted, in which Al Jennings, well known, and played, with Mary Philbin heading the list. Good entertainment. (May.)

FOOLS IN THE DARK—F. B. O. —Frankesten’s idea of bank robbery, is played by some of the timorous poets, heiresses, scheming guardians, Hindoo servants, etc. (October.)

FORTY HORSE HAWKINS—Universal. — A comedy well handled, starring Hoot Gibson as a village jack-of-all-trades. (July.)

FOR SALE—First National. —Childe Windsor’s best seller is copped up, with Medora Marshall heading the list. Good entertainment. (September.)

GAUTY GIRL, THE—Universal. —English picture with slow action and poor plot. (August.)

GALLOPING ACE, THE—Universal. —A Jack Hoxie Western, with Jack doing some of his best riding and heroics. (August.)

GALLOPING FISH, THE—First National. —Trained seal supported by Louise Fazenda and Sydney Chaplin. Slipshack, but funny. (June.)

GALLOPING GALLACHER—F. B. O.—An amusing country story, but not up to the re- deeming feature. Comedy is awful. (June.)

GAMBLING WIVES—Arrow. —An amusing con- glomeration of parlor games, cabarets and gambling rooms. Just usual. (June.)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST—F. B. O. —Interesting and human. The novel transferred to the screen by the author herself. (July.)

GIRL SHY—Pathe. —All the laughs and all the thrills that one expects in a Harold Lloyd picture. Fast and funny. (July.)

GOLDFISH, THE—First National. — Constance Talmadge finally succeeded in getting back on familiar ground—a sparkling comedy with this comedienne taking the lead. (September.)

GOOD BAD BOY, THE—Principal. —Story of the worst boy in village who is really good at heart. Worth while. (June.)

HOLLY ONE, THE—Paramount. — A regular vaudeville of forces, murder and whatnot, and the result is mostly nothing. The players themselves do seem high and clever. (August.)

HAPPINESS—Metro. — A very thin story, adapted from J. Hartley Manners’ play, with Laurette Taylor as the saving grace. For the family. (May.)

HIGH SPEED—Universal. — Story of an athlete in love with a beauty and former champion, Bert Rawlinson retains his popularity. (August.)

HILL BILLY, THE—United Artists. — Jack Pick- ford in a true trick appealing role. His best picture in a long time. (June.)

HIS DARKER SELF—Hodkinson. — Framed originally for Al Jolson and done by Lloyd Hamilton, it proved to be a failure. (October.)

HIS FORGOTTEN WIFE—F. B. O.—The third of the Palmer prize pictures, and up to the standard of the others. The war is in this one. (June.)

HITT AND RUN—Universal. — A Hoot Gibson prize picture in which his fans will find him at his best in a story quite unusual and entertaining. (October.)

HOLD YOUR BREATH—Hodkinson. — An amus- ing thriller with a handful of funny situations. (August.)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Hodkin- son. — A worthy picture from an old best-seller, but it’s rather too slow. (June.)

ICEBERG—Paramount. — Another William de Mille etching. Consolidation is the keynote. Handled by a less able director, it is not so bad, but he makes it live. (May.)

IN FAST COMPANY—Truart. — Incongruous. Comedy falls down. Good fight prize scene. (August.)

IRON HORSE, THE—Fox. —An epic of the terrific handicap under which the first transcontinental rail- road was completed. Intensely interesting, also in- structive. (October.)

JANICE MEREDITH—Cosmopolitan. — Another romantic tale of the American Revolution. Marion Davies does her usual trick and turns in a good performance. (October.)

JUBILIO JR.—Pathe. — If you were ever a kid you will like this picture. Will Rogers and The Gang combine for a lot of fun. (October.)

KENTUCKY DAYS—Fox. — Old Kentucky again with “Covered Wagon” trimmings. Just fair. (May.)

KING OF WILD HORSES—Pathe. — A remark- able picture because of the change of Wild West photos into shots of wild horses never tamed. The Black a worthy performer. (July.)

LAST OF THE DUANES, THE—Fox. — Zane Grey’s novel of hair-trigger shooting and hair- raising escapes makes a typical Tom Mix picture. (October.)

LAW FORBIDS, THE—Universal. — Again Baby Peggy, to whose talents the story has been sub- ordinated. A pretty good picture. (July.)

LEAVE IT TO GERRY—Ben Wilson. — A mild juvenile comedy, which is amusing and innocent. Boarding school scenes are good. (May.)

LILIES OF THE FIELD—First National. — A story of the sisterhood that deems it perfectly right and proper to nose around a man’s room, “and cage him in a cartridge film!” with Corinne Griffith as the feature. For action only. (July.)

LISTEN LESTER—Principal. — Adapted from a musical comedy popular some years ago and modernized to include bootleggers. Fast and full of tricks. (May.)

LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOE—Metro. — View- ing Jackie Coogan as a shipwrecked orphan on a can- non ball’s island is an entertaining well spent. The children will love it. (October.)

LONE WAGON, THE—Sanford. — If it hadn’t been for Baby Peggy, this wouldn’t have been made. Who cares? (May.)

LONE WOLF, THE—Paramount. — A revival of one of the finest pictures ever made. Plenty of thrills and holds the interest always. (May.)

MAN FROM WYOMING, THE—Universal. — A roaring Western, with Jack Hoxie as the blustering hero. (July.)

MANHANDLED—Paramount. — In which Gloria Swanson discovers that men will be men and an honest man’s love is best. By far this star’s best work. (September.)

MANN’S MATE, A—Fox. — John Gilbert and Renee Adore do their best, but the result is pretty bad. (June.)

MAN WHO FIGHTS ALONE, THE—Paramount. — A fair story of a miner turned confidant to a wild child who believes he is losing his wife’s love. (October.)

MARRIAGE CREAT, THE—First National. — The South seas again, with Leatrice Joy, Percy Mar- mont, and Adolphe Menjou mixed up in a triangle with a good native girl, helps the picture some. (September.)

MARTYR TRAIL, THE—Capital. — What one hopes when it comes to a Western, but the conception of the whole is overworked and sunny side follow. (June.)

MERTON AND MARIE—First National. — A screen-seat youth decides to become a movie actor—and he does. Taken from the well known stage play with Glenn Hunter in the title role. (December.)

MILE-A-MINUTE MORGAN—Sadan. — “Just another movie” and about as poor as possible. (June.)

MILDRED MORGAN—NLR. — A flapper story with Betty Compson not up to her best. Yarn is weak in spots. (August.)

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MILDRED MORGAN—NLR. — A flapper story with Betty Compson not up to her best. Yarn is weak in spots. (August.)
Here's Positive Proof That I Can Grow New Hair

These are true, unretouched photographs showing Mr. Murray Sadow's hair before—and 60 days after using my remarkable new treatment for baldness and falling hair. This is not a rare instance. Many others report equally astonishing results. To try my new discovery you need not risk a cent. For I positively guarantee results or charge you nothing. Mail coupon below for booklet describing my treatment and 30 Day Trial offer in detail.

By ALOIS MERKE
Founder of Merke Institute, Fifth Ave., N.Y.

For many months you have seen announcements concerning my new treatment for baldness and falling hair. If you are bald and have tried other treatments, without results, then naturally you are skeptical. All right, I don't blame you.

But what better PROOF is there that I can actually grow new hair than these two photographs reproduced above. They illustrate a result that hundreds of others have written us they, too, have secured through use of my marvelous discovery. In this particular case, Mr. Murray Sadow, of New York City, started my treatment January 23, 1924—and sixty days later—as you can see—he had an almost entirely new growth of hair.

Entirely New Method

My invention involves the application of new principles in stimulating hair growth. It proves that in many cases of baldness—the hair roots are not dead—but merely dormant. The reason tonics and other treatments fail to grow new hair is because they do not reach these dormant hair roots, but instead simply treat the surface of the scalp.

To make a tree grow, you would not rub "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

No Excuse for Most Baldness

At the Merke Institute on Fifth Avenue, New York, I've treated scores of prominent stage and social celebrities—some paying as high as $500 for the results my methods produced. Yet now, by means of the Merke Thermocap Treatment, adapting the same principles to home use—thousands of men and women everywhere are securing the desired results—right in any home where there is electricity— and for just a few cents a day.

I don't say my treatment will grow hair in every case. There are some cases that nothing in the world can help. But since so many others have regained hair this way, isn't it worth a trial—especially since you do not risk a penny? For at the end of a month if you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced, you won't be out a cent. That's my absolute Guarantee. And you are the sole judge.

Coupon Brings FREE Book

No matter how thin your hair may be—no matter how many methods you have tried without results, send at once for the 32-page booklet telling about this wonderful SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT. It gives scores of reports from others which indicate what this treatment will mean to you. Merely fill in and mail the coupon below and I will gladly send you the vitally interesting 32-page booklet giving full details about the famous Merke Thermocap Treatment. Clip and mail the coupon today. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 3911, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Dept. 3911, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, the free copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Thermocap Treatment.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Believes Everything He Reads

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Some time ago, our local paper published an item about the ridiculous names given to Ford cars by the citizens of Hollywood. One theory is that there should be a bond of sympathy between the two. Ford cars are cheap, they rattle and squeak, and change hands very often. The same can be said of Hollywood—people who read about it. Men and women there seem to be cheap; they rattle around a good deal, and their morals are very cheap; but above all, they "change owners" quite often—judging from the news we read in the magazines and newspapers.

Everyone seems to be "common property"—first owned by one, then by another. So we consider the criticism about Ford cars quite out of place.

GEO. LANNING.

Praise for "Beaucaire"

Chicago, Ill.

I was especially interested in your editorial comments on "Monsieur Beaucaire," for the reason that Valentino's new picture is now being shown in Chicago. Judging by the long lines that wait for admission each day, it would seem that "Monsieur Beaucaire" is highly pleasing to the majority of the local movie-going public.

However, don't imagine that the women as a whole like to see Rudy as a sort of "male vamp." Decidedly not. He is far more pleasing in a role of "Beaucaire," even though he has not the opportunity for heavy emotional acting, as he had in "The Four Horsemen," or "Blood and Sand." I hope you will pardon this outburst, but you see we Valentine fans cannot help championing him whenever an occasion arises.

And besides, "Monsieur Beaucaire" is so beautiful a picture, one is more justly in objecting to any criticism made against it.

In closing, I would like to say that "every day in every way PHOTOPLAY is growing better and better."

EDITH K. WHITE.

Pineapple Diet Boosted

Oakland, Calif.

I am certainly glad that some of our stars have decided to reduce their weight. I think the pineapple and lamb chop diet will make one star, in particular, more pleasing to the public's flesh-tone eyes.

I think Norman Kerry and Conway Tearle the most fascinating men on the screen.

MRS. JAMES SPENCER.

Watchful Eyes in the Audience

Chicago, Ill.

Why do they do it? In every picture where a telegram is received a counter blank, or a sending blank, is always used. Being telegraphers ourselves such an error seems unreasonable. There is also the difference in the world between a sending and a receiving blank. Any telegraph employee will furnish a director with either and explain the difference.

There are too many Shelles. Rudy was all right but deliver us from the rest. We would like to know more about acting actors, as Henry Walthall, Rockliffe Fellows and Vincent Coleman and learn about beautiful contest winners and would-be Shelles.

LUCILLE RISE.

MRS. EMMETT S. COUNTS.

Don't Offend, Mr. Director

Pine Bluffs, Ark.

It wouldn't take many pictures like "Anna Christie" to make me quit the movies forever. I am quite a fan. I see every picture that comes here if even the title seems good. There was a bit of dialogue touching upon religion that was an insult, even though it may not have been so intended. The only way I could show my indignation was by leaving the theater hurriedly, which I did. I talked to quite a number of my friends who did likewise and kept quite a few of you by telling them of the insult awaiting them.

Don't offend, Mr. Director.

MRS. A. G. QUINN.

Justice to Whom Justice Is Due

Forrest Hills, Tenn.

As I see them one of the letters written by your readers are unjust. Some of the writers for your magazine do not give credit where credit is due. I believe it is Mr. St. Johns who says Thomas Meighan is not handsome. Probably he is not a high collar "ad" beauty. But when it comes to really manly appearance Mr. Meighan is there. The lovable Tommy has, as many male fans as female.

ESTHER FERRIS.

A Valentino Convert

New York, N.Y.

We all have our likes and dislikes in the movie world as in every other place. I wish we might have seen more of quiet, admirable, engaging Lois Wilson in "Monsieur Beaucaire.

I have seen every picture in which Valentino appeared and never could understand the fans who were so wild about him. But since viewing this picture I can see that he has changed and become a really first-class actor and not just a man with foreign drawing-room manners, which, I believe, charmed the American girl who was not used to that kind. I wonder how much Natacha Rambova had to do with the change. There is no denying that she is a woman with a brain, who might have influenced him to bring out every bit of his acting ability.

MRS. ROSE FREEMAN.

Welcome, Old Timers

Boston, Mass.

May I comment on Mr. Smith's good work in finding Mary Fuller? I have often wondered what became of her, and what an interesting story it must be, yes, truly worthy of a film. I am glad she is coming back, and will look forward to seeing her. Perhaps she believes herself to be forgotten, but no. We older fans sit back and wonder all the time where she is. Mr. Smith was wonderful to stick to his job in locating her. The same applies to Miss Turner. We haven't forgotten her. It is too bad she is so busy in looking for new screen faces, that they overlook our favorites.

I was glad to see Maurice Costello again. Even if his roles are different, we fans do not forget him as we have seen him in his day.

There was Marguerite Clarke. I still have her picture in my room, she will always be my favorite. I wish Mr. Smith would get an interview with her. Not a mushy love story, but one like he wrote about Miss Fuller, a real, honest-to-goodness story. Also some pictures of Miss Clarke in her home. We have not forgotten her, so why should she forget us? I wish I were an interviewer, and I would ask her about her ideas of the movies to-day, who her favorite actors or actresses were, etc.

I haven't seen Gladys Brockwell for an age, although she appears now and then.

Then there was Edith Storey. She was great. Oh fans, wouldn't it be a coterie if the editor would interview all the one-time stars, no matter where they are and give us an outline of what they are doing every day?

MARDIA.

Discovered—A "Lady"

It has long been a question with the fans whether or not—yes, I will say it—the stars are ladies and gentlemen. While, of course, I cannot answer for everyone I know at least one star who is a perfect lady. That is Anita Stetson. Is it not my privilege to see her in person a number of times. She has always seemed the personification of good breeding and refinement. And, too, in many ways she showed a considerate affection for her mother, who is her almost constant companion.

If all the players were like Anita I am sure there would be less foundation for the stories of wild life in Hollywood.

MARY JOHNSON.

Sheiks and Sheiks

Norwood, Canada.

Why will people, when speaking of your favorite matinee idol, say, "Is it Ramon or Rudy?" I was formerly one of the legion of Valentine's loyal admirers. I am located upon Navarro as a usurper. Having seen "Scarabouche" and "The Arab," I offer my humble apologies to Mr. Navarro. It is now "Rudolph" who gives me the thrill of the moment. There are so many different types. One could not possibly take the place of the other. There are Sheiks and sheiks.

MONA MCKENZIE.

Gloria, Please Let Your Hair Grow Long

Moss Point, Miss.

I hope that Gloria Swanson will never again appear in that picture. She is too good a boyish bob. She doesn't look half as beautiful as she did with her elaborate coiffure.

MILDEED WELLS.
30 Days Ago They Laughed at Me

I never would have believed that anyone could become popular overnight. And yet—here's what happened.

ONE evening about a month ago, I went to a dance. Just a jolly, informal sort of dance where everyone knew almost everyone else. I wouldn't have gone to a really big or important dance, because I—well, I wasn't sure of myself.

There was a young woman at this dance I had long wanted to meet. Someone introduced us, and before I knew it I was dancing with her. That is, I was trying to dance with her. She was an exquisite dancer, graceful, poised, at ease. Her steps were in perfect harmony with the music.

But I, clumsy boor that I was, found myself following her instead of leading. And I couldn't follow! That was the sad part of it. I stumbled through the steps. I trod on her toes. I tried desperately to keep in time with the music. You cannot imagine how uncomfortable I was, how conspicuous I felt.

Suddenly I realized that we were practically the only couple on the floor. The boys had gathered in a little group and were laughing. I knew, in an instant, that they were laughing at me. I glanced at my partner, and said that she, too, was smiling. She had entered into the fun. Fun! At my expense!

I felt myself blushing furiously, and I hated myself for it. Very well. Let them laugh. Some day I would laugh at them as they had laughed at me.

All the way home I told myself over and over again that I would become a perfect dancer, that I would amaze and astonish them. But how? I couldn't go to a dancing school because of the time and expense. I certainly couldn't afford a dancing instructor. What could I do?

By morning I had forgotten my anger and humiliation and with them the desire to become a perfect dancer. But three weeks later I received another invitation. It was from Jack. He wanted me to come to a small dance at his home, a dance to which I knew, the same people would come. I wouldn't go, of course, I wouldn't give them the chance to laugh at me again.

But that night Jack called. "Coming to the dance?" he asked. "No!" I retorted. He grinned, and I knew why. It infuriated me. A daring plan flashed through my mind. Yes, I would come. I would show them that they couldn't laugh at me.

"I've changed my mind," I said to Jack, "I'll be there." Jack grinned again—and was gone.

Popular Overnight

I ran upstairs and found the magazine I had been reading the night before. One clip of the sheets, a few words quickly written, a trip to the corner mailbox—and the first part of my plan was carried out. I had sent for Arthur Murray's free dancing lessons.

Somehow I didn't believe that dancing could be learned by mail. But there was nothing to risk—and think of the joy of being able to astound them all at the dance.

The free lessons arrived just the night before the dance. I was amazed at the ease with which I mastered a fascinating new fox-trot step. I learned how to lead, how to have ease and confidence while dancing, how to follow if my partner leads, how to dance in harmony with the music. It was fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions.

I admired a wonderful new cane and poise. I could hardly wait for Jack's dance.

The following evening I asked the best dancer in the room to dance with me. She hesitated a moment, then rose—smiling. I knew why she smiled. I knew why Jack and the other boys gathered in a little group. Good! Here was my chance.

It was a fox-trot. I led my partner gracefully around the room, interpreting the dance like a professional, keeping perfect harmony with the music. I saw that she was astounded. I saw that we were the only couple on the floor and that everyone was watching us. I was at ease, thoroughly enjoying myself. When the music stopped there was applause.

It was a triumph. I could see how amazed everyone was. Jack and the boys actually envied me—and only 30 days ago they had laughed at me. No one will ever laugh at my dancing again. I became popular overnight!

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.

Send today for the five free lessons. They will tell you more than anything we could possibly say. These five lessons which 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—so that you can see for yourself how quickly and easily dancing can be mastered at home.

Clip and mail this coupon NOW. Please include 25c to cover the cost of handling, mailing and printing.

Arthur Murray, Studio 204, 209 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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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
MILE-A-MINUTE ROMEO—Fox. Tom Mix again—dazzling stunts and a clever plot with the help of Tony, just as entertaining. (June.)

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

MILE, MIDNIGHT—Metro. Mae Murray in a black nail polish drama of romance, comedy and suspense, her study of refreshment in the Nighthawks—afternoon café, worthy of an evening's entertainment. (October.)

MORAL SINNER, THE—Paramount. Screen version of Robert W. Chambers story makes a rather mediocre cookbook drama. (June.)

MRS. DANE'S CONFESSION—F. B. O. An old picture revived because of the notoriety of Count Salm, who is not. (August.)

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE—F. B. O. Story too well-known to be told here. Picture lacks vitality despite several great situations. (August.)

NEGLIGENCE WOMEN—F. B. O. Another valiant effort to turn in a melodrama that is neglected for its plot. Just a dull and mildly hectic melodrama. (October.)

NELLI, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL—Goldwyn. A cartoon with a sense of humor which makes it well worth while. (April.)

NIGHT HAWK, THE—Hollywood. Harry Carey at his best in a Western drama with plenty of plot and action. (October.)

NIGHT MESSAGE, THE—Universal. Melodrama based on a Southern family feud. Also, pretty well done. (June.)

MOON HOUSE TO GUIDE HER—Fox. If you like melodrama this will please you. Genevieve Tobin as a sort of perfect specimen. (May.)

NORTH OF NEVADA—F. B. O. An old story with good Western stuff in it—fight on the cliff and other sure-fire features. (May.)

ON TIME—Triact. Richard Talmadge doing athletic stunts around a very poor story. (May.)

PAGAN PASSION—Selznick. Starts well, but gets off the track. (June.)

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

PERFECT FLAPPER, THE—First National. Collecting Moosers. (October.)

PHANTOM RIDER, THE—Universal. Jack Hoxie in the kind that has made him popular. His riding is worth the price. A very good Western. (May.)

POISON MAN, THE—Universal. Again someone tries to break the bank at Monte Carlo, but Clara Bow is the only winner, getting the boy she loves. (June.)

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 finest pictures ever made. (August.)


REJECTED WOMAN, THE—Distinctive. Fine story served with thrills. 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 a story of the same name. Her talents not adequate to the role. (September.)

RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE, THE—Universal. And Hoot Gibson does the night and other lives. There's little else to it. (May.)

RIDERS UP—Universal. An old favorite, Crookshank Hale, in a good role. That of a racketeer wanted with Western methods. The girl knows he isn't and loves him anyway. Good picture. (October.)

RIDGELAND OF MONTANA—Universal. Typical Western thriller with hero and virtue winning out. As usual, great riding by Jack Holt. (July.)

ROMANCE RANCH—Fox. The lost and wild and the rightful heir to the range, both were bad. Nothing to get excited about. (September.)

ROUGH RIDIN'—Approved. Just a regular Western with lots of action and little novelty. (June.)

ROULETTE—Selznick. The perils of the gaming table less good. (July.)

SAWDUST TRAIL, THE—Universal. A spoiled son finds his heart's desire in a gamin, who hates men. Hoot Gibson, the star, doesn't much riding. (September.)

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

SECOND YOUTH—Goldwyn. A comedy that, instead of being funny, is ludicrous. Just bad that's all. (June.)

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

SHADOWS OF PARIS—Paramount. Pola Negri as an Apache—one of the types she does so well. Well directed. Worth seeing. (May.)

SHERLOCK, JR.—Metro. Buster Keaton in a beautiful trick. Don't miss it if you like Buster. This time he is an amateur sleuth. (July.)

SHOOTING OF DAN McGREW, THE—Universal. A very good picture, as usual, with a story and cast, with such a theme and cast. (June.)

SIDE SHOW OF LIFE, THE—Universal. Ernest Torrence's characterization of the circus clown, who is the star. If you prefer the old type combative circus the barmaid is lady, is enjoyable. (October.)


SINGLE WIVES—First National. Story of a wife neglected by business-mad husband. Saved by Cole Grifith's woman's intuition. (June.)

SILENT STRANGER, THE—F. B. O. The great open spaces, mail robbers, a handsome stranger, the poor girl and the rest. (June.)

SINGER JIM MCKEE—Paramount. A typical Bill Hart picture which surely will please all his admirers. (June.)

SOCIETY SCANDAL, A—Paramount. Another surprise by Gloria Swanson. Totally different type from "The Humming Bird," but none the less well done. Well worth seeing. (May.)

SON OF THE SAHARA—First National. Good picture of the "Stark" type. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor do splendid work and are supported by good cast. (August.)

SPIRIT OF THE U. S. A. F. B. O. Another attempt at filming an Apache story. (October.)

STOLEN SECRETS—Universal. Another crook drama with a pretty girl solving the mystery and reforming the chief cook. (May.)

STORM DAUGHTER, THE—Paramount. Frisell Dean in an interesting and well acted drama of the sea. But it ends too suddenly. (June.)

STRANGER FROM THE NORTH—Biltmore. The only difference is that, in this one, the city girls make good. (June.)

SWORD OF VALOR, THE—Capitol. Contains one of these interfering fathers and proves a clean-cut story can win in anything he tries in any clime. (August.)

SWORDS AND THE WOMAN—F. B. O. Story of the French Revolution, done with artistry and charm. (September.)

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—F. B. O. A screen version of the slanky Witwer story, with Alberta Smith (after Rolls), a clever comic, as the fresh telephone operator. Amusing. (May.)


TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—F. B. O. This one of the series, called the "Bee's Knees," is about an attempt to get a photo of the pretty switchboard operator's nether limbs. Uninteresting. (September.)

TESS OF THE D'UBERVILLES—Metro. Teaches the screen many of its vitality. Both leading characters poorly done. (October.)

WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS $1000 to $2000 Year. Men, 16 up. Every second Wednesday after Christmas. Enrollment positions open to men and women and five sample examinations. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE. Dept. M23. ROCHESTER, N. Y.
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I have just stepped from the scales and was overjoyed to find that the hand pointed to 142 pounds.

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"I am three or four inches thinner in waist and hips. Everyone has noticed the change. I shall continue to wear my girdle as it is so extremely comfortable."

[signed] Anne L. Kenney
109, W. 17th St., New York

Miss Kenney's experience is by no means unique. Women everywhere write us enthusiastically telling us of the amazing reductions which this marvelous girdle has quickly brought about.

Look thin while getting thin

Best of all you don't have to wait to LOOK thin. As soon as you put on the Madame X—when it is worn over the undergarment, in place of a corset, you appear several inches thinner at the waist, and hips with or without the slightest discomfit. And day by day, as you continue to wear the girdle it gently kneads away the excess fat and moulds your figure to new beauty and tender grace. The massage action, though powerful, is imperceptible—but your scales, mirror and tape measure quickly tell the story! Women usually lose from one to three inches the very first week, and almost before you know it, four, five and sometimes even ten inches have disappeared for good from waist, hips, thighs, and you look and feel younger and better.

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"Have been wearing Madame X steadily for three weeks and am more than pleased with it. Have taken inches from my waist and hips. No more corsets for me!"

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Send for free 24 page booklet showing why the Madame X Reducing Girdle reduces you so quickly and how it brings renewed health and energy. Address The Madame X Company, Dept. G-1811, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

On Sale at All Leading Stores Where Corsets Are Sold
New Way to Reduce Waist and Hips

Almost Instantly

That FRENCH LADY.—Fox.—All about love without marriage. Censorship rules picture of what punch it might had. (October.)

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT.—F. B. O.—The Balkans, rich nation deposits, and the battle of syndicates to get control make up this not very interesting picture. Well directed. (September.)

THIEF OF BAGDAD, THE.—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks' latest and greatest. A picture of magic and beauty. The Arabian Nights brought to life. Should be seen by everyone. (May.)

THOSE WHO DANCE.—First National.—A thriller, well directed and acted through a maze of bootleggers, kidnappers, police, pursuit, and jazz. (August.)

THREE O'Clock in the Morning.—C. C. Burr.—Unconventional story, with Constance Binney as a jazz-mad girl who dances beautifully. (May.)

TIGER LOVE.—Paramount.—Antonio Moreno and Essie Taylor manage to have a wild time in the mountains of Spain what with outlawry, and kidnaping at altars. (September.)

TROUBLE SHOOTER, THE.—Fox.—Tom Mix in a part that lets him act. A simple story sustained by his straightforward acting and enlivened by little Kathleen Key. (July.)

TRY AND GET IT.—Hodkinson.—An impossible story, but with many laughs. Bryant Washburn and Billie Dove in cast. Good entertainment. (June.)

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

TWENTY DOLLARS A WEEK.—Selznick.—George Arliss in a comedy that is by no means worthy of him. A weak face. (June.)

UNGUARDED WOMEN.—Paramount.—Drama and life here collaborate to make an exciting picture. Good work by Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix. (September.)

UNTAMED YOUTH.—F. B. O.—A pretty good story and a boy (Dorothy Perdue) whose unconventional ways merit the disapproval of the small town and the love of the village catch. (July.)

VAGABOND TRAIL, THE.—Fox.—Again the brain of Buck Jones conquers all wickedness. (May.)

VENUS OF THE SOUTH SEAS.—Lee Bradford.—Annette Kellerman still good in water but inadequate to the emotional lines on land. (August.)

VIRTUOUS LIAIS—Vitagraph.—Good cast, but a conventional story and not very exciting. (June.)

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND, THE.—Paramount.—Filmed in natural colors this picture wins by sheer beauty, acting and directing. (August.)

WANDERING HUSBANDS.—Hodkinson.—Kathleen Libbey and Billie Dove in this picture with many situations mawkish and over-sentimental. (August.)

WANTED BY THE LAW.—Ayron.—Neither worse nor better than a hundred other Westerns. (July.)

WANTERS, THE.—First National.—Wealth, fine clothes, Fifth Avenue, and the moral that we don't always want what we think we do. (June.)

WATERFRONT WOLVES.—Renown.—The title tells everything except how bad it is. (May.)

WESTERN LUCK.—Fox.—Lives up to name without a bit of luck. (July.)

WHAT THREE MEN WANTED.—Apollo.—Mystery story. Dull and unentertaining. (August.)

WHEN A GIRL LOVES.—Associated Exhibitors.—A love story that is entertaining. (August.)

WHICH SHALL IT BE.—Hoffman.—A picturization of an old song with real sentiment and heart appeal in it. Very much worth while. (June.)

WHITE MOTH, THE.—First National.—Story is pitiful and twaddle. Dull and marred with poor directing and bad acting. (August.)

WHITE SHADOW, THE.—Selznick.—Good story of twin sisters. Could be handled better, especially in puzzling situations. (August.)

WHITE SIN, THE.—F. B. O.—The second Palmer Photoplay story and well up to the standard of "Judgment of the Storm," interesting throughout. (May.)

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 Jazz Age, featuring Clara Bow as the flapper heroine. (October.)

WINE OF YOUTH.—Metro-Goldwyn.—Frighteningly dull, boring, and召开. Elaine TAKE two of them to a mountain camp for a trial honeymoon. Nothing much happens. (September.)

WOLF MAN, THE.—Fox.—John Gilbert at his best in a Jekyll-and-Hyde sort of role. A bit gruesome at times, but with redemption at the end. (May.)

WOMAN ON THE JURY.—First National.—A strange story of a gay philanthropist and a jury containing one of his victims. Hardy for the family. (August.)

WOMAN WHO Sinned, THE.—F. B. O.—Morgan with the buckedeyed moral that if a woman leaves her good, faithful husband one checdi for a nez-so-droll, she 's bound to be sorry eventually. (July.)

WOMEN WHO GIVE.—Metro.—A story of the sea and the fishing fleet. Conventional, but interesting, with a good storm scene. (May.)

YANKEE MADNESS.—F. B. O.—Thin story, but lots of action in a Central American revolution. Good if you like excitement. (June.)

YOLANDA.—Cosmopolitan.—A gorgeous spectacle, beautifully staged, but with a weak story Worth regular prices, but no more. (May.)

YOUNG IDEAS.—Universal.—A host of spinning machines are pushed up out upon a cold world. Roy T. Barnes turns the trick. Fair. (September.)

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In all parts of the world where people have learned best how to live, there are special little pauses for moments of ease.

Englishmen everywhere observe tea time. The custom is followed in Canada. Typifying the universal appeal of French life is the Café de la Paix, where Parisians, joined by tourists, take respites to sit at tables and “see the world go by.”

Much of the charm of the Corso, the great street of Rome, is the relaxation that punctuates the afternoon. Afternoon pauses for small cups of Turkish coffee at Shephard’s Hotel, Cairo, are colorful occasions well remembered by those who have participated. The Swiss, with their cozy chalets, stop for their cup of chocolate. In Rio de Janeiro there are appointed times at cheerful places for coffee or ices.

And so it is the world over, where the best examples in the art of living are set. Everywhere one of the most refreshing of moments is the mid-afternoon pause for a beverage.

Here in America we have less leisure. We live in a business rush. Our playtime is limited. Often we can spare but a minute. Yet, we too respond to an afternoon pause. Thirst is a signal for it. And developed to meet our needs with quick, good service are soda fountains—cool, inviting places that are an example being followed by Europe; refreshment stands, convenient when we are out in crowds and within easy reach of offices and factories; then restaurants, hotels and clubs, and also grocery stores that provide for such moments in homes. Yes—hundreds of places in every city and town inviting you to pause and enjoy Coca-Cola—an inimitable blend of pure products from nature, ice-cold, delicious to taste and wholesomely refreshing.

We borrowed from the Old World the idea of the afternoon pause for refreshment. We have made it conveniently brief to suit other hours of the day. And in return we have given an American beverage that today is enjoyed over the World—in Europe, England, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Panama, South America, Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico, Australia, New Zealand, Japan and the Orient.

Pause—in office or workshop, at home or when shopping, or when it’s your good luck to be out at play—and Refresh Yourself

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Delicious and Refreshing

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.
BLANCHE MEHAFEEY is a former Follies girl and recently signed a five-year contract with Hal Roach to star in comedies. She has curly, auburn hair and blue eyes. She looks like a Dresden doll but she is athletic and, besides swimming and golfing, likes to drive her own car.
WHEN an actress can move a hard-boiled studio audience to a deep appreciation of her work before the camera she is some actress. That is what Dorothy Mackaill can do. Her work in "The Man Who Came Back" stamps her as a coming artist of the screen.
TO BE called "the sweetest girl in Hollywood" by members of the Pacific Coast film colony is a title well worth having and Marion Nixon is mighty proud of it. The dainty little actress is signed up to play leading roles; her first will be in the picture, "Let Her Run."
LAUGHING eyes and lips, tumultuous hair and lots of it, combine to make Edna Murphy one of the prettiest girls on the screen. That's one reason why she was selected to play the leading woman in Commissioner Enright's story of the New York police, "Into the Net."
WHEN Douglas Fairbanks selected Marguerite De La Motte to play the leading feminine role in "The Mark of Zorro" nobody had ever heard of her. But they have since. She has won film fans by good work in many pictures. Her next will be "The Beloved Brute."
ONE of the film fans' greatest favorites even before her splendid work in "The Virgin of Stamboul," Priscilla Dean has continued on the upward trend in picture work. She is soon to be seen in "A Cafe in Cairo," which many predict she will make her greatest role.
HOLLYWOOD never will get over the surprise occasioned by the selection of comparatively unknown Betty Bronson to play the title role in "Peter Pan." But look at the picture of the dainty miss and then you will realize that Sir James Barrie has much wisdom.
Why each day should now have its "washing hour"

IT used to be so easy and so harmless to toss one's soiled garments into the hamper to await washday. But crépe de chine and georgette have taken the place of muslin, silk has replaced lisle—the whole character of your wardrobe has completely changed.

You cannot leave delicate silk or woolen things rumpled and soiled for days at a time! They suffer. Perspiration fades their colors and injures the fabric. So we offer this suggestion:

Find, each day, a few moments to wash quickly with Ivory suds your soiled silk and woolen garments. If they need ironing, and you cannot at once spare the time, dry them and lay them away clean until ironing day.

You will soon notice a difference in the appearance and in the life of your precious things, and it takes so little time, really—just a few moments of squeezing the pure Ivory suds through the delicate fabric, one or two rinsings—that is all.

This is the modern method of caring for the delicate garments that fashion has brought to every woman. And with Ivory suds, quickly made from either Ivory Flakes or Ivory cake soap, you can be sure of safety for fabrics and colors, as well as for your hands. Ivory, you know, is so mild and gentle that millions of women use it every day to protect their complexions.

A suggestion! Use Ivory for your general washing (weekly wash), too. It is so much nicer than harsh laundry soaps, and costs very little more.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Baby's underclothes need this special attention

If baby's diapers, handkerchiefs, and shirts are rough, or if they are not thoroughly cleansed, or if unripped soap is left in them, skin irritation is almost certain to result.

If you will make sure that all of baby's garments are washed with Ivory cake or flakes, the likelihood of irritation will be greatly lessened. In the first place, Ivory is pure—this is extremely important. Second, Ivory, mild as it is, cleanses thoroughly and rinses out completely, leaving the tiny garments in a perfectly hygienic condition and so soft that chafing becomes practically impossible.

Because of its convenient form, the use of Ivory Flakes for baby clothes saves both time and labor. Many mothers simply soak the less soiled diapers overnight in an Ivory Flakes solution and rinse in the morning. Of course, the really soiled ones should be boiled and occasional boiling of all diapers is desirable.

A conclusive safety test for garment soaps

It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments. Simply ask yourself this question:

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It will give us great pleasure to send you a generous sample of Ivory Flakes without charge, and our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," a veritable encyclopedia of laundering information. A request by mail will bring a prompt response. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 4-P, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

A very well-known leading man, who is by way of being a gentleman and a scholar and a man of the world, was refused a very large life insurance policy the other day. After having passed all the doctor's examinations, and when he went to inquire about the matter he was told simply, "You're a bad moral risk. You're a motion picture actor and you live in Hollywood." The leading man, devoted to his wife and living an exceedingly happy and normal existence, got fighting mad over the matter and carried it up through the insurance company to the highest officials, finally gaining the policy, which he of course refused then to accept. "There's nothing in my record, my life, nor my habits to make me a bad moral risk," said the actor, "and it made me boil to be turned down for such a reason." It does seem going a bit too far, doesn't it?

If money paid yearly by motion picture stars to charitable institutions could be considered as premiums, they'd have plenty of principal coming later. If the money they pay to the income tax collector every year doesn't make them citizens and entitled to be considered innocent until proven guilty, like any other American citizen, the democracy of this nation seems somewhat diluted.

The motion picture business is face to face with a curious problem. That problem is the need of new blood. A long time ago the film world began to build a barrier around itself. Many centuries ago China did the same thing. The great wall of China served to keep out invaders while, within, the empire fell asleep. The great wall of the screen is its failure to train new people. Now and then an adventurer forces his or her way into the circle, but through the whole expanse of the business not one single consistent effort is being made to find and develop new players, new directors and new writers. So it is that today the screen world presents its curious problem.

At this moment it is possible to find leading men, such as Percy Marmont, Ronald Colman, Milton Sills, and Conway Tearle, drawing salaries ranging all the way from $1,500 to $5,000 a week. Adolph Menjou is getting a thousand or more each week. Some players, as Wallace Beery, have worked in as many as three pictures at a time. In this way Beery has earned as much as $5,000 a week.

In presenting these figures we do not wish to disparage these players. We are only pointing out that, in creating its great wall, filmdom is not only failing to prepare for the future, but it is paying dearly in the present.
What is LOVE? Read their Ideas

TWELVE famous moving picture actresses were asked to define love for readers of PHOTOPLAY.

The views they express here are their own. They probably form the frankest expressions ever published on the greatest subject in the world.

Their definitions range from despondency to lyrical heights. They have analyzed love with the cold precision of a surgeon, or treated it as lightly as a zephyr-tossed ball of down.

Their opinions may not be yours, but after reading them one cannot doubt their sincerity.

By Gloria Swanson

LOVE is an emotion. So passes. We cannot fix an emotion in static form. It comes and goes. That may be a law of life.

Love is the greatest thing in the world. It is a beautiful, an abiding love. That is a great, heart-warming tenderness toward humanity. It includes a deep appreciation of the spectacles of nature and the achievements of art. That is the love that safely we may cherish. We may be certain that it will never fail us. But from that the love of a woman for a man or a man for a woman is apart.

Possession is what destroys love. The man who has won a woman turns the won about, repels it and believes that he owns her. That is the mistake that makes marriage so transient and insecure. In Colorado every other marriage ends in divorce. The possessive attitude strikes its heel into the quivering flesh of married happiness.

Possession. Propinquity. These are the demands of love as most persons regard it. It is a false conception of real love.

Now I could love someone and never see him.

It requires a great sorrow to cast out a minor love. Once I was wretched. Life had grown drab. It was deepening. I thought, into endless night. But the great sorrow came to me. My father died.

He and I had been not only father and daughter but friends. He had no disposition to rule me. He always wanted to help me. He would have if he could. When he died the greater sorrow swallowed the lesser.

The world had been cruel to me, I thought. In my heart love had turned to bitter anger and hatred. Dear father's death swept them away. It was a mighty flood carrying away the blackness of charred ruins. There was nothing left of those feelings in me. Only a pity. Those who had hurt me were acting according to their flaring, uncertain lights. Some day they will understand.

I am through with love. Love, that is, in the limited sense of the desire of a man for a woman and a woman for a man. I read today that the finest thing about a passion is the memory of it. I have that memory.

By Lois Wilson

I have a child. That is a joy that I would deny to no woman. Not even if she were my enemy. That is the greatest love that can come to a woman. It is a part of the great cosmic love of all humanity.

The love of a man for a woman is like a flower.

Keep it in water.

Watch it as long as you can.

Do not grieve too much when it has gone.

By Nita Naldi

Love is a necessity.

It worries you. It makes you thin. It makes you irritable. But a woman must have it. Life without it would be like
and then Decide for Yourself

"Real love must be founded on mutual respect and trust—a sort of glorified friendship."—Alice Terry

bread without yeast. Love is needed for the completeness of life.

Men are selfish. They are jealous. They are not worth loving. Yet I repeat that love is a necessity.

I have loved twice. I was a very young girl when Lloved and married. My husband was an Italian officer. Very attractive. Very cruel. Unfaithful, but despite that, jealous. How inconsistent are such husbands!

That love failed because it was inconsistent. It was faithless and jealous. Strangely, perhaps, because I was seventeen, I knew of my husband’s gallan-

a more sympathetic and understanding woman because I have loved. That I know.

Twin with real love is a craving for a home. If one or the other of a pair has not such craving the match is not likely to be a lasting one.

I have always had the family circle instinct.

When I had one room with bath I turned it into a home.

It is most unfortunate when couples who love each other do not establish one.

Be it a shack in the woods or a lease for a cheap flat, they should have and share it.

By Constance Talmadge

If a woman can stand a man who eats his celery audibly, she's in love.—Constance Talmadge

Who would like to be a delegate to the Democratic convention.

Who wears a toupee. That is love.

And if a man can stand a woman—

Who wears clothes because they are stylish whether they’re coming or not.

Who stops him in the middle of a story to tell him how it should be told.

Who knows only three phrases of French and uses them at the wrong time.

Who can bake a cake but plays a good game of Mah Jong.

Who quotes her mother in a family crisis.

Who plays the piano well—only she never lets her right hand know what her left hand is doing.

Who prefers cats to dogs and canaries to children.

Who makes the bed without tucking the covers in at the foot. That Is Love.

By Colleen Moore

Love is a song.

It is the twittering of the birds in the treetops, an expression of sheer joy that remains muted only long enough to let the clouds of a passing shower roll away, cer-
tain of the sun behind that gloom. That is primary love—the love of life. It is a wild, undefined melody that is strummed on the heartstrings to the accompaniment of the rattle of slate pencils and the swish of fluttering pages as they are turned; it becomes a surge of song when a swain carries your books underneath the greenest of green trees that shelter the lane of romance and shy eyes peer from underneath lowered lashes. Shall we call this the love of romance—or "puppy love"?

It is the lullaby sung at the cradle of the first-born, and it is apotheosized in its highest form by the coo of the infant at the breast. It is the blinded vision that can but idealize and condone the wayward offspring; that can feel and understand and suffer and sacrifice with the song of faith or the requiem of resignation on its lips. This is the Madonna love—the love that can only spring from the soul of madra mia.

If the "h" is silent, let the grammarians please me and sprinkle three "h's" into the word "love." For my own particular definition of love, as I have experienced it, comprises the three "h's"—"hubbly," "home" and "happiness."

Also, I'm in love with love.

By Pola Negri

Love shares with Happiness the idealistic heights of humanity's ambitions. Infinite in variety, one or the other inspires the whole world with desire. Love is the world's tyrant and its savior; love deals with death and with life. Love may be selfish or generous, cruel or kindly, without inconsistency.

No word is more foul with shame or gleams with a fairer radiance. Like the coinage of the market place, it may be metal of the basest or pure gold.

Love nurses the sick through fevered nights, soothes ague, guides the childhood steps of little ones who are its fairest pledge.

Love is ruthless. In pursuit of its desires it will destroy that it may achieve. That it may lavish upon one of its largesse, it will crush a thousand who stand in its way.

Love's truest manifestation lies in giving.

The greater love, the more completely and the more blindly do we give. As love fixes upon one objective, so it turns to every other eye an exterior which may seem harsh and brutal.

Love is a little song in the morning and, as the day wears, pain. Love is Terror and Beauty. In the thunder and stillness of Life it is the motto for existence.

Love may be either an affaire de coeur or an affaire de corps. In the last analysis, Love is the desire to serve.

By Betty Compson

Love is something that women know—and about which they cannot speak.

Love is tenderness and truth and trust, and the touch of a sympathetic hand.

Love is a bubble of happiness that chokes the throat and brings the tears.

Love is the brush of warm lips like moonbeams on a quiet pool at night.

Love is a tempestuous delight and exquisite agony; mounting heights of bliss and boundless depths of utter despair.

Love is a plaintive melody from Napolin, drifting through barred windows to a pillow damp with tears.

Love is a beckoning candle in a storm-wrapt window, a gentle face by lamplight over a tiny crib. Love is a caress and a curse; a Madonna and a grinning gargoyle; a nightingale and a Frankenstein. Love is hope and abounding faith and dreams come true.

Love is something that women know—and about which they can never speak.

By Alice Terry

While I do not claim to be an authority capable of offering advice to those in love or contemplating falling in love, I naturally, like everyone else, have given it no little thought and have my own ideas about it. Love to me is a feeling of great tenderness, companionship and sincere respect for another. It is something which makes you want to be with the one you care for—which gives you a feeling of security and rest and peace.

As a very young girl my idea of love was greatly exaggerated. I thought it was some great and turbulent sensation which would strike me like a cyclone and leave me dazed and trembling—that would send me reeling.

However, now I know that such a feeling could never be a lasting devotion and bring real happiness. This misplaced love can mean but misery and suffering.

Real love, the kind which lasts and brings companionship and happiness to one's old age, must be founded on mutual respect and trust—a sort of glorified friendship—and is greatly helped along by similar tastes for people, pleasures, plays and books.

Some of the finest love matches which I have seen among my married friends have begun as friendships and ripened into a truly beautiful love.

By Dagmar Godowsky

Love is a flame. Flames burn to ashes.

That is sad. There is no real love in the world today. None in this generation. Our fathers and mothers, yes. I should not be a cynic about love. For my father and mother are ideally happy. He was a young student who lived at her father's house. They grew up together. They cannot remember a time when they were not friends. That, no doubt, is right.

They married young. Each was the first sweetheart of the other. A melancholy poet said: "Whom we first love we seldom wed." Instead he should have said: "In the twentieth century there is no young love."

It is sad. At twenty-two I am a figure in divorce proceedings. There are no happy marriages among the present generation. None. We must look backward for them. Not at the present. Men complain that a woman is sweet and gentle

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]
What a surprise beautiful Agnes Ayres sprang upon her friends in the film colonies! Some time in August she announced her engagement to S. Manuel Reachi, attache to Mexican consulate general at San Francisco. She played perfectly safe because she was already married to Reachi when she made the announcement. The wedding occurred in a little Mexican town near the border. The reason given for the secrecy was that she was in the middle of a picture and didn't want to be disturbed by the publicity, until she had that duty off her mind.
The Fiasco of "Ben Hur"

The hitherto untold story of what happened in Italy and the supplanting, by Ramon Novarro, of George Walsh

By A. Chester Keel

Charles Brabin was selected to direct the story. June Mathis, who wrote the continuity for "The Four Horsemen," and scores of other successful pictures, prepared the script.

The selection of a man to play the rôle of Ben Hur was more difficult. He had to be a man of powerful physique, a man with muscles of steel, a man whose muscular development showed the results of four years as a galley slave, chained to an enormous oar.

The stage and screen were literally scoured for a man to play the leading rôle. Film tests were made of many candidates;

If a bad beginning makes a good ending "Ben Hur" will be the greatest picture of all time.

What happened in Italy when the picture started? Why was Charles Brabin, the director, sent back and Fred Niblo brought over to supplant him? Why was George Walsh, selected by the producers to play the rôle of Ben Hur, and given a six-months' contract, sent back and Ramon Novarro put in to play the part?

These, and the following, questions have been asked Photoplay time and again by readers. Did Brabin fall down on the job? Was Walsh a failure in the rôle?

For years the motion picture business has considered General Lew Wallace's wonderful novel of ancient Rome and Christian Martyrdom as the greatest story ever conceived for a screen spectacle. Almost every big company tried to secure it, and the price of the motion picture rights soared into six figures, but A. Erlanger, the theatrical magnate who controlled the rights, refused all offers for years. Finally they were secured, subject to many conditions regarding the scenario and production.

Two hundred thousand dollars were spent on thirty galleys like the one above. They were never used because the Italian port authorities held they were dangerous. And perhaps they were right. Several overturned when launched...
others were considered or rejected because of their physical proportions, even though they measured up to the part histronically. Among those considered and tested were John Bowers, Bob Fraser, Antonio Moreno, Ben Lyon, Edmund Lowe, Ramon Novarro, Bill Desmond, Allan Forrest and others. Finally George Walsh was selected as being ideal for the part. Six feet tall, well-proportioned and with ten years of movie experience behind him, he was declared to be the one man in filmdom to play the rôle. Francis X. Bushman was chosen to play Messala opposite him.

Delighted at the prospect of playing one of the greatest characters in fiction, Walsh visualized the honors that he would reap and took a salary cut when offered the place. Everything seemed rosy and he prepared for the trip to Italy highly elated. The first shock came when he climbed aboard the steamer at New York City. He was supplied with second-class accommodations. Still thinking of the honors that he would achieve in the title rôle, Walsh made the best of the trip across the ocean although there were many of his friends who thought it strange that a film star should travel second class.

Walsh had his contract to play Ben Hur. That was all he wanted and the second-class accommodations didn’t interfere with the anticipation the contract afforded him. But when he arrived in Rome, his real troubles began. From the first there was friction. It was all carefully hidden but those who watched the preparations for the picture could see the fire smouldering. Walsh has consistently refused to discuss the controtempus but observers say that he was shoved into the background immediately upon his arrival and kept there during the four months he was in Rome. In all that time he did not appear before the camera once, except with an Italian actor in some test films.

In fact, the only film taken of the picture proper was done by a small expedition sent into Africa to shoot several scenes concerning the Three Wise Men.

As an example of how money was spent the items for the galleys are illuminating. In the story, four or five galleys are pictured in combat. But Brabin insisted that he be supplied with seventy and each one 150 feet long. He finally got permission to build thirty. Boats of that size run into money and it is estimated that $200,000, or thereabouts, was spent for boats alone.

And what boats they were! When they were finally completed and hauled out into the Mediterranean, the port authorities ordered them back. Each boat contained citizens of Italy and the port authorities were taking no chances with their lives. They have a way in Italy of holding their jobs, to say nothing of their own lives, by safeguarding the lives of their constituents. They could not be blamed in this instance because some of the boats overturned when launched. Finally, after paying several hundred extras from five to seven dollars a day for several weeks, and many repairs were made to the craft, they were hauled into position—and anchored. Yes, actually anchored while the battle raged and the cameramen did their best to make them look as if they were engaged in a running battle. Can you imagine putting anything like that over on an American movie audience?

So, Walsh spent four months in Italy without so much as appearing before the camera. But what happened to Walsh is as nothing compared to what happened to June Mathis who wrote the scenario. When she arrived in Rome in February it was her understanding that she was to supervise the production, but she soon learned differently. She was advised that she would not be allowed to speak to Brabin on the sets. Inasmuch as her authority was only the power to approve or reject scenes she had nothing to do.

Then came the fateful day in summer. Ramon Novarro, previously rejected because of his stature, arrived in Rome. Why, Walsh didn’t know. He soon learned. He was told that Novarro would play the part and that Walsh could go home. Brabin, of course, had been succeeded by Fred Niblo and the work was started all over. The boats, many of the sets and scores of other articles that detail the paraphernalia of filmdom were thrown into the discard. The thousands and thousands of dollars with the days and weeks wasted were forgotten and “Ben Hur” was once more where [continued on page 101]
Miss Adams, who is recognized as America’s greatest astrologer, was told the birthplace and hour of birth of eleven famous play stars. She was not told their names. With only this information she wrote the following remarkable horoscopes. Some of them reveal intimate information that even amazed persons who know the subjects best.

**Horoscope of Stars as**

*By Evangeline Adams, America’s*

**May Allison**

*Born 1897, June 14, 11 to 12 p. m., Riding Farm, Ga.*

The emotional, sympathetic and adaptable sign Pisces was rising, which gives her the beneficent Jupiter and the “fourth-dimensional” planet Neptune as her guiding stars.

She just naturally knows how to manage men, but unless they are most unusual, she very soon becomes bored and does not hesitate to let them know it. She is very much the chameleon, and if she so desires, can fit into any circumstance, or temporarily get on with any one, which should make her very versatile and amenable to the suggestions of her director. She may be better suited for the screen than for the legitimate stage for the reason that after she has perfected anything, and she begins to meet herself going around the circle, she loses interest and craves a new experience. The repetition which is necessary in the case of a success which runs for several seasons, would be to her intolerable.

The Moon was in the mid-heaven, and in opposition to the Sun and Neptune, which promises her not only brilliant success, but a most fascinating and unusual personality: She is what might be considered “an old soul,” having been born with more wisdom than the average mortal acquires after years of experience. The position of Saturn and Uranus further indicates that she will have an interest in occult, or mystical subjects and turn from anything too conventional or too orthodox in religion.

Her innate wisdom and desire to be a constructive force and to always lend a helping hand, will be a protecting influence, and when things may seem to be upside down, she should keep a brave heart, as this is the time when something will happen as if by magic, which may turn what appears like disaster into great good fortune.

She is at the present moment, although the influence may be felt even stronger in 1925, under fire, and it will all depend upon her ability to relax and to take things as they come, as to whether she will have nervous prostration, and upset the works, or utilize the Uranian force constructively. The fewer plans she makes, the better, and she should not force issues in any direction.

It is as if fate shuffled the cards, putting some in the discard, adding trumps, and, as

**Bebe Daniels**

*Born 1901, January 14th, Dallas, Tex.*

Not knowing the time of day that this artist was born, makes it impossible to give anything very definite. Uranus, Venus and Jupiter were in the fiery and magnetic sign, Sagittarius, and in opposition to the mystical planet, Neptune, which indicates that she must have tremendous magnetism, and the power of visualization.

Saturn, Mercury and the Sun were in the sign Capricorn, a much steadier and more
serious sign, which will give her another side to her nature, of quite a different character. It was quite necessary that she should bear in mind that her mood can change very rapidly and that she should not take too seriously something which may be only passing.

She has both the dramatic instinct and a great deal of music and rhythm in her nature, so she may find herself later feeling dissatisfied, unless she can express herself through music, or the spoken word.

Having the greater and lesser fortune in conjunction, indicates unusual financial success and will make all forms of chance fascinating to her. It will be most necessary that she live up to a rigid discipline and insist on saving, during periods of prosperity, for when the pendulum swings, she will find it next to impossible to either make or save. It is to be hoped, therefore, that before 1926, she will have accumulated sufficient money, so if, beginning with that time, the Fates seem to be working against her until 1928, she will not be embarrassed. In any event, she should avoid going into anything speculative, so far as her own money is concerned. In 1928, Jupiter will again come into power, and she can afford to launch out and to depend more on the good fortune which is her birth-right.

She is very romantic, and, in a way, lives in a little world created by her own imagination, into which she may invite very few of the sterner sex. She must always feel very proud of, and look up to, any one before he can stir her emotions. Even as a child, she may have enjoyed very few children, often preferring her own company or imaginary playmates. While the world may consider her jovial and optimistic, she is compelled to meet and conquer a certain sadness or fear of something she hardly knows what.

If the hour of her birth were known, it would be interesting to determine whether she responded most to the romantic, jovial side, or was subdued, because of the strong influence of Saturn, and which may have been more dominant during the past year, than will be the case again for many years to come. In either case, she should bear in mind that she can never be cast down, because of Jupiter and Venus.

Richard Dix

Born 1895, July 18, 9:50 p. m., St. Paul

The sign Pisces was rising when this actor was born, which gives him the beneficent Jupiter, and the mystical Neptune as his ruling planets. Jupiter and the Sun were in conjunction in the self-indulgent pleasure-loving Cancer, in the house ruling the amusements of the public, and friendly to the occult Uranus. This all contributes toward making him magnetic and what the world calls "lucky," so if he does not meet with extraordinary success, then indeed he must not blame it to the stars, but rather to his own inability to take advantage of all the Fates provide. The one danger indicated is that he may meet with too ready success. Through the absence of Saturn’s discipline, whose vibrations develop patience, industry and steadiness, he may lack the range, or the ability to stand up against adversity or disappointment when it does overtake him. He should overcome the temptation to be too self-indulgent and cultivate the ability to say "No" when either his own inclinations, or his desire to please some one of whom he is fond prompts him to go against his better judgment.

The Moon, which rules women and the public, was in conjunction with Neptune, which gives him a very alluring and fascinating magnetism, but makes him in danger of attracting women who, instead of helping him to overcome his frailties, may urge him on to greater indiscretions. His own sex are much more fortunate to him, and through them will come much greater good fortune than through women.

It is to be hoped that the trying conditions and absence of good fortune which he may have been forced to meet during the past year, may have taught him that there is no royal road to wisdom and that lasting success only comes as a result of hard work and self-denial. If he has only learned his lesson, he should rejoice in the realization that the planets will not again be as unfriendly to him for many years to come. Another indication that he has great prosperity, as well as popularity and happiness to look forward to later in life, is the fact that all of his planets were either setting or beneath the earth, very much the same as in the case of the actor born July 29, 1895.

He should make the most of his opportunities and conserve his riches between now and 1931, for beginning with that period and covering several years, he will come under the influence of Uranus. The cross currents and cataracts which he will be called upon to encounter will call for all his strength of character and wisdom in order to keep his craft afloat, and not be swept on the rocks because of adverse winds. Provided between now and then he has culti-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]
Does Decency Help or Hinder?

By Frederick James Smith

Does virtue pay—on the screen? It is a matter of record that to portray colorful and interesting evil in the films is to win instant attention. But does virtue triumph in the long run? It is easy to point to a dozen or so instances where celluloid naughtiness paid—and paid immediately. There is, of course, the immortal example of Rudolph Valentino. His "The Four Horsemen" would have lifted him to fame if only for his work in one devilish scene, that of the South American tango cafe.

Glancing back over the records of the films the same thing is proven by the careers of Theda Bara, June Elvidge, Gladys Brockwell, Virginia Pearson, Louise Glaum, Dorothy Dalton, Stuart Holmes, Lew Cody, Pauline Frederick, Pola Negri, Nita Naldi, Jetta Goudal and Barbara La Marr. They leaped to success via the way they suggested film naughtiness. At least several of them enjoyed but a brief vogue. And most of these failed because they suggested too out-and-out wickedness.

Max Murray played such colorless rôles at Famous as Sweet Kitty Bellairs and then turned to tango abandon and temporary success. Dorothy Dalton stopped playing wanton gals of the dance halls and slipped in public interest. Betty Compson played a passionate dozen of the underworld in "The Miracle Man" but she never caught the public attention so completely again.

After all, there is a simple analysis of the great motion picture audience. It is mostly feminine. Probably it is at least 75-25 in its percentage of femininity. Woman, through moral restrictions dating back through the ages, has had to seek vicarious experience. In other words, woman has had to gain adventure second hand.

It is human—and distinctly feminine, as well—to substitute one’s self for a heroine of a printed or an enacted romance. Students of femininity declare that all women, sometime in their life, want to play at being bad; to be the center of an adventure without danger to themselves. Thus, the feminine portion of an audience admires feminine sex appeal on the screen when it isn’t too blatant. That is, sex appeal that is only fooling. To be successful, film sex appeal in an actress must not offend women. On the other hand (and here is the seeking for vicarious experience again), it is impossible for it to be too blatant in an actor, provided it has grace and charm. Each screen villain indicates a possible vicarious experience. Hence the success of Rudolph Valentino, the dwindling interest in the too virtuous Charles Ray and the too noble Bill Hart.

Through the ages man has sought adventure at first hand. Hence screen villains of the audience does not look with approval upon the screen scoundrel but it does view the adventures with interest. This is obvious audience psychology.

Screen producers seem to have stumbled upon this fact. As Photoplay pointed out last month, the vogue right now is for the story with a heroine who is a good woman but who gives the impression that she isn’t too good.

The fact that an actor or an actress can leap to success overnight in a wicked rôle is easily explained, too. The always good heroine is a lay figure to the story. She is there merely to be loved and won, to be rescued and kissed. She is pushed about by the action and the other characters, a personification of virtue. But she is good, the hero is tempted and obdurate, persecuted and triumphant. He isn’t human.

The villain and the woman of the world are something else again. They sin, plot and struggle. They have color and being. They strike an audience with force and are remembered. Thus Nita Naldi’s "Donna Sof’In "Blood and Sand," Pola Negri’s

Balance the success of Nita Naldi, Barbara La Marr and Pola Negri against the substantial popularity of Mary Pickford, Thomas Meighan, Harold Lloyd and Richard Barthelmess. Doesn’t screen virtue triumph in the end?

Blanche Sweet played virtue for years until she faded from view. But the performance of one naughty rôle, the old scoundrel’s derelict daughter in "Anna Christie," brought her back with a bang.

May Allison is another instance in point. Despite her fight to play something besides an ingenue heroine, she finds herself up against the movie-mould system.

For some years she played colorless heroines. Ergo: screen producers will not give her an opportunity to do anything else.

Bessie Love well nigh disappeared in saccharine rôles, despite her early promise. Tired of playing good girls, Lois Wilson threatens to commit a murder to get some attention. Mary Philbin triumphs as the virtuous heroine of "The Merry-Go-Round" and is soon forgotten.

May McAvoy now and then escaped mediocrity when she played the desperately lonely heroine of "The Enchanted Cottage.

The feminine audiences’ lack of response to good heroes goes further than the unhappy fate of Charles Ray, who never did anything more serious than the breaking of a window. It meant eclipse to male stars all the way back to Wilbur Crane, Francis X. Bushman and Warren Kerrigan.

Far be it from us to draw conclusions. There is no set rule to popularity. The public frequently says an added fillip of interest from a player’s private life—or what it believes it to be. Mary Miles Minter passed out of pictures because she violated this interest.

Does virtue pay on the screen? Now and then. It all depends.
Colleen Moore, in "Flirting With Love," wears this ermine-trimmed black satin afternoon costume. The dress is good, but less embroidery and plainer sleeves would improve the coat.

NEW SCREEN STYLES
IN GOOD TASTE

Constance Bennett, in "Into the Net," at left, wears a satin afternoon coat trimmed with rolls of braided silk. All of her accessories are new and smart.

Aileen Pringle, at right, in "His Hour." This embroidered dress for either in- or out-of-door wear is an agreeable deviation from the tube.

Constance Bennett, at lower left, is shown wearing a charming gown of black velvet for formal afternoon or informal evening. The buckles are the only trimming and the skirt of four petals, gathered at the hips, is very lovely. From "Into the Net."

Betty Blythe, at lower right, wearing a straight line tailored crepe-back satin. The long sleeves, tunic and many buttons are good points, but the scarf does not appear on the new models. From "Breath of Scandal."

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New Screen Styles Reveal that White

Crystal and Ostrich are Popular Modes

Constance Bennett, in "I into the Net," wearing the new ostrich boa with the ever popular white and crystal

Dagmar Godowsky (oval), in "Price of a Party," wearing black crepe and crystal. Hairdressing should be simpler

Eleanor Boardman, in "Sinners in Silk," wears the very smart white and crystal, but with a dainty coiffure

Hope Hampton, in "Price of a Party," in gown of silver, chiffon and ostrich. Headress should be closer
Why I Refuse to Let My Wife Bob Her Hair

I am an old-fashioned man and now that middle age is upon me I am believing — more and more in old-fashioned ideals. I used to be a radical. I used to believe in individual freedom. I used to think that whatever anyone did was his or her own business. I used to think that if a woman wanted a hair-cut she should have a hair-cut. And I still believe that any woman who wants to bob her hair should go ahead and do it—so long as she is some other man's wife. I refuse to permit my wife to bob her hair.

It is the first time in ten years of our married life that I have refused her anything. But on this bobbed hair thing I have put my foot down.

For ten years my wife has been the boss; she has handled the check book; bought all the furniture; attended to the interior decoration (house and myself); bought my shirts and ties; determined where we should live in the city or the country; purchased the kind of motor car she wanted; selected the place for our annual vacation; named our baby; took singing lessons; French lessons; Italian lessons... Well, she has run the establishment.

For ten years I have been the poor worm, the working stiff, the good and generous provider. But Fate is kind. There does come a time for revolt. My wife wants to bob her hair. Nothing doing! And what I say about bobbed hair goes. There is a limit to what any man will stand for. He must keep some self-respect.

Why won't I let her? As I stated before, I am well into middle-age. My wife is young—and beautiful. I know very well that if she bobbed her hair she would look several years younger. I would be taken for her father. Why, even now our son is always taken for her little brother. I'll confess it is different with him. He is all for bobbed hair. But then he is a member of the younger—I should say youngest—generation, with broad liberal views, and the flipper idea. I got home one evening and found that during the afternoon he had put his thoughts down on paper. After paying a tribute to beautiful womanhood in general and his growing admiration for what has been called the "fair sex" he became specific about my wife, who is also his mother. He had written:

"I am glad I have a young and snappy mother. She is pretty, too. She likes to dance. I think it is too bad Daddy can't dance. When I get big I am going to learn to dance so that all the beautiful ladies will like me. I like flappers. I wish mother would bob her hair so that she would look like a flapper."

No doubt we all must pass through this young radical stage and I am glad that young Bill is having his fling early. As this is being written he is out in Chicago visiting his grandmother. His three aunts there all have bobbed hair and when we became lonesome for him last week and told him it was time for him to come back home, he wrote and said, "I'll come back when mother bobs her hair."

Well, that shows quite a division in the family. Father against son as well as husband against wife. What is more, young Bill is not one to be bribed or coaxed or bribed. He gets what he wants—always. That is a habit and a failing of an only son who is likewise a member of the younger generation. He claims he is eight, although he knows very well he will not be eight until his next birthday.

But women are funny. Now my wife knows how thoroughly I am opposed to bobbed hair—for her—yet she has been showing me copies of Photoplay with pictures of different styles of bobs.

"Don't you think I would look well with one of those boyish bobs?" she will ask.

"I do not!" I answer firmly, so that argument is ended. Or it ought to be, at least. I put the subject out of my mind and then look what happens.

Not long ago my wife decided that one of these bobs with bangs down over the forehead would suit her type of beauty. She tried to describe the banged bob, but my imaginative sense couldn't see it at all. So she tried to find live specimens. She found them on the stage in the chorus. Just an occasional one. From where I sat they looked as chorines are supposed to look, beautiful but dumb. So I said, "Yes, they are cute and cunning—and the farther away the better they look."

Now in some way my wife took it to mean that I approved of dumb-looking banged-bobs and when she was having a shampoo in one of New York's most beautiful beauty parlors, she had her bangs bobbed. No more than that, mind you, or I should be writing this as an ex-officer as a working-husband.

And when I got home I didn't have to say a thing about it either. I didn't even have to look and laugh. Honestly, it was terrible. If there is any super-intellectual woman who scares men away because she looks so darned smart and high-brow, let her cut her front hair so that bangs will hang down to her eyebrows and she will look dumb enough to scare any man who believes that brains should be neither seen nor heard.

Long hair used to be a lure—a man trap. Fiction writers used to make a big point of their heroines' hair. In every well-regulated love story the heroine would "let her hair fall in a golden, glorious cascade over her shoulders."

It made good reading and the thing worked with the girls too. They actually pulled this stunt most effectually. Now after the barber gets through with his clippers and his razor on their necks they are left with a lot of inept pig bristles and not enough is left of what used to be called woman's crowning glory to hide the nakedness of the neck.

Personally, I don't think this bobbed hair thing is fair—it gives the women all the advantage. Heaven knows the short skirt craze was bad enough. You would follow an interesting pair of ankles—and more—the Avenue for a few blocks, then hurry ahead to get a look at the facial features of the sweet young thing—and then what a shock! Grandmother, no less.

Now it is even worse! What with these reducing exercises, reducing girdles, figures no longer are dated. What with mud packs and barber's shears even faces have the outward bloom of youth—and man, always willing—nay, anxious—to be deceived, is an easy victim. It's not fair.

Just because I confess that I am old-fashioned, no doubt I will be put down as an old fogey. Honestly I'm not trying to get a thrill from a girl and music show. I always go to Atlantic City in September when the bathing beauties are on parade. I am still sufficiently unconventional to go to the Metropolitan Opera House without donning my dress suit. I still read Theodore Dreiser, H. L. Mencken, and the more facet of the young intellectuals.

Bobbed hair means bobbed brains. Let a woman lose her hair and she becomes light headed. She thinks she must act kithenish. She flops around like [continued on page 15]
CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

A review of sensitive flower soul may conceive a personal grudge that tinges his work because a player fails to keep an appointment, forgets his name or otherwise grievously offends. There are ladies and gentlemen of the journalistic art quite as touchy and ritzy as any of the celluloid photography.

The only artist who can judge criticism and partake of its value is one of sufficient egotism, sufficient sense of superiority, to read with detachment. That is, he must be not only an actor but an artist. And the only critic who can criticise is also an artist of similar attributes. But such a ruthless one, though he be an artist, will be considered socially a dirty dog. His only consolation in being denied the free Scotch and gin is, that he may live a darned sight longer.

It is a fallacy to suppose that praise ever ingratiates the artist. I penned "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," explaining as I did so that I had met Mabel Normand for the first time the day the picture was shown; hence everything else devolved into insignificance. Rex Ingram told me later that he thought I was a fool but at least I had a mind of my own. We became the best of friends, as fools will.

Rex told me he engaged Willis Goldbeck as a publicity man, because Willis as a magazine interviewer upstaged him so magnificently. Willis says he was engaged because he played "Sweethearts" on the piano one day when Alice Terry demanded it for an emotional scene, and no one else was around who could play it.

Either Willis's hauteur became loftier or his piano-playing more in demand. Anyhow, Rex had him do the script of "Saramouché," one of the finest pieces of continuity writing the screen has had. If you followed the ramifications of the novel you will realize the skill of the scenarist. Goldbeck has been doing scripts since then at five thousand up. His latest is "Peter Pan." At twenty-five he's the intellectual triumph of Hollywood . . . and to think that once his ambition was to be an actor! Goldbeck has the eccentricities of genius; he paid cash for his Cadillac town car.

The celluloid Duses of Hollywood have a new source of revenue. They permit wax masks to be taken from their faces for use on shop window dummies. For each dummy thus decorated the original receives twelve dollars. Those who make the best dummies nation-wide get the highest reward, to say nothing of immortality. Thus the shop windows which used to flash with vivacious smiles and coy gestures have become expressionless as the screen. The old wooden sisterhood has fallen before the dummy Duses of Hollywood. I, for one, weep. I loved the old Janes.

To achieve any enduring success in pictures a star must be something of a director and a director something of a star. The public is interested mainly in the individuals whom it sees. The only directors who can draw an appreciable following are those of such personality that their work has distinction. They have a style that is recognizable. There are just three whose names have any appreciable box-office lure—D. W. Griffith, Cecil B. De Mille and Rex Ingram. Von Stroheim, a superior stylist, is too infrequent for popular recognition. Ernst Lubitsch, another great stylist, is not yet familiar to the public mind. Chaplin is preferred as a star-director rather than simply as the man behind the megaphone, great though he proved in that capacity with "A Woman of Paris."

A STAR to endure must assume more or less the responsibilities of a producer in order to standardize the quality of his pictures. Thomas Meighan is the finest example, with the possible exception of Tom Mix. He knows what the public wants of him, and he goes out after that rarest of things: he hires a Chauncey Olcott of the screen. Mix, without trying to make each succeeding picture better than the previous, keeps to the stride that the young boys and old ones like. He has never made the mistake of getting artistic. Doug Fairbanks by getting artistic has saved himself; [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

OME, Italy: Each evening as I drive to the Castello dei Cesari for dinner past the ruins of the Roman Forum, I read the signs on the billboards advertising Larry Semon, Lillian Gish, Blanche Sweet, Doug Fairbanks and John Gilbert. And become convinced that the single star that invariably shins over the Forum is the eye of some Caesar whose punishment is to peer at these famous names over the ruins of his own achievements.

And as I sit on the terrace of the Castello, furling spaghetti about my fork to the sibilant sips of Aslī Ṣūfūnānta, I think of the jolly parties that used to be held in those ruined palaces below, parties gayer than any Hollywood ever had. I recall particularly the one staged by Nero, who planned as the stunt of the evening the poisoning of his mama with diluted lillac. But mama was off the gin that night. So he tried to drown her by sending her home in a leaky boat. She managed to arrive at her maison astraddle of a log, only to be killed later. I see, too, the tower on which Nero played the ukulele while Rome burned. Certainly we have progressed since those days. No movie mama was ever slain, no matter how deserving, and ukes are thrummed without the inspiration of a fire.

Yet Rome, too, has had its troubles. The artist suffered censorship as we do today. While in the Sixtime Chapel I recalled how Michelangelo avenged himself upon Messer Biagio de Cesena, master of ceremonies, who censored "The Last Judgment," declaring the naked figures indecent. In reply Michelangelo painted Biagio in hell as Midas with ass's ears. When Biagio begged Paul III to cause this figure to be obliterated, the Pope sarcastically replied, "I might have released you from purgatory, but over hell I have no power."

Oh, for the wisdom of a Paul III and the courage of a Michelangelo!

Not long ago I watched a director attempting to dredge emotion out of one of our young screen artistes. He told her exactly where to stand and, after a half hour of concentrated effort, had assisted her to memorize the two-line title she was to speak. The camera was about to grind when suddenly the baby Bernhardt shrieked hysterically, "What do I do with my hands?" The director patiently showed her how to manipulate those members and was about to call "Camera!" again when the prodigy let out another distracted wail, "Now I've forgotten my title!"

After devoting hours of conscientious study to the art of motion picture acting as it is practiced on the set I have arrived at the conclusion that the creative art of the movie mountebank is comparable to that of the stenographer. It consists in his ability to take dictation. He may develop and embroider the ideas dictated by the director, just as the good stenographer punctuates and corrects the spelling of her boss, but there his originality ends.

I do not say that the creative power is lacking utterly among the Hollywood pantomimists. Some of them possess it, but few of them are permitted to use it. The actor most highly esteemed by directors is the one who can perform accurately and speedily after the conservative formula. The stenographer with inspiration who tries to put over her ideas in the boss's letter either gets the gate or the boss's job.

The mental equipment of an actor or director may be estimated fairly well by the way he digests criticism. I find the Hollywood reaction to be usually this: If a critic praises a performer he is regarded by all save the performer as entertaining a personal yen for the individual; if he flays the performer he delights all save that individual, who immediately assumes he has a personal grudge.

These conjectures are without some foundation. The reviewer who consumes the gin and caviar of a movie practitioner seldom has the gullet to pan his host later. Knowing this, the Hollywood houri and pasha fele the hungry press with special luncheons and other revels.
THIS picture was taken just after Richard Dix had finished his first starring venture for Paramount, called "Manhattan." No wonder he is wearing such a happy smile. It is not easy to find Dick when he isn't smiling but this time the camera caught him at his best.
GEORGE O'HARA is his name and he's plumb Irish. All of which means that he can act and fight as shown in "Fighting Blood." Right now he is starring in a new series called "The Go Getters" and he proceeds to step right out and grab new honors unto himself.
EVERYBODY said that Richard Barthelmess would never do a finer bit of acting than he did in "Tol'able David," but those who have watched his work in "Classmates" say he will surpass his efforts in the picture that won the 1921 Photoplay Medal of Honor.
JANE DARE is one of the sweetest heroines you have ever met in films or fiction. In “It Can’t Be Done,” Frederic Arnold Kummer has made her so appealing that you will fall in love with her at once. This absorbing novel is just starting in this issue of Photoplay.
The most remarkable novel ever written about motion pictures and studio life. It is bound to create a tremendous sensation because it is based on LIFE instead of IMAGINATION

It Can't Be Done

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by John La Gatta

PART I—CHAPTER I

The door which led from the executive offices of the studio opened upon a court, and directly in front of it was a concrete platform, raised a sufficient distance above the level of the roadway to permit anyone to step into a motor car with ease.

On this platform stood a middle-aged man, the center of a smiling, chattering group. He was slender, dark, almost swarthy, and his shrewd, bright eyes proclaimed him a man of business, in spite of a certain wistfulness which lay in them at times, indicative of a love of beauty. Lew Davidson came of an ancient and highly imaginative race; it was his love of beauty which had drawn him into the picture business, just as his shrewdness had enabled him to make a success of it. The steel and concrete buildings of the Davidson Productions Company, before which he now stood, attested the solidity of that success.

Mr. Davidson and his companions had spent the afternoon in the projecting room, looking at a newly finished picture. "When Love Laughs"—latest vehicle of the company's vivid and temperamentinal star, Alice Carroll. Miss Carroll, cool, serene, a suggestion of indifference in her lifted chin, was receiving Mr. Davidson's congratulations with a bored, almost patient, smile. Her straw-blond hair, blown slightly by the wind, drifted about her face like a golden nimbus. Her figure was trim and graceful as a young girl's, but the dieting, the exercise which had kept it so had left behind them some tell-tale lines, tiny wrinkles about the eyes and mouth, more apparent now, in the keen afternoon sunlight, than in the cleverly manipulated back-lighting and soft-focus effects of the studio. Mr. Davidson noted these lines as he smiled down at her; it was his business to note, to remember them, as it was hers to hide and forget them. Neither was unmindful of the fact that the star's five-year contract was rapidly drawing to a close.

"A fine picture, Alice," Mr. Davidson said, releasing her hand. "It should gross a couple hundred thousand easy. Maybe more. But I think in 'Saints and Sinners' you should have a better part yet."

Miss Carroll tilted her chin another notch, took a step toward the door of her car—a huge affair of English make which gleamed scornfully at less expensive models as it purred beside the curb. She knew what Mr. Davidson meant by that reference to her next picture; in it she would play the part of a young married woman, instead of the gingham-dressed country girl she usually affected. The suggestion angered her; it took very little to anger Miss Carroll these days, especially after she had inspected herself in her mirror. She was twenty-seven, and thoroughly aware of the ephemeral life of the butterflies of the screen.

"I've never been keen about married women parts, Lew," she remarked, slipping gracefully into the maroon-upholstered interior of her car. "Well—so long, everybody." She flatted a slim hand as the machine drove off.

Davidson gazed after her, a suggestion of a frown between his dark eyes. Then he turned to the man at his elbow.

"Change those second-red titles, like I told you, Tony," he said, resuming his shrewd but kindly smile, "and can the close-ups in the cabaret scene. The semi's are a whole lot better."

Tony Hull, the company's chief director, nodded. A tall, lean, grey-eyed man of thirty-five, he seemed almost gaunt, until one noticed the swift play of muscles beneath his flannel suit, the clear red-brown of his skin, the absence of lines about his eyes. A man, one would say, who took care of himself, kept himself fit, mentally and physically.

"Miss Carroll's been working too hard this past winter, Lew," he said kindly. "That spell of 'flu last January took a lot out of her. She needs a rest. After we finish 'Saints and Sinners,' I think she better lay off for a while."

"Yes," Davidson nodded. "Guess you're right, Tony. Well—he put out his hand—" won't see you for a couple of weeks. Leaving for the Coast tonight. How's the Ransome picture coming along?"

"Fine. We'll have something to show you when we get back. The glass work in the Alpine scenes turned out splendidly."

"That's good," Davidson turned to the young woman who stood just inside the doorway. "Your work was fine, Miss Dare. Especially in them cabaret shots. Keep it up."

Jane Dare smiled her thanks. She had played the part of Miss Carroll's older sister in the picture just finished, although she was in actual fact, as well as in appearance, several years her junior.

"I'm glad you liked it, Mr. Davidson," she said.

"Sure I did. We'll have to find you something better, pretty soon. Can I take you up to town?" He nodded toward the slate-grey limousine which had replaced Miss Carroll's car at the curb.
It was Tony Hull, however, who answered him.

"Miss Dare has promised to drive up with me," he laughed. "I'm telling her how to become a star." He spoke lightly, but with an undertone of seriousness.

"Well—she couldn't be in better hands," Davidson replied, regarding them with his shrewd, noncommittal smile. "Be good, children, while I'm away." He stepped into his car and a moment later it disappeared through the gates.

Jane Dare turned to her companion with a fading smile. Without the insolent, challenging beauty of Alice Carroll, she was quite as good-looking—in fact many might have found in her fresh young loveliness an even greater charm. A trifle taller than the diminutive star, she was still, by off-screen standards, a small woman, with the slim, strong legs of a graceful boy, and the tender body of budding young womanhood. If Alice Carroll represented beauty, Jane Dare represented beauty plus eager, joyous youth. Her hair, darker than the star's corn-colored locks, showed flashes of red-gold among its autumn browns; her eyes, instead of the flat turquoise blue of Miss Carroll's, were deep cobalt, ultramarine, peacock green, changing, like the sea. In addition to the almost perfect features and coloring which any aspirant to screen honors must possess, she had a charm which was photographable—singular and elusive quality, baffling all experts of the studios. Why, of two women, equally attractive, one should lose, the other retain, that attractiveness beneath the acid test of the camera remains an unsolved mystery of the screen.

"What's wrong, beautiful?" Tony laughed. He had noticed the quick fading of her smile.

"Oh—nothing. Only Davidson can't see me as a star. I'm afraid, and I wish he could."

"It's pretty hard to tell what's going on in Lew Davidson's mind. He's deep. Did you see the way he looked at Alice Carroll? Eyes like high-powered microscopes. He didn't miss a wrinkle."

"Wrinkle? Why, she hasn't any."

"It's very sweet of you, my dear, to say that, but she has—a few. Alice has been obliged to work like a dog, this winter, keeping her weight down to a hundred and ten. Normally she'd be at least fifteen pounds heavier. It's bound to make you a bit haggard—that sort of thing. Not noticeably so, maybe, to the ordinary eye, but—well, you know the camera. Didn't you hear Davidson tell me to cut out those close-ups? I don't believe he's going to renew her contract, unless she gets over the idea of playing girly-girly parts all the time, and comes down to earth. Well, if you're ready, supp—we sh—off." He led the way along the concrete platform to his car. As they swept through the gates he turned to his companion with a whimsical grin.

"Like to have Alice Carroll's place?" he asked.

"No." She shook her head, smiling. "Not her place. I don't want to climb over anybody's dead body. But one like it—yes. Do you think I've got a chance?"

"Absolutely. It's a combination of good looks, ability and luck, of course. You screen well—perfectly. Your work since you've been with us has been fine. You've had good notices, too, from the critics. I haven't a doubt you'll get there."

"But—don't you see—I've got to do it quick—now. Or—she gave him a fleeting smile—"I'll wake up some morning and find myself an old woman."

"How old are you now—just?" Tony asked, sweeping her with a critical glance.

"Twenty. Last December. Before I knew it I'll be twenty-one."

The coldly professional light in Tony Hull's eyes grew warmer; his expression softened as their glances met.

"You can count on my help, always," he whispered, taking his hand from the steering wheel and resting it momentarily on hers. "You know that."

"I'm glad to know it, Tony. And I appreciate it, too—lots. You see, I haven't a thing back of me, except—well—except whatever good looks and ability I may possess. My face has got to be my fortune, I guess. Anyway, it's all I have—that, and my ambition to get ahead. I'm willing to work—hard—but it's a long road. I'm afraid. If I could only take Lew Davidson out and vamp him—"

"It can't be done," Tony laughed. "Lew's as hard-boiled as a china egg. Wouldn't fall for the Queen of Sheba. You've got to show him."

"Well—that's what I've been trying to do for the past eight months, but he hasn't taken any more notice of me than if I wasn't on earth so far as I have been able to see."

"Maybe he has, at that. You can't tell about Lew—that he thinks. By the way, you've never told me much about your experience—what you did, before you came with us."

Start reading this great serial now. There's a thrill in every installment.

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"Her slim figure, silhouetted against the golden oblong of the window, was singularly arresting. She pretended complete ignorance of their presence. She began to chant, "The Moon Is Like a Golden Boat." At the end of the first stanza Lola and her companion rose. Irene stopped her elocutionary efforts with well-simulated embarrassment."

"Ugh," June wrinkled her nose in a comical frown. "My dark and secret past. I haven't said much about it, because it's so commonplace, I guess. If I'd only done something startling—out of the ordinary—but I haven't. Xot a blessed thing. Just lived—worked—got along."

"That's about all any of us do," said Tony gravely—"work—get along. How did you drift into pictures?"

"It's frightfully simple. Two years ago I was working in stock, up in Albany. Getting a lot of experience and mighty little else. Naturally I was anxious to get back to Broadway. These small towns are great places—to die in. So when a girl friend of mine wrote me she'd gone with the Globe, and was playing a lady-in-waiting in the big Mary Queen of Scots picture they did that year, I decided to have a try at it myself. I'd been on the stage for two years then—ever since I was sixteen—and thought I knew enough about acting to get by on the screen. My friend introduced me to Paul Brennan, the Globe's head director—you know him, I guess—and he said he would give me a chance. I hung around the studio day after day, but nothing happened, and I was beginning to feel discouraged, when one of the court ladies got into a row with Brennan over something—being late, I believe—and he gave me the part. Pure luck, of course. If I hadn't happened to be on the set that morning, I'd never have gotten it. He saw me standing there, and pointed his finger at me. You know how queer and nervous he is.

"'Can you act?' he shouted, as though I'd committed a crime.

"'Certainly,' I said, trembling in my boots.

"'Then get into makeup, and don't be all day about it. Remember it's costing me a hundred dollars a minute to hold this scene for you.'"
"That was my start, and I've never forgotten it. I worked with the Globe for nearly a year—worked hard, too, if I do say so myself. Brennan used me in four big productions, but by the end of the year I concluded there wasn't any chance for me, there. You know how they run things at the Globe—Brennan and Julius Schwartz. I remember one day Julius was after me, criticizing a costume I had on. He thought it wasn't exactly right, although I felt half naked in it, myself. Said he didn't like it, that the boys out front wouldn't like it, either."

"Women dress for women," I told him.

"And undress for men," he snapped back at me. I suppose it was clever enough, but when he tried to prove the truth of what he'd said, I concluded that my usefulness with the Globe was at an end.

I did a couple of pictures with the National, after that—Westerns—they took me because I knew how to ride, and then, you remember, I came with you."

"Yes," Tony Hull glanced smilingly at his companion's eager face. "I remember very well. We were just starting that big college picture, and I needed someone who knew how to swim. How did you get to be such an athlete?"

"I'm not, really. Riding, swimming—that about lets me out. I learned her both on a farm, out in Michigan."

"Were you born there?"

"Yes. At a place called Owosso. Ever heard of it?"

"No."

"Well, you should have. It's quite a celebrated place—boasts of having the largest coffin factory in the world. No— you're not supposed to laugh. They couldn't well supply a more universal need."

"No—I suppose not. Do your people live out there?"

"Ihaven't any people—parents, that is. My uncle and aunt raised me, until I got tired of farm life and ran away to Chicago to go on the stage. I was sixteen then, and an awkward little idiot. I'd won some sort of a beauty prize, in Owosso, and thought I was going to take the world by storm. My married cousin, who lives in Chicago, had a position with one of the theaters there. We supposed, from the letters he sent back home, that he owned it or something, but it turned out he sold tickets in the box office. Tom Darrell—that was my name too, until I changed it, for stage purposes, to Dare—was a real friend. Got me an engagement with a show that opened there that spring, and ran all summer. I played a nurse, and had just one line— 'Madame, I regret to inform you that little Johnny has just swallowed the goldfish,' but it always brought down the house. When the show went to New York that fall, I went with it. We lasted on Broadway eight weeks, but I'd made a start. On the strength of that one line, I got a part in a Broadway picture—'The Goast Getter,' and after that—but why bore you with the history of my life?" She laughed derisively. "Anyway, I've had considerable experience, and a little fun, and here I am dreaming of being an honest-to-goodness star like Alice Carroll, and having a pet Rolls-Royce and a country home on Long Island, to say nothing of a perfectly sensible house. Some dream, I'll tell the world, for a youngster who was running around in a checked apron and sunbonnet five years ago, helping auntie make the cranberry jelly jellies."

Tony Hull gazed quizzically into his companion's clear, cool eyes.

"When you do get to be a star," he said, "you can thank those years on the farm for it. They don't make complexities like yours in town—except in drug stores, or beauty parlors. Somebody's got to take Miss Carroll's place, before long. Why not you?"

"Then you think she's—through?"

"Yes—unless, as I've said before, she gets over the idea of playing school-girls all her life. She ought to have sense enough to break away from the ingénue stuff—develop older parts—but she won't. You heard what she said about 'Saints and Sinners.' The part of the young wife would give her the best chance she has had in her career, and yet, because it's a society girl of twenty-five, instead of a flapper of eighteen, she doesn't want to do it. The trouble with Alice is, she's been spoiled. She's made too much money, and it's turned her head. Two men on the box, and so many servants in her Park Avenue apartment they fall over each other trying to get out of each other's way. Queen, isn't it, that she doesn't put her money in the bank against the rainy day that's bound to come. Not only to her, but to all of us? Well, there's no reason why I should worry about it. The last time I tried to give her any advice, she got sore and refused to speak to me for a week. I told her that she's such a good actress."

"No better than you are, my dear. As they paused in a traffic jam, Tony put his arm around her and gave her a comrade squeeze. "I'm awfully keen about you, you know. Well, here's Forty-second. Shall I take you to your apartment, or where?"

"The apartment if you don't mind. East Sixty-first—if it's not out of your way."

"Nothing to speak of. I've got a dinner engagement at half-past six, but there's plenty of time."

When they drew up at the curb, Jane sprang out, then turned to her companion with a smile.

"Do you like spaghetti al dente?" she asked.

"Next time, any. But it sounds like stuffy stuff."

"Come around to dinner, some night, and I'll make you some."

"You're on." Tony raised his hat. "See you in the morning."

As he drove off, Jane watched him with glowing eyes. They had been associated at the studio, daily, for months; now, for the first time, he ceased to think of her as a director, and began to consider him as a man. The consideration, for the moment, took the form of an arithmetical calculation. Was it possible for a man of thirty-five to find happiness in the love of a girl of twenty, or was the gulf too wide? She went up to her rooms without finding an answer to the question.

CHAPTER II

T O N Y H U L L, having dismissed the waiter with their dinner order, glanced across the table at his friend.

"Well, Jimmy, you priceless old relic," he laughed, "what's the latest news from the Coast?"

The two men were dining at a new and rather gorgeous cafe on Fifty-fourth Street, much frequented by the notables of the stage and screen world. Left to himself, Tony would doubtless have sought his favorite haunt, an obscure chop-house, at which the quality of the cooking was in inverse ratio to the decorations, the scenery, but to his old friend and brother
"You'll hit the ceiling when I tell you," said Reese in reply to Tony's question about Irene's latest victim. "None other than your respected chief, Lew Davidson." Tony stared incredulously. "It's a fact," added Reese. "He'd only arrived that morning, but the beautiful Irene was right on the job with every hook freshly baited."

director, Jim Reese, a trip to New York, after two years in Hollywood, was something of an event, to be celebrated accordingly.

"Nothing particularly startling, Tony," his companion replied, spearing at the hors d'oeuvres. Romain has left the Royal, as I suppose you know, and formed a producing company of his own. And Jessica Duvall has split with Milt Rubin again—this time for good. [continued on page 126]"
WALTER HIERS walked smilingly into our office the other day, handed me this one and then dodged out just in time to miss the ink well.

He: "Who was that lady I saw you walking down the street with yesterday?"

Him: "That wasn't a street, that was an alley."

THESE very learned, serious-minded professors from Columbia and the University of California were visitors at the United Studios—

They were there in the interests of science—

A real ape was to act for the movies and her mate was to be a make believe ape, our old friend Bull Montana, if you please.

The scientists were eager to know whether or not Bull's make-up would fool the ape.

Bull was hoping the ape wouldn't be fooled. The director of "The Lost World," in which man and monkey were working, was hoping she would.

There was a tense moment—

The scientists held their breath as Mary, the ape, stepped forth.

She spied Bull—

Closer to the impostor drew the ape.

Bull felt Mary's hot breath as she thrust her jaw toward him.

For an instant she gave him the once over. Then out flashed her hairy paw.

"To strike him?"

To embrace him?

No! The paw dived into Bull's hairy covering and was withdrawn with—A flea.

Now, tell us, was the experiment a success?

EVEN now and then, something happens in Hollywood that shows that money isn't everything.

Take this case of Milton Sills and "The Rubaiyat." It is a picture upon which Ferdinand Earle has been working for more than three years and which has met with more than the usual share of tribulation, due mostly to business differences among the stockholders.

Ferdinand Earle contended that the star should be Ramon Novarro, while some of the stockholders, whose knowledge of the picture business was not so great as was their personal admiration for Frederick Warde to whom they paid a salary of $1,000 a week, insisted that Mr. Warde should be made the star.

Milton Sills, who is one of the highest-salaried, if not the very highest-salaried leading man in pictures, was so concerned about the troubles of his friend, Earle, that he volunteered to cut the picture for him and this he did, although the job required several weeks of time which he could have sold to any producer in the business for a very high figure.

He cut the picture, Louis Weadock titled it and Charles Wakefield Cadman wrote the incidental music for it. Sills refused to accept a cent for his services.

But he has the satisfaction of knowing that he did a job of cutting which has won the admiration of all the professional cutters in Hollywood.

Just before leaving for New York to help Elsie Ferguson make "The Swan," Adolphe Menjou posed with his mother and wife, who was severely burned when flames attacked their Hollywood home.
and Gossip East and West

EVIDENTLY Marguerite De La Motte has taken her dice to the Vitagraph lot for good.

She is now working in her third consecutive picture for Commodore J. Stuart Blackton and her inseparable companions, the galloping dominoes, are with her.

During walks between scenes the spirituelle Marguerite always entertains herself with the cubes, never playing against anybody else but confining herself, to her own little game of dice solitaire.

Although she’s been at it for several years she has not yet figured out whether she’s ahead of herself or behind.

JIMMIE HORNE, who has been directing the dare-devil stunt man, Richard Tal- madge, managed to get a lot of fun out of his little brown hat around the F. B. O. studios.

To the outward eye this skypiece of straw is just like any other skypiece of straw. It has a band and a label and everythin’ and Jimmie Horne wears it cocked over his ear in that same easy, negligent manner in which Jim Cruze wears his cap. But there are hats and then again there are hats. Horne’s lid is a trick.

Douglas MacLean found it out the day he and Horne met for the first time since Horne directed him in “The Yankee Consul.”

“Nice hat, Jimmie,” commented the comedian.

“Terrible hat,” said Horne; “I’m going to throw it away.”

Whipping it from his head he hurled it against the brick wall. “Wham” went the hat. It was steel.

Horne says he gets more fun out of the hat than he’s had since he and Del Andrews collaborated on directing “The Hottentot.”

C. D. LANCASTER and Joseph Ashurst Jackson, former president of the Wampas and author of several successful one-act plays, have just completed “Tough Luck,” described as “a three-act play in the American language,” and the script is now in the hands of a Los Angeles producer. A Los Angeles premiere is planned for “Tough Luck,” which is a sympathetic interpretation of small town life.

While on a location trip at Big Bear Lake, one of Southern California’s most beautiful mountain resorts which is often used as background for photoplays, Wallace MacDonald lost a diamond valued at $1000. The stone was loose in its setting and MacDonald believed he lost it in the lake while swimming.

He was leaving for Hollywood the following day and so posted a notice of his loss and offered a reward of $250 for the return of the diamond.

Three days later in Hollywood, Mac-Donald received the following telegram from a Big Bear municipal official:
"For the Lord’s sake, recall your reward
Four-fifths of population of this city is spending
its time diving in the lake from morning
until night."

IT'S safe enough for a girl to announce her
engagement when the wedding has already
taken place—and a fairly wise move if she
wants to keep it secret.

Agnes Ayres was secretly married to S.
Manuel Reachi, attaché to the Consulate
General of Mexico, at San Francisco. The
wedding took place on Mexican soil, in a
small town near the border, at the beautiful
home of friends of the bridegroom, it is un-
derstood.

The reason for the quiet wedding was
that Miss Ayres was in the middle of a picture
with Director Paul Powell, and she wanted
to avoid disturbance and publicity until after
that was completed and she and her hand-
some new husband had left upon their honey-
moon.

The two met last October at a dinner party
given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eyton
(Kathlyn Williams) at their home in Holly-
wood, but the romance only began a few
weeks before the wedding, upon Agnes'
return from New York. The wedding took
place soon afterwards, and then the engage-
ment was announced.

Agnes, who is as much in love as any school
girl and admits she has never been so happy
before in her life, and her adoring young
husband expect to take a fairly long honey-
moon—between Agnes’ pictures. Reachi
wants to run over to Europe for the five
weeks, but Agnes wants to see his home in
the City of Mexico—and they haven’t de-
cided yet.

PRETTY little Marian Nixon, leading woman
for Hoot Gibson, owns a dog named Brownie,
which has been her pet for eleven years.
Brownie is a regular member of the family and
in order to guard the dog’s future to case any-
thing should happen to her, Miss Nixon has
opened a savings account in Brownie’s name.
There is now five hundred dollars lying in the
bank to his credit, which makes him one of the
richest if not the richest dog in Hollywood.
Since hearing the news, Brownie refuses to
bury his bones against a rainy day and insists
on real steak instead of dog meat.

Harry Langdon once played in a medio-
icine show. He enacted an old miser,
did a slack wire act and sold cheering
toofy after the final curtain. Now he is
featured in Sennett comedies, his latest
being “The Hansom Cabman.”

Ben Turpin, Mack Sennett’s comedian
with the shimming eyes, is laid up in the
Hollywood hospital with a broken ankle. This
expert at falls didn’t receive his injury while
working, strange as it may seem, for he takes
plenty of chances and punishment while mak-
ing a comedy. He just slipped on a grease spot
in his garage and fell, breaking a bone in his
ankle. And Turpin is a man who thought he
could take any kind of a fall without injury.
Reminds us of the young British ace who had
been in the air throughout the entire world
war, downed many a German plane and came
through the perils of the air service without a
single injury, only to be run over by a Ford and
killed two days after his discharge from the
army.

Dorothy Devore is blushingly ad-
mitting to her many friends in the picture
colony that she is soon to become the bride
of N. W. Mather, wealthy San Francisco and
Honolulu theatrical man. The romance is
the outcome of Miss Devore’s recent deser-
tion of the screen for musical comedy, for it
was while she was on tour with her company
that she met Mather, who was best man at
the wedding of Frank Keenan, veteran actor,
and Miss Margaret White, twenty-four year
old music teacher, which took place in
Honolulu recently.

Freed of her matrimonial bonds, Mrs.
Chester M. Bennett, who before marriage
was Gladys Tennyson, one of the most
beautiful of the Mack Sennett bathing
beauties, will again don her bathing suit and
disport herself around the Sennett plunge.

And Chester Bennett’s loss should prove
doesn’t fans’ gain, for bathing comedies are
not considered complete without Gladys.

When Miss Tennyson married Chester
Bennett, a motion picture director, she gave
up her art and laid aside her bathing suit.

Later, however, she decided that married
life with Chester wasn’t quite worth the
sacrifice and she brought suit for divorce.

There’s the couple were reunited.
Again Gladys filed suit for divorce, was
granted a decree, and will return to the
screen.

The work fever seems to have seized
Hollywood. The actors and directors are
now talking about forming a union, and de-
manding time and a half for overtime and all
that sort of thing. Just what it’s all about
nobody seems to know, but pictures in eighteen
to twenty-four days, work all day and all night,
Sunday and holidays, seem to be the order of
things just now.

The other day we met Florence Vidor, Mrs.
Wallace Reid, Jack Gilbert, Norma Shearer,
Conrad Nagel, Conway Tearle, Alice Terry,
George Archainbaud, Lillian Rich, Constance
Talmadge, Ronald Colman—oh, any number of
people, and they all worked from nine
o’clock one morning until four or five or even
seven the next.
And rebellion was in the air, believe me. There are going to be a lot of new contracts—no work after six o'clock and no Sunday work—such as Wallace Berry insists upon, drawn up by actors who are in demand. If the producers don't stop that sort of thing.

FOLLOWING close on the heels of the robbery of the home of Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller, burglars entered the residence of Norma Talmadge and escaped with jewelry valued at $3,000. Hollywood police believe there is an organized gang preying on the homes of the picture stars.

In looting the Talmadge home the burglars were frightened away before they could make off with $80,000 in jewelry kept in a wall safe.

Forcing their way through a window on the ground floor, the burglars, who evidently had a map of the house, went directly to the star's bedroom. Miss Talmadge, however, was sleeping on an outside porch. Breaking open the drawer of her dressing table, they obtained a $7,000 jade necklace and other valuables.

They then located the wall safe but were frightened away by the sound of Frederick Talmadge, the star's father, who was awake and moving about in his room.

Mary and Doug are back home again. Although Hollywood may not see them very often, it's awfully happy to realize that they are once more at Pickfair, settling down to home life and hard work after six months of travel abroad. And it's so nice to realize that no matter how many kings and queens she met, or how many duchesses entertained her, or how the crowds thronged to cheer her, Mary is always just the same.

I happened to see them in New York at one of the most successful plays running there this season. Mary, in a quaint and delightful little frock of ivory-satin, with her curls caught about the back of her head, and her face half hidden behind a big fan. No one recognized the famous pair, and they seemed to be enjoying their moments of quiet very much indeed.

On top of their return comes the tremendously interesting announcement that Mary is to do a screen version of "Cinderella." "I've done it in every other guise," she said. "And the other day Douglas said, 'Mary, why don't you do the real 'Cinderella,' the fairy story?' and it delighted me at once."

So "Cinderella" will be her picture after the next one.

There is a possibility that Douglas may direct her next story, not yet selected.

For "Cinderella"—she is planning all sorts of delightful camera effects, as well as a really strong, dramatic story. And I have never seen Mary so happy about anything.

"As a woman," she said the other day, "I am contented—supremely contented, maybe almost too contented. As an artist—no. I want to grow so much yet."

Which is a wholesome thing for many of our young screen artists to read—those who have an idea they are about perfect already.

BETTY BLATHY knows that the designing of men's and women's clothing is two entirely distinct crafts. In making this costly discovery, Betty proved to the Hollywood screen colony that she possesses a keen sense of humor—so keen, in fact, that she is able to laugh when the joke is on Betty Blythe.

Samuel Goldwyn recently gave a costume ball and all of the scintillating lights of the colony were there. The fair Betty had a bat costume designed by one of Hollywood's leading gown makers for the occasion. It had black wings and dainty trouserettes. It was stunning and Betty, was delighted.

But—the woman designer knew little of trousers and the evening turned into a near tragedy, instead of a triumph, for Miss Blythe.

When she reached the ball she made the startling discovery that the trouserettes—simply wouldn't let her sit down. So Betty was forced to dance every number and encore and when there were no dances she just hung herself up against the wall.

Mr. and Mrs. Gallico were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills at the Hollywood Athletic Club just before the famous pianist and his wife left for New York.

Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Earle, Mr. and Mrs. Montague Glass, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hertz, Mr. and Mrs. George Irving and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett.

Preceding the dinner a brief musical was given at the Sills' beautiful Hollywood home, in which Mr. Tibbett, of the Metropolitan

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79.

| Under the dome of St. Peter's, Ramon Novarro stopped to pose after a visit to the Vatican, where he received the Papal blessing before starting on "Ben Hur" |
|---|---|
| Adela Rogers St. Johns wrote "Broken Law" and Mrs. Wallace Reid is to appear in it. Standing with the food mothers are Betty Reid and William Irwin St. Johns, Jr. Seated are Billy Reid and Aileen St. Johns. Altogether they make a harmonious family picture, don't they? |
Confessions
made by a
Star-Producer

Charles Ray
bares woes he encountered
in his work

Nearly $600,000 was spent by Ray on "The Courtship of Myles Standish," in which Enid Bennett played Priscilla. It was not the success the star-producer expected out of such a huge undertaking.

"I told Mr. Ince that I wanted to start my own grocery store," said Charles Ray in explaining how he quit a sinecure to become his own producer. Mr. Ince laughed but proved a loyal friend in the trying period that followed.

I KNOW I have been called stubborn, self-willed, bull-headed, presumptuous, "a fool and his money," a know-it-all-guy, and all sorts of harsh and uncomplimentary things, simply because after seven years of professional work under the guidance of one producer—and good guidance, too!—sticking pretty closely to one type of portrayal, I felt an overwhelming urge to "do something different."

I was not like an ex-district attorney of New York County who used to look wistfully out over the marvelous panorama of New York harbor, with its moody waters and romance-laden vessels, from his eyrie on the twenty-eighth floor of a skyscraper on lower Broadway, and envy the man who was bringing a big liner safely over the bar. He always wanted to be a sea captain and declared he would rather be able to take a big liner in and out of port and pilot her around the world than to try all the celebrated (or notorious) criminal cases in the world.

Nor was I like the defeated hero in Philip Barry's Harvard prize play, "You and I," who suppressed a desire to paint pictures for the more practical pursuit of selling soap.

From the time I was a small boy the theater was my palace of dreams, to be a mime my steadfast ambition. That, no doubt, is one reason I "got somewhere" in my chosen work at a comparatively early age. Starting my own productions was never with the thought of giv-
"I can paint with a broader brush and stronger and sure stroke any characterization required of me," said Ray in explaining the renewal of his connection with Ince. "He is shown in his delineation of "Dynamite Smith," the first to be made under what is called the "resumption period."

"The Cabinet" was the first great success made by Ray under the direction of Thomas Ince. No one will ever forget the memorable scene between Ray and Frank Keenan. The picture was followed by others that stamped genius on the young man's acting and won him considerable fame.

ing up acting, temporarily or ultimately. On the contrary, it was that I might do more acting, a greater variety of acting, in characterizations I knew I should never be allowed to touch under management. In other words, as my own employer I could "take a chance" on myself to "get away" with stories radically different from those I had become identified with; whereas it would be unfair, and indeed useless, to ask a producer to allow me to do a story on which he might, if lucky, break even, when he had in hand a story on which he could roll up hundreds of thousands.

Neither was it on the theory "if you want a thing well done, do it yourself." My old stories had been admirably done, to the satisfaction of everybody. It was simply that the only way in which I could work out certain ideas which had been hammering at my brain for years, was to find the capital to back them myself. Call it ambition, restlessness, anything you like, but I had the desire for new experience and new expression which I could not help, and it had nothing to do with making money.

Mine was no precipitate departure, however. Mr. Ince and I talked the matter over many times, and naturally he tried to dissuade me, not because he would lose a box office attraction—he could always promote someone else—but because he was really fond of me, and knew how hard it was for even an experienced swimmer to breast the fluctuating financial tides and hold his own against the occasional undertows, or panics, which sometimes beset the motion picture business. I always explained that I must "start my own grocery store," which made him laugh; but he finally understood that I must try my luck, so he let me go and wished me success.

In my very first picture I was suddenly and fearfully thrust up against stern reality with a loss in the making of ninety thousand dollars. This was caused mainly by rain, which washed one of my sets down and rendered the dirt roads in such a condition as to not match up with previously shot scenes in the same sequence. This blow was staggering. Only pride made me go on.

Faced with this deficit I jumped into the next picture with the determination of a prize-fighter, dazed by a terrific blow by his opponent. I sacrificed time between pictures, worked night and day, hoping to offset to some extent my losses—precious time which should have been taken for rest and mental relaxation.

The third and fourth pictures were finished, and still no decided change for the better financially. In addition, the burden on my head to pick stories, give them out for reading, read them myself, and confer concerning their merits. The cutting of film, the hurrying to ship it on date of contract, the fear of default and its penalties, always being warned by my attorney of the things I should [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]
She Bluffed Her Way Into Pictures
and then caught up with her bluff

She took a chance—and now she is one of the most popular young leading women in the Hollywood colony, an acknowledged beauty in the place where beauty is a drug on the market, and was selected as one of the Wampas' "Thirteen Baby Stars of 1924."

Her name is Lillian Rich, and three years ago she arrived in Hollywood from London, where she had been the ingenue with Harry Lauder in his musical comedy success, "Three Cheers."

In London she had gained recognition both for her good looks and her dancing ability.

In Hollywood she didn't know a soul, had never had a screen test and soon found that it took more than looks to get over on the screen.

But Billie Rich, as she is called, did have more than good looks. It developed that she had nerve and plenty of it. Also it must be confessed she had some good luck.

With a few hundred dollars in the bank, Billie Rich decided she would not play extras but would try to get a bit before she was starved out. And before the bank balance was entirely a thing of fond memories (as is so often the case with the young and ambitious) she got her chance. A girl who could really dance was needed for a small part, and Lillian proved she was the girl for the part.

This decided her that one must specialize to succeed. Since that time Billie has become "the girl who can do anything." Some might call her a "bluffer," but she has made good on every bluff.

Following her first small part, fortune favored her and she was given a lead with H. B. Warner under Henry King's direction. She acquitted herself credibly in this, her first real chance.

A short time later she was selected to play leads with Hoot Gibson in roles requiring horsemanship. They wanted a girl who could ride and this was one of the reasons they selected Miss Rich. You see she was specializing.

"Frankly, my knowledge of horses had been confined to those I saw pulling London cabs, but I had decided I must specialize," confesses the fair Lillian.

"So, when they asked me if I could ride, I promptly chipped up that riding was one of the best things I did. And it was—eventually. I had more than two weeks in which to learn to ride before starting work and from then on my life was just one round of thumps, falls and aching muscles acquired in surreptitious practice. I caught up with my bluff and it seems to me I have been doing so ever since."

Shortly after the picture was started the unsuspecting director pronounced Hoot's new leading woman one of the best equestriennes in Hollywood.

Then along came Laurence Trimble looking for a featured player for Strongheart's picture, "The Love Master."

"Could Miss Rich handle skis? Oh, sure. One of the best things she did."

But when the company arrived on location at Banff, Canada, more than a thousand miles from Hollywood and other leading women, it was found that Billie didn't even know how to put on the treacherous runners. [continued on page 101]
Beautiful Cleo Madison, after an absence of several years, finds that she is an "old-timer" and is relegated to play mother roles and characters.

Below is a picture of Miss Madison in "The Troy of Hearts," a picture that put her at the top of the list with Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet and others.

Former Top-notch Comes Back

By Ivan St. Johns

There are a good many "rags to riches" stories written about the motion picture industry. The glitter of great screen successes has lured half the world to envy and much of it to try its luck in the new gold rush. But just the same there are a lot of little wordless tragedies written beneath the surface that nobody ever hears about—a lot of heartaches, a lot of disappointments, a lot of secret tears. The rising stars that flame comet-like across Broadway's Milky Way are greeted with adulation and excitement, but the waning star flickers out in the silent places.

For instance, not so many years ago the name of Cleo Madison was one to conjure with. When she made "The Troy of Hearts" she set a new record for the early picture-makers to shoot at. She belonged at the top of the list, along with Mary Pickford and Florence Turner and Blanche Sweet.

Rex Ingram recently told the editor of Photoplay that he considered her the greatest natural actress on the screen.

Today, Cleo Madison is an "old-timer," a "veteran," and she is relegated to play mother roles and characters.

And she is only twenty-nine years old. Funny, isn't it? You see, when she was Universal's biggest bet, Cleo Madison had to look as old as possible. That was before the days of the flapper, and a leading woman had to be a woman. She had to be able to play anything from extra heavy vampires to Indian princesses and prim school ma'ams. Types were unknown, beauty wasn't so terribly important, and a star had to be versatile or nothing.

So pretty seventeen-year-old Cleo Madison put her hair up in the most dignified fashion, wore her mother's dresses to make her look older, and called herself all sorts of ages to get by.

It isn't so difficult to remember when Blanche Sweet played Dorothy Gish's mother, and when Mary Pickford did heavies, is it?

Out at Universal, the old-timers tell me that Cleo Madison was considered the best actress and the best all-around motion picture star in the business. She directed her own pictures when necessary and wrote the script as well. One of them was a story called "Black Orchids," written by a young man named Rex Ingram. Cleo Madison played the part recently made famous by Barbara La Marr, when Mr. Ingram re-made the story under the title "Trilling Women."

After a few successes on the
THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

The Shadow Stage
A Review of the New Pictures

THE ALASKAN—Paramount

This story of he-men in the Alaskan wastes isn’t what it should be. True, the James Oliver Curwood story is not especially inspiring as a celluloid thesis but, with Thomas Meighan in the leading rôle, it should have panned out better. The story, not well developed, has many scenes dragged to unnecessary length to get footage. Meighan is a heroic figure bucking all the “interests” and trying to protect a beautiful wife from her scoundrelly husband. The backgrounds of snow-capped mountains are beautiful, indeed they score the hit of the picture. Another, and lesser hit, is won by Frank Campeau in a comedy rôle. On the whole, this is something of a disappointment, but we cannot expect Tommie to perform the impossible by making a great picture every time.

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK—Fox

EASILY the best picture of the screen month. This adaptation of Jules Eckert Goodman’s play, in turn based upon John Fleming Wilson’s story, has a strong and sustained interest. True, it grows a bit murky at times when it slips to the dregs of Shanghai, but its force is unmistakable. Harry Potter, the spoiled son of a wealthy father, is finally cast off by his family. He slips down the scale, drifting across country. In Frisco he picks up a little cabaret dancer and for the moment he totters upon the edge of regeneration. But he slips again and next turns up in a Shanghai dope den, where he is confronted once more by the dancer. She, too, has given up the struggle. To them both comes the realization that they must fight fate and so they move back to Honolulu, where a kindly sea captain gives Potter the job of running his pineapple plantation.

It is here that the two win their battle of redemption and the old millionaire, who has been watching his son’s struggle with life from afar, brings the two back to New York and happiness.

The honors for the success of “The Man Who Came Back” are pretty evenly divided. Emmett Flynn’s direction is excellent, although he introduces a bit too much of brutality, and Edmund Goulding’s script is developed with fine technical skill. But the outstanding things of the production are the performances of Dorothy Mackaill and George O’Brien as the fighters against fate. Miss Mackaill gives a particularly fine portrayal of the girl, Marcelle, a characterization that is actually one of the big things of the screen year.

O’Brien handles the boy in fresh and vigorous fashion. He will bear watching.

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Vitagraph

This Rafael Sabatini romance naturally bears a resemblance to his “The Sea Hawk.” It is of the old roysterling days of the seventeenth century and revolves around a series of sea fights. However, its action lies in and about the Barbadoes and its story revolves around a young Irish physician sold into slavery for a political offense. At Bridgetown, Barbadoes, a romance develops between the handsome slave and the niece of the military governor. Captain Blood gets his Arabella after he saves Port Royal from the French fleet in a sea battle in which miniatures are sunk with awe-inspiring abandon. Still, this version, although it is obviously handicapped by a lack of money in production, has considerable color and vitality. It is splendid entertainment.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK
THREE WOMEN CAPTAIN BILLY
IN HOLLYWOOD WITH POTASH AND PERLMUTTER
THE ALASKAN OPEN ALL NIGHT

The Six Best Performances of the Month

DOROTHY MACKAILL in “The Man Who Came Back”
GEORGE O’BRIEN in “The Man Who Came Back”
PAULINE FREDERICK in “Three Women”
JETTA GOUDAL in “Open All Night”
GEORGE SIDNEY in “In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter”
NORMA SHEARER in “Empty Hands”

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page

THREE WOMEN—Warner Brothers

This story, produced by Ernst Lubitsch, is a sophisticated one: the emotional struggle of a woman and her grown daughter over a man. One is a widow, world weary, afraid to grow old and a typical lover of love. The other is young, just out of school, viewing life through the rose eyes of youth. The girl wins the man, himself a bored player with life, but into their life comes a third woman, a typical flirtatious charmer. The story suddenly dips into tragedy when the older woman, the mother, takes matters into her own hands and shoots the philandering husband of her daughter.

Not a savoy tale, this, and yet told smoothly and easily by Lubitsch. There are times when the director has his minor characters, as the money-lenders, acting in a too Continental fashion. Indeed, the whole viewpoint permeating the picture is European. This may mitigate against its success, but there is a superb performance of the older woman, by Pauline Frederick, to lift it right up to the heights.

This performance by Miss Frederick is well worth seeing. It is limned with a fine understanding of life and colored with gripping fire and force. The remainder of the cast is more than adequate, with May McAvoy as the daughter, Lew Cody as the husband, and Marie Prevost as the third woman.

We offer “Three Women” to our readers with reservations. It is not a picture for the whole family. But, as a variation of the emotional triangle, it is an interesting and above-the-average effort, well directed and well played. And Miss Frederick’s work in this film is worth going miles to see.

OPEN ALL NIGHT—Paramount

We present this story of Parisian night life to our readers with many reservations. It is frequently a bit soiled in its attempted sophistication and there are times when it will be downright offensive to the average theater-goer. Paul Bern, the director, apparently intended to be daring at any cost. This is credited to Paul Morand’s short stories as a basis but very little of Monsieur Morand remains. Still, “Open All Night” gets a place here because of its novelty. Therese Duterrau has grown tired of her ever gentlemanly husband and, longing for a cave man, she sets out to win the six-day bicycle racing hero of the hour. But Therese is soon cured of her longing for a primitive lover and she returns to her Edmond. Jetta Goudal’s performance of the racer’s real sweetheart has high interest.
OVERRAPPELED story based upon Mary Roberts Rinehart's novel of a famous surgeon who gives up everything when he fancies himself guilty of carelessness. The man slips away, falls in love with a young nurse and only reveals himself when an operation is necessary to save a life. Then he finds himself vindicated. The direction of Harry is loose and old-fashioned.

**K—THE UNKNOWN—Universal**

**EMPTY HANDS—Paramount**

ANOTHER variation of the desert island story, with a young engineer and a spoiled daughter of jazz isolated for months in a Northwestern river ravine from which there is no escape. Discarding one-piece bathing suits and wearing fur make-shifts cures the spoiled gal of her distorted view of life. Jack Holt is the he-man who knows the wilderness like an open book and Norma Shearer is the girl.

**IT IS THE LAW—Fox**

MR. EDWARDS deserves commendation for his direction of the screen version of the successful stage play. Another melodrama of the triangle with plenty of suspense and thrills. Through jealousy a man becomes a fiend, committing murder that an innocent man may be condemned. Love alone alleviates the suffering that follows, until the mystery is cleared, then the climax—a surprise punch.

**MESSALINA—Film Booking Offices**

SPECTACULAR story of ancient Rome produced by Enrico Gauzzoni, who made "Quo Vadis." Revolves around the dissolute wife of the Emperor Claudius and is studded with intrigue, the vice of a crumbling empire, gladiatorial combats and chariot races. Typical Italian production with much profuse acting and many gesturing extras. A little difficult to follow.

**THE DESERT OUTLAW—Fox**

NOT much as a story but a Western melodrama with action galore. Here Buck Jones is a heroic prospector who saves a youth forced by circumstances to become an outlaw and wins the lad's sister. There's a fight between a sheriff's posse and desperadoes, a rescue from a runaway stagecoach and plenty of scenic beauty. Bob Klein stands out through his performance of a religious fanatic.
AN idea pilfered from "Black Oven," effective bits of worldliness lifted from "A Woman of Paris," and this heavy and luxurious melodrama of rejuvenation is thrilling and amusing box-office sex-hokum. Anna Q. Nilsson is lovely as the aging actress who is rejuvenated and comes back without a sense of humor and a violent man-phobia, to fling herself into the arms of a once-hated seducer.

**VANITY'S PRICE—F. B. O.**

KATHLEEN NORRIS' story of two sisters, one vain and spoiled, the other self-sacrificing, somehow gets out of hand in its film development but, on the whole, it is fairly good. Clarence Brown has done considerable in humanizing the characters, but somehow the whole thing savor{s} of the Cooper-Hewitts. The cast seems very actory, although Ruth Clifford does the best work of her career here.

**BUTTERFLY—Universal**

CLIVE ARDEN'S novel succeeded "The Sheik" in British popularity. It is a romance of a man and a girl cast upon a desert isle from a wrecked plane. Beset by cannibals, they marry without benefit of clergy and plus the aviator's key ring. Obvious stuff and yet it has considerable romance. Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix are picturesque Crusoes, particularly Bebe at her lagoon bath.

**SINNERS IN HEAVEN—Paramount**

A HIGHLY amusing comedy of the ultra modern younger set, depicting a few new tricks. Arthur Merrill, a sophisticated cosmopolitan, following his scientific rejuvenation, centers his affections on a blase flapper. Attracted by his subtleties, she encourages him. The advent of her more righteous young suitor (who proves to be Merrill's son) brings the love theme to a dramatic climax.

**SINNERS IN SILK—Metro**

COLLEEN MOORE tosses her bobbed hair in a typical flapper role in this stage story, based upon Leroy Scott's "Counterfeit." The star plays an actress appearing in a drama stopped by the Better Plays Society. In retaliation she slips into the home of the head of the society, feigns amnesia and wins his heart. When she reveals herself, however, she finds that she loves the reformer.

**FLIRTING WITH LOVE—First National**

CIRCE—Metro-Goldwyn

Said to be an original film story by Blasco Ibanez. Of a girl who suffers at the hands of men drawn by her fatal fascination until she sets out to play ruthlessly with them in retaliation. A false opus, made doubly so by the extended affectations of Mae Murray, who is close-uped from head to knees all through the boring tale. We fear this will surfeit even the star's most ardent fans. [cont'd on page 102]
Odds & Ends
the Camera Caught

If the marines would make a call at a motion picture lot they wouldn't need to see the world. After looking at these photographs certainly no one could say the life of a film actor does not satisfy the craving for variety.

Geese are the most temperamental actors (rather actresses) before the camera, according to Del Andrews, training one for "Go-Getters".

"Daylight" at night is just about what the electricians obtained to photograph this set in "The Silent Accuser".

Hunting jack rabbits from autos became a popular sport out west several years ago, but it was left for the cameramen to "shoot" bulls from autos in taking scenes of a bull fight in "The Siren of Seville".
Frank Keenan, veteran actor, and his young bride, enjoying their honeymoon in the romantic atmosphere of Honolulu

Laura La Plant autographs Tom Geraghty's cast while his daughter, Carmelita, looks on.

Above—Too busy before the camera to play in daytime, Colleen Moore and Milton Sills turn to “night golf.” Ball, “hole” and “flagpole” are phosphorescent.

Left—Helene Chadwick’s Airedale, Tut, loses a tooth, with his fair mistress assisting.

Right—With his neck broken in two places as the result of a movie stunt, Richard Talmadge, daredevil, digs his garden, aided by a brace.
**The Romantic History**

**CHAPLIN REVELATIONS!**

A new and deeply inside view of the most important period of Charles Chaplin's screen career is here revealed for the first time. Its striking interest comes from the insight which it gives concerning the whole star-making process and the steps of which fame is built. Although Mr. Ramsaye keeps himself out of his own writings, it should be added that he was a confidential assistant to John R. Freuler through the period concerned and a party to some of the remarkable operations never told before. Read here how a wistful waif of the London tenements came into his kingdom.

JAMES R. QUIRK

By Terry Ramsaye

**Chapter XXXII**

In the days of 1915-16 the overlords of the motion picture industry were just beginning to learn how to cover the linen of the luncheon table with giant arithmetic.

The outstanding events of the period were the parries and thrusts of a revolution which was sweeping the established practices of the industry aside. A new spectacular rise of the stars was beginning as new standards of the art of making pictures were forcing extraordinary changes in the business of selling those same pictures.

The larger events of the time were the astonishing adventures and dramas of the New York film offices and directors' meetings, rather than the affairs of the studio.

The revolution in the motion picture world was born of the art, and it became a revolution instead of an evolution because the old masters of the business resisted the new masters of the art.

The public always will be served. In spite of all commercial safeguards and devices it will buy its pictures from those who serve the public most to its taste. No monopoly, however founded, can stand against this fact.

Adolph Zukor has been quoted as saying, "There will never be a monopoly in the motion picture business because there never can be a monopoly of brains." This great truism has not, however, prevented any of the contemporary film magnates from attempting the nearest possible approximation of monopolies of brains and screen abilities, whether said abilities consist of brains or legs.

From 1895 to 1908 the film chieftains fought for a control based on monopoly ownership of patents and film. Then for about five years more they made a fight on the basis of licenses to use those patents. Now the struggle was beginning to center in 1915 on the question of the merit of the pictures themselves. The industry had been mostly business and very little art. Now the art was becoming important and the business had to be made over.

In the years of 1915 and '16 the motion picture industry was re-shaping itself almost unconsciously to the newly discovered component of brains in the recipe of film concoction.

This we have seen come gradually with the slow steps of the art, beginning with the "story picture" idea in Edwin S. Porter's "The Great Train Robbery," amplified vastly in D. W. Griffith's broadening of screen technique, and lastly enriched with a new scope as the Loos-Emerson labors made the printed word in the subtitle a real element of the picture and not a mere make-shift and stop-gap for directorial omissions. Literature and pictures were fused together.

Prior to this period the motion picture industry had tried all of the common industrial tools of control and monopoly, mostly a matter of physical materials, physical processes and machine patents—everything but the brains.

Before the litigations by which the Motion Picture Patents Company, and its offspring, the General Film Company, tried to control the industry had come to their conclusions in court, the outlaw and maverick independents had

Charlie Chaplin and John Freuler, president of the Mutual Film Company. In 1916, Freuler paid Chaplin the record-shattering salary of $10,000 a week

Copyright, 1924, by Terry Ramsaye
of the Motion Picture

achieved a practical victory. They were doing business in spite of all manner of injunctions and law suits. Their power, which rose above the law, was based on the sheer fact that the motion picture was no longer a mere matter of raw stock and machines, as it had been before ideas on the screen became so overwhelmingly important.

The coming of the new order was indicated in many moves of the day. The Government suit under the Sherman act against the monopolistic tactics of the General Film Company resulted in a rather toothless decision which ordered the General to desist and refrain from its unlawful acts, whatever they may have been. The decision was far too late to mean anything in practical workings.

The General had been the instrument of piling up millions in profits in the five years before. Now it was through for reasons entirely outside its business. William Fox, pressing hard on his long standing case against the General, fought through by Gustavus and Selig Rogers, triumphed in a settlement for the sum of $300,000.

The Fox settlement betrayed the disintegration process going on in General. Nobody wanted to be president of the company, J. J. Kennedy had resigned and departed from the concern. George Kleine was elected president against his will and in his absence, Kleine, above all others, had opposed a cash settlement with Fox before fighting through to the last legal resource.

Yet he, as president of General, had to sign the settlement papers. He got even by refusing to contribute his percentage of the $300,000. In the same period the General Film Company settled a similar suit with ten exchanges, headed by the Chicago Film Exchange, for the same sum. It was therefore ten times as big a bargain. Foxx, as Kleine pointed out, had had film service all of the time he was fighting, while the ten exchanges of the other suit had been actually put out of business.

Meanwhile the patents litigation hung on, not to be settled until April 9, 1917, when the U. S. Supreme Court in the case of the Motion Picture Patents Company vs. the Universal Film Manufacturing Company held that the Patents company could not force the use of licensed film only, on patented projectors in the theaters. That was the end, after two decades of war, of the patents fights which had begun in 1897. This decision, like the rest, was really of no great importance. If the Patents company had won it could have collected large sums, but this would not have affected all the development of the screen.

A more specific and pictorial index to the situation is to be had from a conversation which at this time took place in the office of Kalem between Frank Marion, president, and William Wright, general manager.

"The business is going into

Here is the story of:

How the picture trust busted itself, and what became of the pieces.

How a picture on Florenz Ziegfeld’s piano got Billie Burke the title role in "Gloria’s Romance" and $150,000.

How Vitagraph came to sue Henry Ford for a million over "The Battle Cry of Peace."

How high finance and low cunning fought for a chance to give Charlie Chaplin a new job.

these long pictures. They tie up a lot of money and you take a chance," said Marion. "We will keep Kalem going as long as the short pictures last, and then we'll quit."

That was exactly what Kalem did. The last few months of this once famous concern were occupied with an attempt to convert it into a film laboratory for the service of the feature making independents.

And it was this Kalem which had brought to the screen Sidney Olcott, Marshall Neilan and Robert Vignola, celebrated directors of today, and among the stars Ruth Roland, Helen Holmes and Alice Joyce. When Kalem quit they went on.

Most of the old licensed film concerns, however, endeavored to catch step with the new pace. We have seen in earlier chapters how George Kleine of the licensed group was indeed one of the pace makers with his foreign made features beginning with "Quo Vadis," "Spartacus," "Cahibra" and the like. Vitagraph was also progressively busy across the pool reel process.

The utter futility of the old General Film Company, which grew up to sell pictures out of a horrid little coal from a bin, regardless of quality, now became painful, general. Could not distribute features. There were both organic and interior political reasons, too remote to discuss here.

Out of this situation the efficient V. L. E. S. was formed, being incorporated April 13, 1915, at Albany, to distribute the features represented in its list of officers: Albert E. Smith of Vitagraph, president; Sigmund Lubin, vice-president; William N. Selig, treasurer; George K. Spoor, secretary. Walter W. Irwin, a lawyer and brother-in-law of William Randolph Hearst, became the general manager of the concern. V. L. E. S. was a confession the "trust" had busted itself.

Kleine, who had had important plans for production of features in Italy, now upset by the world war, began to realign these plans for American operation and went into production, using the Biograph plant in New York. He now again had such a system of exchanges as he had sold to the General Film Company five years before. This became for a short period in 1917 the major component of yet another distributing system known as K. E. S. E., including Kleine, Essanay, Selig and Edison.

The last of the great serial projects appeared under Kleine auspices in this same range of development. In the late autumn of 1915 the Randolph Film Corporation was organized in Chicago, in many re-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]
A Million Dollars, a New Nose and Estelle Taylor

Movies are kind to Jack Dempsey the Giant Killer

Here is Jack Dempsey with his new nose and Edwin Hubbel, Wampus baby starlet. The fistic champion acquired a classic profile when a surgeon removed a piece of cartilage from his ear and inserted it in the pugilist's dented and upturned proboscis. Certainly, comparing this portrait with the one below, no one would object to the change— not even Firpo. It makes Jack look less dangerous.

Before the operation Jack's nose looked like something the riveters had been using compressed air upon. It was dented in the middle and turned up at the end. Despite the facial alterations, Estelle Taylor seems to have lost none of her affection for him, which Cal York tells about in Studio Gossip East and West. There's nothing like a new nose to make a man look dressed up.
Smooth-rosy-needs no separate polish remover

No wonder this liquid polish is a success!

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Mrs. Marshall Field urges women to give their skin the wisest care

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Incredible as it may seem, I knew Sylvester Simplex. How well I knew him may be judged from the fact that we lived right next door to each other. Sylvester’s father and my father were cell—I mean to say, playmates before us. Our mothers were the two foremost washer-women of Onion City; and in spite of the fact that they were rivals, were the best of friends. So it was natural, was it not, that Syl—I called him that—and I should grow up together. And so we did.

That’s Sylvester Simplex ‘way up there on the screen—you see him and you love him. But do you know him? Ah—do you really know Sylvester Simplex? No, you may thank God, you do not.

Syl had the reputation of being the brightest boy in town. At an early age he learned sleight-of-hand, and generously used to amuse the trades-people with his accomplishments. He was a good boy; he always brought home everything he could. His teachers, alas, never quite understood him.

How could they, poor simple souls, be expected to fathom the depths of genius which, even then, existed in Sylvester? They often grew impatient with their little pupil when he would make merry about the school room in such innocent little ways as sticking pins into the little children, drawing funny pictures upon the blackboards, and in other ways expressing the spontaneity, the exuberant spirits which, in later years, were to amaze the audiences in every portion of the inhabited globe, including California.

Syl was a great little help about the home. He saved his mother many a hard day’s work by playfully emptying her washtubs when she wasn’t looking. It was the dear boy’s only diversion.

For he was put to work very early. His father needed him. Simplex Senior was once the most famous acrobat in three states—in fact, he was always in great demand around that part of the country. He was forced to eke out a livelihood in Onion City, where his talents were never really appreciated. In this he was assisted by the small Syl. Syl kept watch outside while his father practiced climbing, jumping, etc., on the various porches of the city.

Syl developed a peculiar birdlike whistle which soon became familiar throughout the neighborhood, especially among policemen. What a pity the screen is silent, so that his audiences are deprived of this added accomplishment of the distinguished Simplex plan!

We—all of his friends—realized even then that Sylvester would make his way. Which way, we did not then know. Motion pictures were not as popular as they have since become. If we, his friends and I, had ever suspected that they would be, and that our own Sylvester would some day play in them, [continued on page 113]
Have you learned how to select your correct shade of face powder?

When you use the shade of face powder that matches your skin, you get the most natural and the most beautiful results.

When you use the shade of face powder that matches your skin, you get the most natural and the most beautiful results.

**Women** all have a keen appreciation of results. Every woman has a desire to improve her appearance when she uses cosmetics—and if she is clever, she will strive to make this improvement look as though it were a natural result rather than an artificial one.

One of the first things every woman should learn about the use of powder on her face and neck and shoulders is that the shade of her powder should match the color-tones of her skin.

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in four shades—a shade for every typical skin.

**Little hints in judging tones of skin**

I have prepared a few simple descriptions of typical skin-tones to provide a guide to women who are uncertain about their own skins.

If every woman would select her powder shades with the same care and discrimination she shows in matching materials for a new frock, the results would be most gratifying.

**The Medium skin.** It is not always easy to determine whether your skin is medium, for its tone is not determined by the color of either eyes or hair. Women with medium skins may have almost any shade of eyes or hair, but the actual tone of the skin makes the type.

Medium skins are warmer in tone than white skins, lighter in tone than olive skins, and less rosy than pink skins.

These skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. So many American women should use this particular shade, and it is so perfected in the Pompeian Beauty Powder that I would almost persuade every woman who has not a strikingly blonde or brunette skin to try Pompeian powder in Naturelle shade!

**The White skin.** We do not often see this white, white skin, though it still appears in rare types. Few women, even of these white-skinned types, should use a pure white powder. White Pompeian Beauty Powder mixed with Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder is frequently the answer to this need.

**The Pink skin.** Women with pink or flush-looking skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder. This only accentuates the pinkness. They should always use the pink tone of powder—the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

**The Olive skin.** The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder. This powder shade on an olive skin accentuates the color of the eyes, the red of the lips, and the whiteness of teeth. Pompeian Beauty Powder, 60c (slightly higher in Canada). At all toilet counters.

**The New Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact**

It comes in a round gift case—thin, of course, to avoid ugly bulging when carried in pocket or bag. The mirror in the top covers the entire space, to give ample reflection—and the lamb's wool puff has a satin top. The case is easily refillable.

Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact, $1.00 (slightly higher in Canada). At all toilet counters.

GET 1925 POMPEIAN PANEL AND FOUR SAMPLES

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 28 x 7½. Done in full color by a famous artist; worth at least 50c. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream, and Night Cream for only 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.

Pompeian Laboratories, 2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (dime, preferred) for the new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," and the four samples named in offer.

Name
Address
City, State

Shade of face powder wanted?

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
THE Radio Contest Editor is swamped! Thousands of film and radio fans have deluged him with suggestions for titles to Arthur Stringer's great radio romance, "The Story Without A Name," in an effort to share in the $5,000 cash prizes and wonderful radio sets.

After the October issue was on the newsstands, the letters containing suggestions multiplied so rapidly that the mail carrier fairly staggered with the loads he brought to the office. Additional employes were engaged simply to open the mail and file the suggestions in their alphabetical order.

Then the judges, James R. Quirk, editor of Photoplay, and Jesse Lasky, vice-president in charge of production for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, turned loose on them. And what a job they have! Thousands and thousands and more thousands of titles awaited their inspection. From the filing cases, stuffed to limit capacity, they were to find the title that will bring somebody $2,500 in cash. Also from those same filing cases were to come other titles that would mean lesser cash prizes and four splendid radio sets to their authors.

The judges will have plenty of work on their hands to select the prizewinners in time to announce their names for the December issue of Photoplay. But that is their job and they realize just what a man's-sized job it is.

The suggestions came from every state in the Union, from Canada, Australia and many countries in Europe, Mexico and Cuba were also represented by contestants. Never before has a contest aroused so much enthusiasm as the Radio Contest.

While there was a great deal of duplication in titles submitted, there was also a great versatility shown. Some of the contestants made it a rule to submit a suggestion every day. Others sent them in in bundles, one man submitting more than one hundred at a time. Altogether he must have sent in nearly a thousand.

Some of the contestants applied art as well as brains to the contest. One young woman, who sent in scores of titles, hand-painted each one on colored paper and added artistic decorations in the way of fanciful borders.

Other titles came in on paper that varied from the kind used by butchers and grocers to the daintily perfumed variety used by midday.

Men and women from every walk of life entered the contest. There were lawyers, doctors, dentists,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]
COMMUNITY PLATE

Silverware of Quality

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The soft charm and graceful lines of H. Jaeckel & Sons' furs have been for many years the choice of prominent actresses of stage and screen.

Many of these creations have been designed exclusively to express the wearer's own ideas and individuality.

Mr. Richard Jaeckel personally will be pleased to show you the new Winter models, which will be duplicated—or modified to meet your wishes—at special professional price concessions.

Here is Cecil B. De Mille's latest way of making himself heard when directing a large group of extras. He is the first director to use the radio loud speaker in his work, the picture being "Feet of Clay."

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

Opera of New York, sang, and Mr. Gallièro gave some piano selections. The latter appeared recently as soloist at a Hollywood Bowl concert.

CHARGING that her husband, Emory Johnson, producer and director, shows a great preference for his mother over his wife and family, that he drives a car and forces her to use either a street car or walk, and that he refuses to support her and their three little children, Ella Hall, well known screen actress, has filed suit for separate maintenance, in which she asks reasonable alimony and support and lists community property valued at $450,000.

THAT they are impersonating Tom Mix on the screen and are attempting to confuse the public, is the allegation of the Fox Film company in a suit brought to restrain the Art Mix Productions. The defendants, it is claimed, have employed one George Kesterson, a motion picture actor, once employed by Tom Mix, and they have used the name of the Art Mix pictures in such a way that they have deceived the public and that when looking at Kesterson, motion picture fans are led to believe they are looking at the one and only Tom Mix. The Fox people ask that the defendants be restrained from advertising the Kesterson pictures in such a way that the public believes they is Tom Mix acting.

SOME time ago, Irving Martin, an artist who had painted many of the backgrounds for the title work in Mary Pickford's pictures, became so ill that he was forced to quit work. He withdrew to a bungalow in a suburb of Los Angeles and devoted himself to the task of regaining his strength and health.

So far his progress has been very satisfactory and much of that progress is due to the fact that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford send him everyday from their estate. Pickfair in the Beverly Hills, all the rich cream, fresh milk, and fresh eggs that he needs.

THERE seems to be some subtle affinity between comedy and baseball. The Douglas MacLean organization is the latest outfit to become goofy over the national pastime. The star, his business staff, scenario department, and assorted visitors play ball every day at the F. B. O., studios in Hollywood, where they are making their pictures.

Over on the Buster Keaton lot the "Froze Faced Comedian" and his gang do the same thing at every opportunity.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]
How do you make your "D's"?

No two people make them alike and it's this difference that helps
Miss Louise Rice, expert graphologist, read character from handwriting

When others are ready for the chimney corner. If you fail to put the bar across the letter you will put off your life insurance arrangements until you have poor health and can't make them.

When handwriting begins to slide down hill—look out! You are either ill or about to be, or you are in such a wrong pew that nothing can go right. And if your writing goes kiting up toward the right-hand corner of the page you'd better get a business partner who is a pes-simist. He will help you put to practical use that unbounded enthusiasm and optimism which, alone, will wreck you.

These are things worth knowing, aren't they? These are the things which make all the difference between failure and success, happiness and misery.

I wish you would write me and just see what graphology has to tell you. If you wish that you knew what talents you ought to cultivate—let me help you. If business or social or family difficulties beset you, find out what the science of graphology can do for you.

I'm a real person. I've been helping people and interesting people and amusing people this way for twenty-two years and I hope that you will be the next person whose letter I will open.

Your Dealer Will Tell You How You Can Get
This Character Reading

The services of Miss Rice are available to all users of Crane's Linen Lawn and Eaton's Highland Linen. You can get the special graphology boxes of these famous writing papers together with complete details of the service and how to secure it, at all stores where good stationery is sold.
WALLACE BEERY always has about a week's growth of whiskers every time he has his picture taken. They don't seem to bother his bride, the former Arieta Gillman, screen actress, who gave up her career when she married the capillaceous (consult your dictionary) Beery.
Gray Hair Banished in 15 minutes

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.

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-23, will bring it to you by return mail so that you may select unerringly the shade precisely attuned to your individuality.
To Restore
the Loveliness to Feminine Footwear

WHEN Cinderella weaves a magic spell about all feminine footwear—loveliness need never fade. A touch of Cinderella restores all the glistening, silvery lustre to the daintiest of silver slippers—and preserves their charm and beauty.

Snowy whiteness is bestowed by Cinderella White Kid Cleaner while suede shoes are ever good to look upon—kept velvety soft and lovely by the Cinderella Suede Stick.

Let these Cinderella Products preserve your footwear and keep them looking smart and charming.

Sold by Better Stores—Everywhere

Guaranteed
Everett & Barron Co. Product

PARIS PROVIDENCE, R.I. LONDON

These Cinderella cleaners are but three of a dozen different products for restoring loveliness to footwear.
QUESTIONs & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of Photoplay to have questions about Photoplan Departiment. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for many long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing or personal employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.

BARS, WATERFORD, CONN. — "Tell you why all this talk about 'sex appeal.' What kind of an animal is it?" It is what makes a girl look longer at a snub nosed, sandy-haired boy across the aisle and more attractive than at the girl with the big blue bow in her hair, who sits at the desk in front. It is the dazzling light that nature throws into the eyes and calls it romance. You think a certain actress is "just horrid because though she may act well she has a face that is so rumpled and unpleasant." The part you see is the part she plays. Emotional actresses must make faces.

SIE, ST. LOUIS, MO. — "The part of France" whence Adolphe Menjou came is Pittsburgh, Pa., my sweet Sue. Sorry to disappoint the writer of a query on fetching bronze green paper. This is for the February, 1891. Compute it, ma chérie.

A RICH DIX FAN, ATHICON, KAN. — You are in a huge company, Janie. Dick Dix is claimed by St. Paul, Minn., which city has birth records. His city hall to back it up. The records mention July 8, 1895. Yes, in his thirtieth year. Aren't you bright? Your favorite actor is dark brown as to hair and eyes. Measured upward he is six feet. In poundage, one hundred and eighty-four. Your other favorite, Alberta Vaughan, is sweet and eighteen; part of Ashland, Kentucky's best crop. Her height is five feet, two inches. Like 'em so, Janie? She weighs six and one hundred pounds. Mae Murray has the dancer's weight, one hundred and fifteen pounds.

PENANCE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. — You think I am neither male nor female but a corporation. Wrong, Penance. Evidence that being on a diet makes one testy. Still, I'll forgive you. I have been on a few diets myself. Aren't they hateful? I like your system of reduction. You have "put a look mark at each page containing a photograph of Ramon Navarro and stacked the magazines accordingly. For every three pounds you lose you write down the publication and looking at all of his pictures. Sandow pulls off pounds by exercise. Ramon by charm. This is what I do. I have written a book in contest for a man's cloak. Barbara La Marr's mouth is the "loveliest on the screen." Maybe. There are many lovely ones. Shall we say there are none lovelier and agree?

LITTLE RUSSIE, TULSA, OKLA. — Straight from Russia, yet you have learned in a few months to like cakes, soda water and chewing gum. An adaptable young person, Little Russe. Carmel Meyers and Alma Rubens were both born in San Francisco, Calif. In the U. S. A., Right. Pola Negri still serves art under the Famous Players-Lasky banner.

C. B. S., NEW YORK, N. Y. — Anita Stewart's last picture was made with the Cosmopolitan Productions. I think that out of her sparkling amiability she would send you a photograph. Miss Stewart is of a delightful slimness, her proportions being, height, five feet five inches; weight, one hundred twenty-five pounds. Yes, Anna Q. Nilsson is still toiling for her art at the studios. Her height, though less than Nita Naldi's, but Junoesque, is five feet, seven inches. The scales record one hundred and thirty-five pounds of charm.

MARY JANE, WINDSOR LOCKS, CONN. — See statement at the head of this Department with reference to casts.

ROBERT, SALISBURY, N. C. — Thanks for the compliment, Bob. Most of the critics agree with you Gloria Swanson, old man. Her latest play is "Her Love Story." Thomas Meighan's age is forty-five. Looks twenty-eight. Richard Barthelmess attracted general attention as the melancholy Chinese lover in "Broken Blossoms." He was the hero of "The Bright Shavel." "The Enchanted Cottage" is his latest picture. He was cast to play the Romeo to Lillian Gish's Juliet.


AEREA, BELLECLAIRE, WEST FLA. — Norma Talmadge is the wife of her manager, Joseph Schenck. You go four times a week to the movies and if a Norma Talmadge picture is in you go your allotted four times to that in preference to any other pictures. A true blue fan, Aurora. Conway Tearle's wife is Adele Rowland, a singer. Mr. Tearle's age is forty-two.

LEAH, VINEVILLLE, OREG. — You think Jessie Love's name just suits her and you would place it on the lovely last syllable. Awful. If she should marry a man named Haight. I think she would write you from her place of labor, the United Studios, unless pictures press too hard. John Gilbert has reached that seamy age for a man, thirty-two years. Did you notice the name of the company that made his last picture? Look sharp for those names look up their addresses in the director of chief studios in the magazine, and write the poor old Answer Man on more interesting matters. Leah dear.

SILVIA, LE ROY, N. J. — Glad you haven't seen Richard Dix's name linked up with any one's, because you love him or think you do. And, anyway, "This is Leap Year and you're a right to tell me. Am I to be John Alden, Silvia? Tom Mix was born on a ranch near El Paso, Tex. Thomas Meighan's children are in inverse ratio to the number of his admirers, for he has no children. Richard Dix's weight is one hundred and eighty-four pounds. Trains hard to keep away from the dreaded hundred and fifty pounds. Helene Chadwick is what has been termed a "French blonde" for her eyes are brown and her hair is light. She is of stately height for a hundred and fifty pounds.

M. F. S., PROVO, UTAH. — Madge Bellamy reached voting age on June 30, 1924. Your other favorite, Betty Compson, attained it six years ago.

A. H., BROCKWAYVILLE, PENN. — Your curiosity about your favorite actor and actress is natural and should not be ungratifying to those players. Lloyd Hughes: Coloring, dark as to hair and greenish gray as to eyes. Height, six feet. Weight, one hundred fifty pounds. Helene Chadwick is what has been termed a "French blonde" for her eyes are brown and her hair is light. She is of stately height for a hundred and fifty pounds. Helene Chadwick is what has been termed a "French blonde" for her eyes are brown and her hair is light. She is of stately height for a hundred and fifty pounds.

G. B., GRAND FORKS, N. D. — George! George! You are of the alleged lordly male sex yet you cannot decide whether you most like Johnny Walker, Richard Dix or Richard Barthelmess. I think your favorite is Johnny Walker because you desire information of information about him. That straw blows Walkerdain. He was born in New York City in 1866. His height is five feet, eleven inches. Weight, one hundred and sixty pounds. Coloring, decidedly brunette. Married Renee Parker, a musical comedy star, seen in New York in the name role of "Fio Flora." Mr. Walker's more recent pictures are "Judgment of West Paradise," "Girls Men Forget!" and "Sinners In Silk."

SOPHOMORE, WHO WRITES WITH A STUB PEN, CHICAGO, ILL. — Born on Halloween in Shades of pumpkins and candles! James Kirkwood has been twice married. His first wife was Gertrude Robinson. His second is the present Mrs. Kirkwood, known to the screen as Lila Lee. Cullen Landis is without a wife at the moment. I wrote to them about the matter in private life, Mrs. Demarest Lamson. Constance Binney was born in New York but has lived for most of her few years in Philadelphia.

C. S., LOS ANGELES, CAL. — "Be truthful and publish only my initials, old dear." Arent I always truthful? I am the individual who reads. Mary Pickford's height is five feet. Marguerite Clark's is four feet, eleven inches—the screen's littlest girl. Want to compare your own with theirs, C. S.? 
Harold Lloyd not only has a baseball team but a handball crew as well and for this game he has built a private court at the Hollywood Studios.

BLITZ, Neal Burns' beautiful German police dog which was awarded the Photoplay Magazine Trophy for the best Shepherd Dog owned and exhibited by a motion picture actor or actress at the recent Hollywood Shepherd Dog Show, was killed in an automobile accident.

Burns quite often took Blitz with him to the studio and the animal was trained to remain at his master's heels. But on the morning of the accident, the comedian and his pet had been romping in front of the Christie studios and all rules were forgotten for the moment.

When their play was at its height, Blits made a dash out into the middle of Sunset Boulevard and under the wheels of a passing auto. The dog's neck was broken.

A ROMANCE which had its beginning during the filming of "The Sea Hawk," culminated in the marriage of Arleta Gillman of Astoria, Oregon, and Wallace Beery, famous screen heavy, at the Hollywood home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd.

Mr. Lloyd, who directed "The Sea Hawk," gave the bride away and Rev. E. E. Haring of the City Social Service Commission read the ceremony. The only other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Weller.

Although the couple's engagement had been announced several weeks before, no date had been set for the wedding. Miss Gillman, who has been in pictures but a short time, met Beery during the filming of "The Sea Hawk," in which she had a small part. Beery played the part of Capt. Jasper Leigh.

This is not Mr. Beery's first matrimonial adventure. In 1916 he and Gloria Swanson were married when they were both playing in comedies. They separated in 1917 and in 1918 the husband was granted a divorce on the grounds of desertion.

Mrs. Beery expects to give up her screen career to devote all of her time to her husband and home.

SEVERAL weeks ago Richard Talmadge, daredevil stunt man and motion picture actor, broke his neck.

"Two vertebrae are fractured," was the diagnosis of the physician who attended the unconscious actor at the Hollywood hospital.

"He has a fighting chance for recovery but we can hold out little hope."

Two weeks later I dropped over to the Talmadge home, having first called at the hospital and found that the actor was no longer a patient there.

I expected to find him in bed but instead was shown the garden, where I saw a chap busily at work with a spade.

"Can you tell me where I'll find Mr. Talmadge, the man with the broken neck," I asked.

"You're talking to him," said the amateur gardener. "What's a broken neck now and then anyway?"

And so it was.

With his neck broken in two places and owing his life to what medical men call a

---and now for those "three golden minutes" I call my own.

"The long, busy day over at last. And now for those 'three golden minutes' I call my own, when I wipe away all of the day's dirt and tiredness. Then my skin can function normally all night and by morning be fresh and radiant.

"I have found a cold cream that cleanses, revives and smooths out tired lines all at the same time; one of such panacae, doctors prescribe it—Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

"If you, too, will make it a rule never to let your face touch its pillow at night until your skin is thoroughly cleansed with this perfect cold cream—you'll notice a difference."

For sale at department and drug stores—the white package with the 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—Brush a coat of this luxurious cold cream over your face and neck.

II—Leave it on a minute or two.

III—Wipe off the cleansing cold cream with a soft cloth and finish with a dash of cold water.
HUNTLEY GORDON, Metro-Goldwyn player, companion actor to practically all of the cinema's most beautiful feminine stars, is perhaps the most gentlemanly type on the screen. In his clothes, as well as in his features, bearing and actions, he expresses the man of fashion, intelligence and good taste. Like all the well known screen stars, he finds it necessary to select his clothes with extreme care and he wears shoes that are finished with visible eyelets because visible eyelets are decorative, fashionable and absolutely essential for the correct appearance of his footwear.

When you buy lace shoes 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.
No more shine on nose or forehead

Such a wonderful new cream! Smooth just a touch of it over nose, forehead, chin. Instantly, the shine disappears. In its place, a delightful freshness; a soft, lovely finish.

This finish lasts for hours and hours; because Vauv does not just cover up shine, but actually corrects it—by absorbing excess oil and reducing enlarged pores.

It is also a perfect powder base. This means double protection, for Vauv keeps the shine off and the powder on!

Vauv is absolutely harmless. In fact, it is an increasing benefit. No fear that it will clog the pores. It cleanses them instead; for when it is washed off, it carries away all the impurities it has absorbed.

In just a week or two, if you have used it regularly every day, such an improvement—less and less trouble with enlarged pores, less trouble with such blemishes as blackheads!

Send for tube today

Vauv is now on sale at most drug and department stores, 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 for 10c we will send you a week's trial sample tube. THE VAUV CO. (for Jane Morgan), 241 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Richard Barthelmess is completing his West Point story, "Classmates," and is already making preliminary plans for his next production, which, we understand, will be a domestic story.

Barthelmess and his director, John Robert-son, "shot" a great deal of "Classmates" at West Point. Later on, for the staging of the big annual Camp Illumination dance, the West Point authorities gave special permission for a party of cadets to come to New York to be filmed. Moreover, they permitted them to bring their own girls as dance partners. So the camp dance, although staged at a New York studio, is romantically authentic.

The entire production of "Classmates" has been made with the full co-operation of the West Point officials. Indeed Major Henry B. Lewis, adjutant of West Point, has been present during the shooting of all the scenes and has himself played an important role in the picture. The final film will carry the endorsement of the government.

At the last moment it was necessary to substitute Madge Evans for Polly Archer as Dick's leading woman. Miss Archer was forced to undergo an unexpected throat operation and Miss Evans, who was a child star at Old World Film for some years, was given the part, her first grown-up role.

Proving that romance is not dead, Josef Swickard, who created the immortal father in Rex Ingram's "Four Horsemen," astounded his Hollywood friends when he eloped to Santa Ana, Hollywood's Hoboken, and married Miss Margaret Campbell, also well known in pictures. There was no need of an elopement—no irate father was pursuing—they just wanted to elope and so they did.

Quitting the set on which he was working early one afternoon and without revealing his plans to his most intimate friends, Swickard and Miss Campbell made a flying trip by motor to Santa Ana, where they were married by Judge Cox, the man who sent Bebe Daniels to jail for speeding. The ceremony was hasty, but Cox's parting words were:

"This may seem short but it's binding."

As soon as Swickard completed his work in the picture he was doing at the time of the marriage, he and his bride motored across country to Keams Canyon, Arizona, on their honeymoon. In Arizona they witnessed the snake dance of the Hopi Indians.

Richard Barthelson and Dr. Frank F. Barham, publisher of the Los Angeles Herald.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
FREE: 5 DAY TRIAL!
Send no money.
Simply clip coupon below.

Now
marcel your hair
beautifully
—in 5 minutes—at home!

An alluring wave guaranteed, bobbed or unbobbed
And the cost is but half a penny!

Coupon offers free 5-day trial

The loveliness of softly waved hair—
chic, alluring!—may always be yours, now. No more times, between waves, when
the curl has gone—when hair is not as pretty as it might be—when it is hard to arrange.

Now you can do as thousands of other
attractive girls and women do—whether
your hair is bobbed or long. Every day, if
you wish, have a fresh marcel. Right at
home—in five minutes! The cost is
actually about half a cent. It is a new
method, approved by hair specialists.

The coupon below offers you an opportu-
tunity to try it, without cost, for 5 days.

Send no money—simply clip the coupon.

An exquisite wave

This new way to keep your hair beauti-
fully dressed was perfected to do two things:
First, to give you a really professional wave
in a very few minutes at home; and second,
to reduce the cost.

You use the YVETTE Marcel Waver to
do it. Specially designed to impart an ex-
quisitely soft, but very distinct wave.

Simply attach it to an ordinary electric
light socket, as you would an old-style
"curling iron." But the YVETTE does what no "curling iron" could ever do.

First of all, it uses less heat. So cannot possibly
burn or injure the life and lustre of your
hair in any way. And this heat is applied by
a new principle, to all parts of all hair.
So it does not matter whether your hair is
dry and brittle, or whether it is very oily.
The YVETTE Marcel Waver gives a per-
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rounded, but a real, professional-looking
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In five minutes your hair is beau-
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evening—with little time
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to bother with hairdressers' appoint-
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Waver will actually save you from $40 to $50
over and above its slight cost! And it will last
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This unusual, new waver will delight you as it has
thousands of others. It was originally made to sell at
$10—which is really a low price, when you consider
the time and money to be saved. But we have deter-
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greater numbers, have just as large a business as ever.
So we make this amazingly generous offer.

Simply clip, fill in and mail the coupon below.
Don't send any money, unless you particularly wish
so. We will immediately send you a YVETTE
Waver. When the postman delivers it to your door,
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Keep and use the Waver for five days. Test it in
any way you see fit. Then, if you are not entirely and
completely delighted with what it does for your hair,
with the saving in time and money, just send it back
to us. Immediately, and without the slightest
questioning, we will mail back your $4.97.
Isn't that fair?

Just think what a pleasure it's going to be,
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waved all the time! And with enough money
saved to pay for several very lovely hats, a
new suit, or (heck!) Clip your coupon now.
Mail it today, sure.

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26 E. Huron St., Chicago.
Please send YVETTE Marcel Waver. I will deposit
$4.97 with postman when he brings it. You are to return
this $4.97 to me, after 5-day trial. I do not care to keep
the waver.

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This charm lies hidden in your hair

IN EVERY woman's hair lies a loveliness that has never been revealed—that can only be brought out by the proper care. When you use ordinary harsh, irritating, smelly soaps, you are covering up this charm instead of bringing it out.

Youthful love is all right, but the romance of middle age is the true romance, according to the bride.

The former Miss Campbell was a school teacher before she became a motion picture actress. "In making pictures," she says, "one learns to respect all ages. In looking at young love we hope those feeling this kind of love will understand our people muddled up and a cold sort, the truly serious purpose which underlies our lives at this time."

"I do not believe in divorce. It is the fruit of unpleasantness, and when I believe a thing is not good I do not mention it."

THE great Lubitsch has a genuine sense of humor, according to Adolphe Menjou, but Pola Negri says "No," it is simply history repeating itself.

During the filming of scenes in Miss Negri's next starring picture, "Forbidden Paradise," adapted from Doris Keane's great stage success, "The Cazana," Menjou, as the court chancellor, delivers a piquant bit of information by peering through the keyhole of a door.

Menjou's position in the role of "Jack the Peeker" was anything but comfortable. Lubitsch took the scene four times and then called for another re-take. So Menjou again doubled himself up and peered through the hole while the lights beat unmercifully upon him and the camera turned busily. After what seemed hours, Menjou decided something was wrong and turned to look. There stood Lubitsch, with the magazine which holds the film under his arm, and the camera, minus film, was grinning away.

"He played the same trick on me in Europe when we made 'Montmartre,'" said Pola. "He left me praying on a stone floor with the lights burning and the whole company stole away on tip-toe."

IT would seem that the influence of the motion picture is so wide-spread that it is having its effect even on police work, and that the jargon of the lot is being used by the police.

Here's one that Raymond Hatton tells.

A suspected bootlegger and his implements had been seized and brought before the desk sergeant.

"What'll I do with this?" asked one of the raiding party, holding up a tank with a bit of spiral copper pipe attached.

"Hold it for a still?" was the sergeant's answer.

DUSTIN FARNUM, favorite motion picture and stage star, and Miss Wilfred Kingston, who has appeared in his leading roles in many pictures, were married recently at the beautiful Farnum home in Hollywood. Only a group of intimate friends and members of the family attended the service, which was an informal one, and the bride and bridegroom left immediately afterwards for a honeymoon in the Yosemite and the High Sierras.

The friendship between Farnum and Miss Kingston, who has made for herself an interesting place in Los Angeles social and charitable circles, is an old one, and began when the pair first appeared in pictures together. Farnum had been separated from his first wife, a New York girl, for a number of years, but obtained a divorce from her only a few weeks ago in Reno.

Mrs. Farnum was a well known stage actress before she entered pictures. She no longer appears upon the screen, but devotes most of her time to charitable work among the Los Angeles institutions and to social life, in which she is considered a leader. She is an intimate friend of Mrs. Antonio Moreno.

The Farnums will live at the beautiful Farnum home, on the outskirts of Hollywood.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, for many years one of the greatest comedians on the American stage, has forsaken the footlights for the kleigs. When the curtain went down for the last time in Los Angeles upon "The Calliph," Hitchcock's most recent musical success, it went down probably for all time upon his stage career, one of the most brilliant of our time.

"Hitchy" is going into the movies in a series of domestic comedies for Sydney Drew. Irvin Cobb is to furnish the material and Jerry Storm will direct. Mrs. Drew, with her husband, Sydney Drew, was tremendously successful in that sort of thing, but since his death she has not returned to the screen.

Some time ago Hitchcock bought a gorgeous country estate in Benedict Canyon, near the Thomas H. Ince, Harold Lloyd and Frances Marion places, and he has wanted to retire and build himself a country place ever since. Now this offer to work in pictures with a skilful manner has determined his course. He is through with the stage. He will retire to Hollywood, make pictures, and be a country squire.

JACK DEMPSEY, the champ, has joined Hollywood's beauty chorus.

Following the 1927 wedding of Mr. Tom Mix, Helen Ferguson and others, he has visited the doctor and now has a new nose.

The cute little pug, which made so many feminine hearts flutter, is gone—at least until he has another championship fight, and in its place is a new nose of the same classical design as is worn by the most fashionable of screen leading men.

What Firpo and Carpenter, Gibbons and Jess Willard couldn't do for Dempsey, a Hollywood surgeon has done.

They took a piece out of Jack's ear and put it in his nose and as a matter of fact it is now not only hand-somer but much more practical. A certain tendency to an inward curve, in fact a rather marked tendency, has been removed and the Dempsey nose will hereafter be straight. At least it will be straight until some batter shows up who has class enough to muss it up for the champ.

They cut away a two-inch strip of cartilage from Jack's left ear, where he had plenty to spare, and with this cartilage bульк, the bridge of his nose until the depression was filled. The surgeon even placed a small piece under the tip of the nose, which he narrowed slightly. He then opened the nostrils so that Dempsey's breathing would be easier. Aside from increasing Jack's manly beauty, it is expected the operation will help his breathing when he is in the ring.

During his screen work for Universal, which contract has just been completed, the champ never appeared before the camera until a make-up artist was given a free hand, and the bridge of his nose with putty. Jack liked the effect so much that he has had it made permanent. And anyway putty melts so easily.

MRS. MARY CAREWE, divorced wife of the well-known director Edwin Carewe, is to be married soon to Perry Wood, wealthy and socially prominent young bachelor of Los Angeles.

And in the wake of that there is a tale that I think can be told now. It was of course expected that as soon as the Carewe divorce was final Edwin Carewe and Teddy Sampson would announce their engagement. Suddenly, when the time arrived, Teddy gave a gasp and remarked, "Oh, but I'm not going to get my divorce from Ford Sterling yet. I started it once, and forgot." So Teddy started to get her divorce.

But a suit brought about a great tragedy—Ford Sterling's mother died of heart failure in the courtroom—and Teddy called off the suit. Now Teddy says she isn't going to get married for a long time, and there is a very persistent rumor among her friends that she may become reconciled to Ford Sterling. Which is all rather intricate, but not without its entertaining features.

TWO very gorgeous Rolls-Royces paused side by side on Wilshire Boulevard the other evening. Two ladies leaned out, both fash-
Are the Chinese smarter than you are?

In China, as you probably know, the doctor receives his fee for keeping you well. When you get sick, his fees stop until you are on your feet again.

This method has been followed for centuries—the oldest method of preventive medication.

Modern methods suggest the systematic use of a safe, effective antiseptic that will guard you against infection and the many illnesses that follow.

Listerine, the safe antiseptic, serves ideally this way. Used regularly as a mouth wash and gargle, it proves an effective barrier against most of the more common germ diseases.

Have Listerine handy in your home and encourage your family to cultivate the systematic habit of using it. Many illnesses can be avoided in this way.

When you feel that first dry hitch in your throat on swallowing, which is the danger signal of sore throat, let Listerine guard you against more serious troubles.

Sore throat is a nuisance and usually comes at just the time you want to feel your best. By making Listerine a regular part of your daily toilet routine, you can usually avoid sore throat and often save yourself inconvenience and discomfort.

Listerine has dozens of other uses. Please read carefully the circular that comes with each bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.
The secret of lasting loveliness

A CLEAN SKIN is the basis of beauty and the one way to cleanliness is through the use of soap. But—and this is where the secret lies—it must be the right kind of soap. Scientifically blended from pure ingredients—Resinol Soap is free from all injurious properties, and satisfies the need of every skin. Soft, foamy and luxurious, its lather sinks into the pores and provides that thorough cleansing which promotes lasting loveliness. But soap must do more than wash away visible dirt, and Resinol Soap fills that long felt need. Through its peculiar Resinol properties it helps to keep the skin functioning normally and builds a healthy condition which resists germ development.

With blackheads, roughnesses, etc., apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment is a favorite in thousands of homes where experience has proved that it is unexcelled for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles. Your druggist sells the Resinol products.

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SEND TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL
Dept. 5-B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and of Resinol Ointment.
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Los Angeles the other evening was really an affair of the most distinguished order, because of the crowd of celebrities that turned up to attend it.

Miss Davies was greeted by the immense crowd that surrounded the theater with such real enthusiasm that it is impossible to doubt the hold her work has gained upon the public. I have never seen a person except Mary Pickford receive such an ovation. After she had passed into the theater, accompanied by her former director, Robert Vignola, the crowd continued to cheer so violently and to stand so immovably, that at last Miss Davies had to come out again and stand in the lobby, throwing kisses to the clamouring throngs.

She looked very lovely and girlish, in an exquisitely simple frock of white chiffon and lace, her fair, bobbed hair waved and without ornament. Her jewels were diamonds and pearls and a great corsage of orchids gave the only note of color to her costume. Her cape was white, brocaded chiffon with a collar of white baby fox.

In her party, beside her escort Mr. Vignola, were Joe Schenck and Norma Talmadge, who looked unusually stunning in white satin and a close fitting silver turban, her wrap being a heavily embroidered white shawl; Constance Talmadge, in a seal skin wrap trimmed with ermine, beneath which could be seen a frock of flesh-colored chiffon, trimmed in rose beads; Madame Elinor Glyn, in royal blue velvet brocaded in silver, with jewels to match; Miss Greta Urban, daughter of Joseph Urban, famous art director, who wore cream colored lace and a head dress of gold ribbon, her wrap a brilliantly colored batik shawl; and several others.

Among those at the opening were Alma Rubens, in a gown of black satin with a side train heavily trimmed in rhinestones. She wore a wrap of summer ermine, Florence Vidor, exquisitely lovely in peach-colored chiffon, trimmed in rare lace, and a wrap of silver chiffon with a squirrel collar; Colleen Moore, Copenhagen blue georgette, with rhinestones, and a corsage of orchids; Betty Blythe, cloth of gold gown, with a stunning headdress of twisted bands of the same material; Alice Terry, a delicate gown of flesh-colored geor-
The Nestle Home Outfit for Permanent Waving [by the Famous “LANOIL” Process]

Creates a Sensation Wherever It Goes. Entire Families Enjoy Naturally Wavy Hair ALL THE TIME, Through a Single Application

No other recent invention has won such friendly attention from women all over the world as has permanent waving. This year, in the United States alone, Nestle Permanent Waving tripled its popularity over 1921, mainly through the discovery of the “LANOIL” process. This simple method, as if by magic, removed every ounce of danger from permanent waving. It reduced the heat and the time required to almost nothing. It simplified the application to the point where even children, twelve years old, can follow the instructions intelligently and successfully. Scores of thousands of women have sent for the Nestle “LANOIL” Home Outfit on trial and found it—mostly—even better than represented. They have kept their Outfits, and waved their children’s and their friends’ hair, as well, for the work is interesting, and brings the cost of the best permanent hair wave down to the price of two or three ordinary waves, made with hot irons.

“My Curls Cost Me Exactly 2c Per Day”

Writes Miss Mary Arthur, of Louisville, Ky., “and what is more, they save me hours of tedious trouble daily. My hair is positively growing better since I used the Nestle “LANOIL” Permanent Waving Outfit.” We believe this. Hundreds of others have said the same. Naturally so. Because, after all, the Nestle Process of Permanent Waving only makes a wrong right. It does something to the hair far more natural than when such hair is put into crimpers, or pressed with heated irons. By the “LANOIL” Process, the hair is waved by expansion under slight steam pressure. That is why, forever after, humidity, perspiration, rain, shampoos, fog, etc., make such hair more instead of less curly as they do hair waved with curlers or hot irons. This is as it should be. We should all have hair which responds to moisture by forming waves and curls. Such hair is usually called naturally curly and IS the hair of our race, although we seem to be losing it gradually through over-washing the head in babyhood.

“Our Hair Has Shrunk”

Said Mr. Nestle, famous inventor of permanent waving, at a recent lecture, “because this daily washing in early life removes all sustaining fat from the tiny hair shafts. The structure then shrinks, and thereafter refuses to take up humidity which always surrounds the body, and to which naturally curly hair owes its waviness. The “LANOIL” process opens up this closed structure again so that, after your “LANOIL” Wave, your hair, even under the microscope, looks as if it had never been straight. That is why it is called permanent”—it keeps curling and waving forever.”

Is it surprising that practically every progressive hairdresser has installed a large professional Nestle apparatus with which to give permanent waves by the “LANOIL” Process, and that our Home Outfits go out on every postal route in the United States, to bring relief, new pleasure and a better hair appearance to women and children everywhere?

30 Days’ Free Trial In Your Home

Send a letter, postal or the coupon below immediately, enclosing your check, money order or bank draft for $15 as a deposit, or pay the postman when the Outfit arrives. We send you an extra package of free trial materials. You may use this, and then test the curls and waves you get, in every way you can possibly imagine. If they do not suit you in every way, you simply return the Outfit within 30 days, and every cent of the $15 cost will be refunded to you immediately without question or delay.

This is not a special offer. We have sent out the Home Outfit in this way since September, 1922. It is a permanent relief from their straight hair affliction. Write for your Outfit on free trial today.

If you want further particulars, before ordering the Home Outfit on free trial, send immediately for our free illustrated booklet and testimonials.

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gette, over which was thrown a wrap of the same shade, trimmed in ostrich which ran from palest pink to deepest rose; Mrs. Thomas H. Ince, lavin green gown, over which was worn a wrap of the same shade of green crepe de chine, fur-trimmed and embroidered in gold thread; Mrs. Wallace Reid, black Chantilly lace over black satin, with a small, close-fitting turban of black net trimmed in silver and a mole-skin wrap; Agnes Ayres, white crepe de chine, with overdress of white lace; Mrs. Charles Ray, turqoise blue taffeta, with paste trimming; Shirley Mason, under a wrap of French blue brocaded velvet, wore the cunningest flock of white chiffon and lace, trimmed with circle after circle of white ostrich; Irene Rich was very royal and lovely in an imported gown of pink chiffon, upon which were embroidered flowers in iridescent beads; Claire Wind-or, orchid georgette crepe in the new empire mode, a crepe de chine wrap of the same shade trimmed in summer ermine; and a lovely headdress of rhinestones; Anita Stewart, ostrich trimming dyed to match a pale green, georgette gown, upon which she wore a cape of brown, brocaded satin; Mrs. Harry Rapf, beneath a wrap of old rose satin heavily trimmed with summer ermine, wore a French flock of rose georgette crepe; Mrs. Conrad Nagel, a gown of black chiffon and lace, with a cape of green silk crepe trimmed in heavy fringe; Dorothy Mackall wore apple green taffeta, trimmed with silver lace and knots of ribbons in the pastel shades; Ann Cornwall, a pale rose taffeta, with gorgeous French flowers on skirt and shoulder; Marguerite de la Motte, cloth of silver, with droopings of silver lace, and wrap of summer ermine lined with blue and silver; Estelle Taylor, in dull crepe embroidered in cut steel beads; Helene Chadwick, white satin trimmed in ostrich, with a brilliant shawl, many colored flowers embroidered upon a white background.

This is just to show how perfectly innocent a thing can be and yet look—well, to say the least, indiscreet.

Betty Blythe entertained the other evening with a delightful dinner party at the Biltmore, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Edwards, who have just returned from Europe. Mr. Edwards directed Miss Blythe in her greatest screen triumph, "The Queen of Sheba," as it was Saturday night and she lives at the farthest end of Hollywood, Miss Blythe followed a custom which is becoming more and more popular in the more popular of the week end—entertaining her guests in the drawing room.

After dinner, she was discussing reducing—the ever popular topic—with her women guests, who included a couple of other screen stars, and several well-known writers. Betty admitted she had been out on the desert, studying dancing with Marion Morgan, in order to keep her graceful figure. She tried to show the highly interested feminine guests some of the steps and exercises given by Miss Morgan, but the room wasn't big enough, so they went out into the long and carpeted corridor of the Biltmore.

There Betty had plenty of room, and she chased butterflies, and did all the well known Marion Morgan dancing stunts to the huge delight of her guests. Everything was perfectly all right until she happened to look up and observe that three transoms were open, framing three male heads, with eyes bulging out a foot. She looked at her watch and discovered it was two o'clock in the morning—and the next instant the highly diverted impromptu audience saw a number of screen celebrities fleeing for cover.

For the first time in her career, Anna Q. Nilsson is going to wear a black wig on the screen. When she plays Inez Larometti, the vampire heroine of "Inez from Hollywood," a picture adapted from "The Worst Woman in Hollywood" by Adela Rogers St Johns, she is going to cover her lovely golden locks with a very fascinating black transformation.

By the way, Anna Q. has become so slender that it's a bit difficult to recognize her anyway, these days. She's down to a hundred and twenty-eight, which for a tall girl is slender indeed.

Supporting her in this new picture are Lewis S. Stone and Mary Astor.

It looks as though California, producer of women tennis champions, might before long have a repetition of the famous Sutton sisters. Agnes and Margaret, young daughters of William de Mille, and Cecilia, daughter of Cecil De Mille, are working their way into tournament play with a lot of success. After studying with Violet Sutton Doge for some years, they made their tournament debut at Ojai this year and acquitted themselves so well that authorities predict the "de Mille sisters" will make tennis history.

Of course William de Mille has long been ranked as one of the best tennis players in the west and he admits that his daughters have become good enough to play mixed doubles with him as a partner.

What's all this about Raymond Griffith and Madeline Hurlock? Do you suppose it's becoming really serious? Of course it's difficult to imagine Raymond serious about anything—but Madeline Hurlock looks as though she might discommode even such an...
We paid $1000 for this photoplay

Author of "Judgment of the Storm" will also share in profits for five years

HAVE you seen "Judgment of the Storm"? It is undoubtedly one of the big screen successes of 1924 and has not only been shown in leading motion picture theatres throughout the country, but has also been published as a novel by Doubleday, Page & Co.

"Judgment of the Storm" is such an outstanding success and bears the marks of such expert craftsmanship that it is difficult to believe that it was written by a new writer. Yet it was!

Mrs. Ethel Middleton, the author, had never had a single story accepted for publication when she began to write "Judgment of the Storm."

She wrote this photoplay at home, in spare time, as a part of her course with the Palmer Institute of Authorship and when it was completed we found it to be of such merit that we purchased it at once and produced it through the Palmer Photoplay Corporation. Mrs. Middleton received $1000 cash and will share in the profits for five years on a royalty basis.

Mrs. Middleton is just one of many men and women just like yourself who have learned to write short stories and photoplays through the Palmer Institute of Authorship.

Unknown writer receives $10,000 for one story

Miss Winifred Kimball, a Palmer student living in Apalachicola, Florida, won the $10,000 prize offered by the Chicago Daily News in the scenario contest conducted in cooperation with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

Mrs. Anna Blake Mezquida, another Palmer student, won the second prize of $5000 in the same contest, and seven $300 prizes were also won by Palmer students.

In another contest, A. Earle Kauffman won a $1500 prize with a scenario headed, "The Leopards Lily." Another student, Miss Epithetic Molle, sold her first story, "The Violets of Yesterday," to Hobart Bosworth. Louis Victor Eytinge wrote "The Man Under Cover" while in prison, and sold it to the Universal Pictures Corporation.

Preston Langley Hickey, who has written for The Saturday Evening Post, Smart Set, Detective Stories and The Dial writes—"For the last six months I have been Exploitation Director out of Chicago for the Film Booking Offices and much of the success I have had, including the handling of Mrs. Wallace Reid's production, 'Human Wreckage,' I attribute to the Palmer Course."

Miss Jane Hurlest expresses her appreciation in this manner—"Let me extend to you my thanks for the splendid sale you have made for my 'Robes of Redemption.' I little dreamed when I took up the study of scenario technique that from that small beginning I should some day fashion a portrait of life worthy of the genius of one of the biggest directors of the film industry."

Miss Caroline Sayre writes—"A basketful of rejection slips was the only result of my hard work before trying the Palmer plan. Now my first story has been sold at a price far beyond my expectations." (Miss Caroline Sayre's story "Live Sparks" was sold to the J. Warren Kerrigan Company.)

"Please let me thank you," writes Bernadine King, "for your generous acceptance of my first story, 'What Did the Bishop Say?'."

"It was accepted by the Caldwell Production Co. We welcome this bit of success because of your never-failing patience and your constructive training."

"What Did the Bishop Say?" was re-released through Selznick under the title, "The Bishop of Hollywood," and was pronounced successful. Mr. Fred Caldwell, the producer who bought the story, made this significant and interesting comment—"It is plain that the type of writers you are training combine a keen dramatic sense with inventive imagination."

WELL-KNOWN writers help you

The success of Palmer students is due mainly to the fact that the course is intensely practical. You study right at home in spare time under the personal direction of men who are themselves well-known authors and motion picture writers.

You learn to write by writing. You are given the manuscript and continuity of famous motion picture scenarios to analyze and study. You write actual stories and motion picture scenarios which we help you to sell through our Story Sales Department.

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOK

"The New Road to Authorship"

This book is dedicated "to the gallant and immortal company of writers, now present and to come, in whom forever burns the leaping flame of imagination that lights the world." It describes the ideals and purposes of the Palmer Institute of Authorship and tells about its Free Scholarships and how it is co-operating with editors and motion picture producers in the development of new writers. It gives the success stories of a number of students and tells how you, too, can win recognition if you have the latent ability to write. Just mail the coupon and we will send you a copy of this 160-page book free by return mail.

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Florence Vidor is planning to run to New York between pictures this time, if Tom Ince doesn't see her first. She swears she needs some new clothes and some new ideas, and that she must have a change of scene and see a few New York plays.

Having completed "Barbara Fritchie," "Christine of the Hungry Heart," and "The Mirage" in rapid succession, it looks as though the most beautiful woman in Hollywood ought to have a little vacation.

Anyway, she has bought her tickets and will be accompanied by Catherine Bennett, younger sister of Enid Bennett and woman tennis champion of the motion picture colony.

By the way, Cath got a big laugh the other day when she went into a fashionable shoe store on the Boulevard. The clerk wanted to sell her a certain pair of tennis shoes, and to enforce the argument he said, "Well, Florence Vidor wears them, and she's the greatest tennis shark in Hollywood. She plays with Mr. Tilden all the time." Being as how Cath and Florence had cinched the women's doubles titles, Cath was a little amused to find that her partner was being used to sell a certain make of tennis shoes.

After all, a family row is a family row, whether it is staged by Minnie and Bill Smith, or by the greatest stars in the movie firmament. The signs are all the same, and probably the language isn't so different. "Any Wife to Any Husband," or "Any Husband to Any Wife" might have been the name of the little passage at arms that took place between Mae Murray and Bob Leonard at the Biltmore the other evening and which so intensely amused and entertained the large crowd having supper there.

Mae, who was looking most fetching and very Merry Widow-ish, evidently came out winner, because she spent the evening dancing divinely with a host of partners, and being very merry and bright and sparkling, while Bob, after sulking in the corner for a while, got up and went home.

We record this just to prove to all you fans

Exquisite morsels of Vanilla Chocolate, wrapped in pure tin foil. Delicious as sun-ripened fruit. A delightful food-confection for the entire family. Tempting to the last piece.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1.00 for a pound box.

Wilbur Buds
The only Chocolate Buds

Just to prove that she could get a job as a Paris mannikin if she ever left pictures, Pearl White posed with feather fans. Recent reports indicate that as a mannikin she makes a good movie actress.
The woman who uses a STAR-Rite Curling Iron achieves a coiffure, so perfect in its charm, that it challenges the admiration of her friends.

With green silk cord and detachable hard rubber plug in the handle, this iron is right in every detail of workmanship. It has a two-piece handle, finished in Circassian Walnut, which allows the waver to be turned without kinking the green silk cord. It is safe, quick heating, and gives soft, even waves. The same faultless hairdress achieved by professional beauty specialists can be accomplished easily with this STAR-Rite Curling Iron.

Betty Compton, appearing in Paramount Pictures. You, too, can have the same charming hair-dress if you use the STAR-Rite Curling Iron.

If you will send the coupon to the beauty council's consultant, a copy of "Charm, Your Heritage," will be mailed to you. This book explains the STAR-Rite Beauty Council; gives many type coiffures by members of the council; gives valuable suggestions on the care and treatment of the face and hair.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
that movie folk are just as human as you are—you maybe a little more so. Because the next day we saw Mac and Bob on the golf links and they were as devoted and as happy as a bridal couple.

IT'S too funny to see Norma Talmadge going about the studio these days. Her new picture, "The Lady," which is the best story Norma has had for some time, calls for some clothes that are distinctly unattractive and that look too funny on the usually gloriously gowned Norma.

I met her the other day wearing one of those old-fashioned bonnets with violets all over the front, and a red cape with a fur collar and a black dress heavily braided, made a la princess with a very light waist, and sweeping the ground in every direction. A badly dressed Gibson girl type.

Norma is very slender—and it's awfully becoming to her.

HOLLYWOOD is all stirred up over the report of Lew Cody's engagement to Nomi Bayes, recently announced in London. Miss Bayes is a tremendous favorite in the film colony and Lew Cody is one of its favorite sons, and Hollywood thinks there would be something delightful about seeing them married to each other.

FRED THOMSON, Western motion picture star who has lately been crowding Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson for honors, was seriously injured the other day during the filming of his latest release, "Pal of Mine." In leaping from the back of his own running horse to another, the stunt was poorly timed and Thomson fell beneath the wheels of a big stage coach. Thomson was riding his famous horse, Silver King, at the time. His leg was broken in several places, he sustained internal injuries and he will be in the hospital for two months. Thomson was all-around champion of the world, winning that title at the Olympic games in 1912, and holding it for ten years. He was an ordained minister for some years, and a chaplain in the World War. He is married to Frances Marion, the most famous scenario writer in motion pictures.

This is the second accident that has befalenneth Thompson since he became a picture star, the first time he was thrown from a horse and struck on his head.

JAMES KIRKWOOD and Lila Lee, who are married to each other, are the proud parents of an eight-pound boy, who has been named James Kirkwood, Jr. The young man arrived at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles on January 1st, in record time the other day, in fact he was on hand and making a lot of noise by the time his dad could leave the Fox studio and get over there. At present he is showing indications of being a great Western star, and his mother is getting ready to take him out to the Kirkwood home in Beverly Hills where he will have more room to move around. Lila swears he looks exactly like Jim, and that he has red fuzzy curls all over his small head, and Jim insists he looks like Lila, because he has his mother's round brown eyes. Altogether we gather that he must be a very remarkable baby.

The Kirkwoods have been married a little over a year, and have co-starred on the screen for Thomas H. Ince before Lila retired to await young James the Second's coming.

MARY MILES MINTER, once upon a time the screen's prize ingenue, has shaken the dust of Hollywood from her feet, she says, forever. Miss Minter has left her Pasadena home, where she has been living since she left the screen, and has gone to New York. Whether or not she is to return to stage or screen she won't say. In fact, Miss Minter seems to have learned where, for she wouldn't say anything about anything, which wasn't her habit in the old days.

The settlement of her fortune, earned in pictures, between her mother and herself has probably been made out of court, according to intimates of the family. Mary said some time ago that when her mother settled with her—the difficulty was that Mary was still under age when she earned her fortune—she would leave immediately for the East.

Her future artist career will be slightly delayed in any event, at least until Mary can take Extra pounds that idleness has settled upon her.

It was really rather delightful to see the kick that Hollywood got out of the choosing of little Betty Bronson, a seventeen-year-old extra girl, to play the much-coveted role of "Peter Pan." The greatest stars in the industry were thrilled to think of what it meant to a girl like that and how gloriously delighted she must have been when the news came.

Betty Bronson said to me, "Can you imagine anything in this modern day and age, more exciting and wonderful than to be seventeen, an extra, and get a cablegram: 'I have chosen you to play Peter Pan.' I am MILES JR., and a most marvelous time abroad, and came home with a lot of new clothes and a lot of new pop. She was received with the greatest deference both in London and Paris, saw all sorts of exciting historical things, was presented to royalty, and flew across the channel in an aeroplane.

Lois was chosen to represent the industry at the big English Exposition, for which she was a credit to pictures and made an enormous hit with the British, who found her a beautiful and charming girl after their own heart. The London newspapers have several American women have ever been treated, giving her lengthy and most flattering interviews.

The Baruch courtship is not entirely new to Lois' friends. Lois has been a close friend of the two Baruch daughters, Renee and Belle, for some time, and while she was in New York last winter young Baruch, who is very handsome as well as being worth millions, was most attentive to her.

THERE are two Jack Whites in Los Angeles. One of them is a mightily embarrassed man and the other is Jack White who was sued for $100,000 by Anne Luther. Now the embar- rassed Jack White is none other than the Jack White who supervises Mermaid Comedies and Jack White Productions, which are released through the Educational Film Exchanges, Inc., abroad of which he is a stockholder. The other Jack White is said to have changed his name with that of the defendant in Miss Luther's case, which was thrown out of the court. The defendant, by the way, has never had a motion picture, so far as we know. The other Jack White has been producing pictures for four years and has built up an enviable record, not only for entertaining films, but as a picture producer. He has never met Anne Luther, so, of course, he couldn't have made a contract with her, verbal or otherwise, on which she based her suit.

Jack White, the producer, has directed many comedies based on intricate situations, but now his friends are trying to get him to make one of the tangled affairs of two Jack Whites in which he will play the role of the innocent victim.

WHEN Jock Malone declared that the glass used at the Dempsey-Willard fight in Toledo sounded like cracked ice in a glass of water, everybody said he had produced a classic. But Buster Keaton has just produced a super-classic. Having occasion to get on the...
Scenes That Can Never Be Filmed Again — a Love Story as Real as Life Itself — That's

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An Epic Drama of Today
Directed by
LAURENCE TRIMBLE and HARRY HOYT
Presented by
FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES INC.

Here is a photoplay that has caught a climax of history in the making—the passing of the Old West. Never again can the story of "Sundown" be told in the motion pictures. It is drama that is real.

The West of the open plains and the unnumbered herds is dying. Homesteaders—"nesters" the cattlemen call them—are narrowing the grazing grounds; winning the West from the pioneers who tamed it. In "Sundown" you will see the drama of the cattlemen's passing. You will see the last great round-up; the final drive of 150,000 head of cattle south into the grazing lands of Mexico; a real stampede; a prairie fire. And you will see a tender, gripping love story with Bessie Love and Roy Stewart as the principals. Hobart Bosworth, Charley Murray and Arthur Hoyt complete the cast of principals.

A First National Picture

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We had a terrific argument with Harold Lloyd while he was in New York, about a certain play. He said it was the finest bit of dramatic action he had ever seen, or words to that effect, and we contended that it was the worst ever produced in New York, or words to that effect. Of course an argument followed. Bit by bit we took that play to pieces to see what it was made of. We have to admit that Harold won the argument because when we had exhausted our vocabulary, he calmly said: "Well, now that the thing is torn to pieces, just put it together in your own way and see what it looks like." That would stump anybody. We may be a poor critic of stage plays but we refrained from telling Harold that we hadn't missed seeing one of his pictures in six years and, while traveling incognito in Denver last year, we paid real cash three different times to see "Why Worry." That, of course, would have given us the opportunity to say: "Well, as a critic you're a darn fine movie actor." But we were afraid that he might come back with, "Yes, and as a critic you're a darn good movie fan." Which we always will be as long as he's in pictures.

Those who saw Jackie Coogan's gymnasium pictures in October Photoplay might have thought that his press agent had been at work, but when we visited Jackie at his hotel in New York we had a chance to see the young athlete in action with his father. We also felt his muscle and are willing to wager that he is about as well-developed as any youngster his age. He is astonishingly hard for one so young, and if there be those who think Jackie hasn't got a

PHOTOPLAY Magazine—Advertising Section
She is Still Forty!

Does Laura McRae appear more than Twenty Now? Can Facial Filming really give a New Complexion — another Expression? Do Faces ever Grow Younger?

Let these Photographs answer!

Mrs. McRae—Age 40
Aug. 1—before using film

Mrs. McRae—Age 40
Aug. 2—after one filming

Mrs. McRae—Age 40
Sept. 1—improvement in a month

AN OLD face made young by a new minute-method! It’s true—as these pictures prove. Do you wonder that facial filming is spreading fast?

Facial film is not a mere cosmetic, nor surface “beautifier” but the deep-down revitalizing of he whole skin structure. It revives the skin cells. It stimulates the facial tissue. Minor blemishes, and even telltale lines, are dispelled by filming.

Facial film is a natural restorative.

These photographs tell only half the story. Photography cannot convey the marvelously soft texture and the better color which follow filming. But you can experience this remarkable rejuvenation process yourself—facial film is being distributed for all to try—but first read what facial film is and how it works its wizardry:

The revitalizing element in facial film is neoplasma, a pound of which is worth several thousand dollars! Its general use was out of the question until French chemists succeeded in capturing its potency in a thin liquid film—a few drops of which will cover the features. This liquid film is clear as crystal. Pure as the water you drink. But as it dries, this film becomes an airtight seal and the neoplasma starts its gentle action. In less than an hour the film is removed—and one views the results with awe. Gone are the “care” lines (really caused by sagging tissues) gone are the age marks about the eyes and the loose sack beneath. The whole contour of the face is different after even single applications of this film. For instead of temporary astrignency, facial film enlivens and strengthens the muscular and vascular tissue.

This scientific beauty method will soon supplant all the foolish things women do to their faces. Its benefits are far-reaching—with any type of complexion—the action is swift. You don’t have to wait for results, nor imagine the improvement!

Filming is effective on skin of any age. Girls whose skins were apparently fair and clear as youth could make them have been made far prettier through this new aid to clarity and softness. Women so old that the skin was parched and deeply wrinkled report astonishing results from a more patient and persistent use of facial film. But a good average case is that of Mrs. McRae, a lady of forty. The very first filming was enough to convince her of facial film’s peculiar powers! And after only one week, the effect of neoplasma could leave no doubt. What she accomplished in a month was a revelation; for in her looks she had removed a generation. Few would make a close guess of her age today—surely no one would place her in the forties!

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To appear to best advantage, the hair must be kept lustrous and fragrant

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cleanses the scalp and hair perfectly. After the shampoo apply

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real wallop we invite them to put on the gloves with him. Despite his strength he is about the most lovable, real-he-boyish child we have ever met. Also he is a gentleman at all times.

It had to happen sooner or later, so it might as well be now.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce is to be starred in films by J. M. Mullin, long in pictures but new in the production end of the industry.

One thing is certain, her press agent won't have trouble making "copy" for her. All Peggy has to do is to act natural and she can get into any newspaper in the country.

One of the greatest shocks film fans have received in a long time came with the announcement that Creighton Hale had been sued for divorce. For more than twelve years their marital bliss was held as the star at which all new-lyweds should shoot. Then in September Mrs. Victoire L. Hale filed papers charging Patrick (that's his real first name) with cruel and inhuman treatment, stating that among other things he had fired a pistol at her and called her names. They have two children—Patrick, Jr. and Robert.

Harold Lloyd's brother, Gaylord, is a baseball fan but won't admit it. Like a lot of the rest of us he loves to see the game but always with a determined air that he will not get excited or cheer unduly at a good play. So, in company with Jack Raglan, Tim Whelan and several others we went out to see the Yanks beat the Senators. They did, but not until the ninth inning. In the meantime there were enough plays to make a rabid fan out of a Sphinx. Gaylord Lloyd is not a Sphinx. We sat side by side and when Goslin made a sensational catch in left field we thought somebody had pulled our ear-drum out with pincers. It was only Gaylord yelling his appreciation. Oh, no, he isn't a fan! He just likes to sit in a box seat so he can be outdoors.

Anyone who knows anything about gardening knows there are some people who are just born lucky—that everything they plant grows. And such a one is Milton Sills, whose garden is one of the finest in Hollywood. As a tribute to this garden, Sills was chosen to address a meeting of the state horticultural society in Los Angeles recently.

He showed his gardens to some of the visiting brethren and when he congratulated him upon it, he said, with a moisture which does not always go with the utterance of these plans, that he did not deserve so much praise.

"You see, I just plant 'em and they grow," was his modest explanation.

The bathing beauties have had their annual day. Some have been elected queens and some have gone back to the typewriters and washtubs. A few have been given movie jobs and, consequently, feel that they are on the road to ease and luxury with all the adulation

Every advertisement in PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The meals of yesteryear

— what have they done to your teeth and your gums?

The expected visit of the stork to Leatrice Joy occurred shortly after she had obtained a divorce from Jack Gilbert. A girl, weighing eight pounds, was left with the beautiful screen star. Hollywood is heartbroken over the smashing of the Joy-Gilbert romance. Both are popular and Jack's marital detections and Leatrice's divorce have brought about a flood of sympathetic messages in which the dominant note was an expression of hope for a reconciliation. Jack himself is more than willing for the resumption of the ties that bind, but realizes that all he can do is to express the hope.

In exactly two hours, Bessie Love visited the office of Famous Players-Lasky in Hollywood, negotiated a contract and was on the train bound eastward to appear with Tomme Mehan in "Tongues of Flame." It took just thirty minutes to draw up and sign the contract. The other ninety minutes were used by Bessie in returning to her home, packing a bag

Grace Gordon looks as though she has all the qualifications for a pirate, judging from the way she picks her teeth with a cutlass. She's appearing in the Sennett comedy, "The Sea Squaw."

THE FOOD we eat has a great effect upon the condition of our teeth. But it is even more definitely responsible for the trouble that some of us have with our gums.

For this soft, creamy food of civilization, eaten over a long period of time, and eaten too often in haste, has robbed the gums of the stimulation, of the work and massage, which coarse food and slow mastication should give.

As a result, we are experiencing trouble with our gums. Even teeth which have been well preserved by good care and frequent cleaning are not immune from troubles due to a weakened gum structure.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Many people find that their gums are tender. They report to their dentists that their gums have a tendency to bleed. And the dentist will tell them that this appearance of "pink toothbrush" is a sign that their gums need stimulation and exercise.

How Ipana Tooth Paste stimulates your gums

More than three thousand dentists, in cases of this kind, now recommend Ipana Tooth Paste and prescribe it to their patients. In stubborn cases of bleeding gums, many dentists direct a gum massage with Ipana after the regular cleaning with the brush.

For one of the important ingredients of Ipana is zinol—an antiseptic and hemostatic well known to the profession the country over. It is used to allay the bleeding of the wound after extraction, and to help restore to the gums their normal toxicity. The presence of zinol gives Ipana the power to aid in the healing of bleeding gums, and to help to build firm, sound, healthy gum tissue.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums are tender, if they 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 difference. You will be delighted with its grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

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and getting to the train. Five days later she was on the set at Paramount's Long Island studio ready for work. The picture is taken from the last story written by Peter Clark MacFarlane. Many fans who remember beautiful Lillian Walker and her comic work on the screen have wondered whatever became of her. Well, she was one of the stars of yesterday who simply dropped out of pictures. But recently it was announced that the old Vitagraph favorite will show her dimples (for which she was famous) on the stage. She will be starred, and if she is half as good before the footlights as she was before the camera she is bound to be a success.

You can't keep a good man down. When Mickey Neilan and Blanche Sweet returned from Europe the first place Mickey visited after registering at a hotel was the New York City Hospital. He was more than a visitor—he was a patient. The doctors put him to bed and said, "Stay there." Mickey did—for a week. Then he decided he wanted to see a show. The doctors forbade it. Then Mickey said, "Well, if I can't see the show I'll quit the hospital and leave it flat on its back just like I've been for a week." Finally a compromise was reached. He was granted leave from 4:30 to 11:30. Mickey had a good time and then went back to being sick again. The next day the doctor decided that a change would be necessary, so Mickey and Blanche immediately made plans to film the remaining scenes of "The Sporting Venus" on the coast.

If you don't keep the furnace fires burning you don't get the rent, said Gloria Swanson, or words to that effect. She said it in a suit filed against Joseph M. Schenck, whose house at Bay Side, Long Island, she leased in 1923. The only fly in the ointment for Gloria was the fact that she had already paid the rent. She asked $5,835 refund because the heating apparatus was defective and she couldn't keep warm in October, 1923. She had to move out and alleged that Mr. Schenck agreed to cancel the lease and refund the money for the unexpired period.

All signs indicate that very shortly an announcement will be made to the effect that Harold Lloyd soon will be making pictures for Paramount. When the film comedian was in New York there were all sorts of rumors about his future activities. Many companies made a bid for his services but the contest finally narrowed down to two possibilities. One was that he would either continue his own productions or that he would go with Paramount. Just before he left New York for Hollywood it was quite apparent that Paramount had won out. However, Harold will continue to distribute through Pathé as at present.

The newspapers can't find something that will put Mabel Normand before the public, but they have the light they call it a dull day. The latest flare-up occurred when Mrs. Georga Withington Church sued Nominations Corporation for $30,000 in Los Angeles, according to the newspapers. She alleged that her spouse had admitted having a drinking party with Mabel Normand in a hospital where both were patients. The newspapers were very careful to say "the name of Mabel Normand was linked," etc. They didn't say it was Mabel Normand. In fact it was all plain and out of keeping away from libelous statements that the flaring headlines fell down of their own weight. Mabel answered definitely by saying: "I don't know where the truth was placed." The hospital in question is one of the best in Los Angeles. It is hard to assume that a patient could go to another room and hold a drinking party where the discipline was rigid as at the hospital named in the complaint.

Well, you can believe it or not, but this is what Jack Dempsey has to say about his reported engagement to Estelle Taylor. "It is just newspaper hokum and I thank the boys and girls for the publicity. Anybody in pictures, or any other business, realizes the value of free publicity whether it is true or not. I thank them one and all. I am not engaged to Estelle Taylor. I might wish I were but if I said that everybody would say, 'Sure, he is just trying to hide the truth,'" he said. "A matter of fact Miss Taylor is married. I couldn't marry her if I wanted to. Besides, if she were divorced I wouldn't marry her. Not because I don't love her, or because I can't stand the type of womanhood, but simply because we are only good friends. It takes something besides friendship before two people will consent to walk the aisle together," he indicated.

The reports were based upon the fact that Jack and Estelle were in each other's company on many occasions in California and on their trip to New York City. They visited Jack's mother for several days in Salt Lake City and Estelle's mother in Delaware. After they arrived in New York they seemed devoted to each other and were seen together quite often. Estelle's husband, Kenneth Peacock of Philadelphia, announced in September that he would get a divorce which would give them an opportunity to wed if they desired.

Film business story of the month: Producer of cheap comedies—"We'll give you five hundred dollars for your picture." Hard-up Director—"What about me?" Producer—"All right, we'll give you three hundred.

Madge Kennedy is going to put her latest stage success, "Poppy," on the screen. While the company is in Chicago she will take them all out to the old Essanay studio and film them, making it an all-stage picture production. This will be her first picture since "Three Miles Out."

There's a house in Hollywood that has no counterpart anywhere in the world. It's filled with articles that have appeared in screen pictures—treasures gathered from every land. A celebrated director lives in the midst of this rare collection. You will learn all about this most remarkable place in the

December Photoplay—Out November 15
Speaking of Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Turn to the screen writers. Where are the scenarists of tomorrow coming from? Thus it is that within the past few months, plays such as "The Fool," "The Man Who Came Back" and "The Dancers" have been purchased for the screen at prices ranging from $25,000 to $75,000. Call to mind any of the other great businesses in America and try to imagine them being conducted in the same heaven-help-the-future-haphazard way. That business would quickly be face to face with a crisis within its ranks.

The production of motion pictures is just like any other great business. It will never reach a sale and sane level until it begins to develop young workers in every one of its lines of activity.

The Fiasco of "Ben Hur"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

it was at the beginning of the year—just a dream. Nothing was left except a lot of heartaches, a deficit and enriched natives to whom five or seven dollars a day is a lot of money.

Just what will happen to "Ben Hur" is still problematical. In order to make Novarro match up to Bushman, heels have been put on his sandals, or rather on and in, because the footwear was padded inside and out to make Ramon appear as tall as Bushman. Sandals with heels are something new and it took centuries to accomplish them. But the movies can do anything.

Anyhow, Novarro is an inch and a half taller than he was before he left America. How he will compare in bulk to Bushman is something the critics are wondering about. However, Jack Dempsey, weighing 197 pounds, whipped Jess Willard when the Kansas giant weighed 248. Maybe Ramon will do the same to the husky Bushman.

When all is said and done—and acted—a man by the name of A. Erlanger will have something to say. If he doesn’t approve the picture it won’t be shown. Just what Mr. Erlanger thinks of the filming of "Ben Hur" to date would be mighty interesting reading. But he has remained silent just as has Marcus Loew, the head of the Metro-Goldwyn Company. When Mr. Loew was asked for a statement as to why George Walsh was dropped, his publicity manager promised to furnish it within four days. The four days passed and then four more. A few more passed and then this story was written. Up to the present it has never been received by Phelps. If it comes before this issue is closed it will be added here.

We would like to know the producer’s version.

She Bluffed Her Way Into Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

While Trumb all was ranting and threatening to get another actress for the part, Lillian was out in the snow getting tumbled and again catching up with her bluffs. Before returning to Hollywood she was as good on the skis as any woman around Banff and was handling a dog team in dangerous snow and ice like a veteran.

On her return to Hollywood, she secured the leading role opposite Douglas MacLean in his latest starring picture, "Never Say Die," which she has just completed. This is the screen adaptation of the great Willkie Collier stage success and is said to be the most ambitious picture MacLean has ever attempted.

Miss Rich was born in London and is twenty-two years old. After leaving school she studied dancing and was on the London stage for two years before coming to Hollywood.

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WHETHER you choose Ivory Pyralin (favorite of so many) or Amber Pyralin, Shell Pyralin, or exquisite combinations of Shell on Amber and Ivory on Amber, QUALITY is equally superb, patterns and materials thoroughly established by fashion.

In Pyralin, beauty and usefulness are brought to their highest point. Extra heavy material is used; finishing is done with the greatest skill; exquisite decorations are added, when desired, with that artistry which only years of experience make possible; it lasts a lifetime. No wonder that every woman loves Pyralin!

The set you start today can grow through years to come. Added pieces to match can be obtained at the leading stores, any time, anywhere. Descriptive booklet on request.

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Arlington Company of Canada, Montreal

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THE FEMALE—Paramount
POORLY handled story, by Cynthia Stockley, of a girl who once ran into the African jungle and played with lion cubs. Now she wants to play with life and so she marries an old man who promises that he will not ask her actually to become his wife for three years. Betty Compson is but fair in the role of the girl and the direction of Sam Wood is clumsy. Atmosphere of this suggests "Pon-Jola."

HIS HOUR—Metro-Goldwyn
DIRECTED under the supervision of Elinning Glyn, even with the differences that censorship required, this picturization of her former novel leaves little to the imagination. The highly colorful romance of a dashing young Russian prince and an English lady, laid in the gay society, of pre-war Russia. John Gilbert, as the tempestuous prince, does his best work in the vivid love scenes. Some clever sub-titles and magnificent settings aid to make this picture entertaining for the sophisticated.

AMERICAN MANNERS—F. B. O.
AN incoherent story, misnamed and poorly directed, with an abundance of slap-stick comedy and slappy sub-titles. Richard Taluslimy, who directed from suspension, through uncovering a smuggling ring, and saves his sweetheart's life. After six reels of rights and rough and tumble action all ends well.

THE BREATH OF SCANDAL—B. P. Schulberg
TEEMING with action, after many surprises, this fast moving drama of modern marriage reaches a happy conclusion. It revolves around the efforts of a devoted daughter to keep an erring father and thoughtless mother clear of the breath of scandal. It tends to border on the old hackneyed melodrama. With a good cast, well directed in many beautiful settings, it makes an adequate production.

INTO THE NET—Pathé
A THRILLER that sustains interest throughout. Written by Police Commissioner Richard Enright of New York, it portrays police routine of that city in the daily performance of duty based on a story of kidnaping and intrigue. George Seitz did exceptionally well in directing it and Jack Mulhall, Edna Murphy and Constance Bennett divide the honors. Worth seeing.

THE LURE OF THE YUKON—Lee-Bradford
CONVENTIONAL gold-rush stuff with plenty of red-blooded action for those who like the wild and frozen north film. Eva Novak plays the good girl Sue. Her conquest by two suitors involves such thrilling and hair-raising catastrophes as avalanches, lights, log-jams, dog chases and death from hardship.

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS—Pathé
PROBABLY the most amusing Mack Sennett comedy that Harry Langdon has had thus far. A two-reel travesty of domesticity with plenty of laughs. A new twist to old stuff. Langdon's subtle qualities get better play here than in anything else to date.

ONE NIGHT IN ROME—Metro-Goldwyn
A LONG suffering duty is unjustly accussed as being the work of her profligate husband's suicide. Ostracized, she lives a fugitive from the vengeance of her father-in-law, until four years later she is discovered as a sensation in London. Protected by the man she loves, misunderstandings finally clear into a happy sequence. Photography and settings are good.

MEASURE OF A MAN—Universal
A WEAK melodrama with an episode likely to be too morbid for the average audience. This involves the finding of a woman's body floating in a mountain pool. The story concerns a reformed drunkard who goes west, becomes the fighting partner of a lumber cump and reforms the entire community. The action is jumpy and full of gaps, while the acting and direction are poorly inadequate. Below the month's average.

The Shadow Stage
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

The Shoebox

Former Top-notch comes Back
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

Holton TALENT TEST Record

Free Proof that You Can Play that You have Talent

As long as you can remember, music has stirred and inspired you. And so you have always hoped that you could play yourself—choose your favorite melodies and express them as your heart dictates—share in the greatest pleasures and profits that come especially to those who play. But until now, you could never be sure of results in advance.

Now, however, for the first time, is provided a free method by which you can determine your talent for music. Climbing a lifetime of study and observation, Frank Holton announces the Holton Talent Test. By it, thousands who never dreamed they possessed musical ability will have revealed to them great, unsuspected opportunities on this easiest-to-learn of all saxophones, the Holton New Revelation Saxophone.

In a few interesting minutes your talent is measured, so easy it is to know that you can play. You assume no obligations or responsibilities—you merely decide a question everyone should answer in fairness to his future.

FRANK HOLTON & CO., Elkhorn, Wis.
America's Greatest Band Instruments

Mail the Coupon Convince Yourself!
Your request for booklet brings you Appointment Card entitling you to the Talent Test in the privacy of any Holton dealer's studio or in your own home with the aid of a Holton Saxophone and our copyrighted photograph record on which the Talent Test is recorded.

<Signature>
Frank Holton & Company Elkhorn, Wis.
Without obligation, I want to determine my talent for the easy-to-learn Holton New Revelation Saxophone. (Check below if interested in any other instrument.)
Cornet — Trombone — Baritone — Trumpet
Name
Street Address
Town — State

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Why I Refuse to Let My Wife Bob Her Hair

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

a young chap looking for a playmate and when she does not get into trouble she makes herself ridiculous.

I've never known a man yet who would privately and honestly admit that he approved of his wife bobbing her hair. Husbands become resigned to it, because what once the shears have sundried no man can put together.

Never have I felt so sorry for a man as I did at a formal dinner and dance just the other night. He is a rapidly aging manufacturer. His wife is not so young, either. Her hair is a greenish-yellow and her whole make-up very blandish. Well, while poor old hubby was stewing around trying to look important, here was his bobbed-hair wife in her love-cut gown, and short clout blonde hair, the center of a crowd of young men—most of them little more than half her age—all attracted by the devilish youthfulness of age. She out-flapped any flapper I've ever seen—and her husband was helpless.

She acted this way because she felt she had to live up to her short bobbed hair.

Bobbed hair gives a woman too much confidence in herself—makes her daring and dash ing and devilish. They get that come-along look in their eyes and then it is every married man for himself.

Do you think I am going to permit my wife to make a fool of herself first and a fool of me in the bargain? Not if I know it.

Few married women really want to bob their hair. They are bullied or dared into it. Here is the way it happened to the wife of a friend of mine.

She and another married woman had lunch together and then went to a motion picture machine. After the mati nce they had tea.

"Oh, but didn't Gloria Swanson look sweet in that new bob of hers?" said the companion of my friend's wife. "Mabel, you look terribly cunning in a bob like Gloria's."

"Oh, Marigold, do you really think so?" gurgled Mabel. "I just wouldn't dare. Frank would boil me in oil if I had my hair bobbed."

"Nonsense, when he saw how well you looked, he'd be crazier about you than ever."

Well, one thing led to another. Mabel dared Marigold and Marigold dared Mabel. So the first thing you know the shears were snipping off the long tresses that had taken years to become what they were.

Mabel was afraid to go home, but finally she did and she hid her shorn head in a boudoir cap. She hustled the nicest supper she could get from the corner delicatessen to put Frank in a good humor.

After she had given him his second cup of minute-coffee-while-you-wait, she went to her room, fluffed out her hair and went back to the dining room.

"How does it look, Frank?" she asked, and the moment was one when a poor woman needs praise and encouragement more than at any other moment in her life.

"You look like the wrath of God," said Frank.

Now, my wife knows Mabel and Mabel told her exactly what happened. It nearly broke up that household.

It would break up my household. While my wife could go out and find a new husband easy enough, the job of getting a new husband house broke is not an easy one. She has worked on me for ten years and I'm pretty docile and, so far as husbands go, I guess I suit her pretty well, at least well enough for her not to want our marriage to go to smash over bobbed hair.

But you can never tell about women!

One Happy Day
She learned how to beautify her teeth

Countless people have attained prettier teeth by making this ten-day test. They accepted this offer, they watched the results. Then they resolved to brush their teeth in this new way.

Now, wherever you go, you see the whiter, cleaner teeth this method brought about.

They fight the film

Film is the teeth's great enemy—that vicious film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it.

Soon that clinging film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That's why teeth grow cloudy.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Hardly one in fifty escaped film troubles out old ways of tooth brushing.

That's why dental research sought ways to fight that film. Eventually two ways were found. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

These methods have been proved by many tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

The results are so remarkable that careful people of some 90 nations have adopted this new-dentifrice.

The hidden results

But the visible results are not alone important. Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch diges t ant. Thus it gives Nature multiplied power in the fight against starch and acids on teeth.

These combined results mean a new dental era. The benefits belong to you and yours. Let this delightful ten-day test show you how much they mean.

Pepsodent
The New-Day Dentifrice

A surprise

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscos film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will be amazed and delighted. You will want that new beauty, that new safety all your life. Cut out coupon now.
THE STUDIO DIRECTORY

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are in Hollywood)

BUSTER KEATON STUDIO, 1025 Lillian Way. Production will soon commence on "Seven Chances," starring Buster Keaton.


CHRISTIE COMEDIES, 6101 Sunset Boulevard. Gil Pratt and Ben Stolper directing Noel Hurus, Jimmy Adams, Vera Redman, Billie Heck and Kathleen Starkey comedies.

Walter Hiers Prod. Archie Mayo directing "Film Change," with Walter Hiers and Duane Thompson.


Educational-Larry Senon Prod. Nowell Mason directing "The Speed," at Larry Senon and Dorothy Duan.


FINES ARTS STUDIOS, 4100 Sunset Boulevard. Lloyd Hamilton Comedies. Fred Hilliard directing comedies with Lloyd Hamilton and Dorothy Seastrom. Norman's First Comedies were untitled "Merm- ald" comedies, with Eugu Conley and Ruth Hasti. William F. James directing "College Comedy." Al Ray directing the Camer in comedies, with Clow Bowes and Virginia Vans.


FIRST NATIONAL PRODUCTIONS, United States. Charles Brabin directing "Say Big," with Colleen Moore and Ben Lyon.

John Francis Dillon directing "If I Marry Again," with Douglas Fairbanks and Hobart Bosworth. Irvine Cummings directing Pandoo La Croix, with Viola Dana and Milton Stote.

Caroline Griffin directing "Wilderness," with Corinna Griffith and Holmes Hayter.


Independent Pictures Corp. J. McGowan directing "Billy the Kid," with Franklin Furness.


Cullen Tate directing "The Folies Girl," with Margaret Krieger and Patricia Lane.


Roge, Persell Prod., Man From Texas, with Harry Carey. Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.


Frank Urson directing Ike directing "The Lord Chumley," with Viola Dunle and Theodore Roberts.


Herbert Berret directing "Peter Pan," with Betty Bronson.


PICKFORD FAIRBANKS STUDY, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard. "The Love.


HAL E. BOACH STUDIO, Culver City, Cal. Comedies with Glenn Tzyron, Blanche Mehaffey, Our Gang, and Arthur Stone.

SKEFFINGTON STUDY, 1712 Glendale Boulevard. Comedies with Ben Turpin, Madeleine Hurlock, Ralph Graves and Harry Langton.


The Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the "profile" of the teeth

This is the tooth brush that is shaped to fit the "profile" of the teeth—a feature originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. It brushes in between, not over the teeth. It can’t "skip over" the crevices, because the tufts are formed to fit every possible variation of tooth structure.

It is sold everywhere in the United States and in every civilized community on earth. It is the world's standard tooth brush. The whole world knows it to be the correct brush to clean teeth the correct way. The three sizes are priced in the United States: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made with hard, medium, or soft bristles. Always sold in the yellow box. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass., U. S. A.
Horoscopes of Stars

(continued from page 3)

cent Jupiter. This is a rather unusual combination, and if you think that Jupiter influences you so strongly that the Sun was in such close conjunction with Saturn, he would be blessed beyond mortals.

Saturn will cause him to have periods when he is very moody, and when he will find it next to impossible to exert himself, and if at such times, instead of compelling thought or action, he would wait a bit until this depressing mood is over before he would engage in anything.

One time he will be fleet of foot, quicker than a flash mentally, and full of sex magnetism. At another he will be cool and indifferent to those around him. It all depends upon the influence of the people with whom he is intimately thrown, as to whether this heavy, sarcastic side of his nature is active, or the side which makes him light. He can lift mountains and conquer the world.

In 1920 and 1922, he may have found it most difficult to keep his forces working cohesively, and in late 1921, and extending into 1922, he should have avoided financial losses.

Beginning with the spring of 1924, and extending to the early part of 1925, Uranus will act for him in a way to allow him against being too serious over his moods, and he should be most careful as to what he puts in writing, and of his judgment. This is one of the periods when he will find the beneficent influence of Saturn to work for him, and when he should not force issues.

Late this year, and extending through the greater part of 1925, Uranus will be friendly to him, and will allow him to manage affairs through powerful people, and from most unexpected sources. If he will control his moods and not be too desperate over the fact that he has to appeal to others, there is no reason why his affairs should not bring him great financial return and popularity until the winter of 1926. He will then come under the restrictive influence of Neptune, which will warn him against doing anything to upset his health, and cause inharmony with his managers or the people closely connected in his destiny. Beginning with the year 1927, and extending through 1928, he will be under the most threatening planetary aspects in a financial way that he has had since he was a lad of about twenty two. It will only be through his managing affairs most wisely, and by not going into any speculative ventures, that he will keep from bringing overwhelming losses in his financial affairs.

If he can weather this financial storm, which will not happen again during his lifetime, he need not have any fear as to his future.

Gloria Swanson

Born 1890, March 27, 12:20 a.m., Chicago

The time this Star was born, the sign of Sagittarius was rising and her ruling planet, Jupiter, was high in the heavens. The serious, conservative Saturn, and the original, adventurous Uranus were both rising, and in friendly relation to her Mercury, ruler of the mind. Venus, which rules the emotional nature, as well as Mars, was in the impersonal sign Aquarius, and in that portion of the heavens ruling money, clarity of thought, through the activity of her mind and the power of Venus she should meet with unusual worldly success. The one department in her life which seem to promise her the greatest success is that of marriage, of either becoming engaged herself, or having the happiness of marriage, it would be well for her to give up any possible dreams of being a happy wife. She would only meet with one disappointment at that point, if she will not make men cherish them to men chiefly for companionship, and because they may know more than she, does it not cause her any great trouble? If she will not be ambitious to write herself. She feels an urge constantly to gain new knowledge and to place herself in a position where she will b

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Photoplay

available to enjoy and to hold the unusual friendships which the position of Jupiter will attract.

The position of the Moon indicates that she will have a passion for traveling and will enjoy most going to unfamiliar places, and where the average tourist would not be attracted. She should be extremely careful of her health in September of this year, and of all she does, where money is involved, in November. Unless she is already under contract, it would be well not to sign up until after that time, for by this delay she is likely to make better terms. The question of her future may be very much on her mind, beginning with this fall, but she need have no fear as, regardless of what success she already have attained, she can look forward to still greater glory.

There is nothing to indicate any serious upheaval in her life before 1928, when she comes into a period which will bring to her the front new sides to her nature. She will be under the influence of the ponderous planet of her birth, the strongest and most stubborn sign in the Zodiac, and in opposition to the powerful Uranus. This indicates very sudden up and downs, and that he will never enjoy lasting fame unless he can learn to co-operate more gracefully with the "powers that be," and to subordinate his determined will to that of the Universe, and his directors. He is built more on the order of a Comet, than a steadily-moving, never-deviating Star.

The position of Venus in Gemini gives him a great deal of charm on the surface, but lacking in unselfish devotion to those intimately associated in his life. He can readily be an idol of the public and have many and varied experiences with and through women, but will be more successful as a bachelor. Jupiter, ruling money, was in conjunction with Mars, and in friendly aspect to Saturn. This will make him very capricious in the spending of money, at one time foolishly prodigal, and at another too saving, or inclined to allow a dime to stand in the way of his making a dollar. He must learn to temper his prodigality and his economy and not to be the slave of his moods, realizing that we take out of life just in proportion to what we put into it.

In late 1927, and extending to the fall of 1928, Saturn was unfriendly to his Jupiter, Mars and Moon, which may have brought financial worries and war-like conditions through the opposite sign. If he were married at this time, then he must have had domestic upheavals. In 1923, particularly in the fall, he was under the friendly aspects of Jupiter and Uranus, this may have brought him greater prosperity or financial success than he hitherto enjoyed. Unless the good fortune which may have come to him at this time extended into 1924, this

Rudolph Valentino
Born 1895, May 6th, born unknown, Castellamonte, Italy

NOT knowing the hour when this actor was born, all the deductions must be derived from the positions of the planets in the signs. The Sun and Mercury were in conjunction in Taurus, the strongest willed and most stubborn sign in the Zodiac, and in opposition to the radical Uranus. This indicates very sudden ups and downs, and that we will never enjoy lasting fame unless he can learn to co-operate more gracefully with the "powers that be," and to subordinate his determined will to that of the Universe, and his directors. He is built more on the order of a Comet, than a steadily-moving, never-deviating Star.

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Jupiter, ruling money, was in conjunction with Mars, and in friendly aspect to Saturn. This will make him very capricious in the spending of money, at one time foolishly prodigal, and at another too saving, or inclined to allow a dime to stand in the way of his making a dollar. He must learn to temper his prodigality and his economy and not to be the slave of his moods, realizing that we take out of life just in proportion to what we put into it.

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The Only Perfect Powder I've Ever Used!

"I've dreamed of such a powder, but I didn't think it could come true, ever." Hundreds of such glowing, grateful tributes have met the advent of Encharma, with its perfect blending of cold cream and velvety, clinging powder.

All you have sought in a powder finds fulfillment. The alluringly subtle fragrance merely enhances the charm of a texture so smooth, so wondrously fine, that it truly caresses your cheeks into beauty. And with all this, it clings until removed. Its adherent quality alone would make it countless friends.

And it is so attractively packaged! Colorful, intriguingly French, its shapely oval box carries a delight all its own. While the dainty, deep-plied oval puff within the lid is just an added touch for perfection. Test Encharma's seductive lure today. Sold everywhere—in Flesh, White and Rachel.

In this Charming Oval Box with Puff Enclose

Encharma
Cold Cream Complexion Powder

LUXOR Limited
Perfumers
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Send for the Luxor Samplette Today!

LUXOR LIMITED
Chicago Address: 1355 W. 31st St., Am enclosing 25c, for which please send me your Luxor Samplette containing generous samples of Encharma Powder and of Luxor Perfume, Cold Cream, Rouge and Complexion Powder, etc.

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TOILET REQUISITES OF ENDURING CHARM

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOLPLAY MAGAZINE.
Add Glossy Lustre, Instantly!

Keeps Your Hair Soft and Easy to Manage

Just moisten the bristles of your hairbrush with a few drops of Glistora and brush it on your hair. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glistora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing the wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in and leaves your hair soft and easy to manage, so that it stays just as you arrange it—even after shampooing.

Use a little once or twice a week and you will be delighted, to see how much more beautiful and attractive your hair will look and how much easier it will be to manage—whether long or bobbed.

There is nothing better for children, whose hair lacks natural life and lustre, or is inclined to be stubborn and hard to train and keep in place.

Glistora is inexpensive and you can get a bottle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Keeps Hair Neatly Combed

Glistora gives the hair that rich, naturally glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men and boys.

A little Glistora rubbed through the hair once or twice a week, or after shampooing, keeps it soft and pliable, and keeps it in place just as combed or brushed and does not become mussed up or disarranged.

Not aticky, pasty or greasy.

Jane Novak
Born 1897, January 12, 2 p.m., St. Louis

At the time this actress was born, the sign of Gemini, symbolized by the double-edged, twining, which gives her Mercury as her ruling planet. She has a very intelligent and active mind, with a natural understanding of human nature. She is quick to perceive and able to allow unwarrantable interruptions and so should force herself not to have too many interests, or to allow interferences—otherwise she will not carry out her purposes in life.

Mercury was in the generous and sympathetic sign of Pisces, and in undesirable aspect to Mars, which makes her in danger of being taken advantage of, or imposed upon where her affections are involved. The experiences which she may have had during the past few years may have taught her that self-preservation is the first want and that we must not waste our time or energy.

On the other hand, when it is a question of business, or where her personal interests are involved, she can be very businesslike and most ambitious for worldly success. It is simply a case of which little twin—the practical or the over-generous—is in control.

The position of Saturn and Uranus indicates that she must be very guarded when dealing with inferiors, and also give thought to her health, otherwise the question of her physical condition will prove an interference with her success in life. She requires more sleep and fresh air than does the average mortal. If, however, she has enjoyed good health during the past year, she need not fear illness for many years to come.

During 1925, Jupiter will be more friendly to her Moon, ruling the public, and to the Sun, having good health, business and friendships, than has been the case for at least four years' time.

People born between the 7th and 20th of January, February or March, will, beginning with 1931, come under the influence of the planet Uranus, the influence of which was spoken of in the horoscope of the actress born June 14, 1897. All that happens at this time can either develop her into being a greater character, or cause her to be in danger of a nervous breakdown. It will wholly depend upon her own strength of will as to the results, as character is destiny.

Bert Lytell
Born 1885, February 28th, early morning, New York City

The sign Aquarius was rising, giving this actor the occult planet Uranus as his star of destiny, although he is born strongly under the influence of Venus, Mercury, Mars and the Sun, as they were in his East. This indicates he has many facets and can adapt himself to any one with whom he is thrown, and unconsciously iron out the wrinkles in their year may not have brought him much good fortune.

The year 1925 will bring him under very contradictory aspects, so it will almost wholly depend upon his ability to propitiate the Fates (the producers and directors) as to whether he will be on the crest or submerged, so far as popularity is concerned. Saturn will be in opposition to his Sun and Mercury, which is a most depressing aspect, which may affect his health, rob him of his power, indicate a death, and bring to the surface his sarcastic and undesirable side. Fortunately Jupiter will be friendly to Venus, Mercury, and Uranus will be in aspect to his Venus, which is likely to cause him to become involved in scandal, unless he will utilize all this force in his work, and has the opportunity to make a most unusual picture.

There will, however, be no middle course for this actor in 1924 and extending into 1925. It must either be great or nothing, because he develops into being a star of the first magnitude, or he will be lost in space.

Jane Novak
Born 1897, January 12, 2 p.m., St. Louis

The position of Saturn and Uranus indicates that she must be very guarded when dealing with inferiors, and also give thought to her health, otherwise the question of her physical condition will prove an interference with her success in life. She requires more sleep and fresh air than does the average mortal. If, however, she has enjoyed good health during the past year, she need not fear illness for many years to come.

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Bert Lytell
Born 1885, February 28th, early morning, New York City

This actress was born when the sign Sagittarius was rising, which gives her the powerful planet Jupiter, which was in the middle of the heavens, as her ruling planet. She will always have an eleventh-hour friend and after she has done her best, she should always sit back and leave her troubles in the laps of the gods, confident that whenever comes to her will be for her greater good.

The position of Mercury indicates that she is inclined to forget that almost everything is only a matter of opinion, and that everybody is limited to the view they get from the window from which they are looking until they learn to see in their mind's eye the picture that some other may be getting who is looking from a different window.

She has many contradictions of character, because of the position of Uranus, Saturn and Mars. She may be New England and conscience and a pagan temperament, and also be a practical dreamer. One redeeming quality in her make-up is, that she always means to be kind, and occasionally fortunate to others than she is to herself.

The Sun, Venus and Mercury being in that portion of the heavens ruling theaters and lecturers, indicates one who not only be able to furnish the public with a great deal of pleasure, but will also meet with worldly success through her art. Neptune threatens loneliness and disappointment in partnerships, both matrimonial and otherwise.

She has been under the influence of Saturn since late 1923, but this affliction is already passing off, so she may be less nervous and worried about her own life, and also the affairs of those who may be a part of her destiny.

Beginning with the late fall of 1924, and
Stage directions for this scene from William Vaughn Moody's play, "The Great Divide," call for a woman's muffled scream, a pistol shot, and the crash of breaking furniture. The microphone on the right sends them all, to your home.

**An Exciting Evening**

Here are four of the WGY Players (the world's first radio dramatic company) at a thrilling climax which almost turns sound into sight.

Tune in, some evening, on one of their productions. You will be surprised to find how readily your imagination will supply stage and setting.

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

**Table by day—Bed by night**

The patented Ta-Bed is both a superb mahogany or walnut finished library Table and a full length luxurious bed combined—a wonderful saver of space and money. Seven ten of one room. Absolutely guaranteed. On easy terms from our dealers. Write for special offer.

Prompt relief for tired, aching feet. Removes odors of perspiration.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Confessions Made by a Star-Producer

[Continued from page 57]

and could, and should not and could not do. The contracts to be read and re-read in his presence. The stressing of the vital points in each and anxiety over mistakes we hoped would not be taken advantage of.

The settings under construction to be considered, the drawings for new ones, the tearing down of the old for additional space. Time, time, time, always the great factor, with money always second and half the time first. Rain playing a great part, a villainous part; my glass stage not yet finished and sets still washing away. Taxes—city, county, state and income—but nowhere to turn for the money to tide me over until I could recover my losses. Letters from the poor and needy who knew I was rich, and why wouldn't I help? Letters of criticism and plenty of jealousy and envy and hatred.

This sketches only a part of a day's worry. The distribution of pictures, the endeavor to get the proper prices and returns is the hardest and most discouraging effort of all. There are many exhibitors banded together, and some who own such a string of houses in certain territories as to make them veritable caenas in those communities. To cope with them is at the present time impossible.

I think Mr. Ince often wondered how many problems were confronting me, for he sent me two letters of encouragement, one after "The Iron," and one after "The Girl I Loved." These letters warmed my heart and fortified my spirit. They also illustrate his capacity for sympathy and understanding. I shall always treasure them, and if ever I write my memoirs, a la Duse and Bernhardt, they shall have a conspicuous place.

Needless to say, my restless spirit was soon curbed and quieted. Eagerness gave way to anxiety, spontaneity to fatigue, as I tried to master the economy-craft of the business man, continually at variance with the creative work of the artist. I sometimes wondered which personality would win out, or if I should be torn to pieces by this tug of war. I discovered what so many older and wiser heads have tried to teach me—that to make this business an art and a paying commercial proposition at the same time is next to impossible. To attempt it under existing conditions is to invite disaster.

Your poet or painter or writer or composer has from time immemorial been allowed to take his crust of bread to his attic and in undisturbed solitude bring out of himself what he feels he has to give to the world. If his first offering does not suit its mood, he may try, try again. Eventually, if he has it in him, he achieves a masterpiece. Perhaps many of them. But in "creating" a motion picture one must have right off a considerable sum of money. It must be finished on scheduled time, and, if it is not, one is confronted day and night and the fear of not having enough money to bring the screen-child properly into the world. This weight grows heavier until it almost unnerves one, which strain shows in one's work, if not actually in one's face.

To keep one's countenance clear and bright when losing twenty-five hundred dollars a day—now I ask you? Many times the overhead goes higher per day than that, but I mention that figure as an average. To look out in the morning after a sleepless night, see it raining, and know that amount is gone, when you were assured it would not rain—well, you could be put in jail for what you think of the weather man! Sometimes I think one's money is safer at random on the stock market or on margin. The picture business is the greatest gambling game I know.

"Still and all," and in spite of everything, during the four years I was star-producing, I made sixteen pictures at my own studios, seven of which I am very proud. Over the same

HOSPITALITY

AT THE BELMONT

Stay for a day, a week or a year—there is no difference in the service at the Belmont.

The luxurious comfort for which it is famous as a residence hotel is hospitably available to the transient. This means much to the visitor to Chicago who wishes to stop far enough out of the business district for quiet, and near enough for convenience.

The prices are moderate

HUGH MCLERNAN, President
G. E BILLINGSLEY, Manager
SHERIDAN ROAD AT BELMONT
period of time I do not know of any one who has done much better. I recall them here to see if you agree with me. They were, "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," "Peaceful Valley," "The Old Swimmin' Hole," "Scrap Iron," "Tailor-made Man," "The Girl I Loved," and "The Courtship of Myles Standish." Too much speed in production and lack of capital to finish properly what was well begun are the reasons I cannot include the others.

I feel much like the woman who had sixteen children. She wouldn't take a billion dollars for the ones she had, nor give five cents for another one. Or like a man who has been through the World War. He wouldn't take anything for what he's gone through, but he wouldn't go through it again for anybody on earth. Now that I have lived through it, realize that it was a wonderful experience, and my destiny to have it end as it did. It has given me an insight into every part of the business. It has forced me to decide what is best for me to do, and to abide by that decision. I am content to stick to my acting, and believe that, being more mature mentally, I can paint with a broader brush and stronger and surer stroke any characterization required of me. My delineation of "Dynamite Smith," from the C. Gardner Sullivan story produced by Mr. Ince for Pathé release, will bear me out, I think.

I have found in my travels that people above all want to laugh—need to laugh—and now that I have this knowledge, I have set to work to make them do so. I am happy in the thought that as one of "life's clowns" I may be able to give cheer to the world.

**Judges Selecting $5,000 Prize Winners**

(continued from page 74)

authors, electricians, carpenters, clerks, railway men, stenographers, housewives, telephone girls, manicurists and some pretty substantial business men, if their stationery is a check, seeking the prizes.

The fun of competition, the lure of the absorbing story, and the splendid prizes offered, proved the drawing power that caused thousands of Photoplay readers to enter the contest. Some wrote that they didn't care whether they won a prize if they could have the honor of naming the wonderful story, from which Famous Players-Lasky made a thrilling picture with Antonio Moreno and Agnes Ayres in the leading roles. Other contestants frankly admitted they could use $2,500 in cash and were out to get it.

One boy of twelve competed with the owner of a large electrical establishment and hundreds of others to win one of the fine DeForest D-22 Radiophone receiving sets. In letters accompanying their suggestions both quite emphatically stated that while the cash would be handy, the radio sets were the real desideratum which induced them to enter the contest.

The winners will be in December Photoplay. Be sure to order your copy in advance if you want to learn whether you were one of the fortunate winners of the prizes.

**To prove that all the time in Hollywood isn't spent in wild celebration and that all the women aren't beautiful, blushing, and droll. William de Mille has just completed an abridgment of Henry George's famous book, "Progress and Poverty." Mrs. de Mille is a daughter of Henry George. This book, which is a statement of economic principles, is considered one of the greatest works ever written, and an abridgment of it for the first time must have been a task before which anyone would pause.**

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From
Carolyn Van Wyck

WHAT shall I do to be pleasing?” writes one of my young friends who expresses wistfully her laudable desire to make the most of herself in every right way. In other words, to invest her self so that her personality will pay the best dividends. Be pleased with others.

She is a charming woman and such a good conversationalist, a distinguished man said to me, believing, as I do, that we should make life more beautiful for others by repeating to them the compliments we have reason to think are sincere I told that woman what the distinguishing man had said.

She laughed, revealing a snowy set of perfectly formed teeth.

“Do you know why?” she said, a mischievous light in her eyes. “It is because I did not speak five words. I listened to him.”

“You must have listened well,” I remarked.

We agreed that there are several ways of listening. One is the vivacious way. Following closely the words of the speaker and interrupting little side remarks. I do not think that is the best.

After all it is still true that interruptions are rude. They distract the speaker’s attention. Of course, too, a monologue is not a courtly drawing room. But we are discussing the art of pleasing, not of restraining, the garrulous. It is not pleasant to be interrupted while in the full current of a story or explanation. We remember the interrupter and the interruption with some degree of irritation. So I advise against the over-vivacious kind of listening.

There is another way. It is less complimentary even than the vivacious manner, for Miss or Mrs. Vivacity at least proves her interest.

The resigned mode is to look straight ahead or out of the window, indicating that one is passing through an ordeal. Mary Garden lost a friend because she looked out of the window, viewing the scenes of Paris streets, while the woman was singing for her.

The best method is the intelligently responsive way. The woman who, the distinguished man told me, is a good conversationalist, has a habit of lifting her head, as a bird does, while listening. It is as though she were hearing agreeable sounds and enjoyed them. Her eyes are brilliant and reveal her intelligence. She gives complete attention to what is being said; punctuates the speaker’s points by a swift nod and smile, just at the right place. That is as sincere flattery as is the imitation which we have heard is the subllest of all. She listens to a long story without a sign of weariness. If the speaker’s attention is distracted and he asks, “Where was I?” she answers, “You were saying something about the concentration of a gracious and intelligent woman upon your every word.” She has pleased him with himself which is the highest art of pleasing.

Be pleased with others.

Everyone has some gift or art or quality that is commendable. Discover as soon as you can what that is and show your appreciation of it. If it is only that your caller can juggle cards bafflingly and amuse and tell him that you are amused.

Talk little about yourself and much about the person you are trying to please. Be really interested. Everyone has some hobby that he dotes on riding. He may be a stamp collector. Let him tell you about stamps. We may not know one from another, but he can tell us much that will surprise us.

Keep the mind open to new ideas, as a window is open to catch the breeze. You may not accept the ideas, but you can show the mind is alert and hospitable by giving them a hearing.

Let your judgments be gentle and kindly. The woman with a bitter tongue was never pleasing to anyone. Even to other bitter-tongued persons, for they envirled her dubious gift.

Be interested. Be kindly. And you will be pleasing.

LEE, PASSAIC, N. J.

Try to help the young man to overcome his volatile temper. Since he has so many other qualities that are likable he is worth that effort on your part. Give him time. It cannot be accomplished in a short while. Make haste slowly. Too many “scenes” in the home kill love.

LAURA R., CHICAGO, ILL.

Olive oil is the friend of the thin. Taken internally and externally it should increase the weight. You do not speak of drinking milk. You may say that you do not like it. But I believe that anyone can learn to enjoy our first natural food. Dishes containing much milk and many eggs, as custards, or rice puddings, will help to round your figure. Unless your basic trouble is distension. In that case seek a physician.

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 latterly married a banker, a distinguished man said to me, believing, as I do, that we should make life more beautiful for others by repeating to them the compliments she has reason to think are sincere. I told that man what she had said.

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THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF THE MOVIE PICTURE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

pects a success to the Syndicate Film Corporation which had profited handsomely with "The Million Dollar Mystery." The Rand- dolph concern predicted such a serial as had never been attempted before. It was to be a serial play with a truly famous star, a story by a first rank writer of popular fiction and production on a basis of quality comparable with the best features. The production of the Chicago Tribune tie-ups, and Max Annenberg of the Chicago Tribune, who had dealt with the "Million Dollar Mystery" and "The Diamond from the Sky" went to work and several stars were considered, among them Hazel Dawn. The situation was still much of a puzzle when Annenberg, being in New York, chanced upon his friend, a practical and charming Mr. Ziegfeld, the well-known illustrator of the American girl. They strolled up Broadway together and turned in at the Ansonia to continue the chat in Zieg- feld’s suite.

While Ziegfeld was looking for the glasses, or something, Annenberg strolled about admiring the success that had been gained. On the grand plan was a most imposing framed platinum print photograph of Billie Burke, who was and is also Mrs. Ziegfeld.

Pictures Seek Billie Burke

"There’s our star—if we can get her," Annenberg decided on the spot.

When Ziegfeld returned the negotiating began.

Billie Burke was on tour in the west. If pressed her manager, being also her husband, would in his majority capacity consent to accept the offer which would seem the interesting figure of $50,000 for thirty weeks’ work in the films.

Mr. Ziegfeld finally prevailed on Mrs. Ziegfeld and was rewarded with a fee of $25,000. The entire sum of Miss Burke’s salary was put up in advance with the Astor Trust Company in New York.

Rupert Hughes, a stellar writer of fiction for the Red Book magazine under Ray Long’s editorship, was employed to write the story. The result was a shocking drama. "Gloria’s Romance," also for $25,000. All motion picture serials, before and after, have had dime novel titles. This was to be most de-luxely different. Otherwise the success pattern of "The Million Dollar Mystery" was followed through. James M. Sheldon, who had been president of the Mystery concern became president of the Randolph. Paul R. Kuhn who had evolved much of the statistics and merchandising of the Mystery went to work on "Gloria’s Romance." The Kleine selling forces went into the field and amped the industry. A total of $850,000 pre-release contracts were signed with the best theaters in the country. Then the picture came out and in showland parlance "flopped." Many reasons were offered. Probably far-fetched of production were an element, but the major fact was that the motion picture theaters of top rank had outgrown the serial age.

"Gloria’s Romance" practically marked the end of the motion picture serial as a significant factor in motion picture development. It had served and was done.

Although the motion picture industry had been too busy to pay much attention to it, the World War had been progressing a year when the autumn of 1915 arrived. But the pressure of political and economic events operating to draw America closer to the struggle began to make an impact. The first motion picture recognition that it might be America’s war, too, came with Commodore J. Stuart Blackton’s swift enthusiasm over Hudson Maxim’s war inspired book "Defenders of America."
Blackton read the book one night and dashed off a letter to Maxim asking for the motion picture rights and enclosing a check as first payment as material evidence of his earnestness. Under the title of "The Battle Cry of Peace," the picture was pretentiously produced and duly presented in September, 1915, at the Vitagraph Theater in Broadway. The picture starred Norma Talmadge and Charles Richman. It was a preparedness peachment which won warm endorsement from the belligerently minded, most conspicuously from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, then having a bully time with the Pittsburgh training camp. December first an airplane flew over the city of Detroit dropping advertising bombs for the picture. This annoyed Henry Ford. Ford was occupied at the moment with a certain trip to Europe, but he promised to look into the matter on his return.

"The Battle Cry of Peace"

April 12, 1916, the New York World and other important newspapers all over the country carried a full page proclamation by Ford charging that "The Battle Cry of Peace" was plain propaganda for the professional war merchants and munitions makers. Ford delivered his broad-side at Maxim's book and Blackton's picture quite impartially. He pointed out that Maxim munitions corporation stock was on the market.

After the always-to-be-expected exchange of denials and charges in the columns of the newspapers, the Vitagraph filed a damage suit against Henry Ford for just one round million dollars.

Ford was served with the papers in the lobby of the Biltmore as he was leaving for Detroit on the afternoon of August 21, 1916. The action was removed from the state courts to Federal court by Ford's motion. A few legal motions were made and the suit was forgotten.

The same month of the eruption of "The Battle Cry of Peace," the Triangle Film Corporation made good its advertising threat of two-dollar-a-seat pictures, with the opening of the Knickerbocker theater as its Broadway house. The night of September 23, 1916, all the motion picture personalities of New York turned out to see what had been brought forth after the great fanfare of trumpets of Triangle promotion. The opening bill included Douglas Fairbanks' first screen appearance in "The Lamb." Signe Auen (Seena Owen) played opposite. The showing included the first Triangle picture, "The Iron Strain," with Dustin Farnum and Enid Markey, and "My Valet," with Raymond Hitchcock.

It was the most ornate opening that Samuel L. Rothafel, now hured away from the Strand theater, could execute. Hugo Riesenfeld, directing the orchestra that night, began his motion picture career, which today finds him the managing director of the Rialto, Rivoli and Criterion theaters in Broadway, while Rothafel presides at the Capitol.

Riesenfeld brought yet another career of romance to enrich the annals of the screen. His story begins in Vienna, considerably spangled with highlights and shadows. His musical career opened with a disappointment. When a child violinist with big ambitions, he was taken to a famous Vienna instructor.

The Smile That Cost a Job

"You have no chance," the great man said, "because your little finger is too short for the violin."

Riesenfeld invested years of practice, training that abbreviated finger, and marvel of marvels it grew. The youngster became something of a protege of the famous Strauss of Vienna. And he rose to the position of concert master at the Vienna opera house. Then came a crash of fate.

Gustave Mahler, master of the Vienna opera, a being a musician and a whimsical one, observed with annoyance that this able young violinist was always smiling. It made Mahler peevish, then angry. It wore on Mahler, while

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SUZANNE POWERS, seen this past season in “Tarnish,” “The Pot-
ters,” and “The Bluebird,” explains the mystery of her fashionably smooth way of wearing her hair. She writes:

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Riesenfeld, unconscious, kept smiling. One day the explosion came. Mahler fired Riesenfeld and the smile.

Riesenfeld sought America, the land of promise. It did not seem to fulfill the promises very rapidly. He walked the boardwalk at Atlantic City and wondered whether to starve or jump into the surf. Then a wisp of a chance came. A booking agent sent word he would like to hear Riesenfeld play. A young woman went along to play the piano accompaniment. Her playing was weak and thin, because of her nervous tension over this moment so important to Riesenfeld. To cover the shortcomings of the piano as much as might he Riesenfeld played his music for the violin, double stopping for a wealth of tone.

Pianist Wins Faine in Violinist’s Playing

He knew he had done well, and hoped the weakened, bold Riesenfeld could be on his feet soon. It was, entirely. Word came the next day that the agent had an engagement for the wonderful pianist. For the time being, he added, there was no prospect for the violinist.

But there came a turn in the tide and Riesenfeld appeared as the concert master for Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera house. When Mahler came from Vienna in 1906 to conduct “Tristan” at the Metropolitan, Riesenfeld had his day of triumph. His fid-

ing of Massenet’s “Meditation” was second only in public approval to the very rare barcarolle of Mary’s “Thais.” Meanwhile Mahler’s eng-

agement met indifferent success.

From the Knickerbocker engagement for Triangle, Riesenfeld went with Rothafel to new Rialto, which continued for some years the most successful of the motion picture theaters of Broadway. When in 1918, Rothafel left to engage in an experiment in pho-

tography, Riesenfeld succeeded to the port he now holds. His methods of interpretative musical treatment of the photoplay are to be counted a large contribution to the art of motion picture presentation, extending a wide influence.

The real sensation of the season of 1915-16 was yet to come.

Charlie Chaplin was now the biggest single fact of the screen. He was yet with the Essanay Company, working at the California studios. The Essanay-Chaplin pictures were tremendously successful, attaining wide circu-

lation.

Old Chaplin Films “Bootlegged”

Meanwhile the old Keystone-Chaplin comedies with which he had made his first impression on the screen were working to the limit of the prints still in the stock of the Mutual Film Corporation. The succession of Kessel and Bauman, and their New York Motion Picture Corporation group, including Keystone, to go with Harry E. Aitken for the formation of Triangle, left the Mutual in a difficult position. The differences between John R. Freuler, the head of the new administration in Mutual, and the Aitken contingent were bitter. The Keystone concern would supply the Mutual with no new prints on the old Chaplin subjects. As the Mutual’s prints of such classics as “Dough and Dynamite” wore out they could not be re-

placed. At the same time the numerous state’s rights and independent exchange companies were getting a bootleg supply of re-imported Keystone Chaplins. These were prints of the same subjects made for Mutual, sold by Key-

stone abroad for foreign consumption, shipped back into the United States. Also a large traffic in “dubbed” copies of Chaplin comedies, made by screen outlaws by the illegal process of making a negative from a pos-

tive print, gained large circulation. The dupes went out by the thousands to the low grade market of the limping nickelodeons, with both managements and audiences of an uncritical sort.

The result of this was to give Chaplin the greatest screen showing in the history of the art. No one, not even Mary Pickford in the

Riesenfeld.
days of her Biograph one-reelers, had been so often and so constantly on the screen.

Some measure of the amazing Chaplin circulation may be gained from consideration of one single theater, the humble little Crystal Hall, operated in Fourteenth Street, New York, in connection with a penny arcade. A Chaplin comedy went on the screen there for a total of four days. In those four days the management experimented with Chaplin substitutes in the form of comedians made by two of his best imitators. The experiment proved that Fourteenth Street would accept nothing but genuine. In a single day the receipts of the film would drop fifty per cent if the genuine Chaplin was missing.

Mary Pickford had gone into feature pictures of more pretentious length, which could not play so many theaters as the one and two red Chaplin comedies. Also the number of theaters had immensely grown since her departure from the short "program" films. The only other star in the same circulation class was G. M. Anderson of Essanay in his Broncho Billy pictures, which appeared at the rate of one a week for more than three hundred and fifty weeks. But the Broncho Billy pictures saw their zenith before the feature era and were primarily of nickelodeon quality. Chaplin was played with the same picture to all classes and all screens. His comedies were short enough and good enough to appear with a Pickford feature in the best theaters. At the same time Chaplin was so primary in the appeals of his comedy that his pictures also ran as screen mates to the Broncho Billy cowboy-shoot'em-dead saloon dramas in the nickel shows.

The sum total of Essanay Chaplins, the worn out Keystone prints of Mutual, the re-imported prints and the outlaw dupes piled up his fame. It was not circulation which made him great, to be sure. It was the merit of his product. This circulation by channels, both near and distant, realized his merit and spread it out to let the world be aware of his greatness.

Chaplin in Big Demand in a "Short" Market

This situation outside and the Chaplin hunger within the Mutual Film Corporation created the situation which rocketed Chaplin into a yet greater fame and development which both broke and made screen precedents with the coming of the Great War.

The reports and letters from Mutual's sixty-eight exchanges brought this clamor for new prints of the Keystone Chaplins to the desk of John K. Freuler of Mutual sat in the Masonic Temple building, facing out toward the imposing Metropolitan clock tower. Hardly a day or an hour passed that there was no evidence about this office that the theaters were crying for Chaplin.

Other great film distributing concerns, and some that hoped to become great, sensed the same demand. Many deep plans were laid for the capture of Chaplin. His Essanay contact was not more than half fulfilled when these plans began to blossom into campaign.

Essanay was soon alert. It became most difficult for strangers and emissaries from the East to see Chaplin. The guards at the Essanay studio tightened the restrictions and sight seeing parties were held at their distance.

Essanay wanted to keep Chaplin. It also did not want to keep him. The curious reasons for this paradoxical situation will presently appear.
Joseph Finn of Chicago, still sitting close in the throne councils of Mutual and service to the Freuler administration, assigned some gum-shoe reconnoitering at the Essanay studio. The resourceful Jay Casey Cairns of the Finn organization, being at the time in Santa Barbara planning publicity items for the promotion of the world’s longest serial, “The Diamond from the Sky,” was delegated to look into the possibilities of negotiation with Chaplin. Cairns did not find it difficult to spare the time for this, since, owing to the secrecy of the policies of Samuel S. Hutchinson of the American Film Company, he could not get into the studio to see the Diamond being made, anyway. Cairns was presaging the agent by what leaked through the fence.

Cairns’ first attack on the Essanay plant was rebuffed. He retired for meditation and prayer and next appeared at the Essanay studio attired in spurs and chaps. He mangled with the extra cowboys at the corral and went in to see Chaplin on horseback. It was a victory for the cavalry.

Big business moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform.

Cairns’ wires back to the seat of strategy indicated that Chaplin could be approached and might listen to invitations to leave Essanay if cuffed in golden accents.

But it was not a deal that could be closed, signed and sealed at one luncheon conference. It was evident that it was going to be a campaign.

Chaplin Becomes a Much Wanted Man

There was not only Essanay to deal with, but also the competition of the other concerns which wanted Chaplin. Even more complicating obstacles were raised by a number of persons who in guise of friendship or sexual connection put themselves between Chaplin and the bidders for his services. Everybody who saw a promise of a profit in some phase of a Chaplin transaction went in to stealthily commercialize the situation.

The business of stalking Chaplin honeycombed the cafes and hotels of Los Angeles with intrigue.

At one time there were not less than twelve special agents of would-be employers in Los Angeles laying lures and snares and rattling golden promises. It was a situation only paralleled by the swarming of spies, agents and diplomats in Switzerland during the World War. Detective agencies were employed to check on agents suspected of double-crossing their principals. Then shadows were employed to shadow the shadows.

The Mutual Film Corporation was reasonably fortunate in this maze of intrigue. It took secretly into its service a man who was entirely faithful to his trust of negotiating for Mutual with one single exception—he also negotiated a hit in behalf of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. If Mutual had failed or disappointed him he would still have had a principal back of him. But this was mild intrigue, by comparison, and a reasonably simple situation.

The Chaplin Brothers Enjoy the Situation

For nearly a year this man stood watch over Chaplin. He joined clubs, went on parties, chummed and lobbied and made friendships which could bring him close to the comedian and give opportune moments. The espionage agent received checks from New York and sent back interesting letters of report—presumably in duplicate, since John R. Freuler was once mildly puzzled by receiving a carbon copy on a most important and critical subject.

Chaplin was decidedly aware of the situation. He doubtless enjoyed every aspect of it. Sydney Chaplin, being the comedian’s brother, was also a subject of considerable campaigning. He also enjoyed it.

The bidding began to reach lofty figures as
This experience following upon his great increase in salary on leaving Keystone for Essanay, was surely well calculated to make the young man wonder just how much he might be worth. Incidentally the salary career of Charlie Chaplin is a rather sensational lucid proof of the point, sometimes disputed, that the fair price is exactly what the traffic will bear.

Presently the time came when Chaplin discussed this very issue of his value with George K. Spoor of Essanay in Chicago. Spoor's response was a proposal for a profit sharing basis of employment for Chaplin for the next year. He laid before his valued comedian a proposition which, on the basis of the business of the current year, promised Chaplin a personal profit of about a half a million. Chaplin was amazed, startled, but comforted.

Charlie was headed east. He had been hearing from the agents and emissaries of the film chiefs of Broadway at the long range of Los Angeles. Now he would move up closer and see if they would speak a little louder.

They certainly would. Chaplin's signature was not dry on the hotel register when the new campaign, bigger and better than ever, began. Chaplin never suspected that he had so many, many warm friends. They kept getting warmer. They tried to take Chaplin like Cleopatra took Anthony. All the delights of Manhattan, with considerable frankincense and myrrh, were laid before him. When the Prince of Wales comes to town he gets attention. Chaplin got action. Some of the bidding film makers overplayed their hospitable hands and made the canny Chaplin suspect that they could not possibly mean all that they said.

The negotiations in behalf of the Mutual were conducted by John K. Freuler in a somewhat more conservative manner. Freuler was never a part of the extravagantly ostentatious play life with which many film magnates were fringing their careers. He was in the motion picture business entirely as a business. His discussions with Chaplin, for this very reason, assumed a sensational contrast with the other campaigns. Freuler was pictorially, too, at an advantage. His imposing height, crowned with white hair and a benignly efficient manner, made his mere mention of a million sound like hard money in the drawer. He looked more like a millionaire than anyone else in the film trade.

The simple truth is that Chaplin was not at all sure that there was any reality whatever in all this terrific bombardment of offers and conversations in which verbal millions were tossed about in such abundance like confetti in the standard cabaret scene. After the parties began to pull on Chaplin and he had seen the bright lights turned off in the early morning, the Freuler campaign began to take effect. It carried to him more conviction of reality than the rest. He doubted everybody, but doubted Freuler the least.

A tentative reaching back to see what Essanay would do, showed that Spoor would not raise his final figures.

Freuler Signs Up the Great Comedian

Chaplin and Freuler came to an agreement one Wednesday night in February, 1916, at the close of a conversational session on the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Astor. The price was $15,000 a week for Chaplin's services, for a year, payable each Saturday, and a bonus of $150,000 for the signing of the contract, total $670,000 for the year's work. Freuler turned to a writing desk in the foyer and wrote Chaplin a check for $5,000 on the First National Bank of Milwaukee, then and there.

The next day Chaplin received additional checks for $45,000. Meanwhile Nathan Burkan, attorney for Chaplin, and Samuel Field, attorney for the Mutual Film Corporation, labored over the
There Is One Cream Perfect for Every Use
To develop and keep a clear, soft, smooth skin you need only use
Ingram's Milkweed Cream
It is a thorough cleanser and yet light enough in body to form a comfortable foundation for powder. But it has certain remedial properties that subdue redness, roughness, tan, freckles and such imperfections. Whether you use it as a cleanser, a protection, or a powder base, its nourishing and healing properties will bring fresh beauty and new life to your skin. 
Used by discriminating women for more than thirty years.
A little scientific care now may save months of effort later on. Get a jar at your druggist's today, the dollar jar is the more economical for you.
Order a ten-cent coin (coin or stamp) for generous sample with the Dermoscope which will prove its beneficial effect.
Frederick J. Ingram Company Established 1885
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most exhaustive and complex personal service contract in the history of the pictures.
the following Friday the contract was formally signed at the Mutual offices in Twenty-third street.
the high financing was not over. Nathan Burkan demonstrated his genius by selling his six dollar fountain pen, with which the contract was signed, to Freuler for thirty-five dollars. It seems that Billie Burke and sundry other stars had signed contracts with that same pen and Freuler decided that it was time to retire it from such costly activity.
Chaplin on this day received another check from Freuler for $100,000, completing the bonus payment.
Chaplin still clutched the $100,000 check in his hand as Freuler bid him good day at the elevator.
Chaplin turned to his brother Syd as they reached the street.
"Well, I've got this much if they never give me another cent. Guess I'll go and buy a whole dozen neckties."
It was a large dramatic moment in the emotional life of this young man who makes a joke of the world because it is so sad.
A few days later, on March 16, Chaplin celebrated, or at least could have celebrated if he had wanted to, his twenty-seventh birthday.
It is natural, meanwhile, to wonder why Essanay concern let the profitable Chaplin pass into other hands so lightly. George K. Spoor frankly calculated that the year of 1916 held promise of a profit of $1,000,000 on Chaplin pictures. He would have been able to have held the services of the comedian against any competition. Essanay was strongly financed and with ample resources and market power could offer more to Chaplin than could any other offerer.
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The Murine Company
Dept. 27, Chicago
MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
How You May Have Beautiful Eyelashes
Touch your lashes every morning with the Old Eyelash Grower. This rich, nourishing cream quickly makes long, soft, lashes long, dark and luxuriant. $1.00 postpaid.
Write me your beauty problems and send your booklet free.
"Your Beauty Time and How to Use It"
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Established 1908
665-D 7th Avenue, New York.
Superfluous Hair?
Use Del-a-tone, the reliable, scientific preparation. Favorite for fourteen years. Depend on it and depend on it. Rely on it. Del-a-tone is pest-free, hair-free, itch-free in minutes, and money at once.
DEL-A-TONE Removes Hair
Anodyne and department stores, 5 and 10 cents. Realin, plain wrapper—$1.00.
Sample in plain wrapper 10c.
The Sheffield Company, Dept. 811
54 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, III.
Crystal Gazing Balls
An interesting, illustrated treatise on the amazing phenomena of crystal gazing, together with prices of balls and lots of books on psychic phenomena, will be forwarded to any address for 50c. This charge will be refunded on any purchase.
WEST QUARTZ CO., Box 501, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
After the first flash of excitement the newspapers began to get skeptical about that $675,000 salary. They had stood for that Mary Pickford story of a salary of $108,000 a year, but this was too much.

It was important to Freuler plans for selling the Chaplin pictures that the public and more especially the theater men should accept the fact. It would tend to reconcile them to a new high price for Chaplin pictures.

The Mutual Film Corporation's publicity department was confronted with the problem of answering the charges of exaggeration and deceit for mere publicity purposes. A number of methods were used. One of the most effective was a trivial plot by which genuine Chaplin checks, paid and cleared, were ostensibly lost and made the subject of a highly cryptic classified advertisement in the New York dailies calling for the return of $240,000 in checks. The reporters finally unravelled the mystery and discovered that the checks were Chaplin pay checks. By vigorously refusing information the Mutual added conviction to the tale and it was published with most timely effect all over the country.

There was irony in the situation when one recalls that the Mutual Film Corporation had lost Chaplin only a little more than a year before because it would not pay Keystone an additional cent a foot for prints of his comedy.

Chaplin started production of the series of twelve two-reel pictures, prescribed in his contract for the year's work, with "The Floorwalker." The basic notion of this whimsy came to him during his New York sojourn as he observed the department store crowds struggling with an escalator. The management of the Chaplin studio was delegated to Harry Caulfield, who had figured in the success of the Freuler negotiations.

A One-Man Two-Reeler

The series of two-reel comedies made by Chaplin under this Lone Star contract, occupied him eighteen months, or half a year longer than the expected term of his contract. Many of Chaplin's appreciative critics have held that these pictures embodied his best work. They included "Easy Street," perhaps his most famous two-reeler, and "The Vagabond," a romantic gem which did not achieve a marked success. In spite of the violent opposition of the New York office Chaplin insisted on an experimental production entitled "One A.M.," in which he carried through the amazing feat of playing two roles entirely alone. The only other member of the cast was a taxi driver on the screen for one moment delivering the inebriate hero at his front door at 1 o'clock in the morning. The picture was a curiosity but not a box office success.

Chaplin and his work underwent some marked changes in this period. The amazing publicity, resulting in part from his conspicuous salary and in part from the deliberate campaigning of his promoters, began to make Chaplin a personality among the cognoscenti as well as with the masses.

Strong pressure was brought on Chaplin to at least tone down the grosser elements of his comedy, to avoid the increasing pressure of censorships and to make his pictures acceptable to the changing motion picture audience, which was by now beginning to include many more members of the middle and upper classes than before. This effort had results. The same time plans were carried into effect which tactfully brought Chaplin's art to the attention of sundry literary and artistic persons of authority. No coincidence of timely coincidence in this period an article of appreciation of Chaplin by Minnie Maddern Fiske appeared in the moribund but still rigidly respectable Harper's Weekly. A letter from Nellie Bly, the famous correspondent of the New York Tribune effectively discovered Chaplin. Presently the little chap with the baggy pants and the bamboo cane was being solemnly discussed in such highbrow journals as The New Republic. The slapstick star of the nickelodeons of the early days had become a pet of the philosophizing literati by 1916.
At $150 a week in Keystone comedies Chaplin was a vulgar nobody, but at $670,000 a year he became a Rubesian classic. The public is a great deal funnier than Chaplin.

Chaplin's salary for 1916 remains the high mark in the industry. Higher figures have been quoted for other emulators since, but they have been based on calculated participations in profits to be earned over and above the plain salary, so much a week paid on Saturday night.

The competitors who lost Chaplin in the earliest biddings against Mutual were not all entirely friendly enemies. Several outright imitators, earnest but futile copies of his make-up, were launched with indifferent success. An under-current of scandal gossip was set in motion, aimed at undermining Chaplin's large screen value. The only result of this campaign was to render insurance of the costly star difficult. Lord Northcliffe's Corp., applied for policies amounting to a million and a half on Chaplin's life and was able to get but $150,000.

Anti-Chaplin War Overseas

The anti-Chaplin war was even waged overseas by the same unfriendly competitors. It was reported that Douglas & Co. had pro-vided that he was not to pass beyond the borders of the continental United States. This was a simple safe-guard against the war situation, for the possibility of Chaplin's being called into military service by a British draft officer. On this provocation an uproar was raised in the London press, intended to hold Chaplin up as a slacker and to cast doubt on his real worth to the Mutual Film Corporation because he was not offered up for cannon fodder.

In spite of this, however, the rights on the Lone Star Chaplin pictures for the British Empire were sold for a total which exactly paid his salary.

The twelve comedies of the Lone Star series, including Chaplin's salary, cost approximately $100,000 each, which was considerably more than the average five or six reel feature of the period. It has been estimated with reasonable accuracy that the motion picture theaters of the world paid $5,000,000 in film rentals for those pictures, which would mean that the public spent perhaps twenty-five millions at the box office for them—nearly twice the box office price of "The Birth of a Nation."

The Chaplin contract with Freuler upset the film world by its reaction on other great players. Discontent ran through the studios. The peculiar situation and conditions which made this value possible for Chaplin were not at all understood. Every important star of then or now, might well be described as an upstairs but none the less a type. And since types are made of the typical they have necessarily many competitors. This rare Chaplin was not a type. He was typical of nothing save his own curious self, and had no competitors. He had the most perfect monopoly in the world.

There was perhaps some degree of justice in Mary Pickford's privately expressed observation that there was something out of proportion when a young man with two years' experience in the films should receive so much more than she who had invested most of her working life. Just about here Miss Mary decided she was worth more, which was before long to make things costly and complicated for both Zukor and his Famous Players concern.

In the next chapter we shall discover how Miss Mary precipitated even more action and excitement in the screen world than had resulted from the astounding Chaplin contract.

[TO BE CONTINUED]
What Is Love?

[Continued from page 1]

and tender, but some day they come home and she is gone.

She will not come back.

Men do not understand. Women do. We are sensitive. We are idealists. We have greater self control. We are hurt. Our love dies. But we do not tell. Then, some day, we lock the doors behind us and never come back. That is woman nature.

I wish I might inspire a great love. Even though it does not last long, I should like to inspire it. A great man, a genius, a great love, and then forgiveness, if that must be.

When I was a little girl Caruso was my friend and playmate. He called me "Daghy." He would say, "Daghy, marry a man from yesteryear. Then he cannot hurt you."

Who knows? What he said to spare me sorrow may have been adopted as the nursery's slogan today.

By Betty Blythe

Lena Savage does my washing. She did it for many years prior to my recent three years' absence from Hollywood.

Lena's slaves and toils from early morn 'til late at night—supporting four children and an inept, lazy, worthless husband. Under no condition would she leave him.

Because—she loves him.

When Spencer (we will call him) is well bred, highly educated, traveled. Until forty he was a man of the world—restless, uncomfortable and unhappy.

Spencer ran across Polly Mathews in Spain. She was and had been (and he knew it) a woman of easy virtue for several years. He is not bothered by criticism and he is happy. Because—he loves her.

The happiest couple I ever knew were an old Iowa farmer and his wife. I met them sojourning in Rome. Their example has influenced my life extremely. Their wise love causes me to constantly think of preparations for the time when one wants most to be happy—old age.

From early youth this couple had toileted, fought, endured, raised children. It worked out well. The children are a credit to them and all married now. And the old folks are contented. Because—they love each other.

The poets and philosophers have found this subject food for debate for centuries. They always end by giving a definition by examples. It is intangible. Therefore I do the same.

As for myself—love and I accept totally. The real cause for any fine work I may have done is His influence. And I hope I never have to do without it.

By Dorothy Mackail

Some early British man of letters of the time in which Ben Jonson lived—if, indeed, it wasn't that erudite wag and philosopher himself—said something to the effect that "love is a dizziness that interferes with lizziness."

I think I have discovered an antidote for this malady which is entirely efficacious. It is work. I honestly believe there would be less trouble in the world of the kind that leads eventually to the prisons, the hospitals and the death of the experts if there were less idle people in the world.

In thus harshly catechizing the thing that we call love, in its commonest and perhaps most virulent form of manifestation, the critical British viewpoint may be blamed. Perhaps readers of Photoplay expect a gushing, garrulous parroting of the term "love" from me, but I write this according to my convictions—that love on the whole is manifested by the average person is a foolish and usually a selfish impulse, immature, ill-considered and the object of much misery.

I cannot help but subscribe to the matter-of-fact American axiom, "Why talk of love when there is work to be done?"

THE HUSBAND—"Your figure is perfect in that corset."

His Wife—"That's a great compliment, my dear; I haven't any on."

Wives With Hips

It's PLAY to Take INCHES Off the HIPS this MODERN Way!

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—at the waist, through the hips, across the abdomen. No wise woman under fifty need have "matronly" proportions. No one who knows need "confine" her figure. You can redistribute your weight with less effort—and with less expense—than resorting to corsetry and camouflage of dress. You can weigh and measure what you should!

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. It is a swift corrective of over- flesheness at any point. It removes the cause.

Use this remarkable method to dispel a double-chin in a few days. Make arms that have grown flabby firm within a week. Reduce a large bust four inches in a fortnight. Bring a 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 figure.

Are these things really possible? Yes; and by a very pleasant process. Wallace reducing records give anyone with a phonograph absolute control of weight. They have actually made play of reducing. People try them for the fun of it—but they soon see real results! For those simple little movements, irresistibly timed to music, soon dispose of superfluous flesh—every pound of it—at the rate of several pounds a week.

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! And mark this; no one who does not reduce with these records is asked, or even permitted to pay for them. Read Wallace's offer:

Free Test of Get Thin to Music

You probably have heard of Wallace records, but perhaps questioned what they would do for you. To find out is a simple matter; a week's test will tell; and this test is absolutely free. Wallace will send everything complete for the trial—record and all, and you are bound to enjoy the experiment. Your tapeline and the scales will be the best proof of what you can accomplish!

If you would like to try one of the records Wallace has provided for this free demonstration of his famous reducing method, just mail this coupon:

WALLACE
630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago,

[442]

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name ..........................................................
Address ......................................................
City ..........................................................
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

Close-ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

he couldn't have kept on at the old pace. His name assures a certain merit apart from his own performance. Richard Barthelmess has the brain of a producer, and I believe he will qualify as one. Otherwise, the other hand, declined because he hadn't the gift, though he is, in my opinion, the greatest actor on the screen. Gloria Swanson was dangerously near suffering the same demise of a "sex attraction" when she suddenly took the confidence of exercising her own excellent judgment. Pola Negri is doing the same.

Proof, incontrovertible, that brains are needed in the movies if the Rolls-Royce is to be kept in gas.

A T least fifty per cent of a star's value is due to exploitation. Eighty and ninety per cent in some instances. Paramount stars may not be intrinsically finer than those of other establishments but they certainly have been given a special boost through the furnishing of high-powered publicity. The gems and silver of Tiffany may be no finer than those of other houses, but we prefer them even at an extra cost. Mary and Doug know full well the value of this promotive factor, and they utilize it to the maximum. So do the Falmadges. So did Teddy Roosevelt, when he pressurized this century, with the possible exception of Mary Garden.

Kings, queens, presidents and premiers, know that the press is the real ruler of the world. So accordingly they keep their positions by bowing to its cameras and headlines. Namely: it is in the world today, and I'll tell you the one with the best publicity bureau. His name is H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. As for all the rest of the royalty of Europe, stumbling along without press agents, their combined fame doesn't equal that of Mutt and Jeff.

THERE are players with sufficient sense of humor to repeat the uncomplimentary. Here's what a few have told me they have overheard in a theater or while passing through a crowd:

Dorothy Gish: "I guess Lillian is very nice, but I hear Dorothy is pretty tough." 

Alice Terry: "And I thought she was blonde and little." 

Gloria Swanson: "You know she is dead and they're using a double."

Richard Barthelmess: "I thought he was tall!"

Bette Blythe: "I'd never have known her with her clothes on."

And when Ramon Novarro was presented to little ten-year-old Miss Frances Quirk, the daughter of James R. Quirk, she observed to her father, "Well, he's better looking than I thought he'd be."

MICKEY NEILAN is raconteur of this conte, which seems to me to have a moral worthy of this page.

A gentleman possessing a white beard that hung to his knees was one day questioned as to what disposition he made of it at night. The venerable sire could not reply. He had never thought of it. His biographer tried by inspiration, no doubt. But that night he began to think about it. He tucked it under the covers, but it tickled him. He put it outside; the breeze from an open window blew it over his head. Finally in desperation he arose and cut it off. The next morning he took double pneumonia and passed away.

This story is told to most players who take their stuff too seriously.

WHEN Von Stroheim transferred from Universal to Goldwyn to make "Greed" he brought his cameraman with him. Upon the completion of the picture the cameraman was let out.

"But he was promised steady employment,"
protested Eric, who had spent two years on the
picture. "Well"? said the studio manager grumpily.

MARCUS LOEW: "I don't see why people
pronounce my name Lowey. You don't
call a mule nuly."

Whereupon a cuckoo wit replied, "No, be-
cause a mule would kick."

RECENTLY I had a letter from Louise
Glaum saying that she expected to return to
pictures. She reproached me for saying that
she had suffered the fate of "sex attractions.
As a matter of fact she had suffered ill health.
Still, I think it was unfortunate that she was
featured as a vampire. Vampires do not begin
loyalty. Louise Glaum does. She is a charm-
ing and sincere woman, a capable actress. I
recall what she once told me: "I am not
afraid of old age. I will be glad to play char-
acter roles, for they are the greatest of all." Louis
Glaum is, and always has been, an excel-
 lent character actress.

ADMIT to being a Bolshevist in that I
prefer to sing the praise of the unsung deity
rather than the one before whom the crowd is
grumbling with unforgiving censors. Each year
I clamber to the tower and shout to Allah that
there is no finer actress than Bessie Love.
Especially did I think of Miss Love to
raise her salary above the miserable thousand
a week she now receives. There is no one of
a sweeter, finer character in all filmland.

This proves that I am impartial in my
estimation of her art, for I am given to the
praise of devils.

BOB FRAZER, whom Pola Negri declared
the perfect lover, is well cast in "The Foolish
Virgin" as the gentleman who teaches the
sweet one not to be foolish. I commend Bob
to you, but I can say that which is a sure sign of
greatness, a sense of humor. When I have forgotten all the Con-
fused nifties of other stars I shall remember Bob's line:

"A director can get the semblance of acting
even out of a brass monkey."

WHILE on location in Idaho Ruth Clifford
went to sleep in an old river bed, a bed
being a bed to Ruthie. Imagine her indigna-
tion then, when two rough lumberjacks in
truded and hauled her out just before a dam
was broken to let down a flow of logs. Para-
phrasing the late Bert Savoy, the flower of our
drama, Ruth wrote that because he has that
which is a sure sign of greatness, a sense of
humor. Where have I forgotten all the Con-
fused nifties of other stars? I shall remember Bob's line:

"A director can get the semblance of acting
even out of a brass monkey."

"Klieg Back" Malady the
Latest

HERE it is! A brand new salve from
which picture stars can suffer.
It is the "Klieg Back" and was "invented"
by none other than that popular young star
Richard Dix himself.

Richard made the unhappy discovery while
making scenes for "Manhattan" in the Para-
mount Long Island Studios.

The day before Dix and another member of
the cast had staged a real fight and bruised
each other up so badly that it was a case of
salve and liniment before they could come to
well.

Dix, well covered with liniment, was stand-
ing with his back to the powerful lights waiting
to be called. He felt a sudden burning sensa-
tion and leaped from the danger zone. The
liniment had begun to melt.

So far as is known, this is the first case of
"Klieg Back" in the industry, but it won't be
long now until some enterprising young actor
who has a date at the ball park, will be working
it overtime with his director.

Now, the bob IS a blessing. Bobbed
hair need NOT be a constant care. The
inventor of Wavev—the new, curling hair
brush—must have had bobbed heads in
mind! No more bother and expense of
almost daily clipping and waving to pre-
vent those straight ends from spoiling the
trim, chic effect of your bob! No more
ragged sides from sleeping on the short locks
that are stubbornly straight by
morning!

All you have to do is use the right hair
brush. Simply brush-
wave your hair with Wavev—the brush
that makes waves in
brushes in
waves.

Short hair, long hair, any human hair
responds to the gentle
rubbing action of the
Wavev brush with
bristles in wave-forms.

For years, women have used the
wrong type of brush; there was no
brush that had the right effect.

Wavev proves in
waves!

A Boon to Bobs
Just Use the Curling Hair Brush!

For hair that always looks its best—that
just naturally falls into soft curl after every
brushing—get a Wavev brush and begin
using it. You'll be glad you did—your satis-
faction will know no limit—for a Wavev
will serve you long and well. Made of
genuine Ebony from India, with the rich,
colorful markings of the imported wood,
unstained and highly polished. Real, pene-
trating China hog bristles, hand-trawn and
curve-set. Will stand wetting and washing.

Special TRIAL OFFER

Hundreds of stores and shops already have
the Wavev brush, but until all are supplied
we are making accommodation shipments direct
to individuals who wish to try the curling
hair brush without delay. Clip and mail the
coupon if you want a Wavev now.

Send No Money

All you need send us is your name and
address—you may pay the introductory price
of $3 to postman, and the few cents postage.
Or, enclose $3 if you like, and the brush will
be sent prepaid, postage free. (No risk, as we
will promptly return your money if you do
not feel enthusiastic over the qualities of this
remarkable improvement in hair brushes.

The Wavev Company
66A S.
State St., Chicago

Please send me one Wavev curling hair
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It Can’t Be Done

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

they say. And — this ought to interest you
— I ran into Irene Shirley just before I left, at a big party given by Sam Kesler, of the Inter-Ocean. Everybody was there. She looked stunning.

Tony Hull’s eyes hardened; between them grew a black frown. For a moment he did not speak. Then his smile returned; but there was a cynical twist to the corners of his large, homely mouth.

"Is that so?" he remarked slowly. "What’s she got her hooks into now?"

"You’ll hit the ceiling when I tell you." Reese leaned across the table, grinning broadly.

None other than your respected chief, Lew Davidson, he said.

"No." Tony stared at his friend incredulously.

"It’s a fact. He’d only just arrived that morning, but the beautiful Irene was right on the job with every hook freshly baited and a line of girly-girly talk that would have given you a pain in the stomach. I didn’t doubt she was reelsing nursery rhymes into him before the evening was over. I left early, myself, having some packing to do, but she had him backed against the ropes, by the time supper was served."

For a moment Tony Hull puffed reflectively at his cigarette, his thoughts groping back into the past. He was himself free of the memories which oppressed him.

"Much good it will do her," he growled. "Lew Davidson is too old a bird to fall for anything like that."

"It’s the old ones that do fall for it," Reese observed cynically. "Davidson’s fifty, at least. Isn’t he?"

"Fifty-four."

"That makes it worse. I tell you, Tony, it’s the dangerous age for a man — that period between fifty and sixty. He feels that his youth is slipping away from him, and he reaches out for it in others, knowing that he is losing it himself. Pitiful, in a way, but I suppose we’ll all come to it, sooner or later. Davidson may be a wise old owl in business. I’ve always heard he could get more out of a deal than any man in the game. But when it comes to women, these financial wizards seem to give their brains a vacation, and try to imagine they’re twenty-two-carat Romans. Oh — I’m not saying Davidson’s going to fall for Irene Shirley. I guess you might have something to say about that, if you, boy, are anything but a Frost-bitten turnip."

"You’re away off, Jimmy," Tony shook his head. "Davidson doesn’t run after women. I know him. He’s had plenty of chances, if he’d wanted to. Alice Carroll tried it, when she first came with us, I hear, but he didn’t warm up any more than a frost-bitten turnip."

"A good many others have made a play for him, too. Davidson’s worth a lot of money, has a lot of influence, not only in pictures, but on the stage, but none of those would be vamps ever got anywhere. You see, Lew has a wife — a plain, middle-aged woman, but sharp as a terrier. She’d check him up, quick enough, if he ever tried to wander from his family for a while. Between you and me, he’s a bit afraid of her."

Again Jimmy Reese indulged in his cynical smile, quite unconvinced by Tony’s arguments.

"Old stuff, my boy. Old stuff. When did checking up a husband ever help to hold him? What you’ve just told me about his wife makes her an ever-so-mark than I thought. Don’t tell me about the wise old birds with jealous wives. I know them."

The look of anxiety on Tony Hull’s face deepened. His fingers shook a trifle as he lit another cigarette.

"Look here, Jimmy," he asked. "Are you keeping anything back? To hear you talk, Davidson is bound to make a fool of himself, just because Irene Shirley has given him a
couple of baby stars. What's the big idea, anyway?"

"There isn't any, except what I've told you. I'm not keeping back a thing. But I know Irene—know her methods—and so do you. A lot of things, in the way of that man and his work. I've often watched her, ever since she came with the Inter-Ocean—have met her, over and over, at parties and the like, and I can see she's made up her mind to vamp somebody—anybody—who can help her become a star. Yes—that's her ambition, even if it does hand you a laugh. She tried it on Sam Kessler, last year, but Sam's only forty, with a young wife who keeps him busy as a hen on a hot griddle looking after her needs, so it didn't work. And she tried it on old man Roth, of the All-Star, too, but he told her he'd put on carpet slippers, when he got to be sixty, and decided not to make any bigger fool of himself than God Almighty had already done for him. You remember how dippy he was over Stella Adair, a few years ago, I guess he learned his lesson then—and paid a fat price for it, too. But David-on's seven or eight years younger, and just ripe for some sweetie who'll tell him she doesn't find young boys interesting because they're so raw and crude—that only men of experience can give her the mental thrills she's after."

"Mental thrills! Irene? Good Lord!"

"Exactly. That's her latest line. She hasn't enough real grey matter to analyze half of our conversation, as a rule, when she comes to playing her own particular game. I had a long talk with her one day, down at the beach. She was sitting under a big umbrella, reading what do you think—"Ulysses." I don't suppose she makes much out of it—I couldn't myself—but this highbrow pose goes well with schoolgirl dresses, and no makeup. If some of those cracking vamps begins to ask you about 'Jurgen,' or 'Painted Veils,' or 'Women in Love,' you naturally think he's out to talk dirt. But let some of that intelligent and innocent young thing pull that stuff on you—on a man like Davidson, say—and want to know what it's all about, and ten chances to one he'll jump to the conclusion that you're trying to protect her from the real world. Well—that's Irene's new line. James Branch Cabell in words of one syllable. It's a mighty dangerous line, Tony, believe me. That's why I say what I have about Davidson. But after all, suppose Irene does hook him. What difference does it make to you—now?"

"NONE, Jimmy—not in the way you mean. I don't give a tinker's dam what Irene does or doesn't do—personally. But it so happens that our company is in the market for a new star, and I'm rather hoping to see a young woman we have with us now get the contract. Jane Dare's her name. Know her?"

Reese shook his head.

"Not personally. But I've seen her, in some of your productions. Very pretty, but a trifle—well—cold, I thought."

"Nonsense. She hasn't had a chance, that's all. Blanketed. Alice Carroll can't see anybody acting in a picture but herself. She's about done, I think, so far as we are concerned, and Miss Dare is her logical successor. Naturally I don't want to see Davidson messing around with any outside talent. However, that's absurd, so far as Irene Shirley is concerned. The woman can't act. And Davidson is nobody's fool when it comes to engaging people. I'm a little glad, though, that he's only going to be in Hollywood a week. Not likely to lose his head in that time. In fact, I haven't any notion he's going to lose it at all. Let's talk about something else."

"About—Jane Dare?" Mr. Reese challenged, smiling. "Tony, you old string bean, I believe you're in love."

"Don't be absurd. I'm too old for a girl of twenty. But I admire her—tremendously, and if there's anything I can do to help her along, I will. She's a fine girl, clever, ambitious, full of temperament. Nobody lack of her—no pull of any sort—just her ability, her looks. You've been through the mill, Jimmy, and you know 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.'"

"I'm a little afraid you've been in the market for a new star, Jimmy, but I'm just starting. This commercial drawing is work I have to do. If it has not been for the opportunity of studying art in my spare time and the kindly interest of the Federal faculty, I would never have gotten out of the rat I was in. The practical, thorough, short course I took with the Federal School made my success possible."

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SPEEDING coastward through a riot of poppy fields, geranium beds and blossom-crowned fruit trees, a new and very pleasant joyousness crept over him, quite foreign to his everyday life in New York. The business which took him to Hollywood was of no great importance; he might have transacted it by long distance telephone, had he so desired. But some touch of spring in the air had brought a sudden decision; he would use it as an excuse for spending a week on the coast, for enjoying a visit to his many business friends, for looking over their studios, their new productions, and, perhaps, with the memory of Alice Carroll's developing wrinkles in his mind, for investigating possible material for a star.

The festive spirit which filled him showed itself in his attire. In New York Mr. Davidson was content to appear in dull greys and blacks, expensive enough, but conservatively cut. Here, in the glare and distraction of the crowds of Times Square, might have suggested anything, from a millionaire clock and suit manufacturer to a cut-rate ticket-seller. For his Hollywood appearance he had provided a wardrobe more in keeping with the spirit of the occasion. On this particular morning, as he finished his after-breakfast cigar, he wore a very becoming suit of light English tweed, a rakish soft hat, and a brown and white polka-dot tie, and did not show his age by at least ten years. For this he had to thank his slender and not unusual figure: embodiment usually tells its own story.

When he alighted from the train in the station at Los Angeles, his old friend Sam Kessler, who had driven in to meet him, smiled broadly.

"Lew—you old scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "What you been doing to yourself? Why—you're getting younger every day."

Mr. Davidson, in his new-found liberty, found the remark distinctly pleasing.
"I got a few licks left in me yet, Sam," he laughed.

CHAPTER IV

ABOUT the time that Lew Davidson de-
manded from the train and greeted his old
friend Sam Kessler, two women were dis-
cussing him in a dressing room at the Inter-
Ocean studio.

One of them was a tall, sinuous and very
beautiful brunette, whose dark and fasci-
nating loveliness might have been either Span-
ish or Jewish, or both. She sat in a wicker chair,
languidly toying with a jade cigarette holder.

The other was a smaller woman, with henna-
red hair, brushed demurely back and caught
in a long knot at the nape of her neck. The
hair itself was not the least demure; it
seemed, like its owner, to call for expression
in ways far more vivid, yet there it was, bound in a schoolgirl-like demureness.

Irene knew that the girl's sedate ex-
terior, and the ardent spirit which so plainly
flowed beneath it, was singularly arresting.
The suggestion of innocence, of unsophistica-
tion unstable as gunpowder, ready to take fire,
to explode at the first passionate spark, held
out a tremendous appeal—to the opposite sex,
at least. The sophistication, the virile burn of
her frame, holds no subtlety. Every passer-by
knows its power to scorn and burn. Singed
mops are apt to avoid it. But about such
women as Irene Shirley they flunk, fatsmugly
believing that whatever fires may exist be-
nest so demure an exterior are white fires,
quite harmless, without heat or passion unless
aroused by the particular moth himself.

Strange masculine conceit, this belief that he
alone has the power to kindle the flame of
passion; that in his arms alone, love is first
blasphemed. Of all the feminine traps devised for
the snaring of men, that of the innocent, the
guileless young maiden, waiting blithely to be
taught the meaning of love is the most
deadly.

Irene Shirley was the result of years of in-
tensive training, which began when she was an
embryo to show girl on the Century Roof.
In that formative period, remote, when
measured by experience, if not by the passing
of the years, she had been the naked flame.
Patrons of her art were not subtle; they liked
their meat raw, their beauty unadorned.
Gradually, as time passed, Irene had learned
to "cover up," had found that anticipation is
better than realization, that while raw flesh
attracts lobsters and crabs, one must hide
one's bait with superlative cunning, to lure
the wary old salmon from its castle among
the rocks.

For five years she had been grow-
ing gradually younger, more unsophisticated.
In the Century Roof days she walked Times
Square flagrantly flaunting her charms to the
world—untamed, unlimbed, damsel-yearned,
challenging, seventeen-apit two.
Now, at twenty-two, her low-heeled shoes, simple dresses, white collars and cuffs, close fitting sweater, and complete absence of all discernible makeup made twenty-two appear seventeen. It was a
triumph of subtle acting, of clever costuming.
And with her new, and perhaps even more
beautiful, as she likewise shed her past. No one knew
much about her. A change in name had helped.
She had come to Hollywood, un-
heralded, from the vaudeville stage, and by
sheer audacity had vamped her way, via
an impresario young assistant director, to a
position of some importance on the Inter-
Ocean lot. To the parts she played, minor but
necessary roles, she brought a beauty
impeccably pleasing to the eye; they did not
impose any great strain upon her skill as an
actress. This was well, since as well as she
possessed none, beyond an ability to sit, smile,
moving about gracefully in the manner of a
human being.

"Irene Shirley" was quite the reverse. She
was a well-trained actress, and her interpret-
tions were called for, which was seldom, by
crudely primitive methods—the widening
eye, the heaving chest, the clenched and un-
clenched fists, from which the crowd
passably enough, much in the manner of the

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"Dardine" does Wonders for Any Girl’s Hair
CHAPTER V

THE party given by Sam Kessler in honor of his old friend and running mate Lew Davidson was scheduled to begin at nine o'clock, when everybody's dinner had digested sufficiently to allow them to enjoy drinking of a few lively cocktails, composed largely of orange juice and grenadine, and forming the advance guard of the heavier artillery to be brought up later in the evening, or 初の might be. Sam had built himself, out of his recent prosperity, an amazing house. The architect had apparently suffered from a chronic inavailability in the minds of all the men present to a Spanish mission motif, he had progressed through late Elizabethan, early Queen Anne and Georgian, simple Colonial, somewhat contrasted by an attack of Attic Greek. The result, externally, was an architectural nightmare, but the large, rambling rooms within were comfortable enough, in spite of the fact that their furnishings corresponded exactly with Mr. Kessler's idea of a millionaire's home, as exemplified in countless Inter-Ocean prizes.

Since Lew Davidson was something of a power in the screen world, Mr. Kessler had invited to his party everyone in Hollywood of importance to greet, and distinguished visitor, and for the first hour after the festivities began, his guest had a very lively and nerve-racking time. He shook hands with so many people that his right arm became numb, and the effort to match their clever remarks, for the most part carefully prepared in advance, left him mentally limp. After the hundredth salutation he found himself unable to respond with anything more worth while than an automatic cackle. A hundredperson room could advanitely advance a witty remark, each, but for one person to return a hundred witty replies is asking too much of human nature. By eleven o'clock, when Lola Morosini, a charming hand, suggested that she was ready to show him how to put the bang into a tango, Mr. Davidson wilted. "I don't care for dancing no more," he gasped. "At least not tonight. I been around so much now I'm dizzy. What do you say, Miss Morosini, if we get a little air?"

Lola led her captive to one of the dark, wicker-furnished porches. Brilliant points of light flanked the trees and shrubbery of the patio like captive fireflies. The fountain in the center of the swimming pool, illuminated by hidden globes, seemed to be spouting wisps of many-colored chiffon. A fragment of lemon-yellow moon touched the mountain tops. Mr. Davidson sank in his softly upholstered chair and lit a cigar.

"This is great," he sighed, his tired nerves responding to the beauty of the scene. "Dancing you can do any time, but a night like this is something else."

"Yes. It is rather pretty." Lola yawned behind her sparkling fan. Beauty, as exemplified by colored fountains and distant yellow moons did not particularly appeal to her. Bitten by the tarantula of movement, she wanted to dance, and wished for Irene Shirley's touch. A tall, slender, middle-aged cartier of her hands. Why had the girl not come?" said Miss Morosini, her features perfectly the dramatic value of a delayed entrance, and had spent two hours, after dinner.

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taking a refreshing nap. As a result, she appeared in her simple gray and silver chiffon, radiant as the new moon, a nun, almost, in that riot of vivid, gorgeous costumes.

Evading an introduction to Mr. Davidson on her arrival, she waited until she saw Lola lead him to the veranda. It was no part of her plan to meet the great man as one of the crowd in the raw glare of Sam Kessler's big drawing room. From the obscurity of a remote corner in the library, where she had been listening silently to the clumsy lad making an assistant director for half an hour, she watched Miss Morosini's exit from the adjoining room with calculating eyes. Davidson, she was sure, would not dance. Lola, she well knew, would be de-locale, not dancing. Excusing herself to her companion with calm abruptness, she sauntered through the library door to the hall, and then to the French window which opened on the veranda. There was a strong light behind her, and Irene knew something of back-lighting. Her dim figure, silhouetted against the golden oblong of the window, was singularly arresting. There was enough light from the shrubbery, the fountain, the moon, to disclose the small whiteness of her feature. Knowing quite well that Davidson and Miss Morosini were sitting not five feet away from her she pretended complete ignorance of their presence. She disdainfully turned away from the distant mountains, she began to chant, in a small, clear voice, the poem by Shelley, beginning, "The moon is like a golden boat," Just in the conclusion of the last line both Lola and her companion rose. Irene stopped her elocutionary efforts with well-simulated embarrassment.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I—I didn't know any- one was here."

MISMorosini, perfectly aware of Irene's pretense, was nevertheless glad of the relief thus afforded her. She went up to the girl as the latter stepped from the window ledge to the porch.

"Hello, dearie," she said. "I thought you weren't coming. Mr. Davidson, meet Miss Irene Shirley, the baby vamp of Hollywood."

With this sly thrust she turned to the window. "If you won't mind, David, will you, if I go in? That tune gives me St. Vitus dance."

With a quick nod of her sleek head she darted into the hall, leaving Irene facing Mr. Davidson with a faint smile and holding the door to her companion.

"You aren't—you can't be—Mr. Lew Davidson, from New York," she whispered.

"Why can't I?" Davidson asked dryly.

"Don't I look a New York girl?"

"Oh, Mr. Davidson," Irene exclaimed, "it isn't that. But I didn't suppose the head of Davidson Productions was such a—such a young man." Under cover of this remark she sank into the cushioned swing from which Lola Morosini had risen.

Mr. Davidson's fingers automatically sought his tie. He had been reflecting a rather bitter experience for the past two hours that he was very, very far from being a young man. The twinges in his knees had warned him that his days as a long-distance dancer were rapidly coming to an end. It had already begun to wonder, at the moment of Irene's appearance, how long the confounded party would keep up. With a look of interrogation he glanced at his wife and the moon was bright, then sat down in the swing beside her.

"Say, Miss Shirley," he remarked, tossing the cigar he had been smoking over the verandah rail, "haven't I met you somewhere before?"

"No, Mr. Davidson. I don't think so. I'm with the Inter-Ocean, and have been on the Coast two years. I believe that I was on the stage. I haven't been in New York since I was a child. Isn't the moon beautiful tonight? I can't understand why people should want to gallop around a hot room all the evening, and fill themselves up with cigarette smoke and bad gin, when they could sit quietly here and look at a picture like that." Her bare arm, in indicating the picture in question, brushed Mr.
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eyes on the moon. "But I've just finished a perfectly marvellous book by Lawrence, called 'Fantasia of the Tree.' Of course I didn't quite understand it—it's supposed to deal quite frankly with questions of sex—I thought that maybe, if you had read it, you might explain it to me."

Mr. Davidson cast the ashes from his cigar with a grunt.

"No, sir," he declared, "ain't a thing to write books about. All you got to do is pick a woman and a man, supposing of course they like each other, and let nature take its course. That's all there is to it. The poor fools who try to make a mystery out of it give a pain. What's the good wasting your time on such things? They don't get you anywhere. Ain't you got nothing better to do than read fool books?"

Irene, with swift intuition, realized that she had struck a false note.

"I suppose it's because I'm lonely," she said.

"I don't care about drinking and smoking. Or dancing either, unless it's with just the right person. Somebody I really cared about. So there isn't much for a girl to do, is there? Except flirt. And that doesn't get you anywhere. So I just—read."

"Look here," Mr. Davidson said suddenly, blowing a stream of smoke through his nose. "What's the matter with you and me getting in Sam Kessler's machine, after breakfast tomorrow, and going for a long drive? I guess I'll need a little fresh air about then."

"Why—nothing, if you mean early. I've got to show up at the studio by noon. They're shooting some retakes, before that, so I won't be needed. If you want to start about nine—"

"Suits me. One thing I don't do is sit up all night. Not any more."

At that moment Sam Kessler appeared in the window. "Look, Sam, this little lady and myself are figuring on taking a ride tomorrow morning—early. Any objection to my turning in, pretty—soon?"

Mr. Kessler swept the two with a shrewd glance. Irene, he admitted, was something of an enigma to him.

"What time are you aiming to start?"

"Oh—around nine."

"That's about bedtime for this bunch. But if you're anxious to get up with the chickens, go to it. I won't be around, myself, but you'll find there's cars in the garage at your choice. What's the matter, Lew? Sleepy?"

"I didn't get much rest on the train, last night. And I'm a whole lot older than you, Sam. Just tell your friend I'm tired, will you, and pretty soon I'll sneak quietly up to bed. This is a great little girl you got, Sam," he went on, turning to Irene. "She's going to show me the sights. Will it be all right if I get her back by twelve?"

"Sure. Irene's a pretty early bird herself, when it comes to turning in. Always insists on getting in the ill-known beauty sleep. I just came to tell you that there's some supper ready in the dining-room—sandwiches, and creamed lobster with mushrooms—other junk. Miriam's a great little judge of taste. Better come along and put on the feebag, before those wolves in there eat it all up."

Mr. Davidson rose, nodded toward the French window.

"After you, Miss Shirley," he said.

Irene went into the hall, a triumphant light in her eyes. In the first round of her battle with Lew Davidson she felt that she had scored.

CHAPTER VI

On the night before he left Hollywood, Mr. Davidson and his host had a brief talk.

"Sam," Mr. Davidson said, fiddling with his eyeglasses, "got something I was to ask you."

"Anything you want to ask me, Lew," Mr. Kessler replied, "you don't have to apologize for. We been friends now twenty years, ain't we?"

"I know it, Sam. That's why I come out..."
frank and tell you what's on my mind. I've seen a lot of this Miss Shirley since I been in Hollywood, and what I want to tell you is, I like her."

"Do you, Lew? Well—she's a nice girl. I like her myself. What about it?"

"Why, this, Sam. Has she got a long-time contract with you?"

"No. Just this year. With a sixty-day notice clause. She ain't nobody we can't do without."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Sam. I want her."

"Want her? What for?"

"Well, you see, it's like this. I been figuring I can make something out of that girl. She hasn't had the right kind of breaks. So, if you're willing to release her—"

"Sure I am, Lew. It's any favor to you. I can find plenty more to play her parts. But see here. I don't mind telling you I been watching you, this past week, and if you want my honest opinion, I think this dame has got your goat."

"Nothing like that, Sam. You've known me a long time, haven't you? Ain't seen me fall for any skirt yet, have you? You got this kid wrong. She's not a vamp. Innocent as a child. Never so much as let me hold her hand. But the way I look at it, she's got the makings of a great actress—a big screen success—in her, if somebody will take the trouble to bring it out. Looks to me like she hasn't had a chance."

"So that's what she's put over on you, is it? Say, Lew, I don't want to see you make a fool of yourself."

"Cut it out, Sam. I know what I'm about. I took Alice Carroll off the Royal lot, didn't I, when she was getting two hundred a week, and made a star of her? This Shirley girl's got talent—lots of it. You don't think so because you've never given her a chance to show what she can do. Well, I'm willing to bet you this: I'll get that judgment—"

"If I'm wrong, it's my funeral. If I'm right, I'll give you the laugh. If you're willing to release her from her contract—she's through, she tells me, with the picture she been working in—why, I'm going to take her back to New York with me and give her a show."

SAM KESSLER stared in perplexity at the butt of his cigar. He was fond of Lew Davidson—and felt that his friend was allowing his vanity to run away with his sober judgment. The flower in Lew's lapel, the new sparkle in his eyes, his suddenly elastic gait, his smart suit and polished shoes, all told him that his friend was in the grip of a suddenly renewed youth, that he was judging Irene, not in the cold light of business, but in the mellow warmth of a false Indian summer. The girl had apparently convinced him that he was the most wonderful of men.

"You have such marvellous judgment, Irene had said to him that afternoon, I'm not surprised at your decision."

"It's marvellous," David onc had preened himself like a peacock beneath her words. His vanity had never been so flattered before. A never-ending flow of adulation poured from Irene's scarlet lips, delivered with the simplicity of a child reciting the multiplication table. Nor was this laudation of his judgment the only form her flattery took. Over and over she impressed upon him that up to now she had known nothing whatever of love, in its real, soul-devastating sense. Since meeting him, queer things had begun to happen to her. She could no longer sleep at night, she said. She was wretched, miserable, until she saw him in the morning. Just to be near him, to talk to him, gave her a sense of contentment that was hard to add that the thrill was entirely mental. With a mysterious, child-like smile, she told him how helpless she felt in the grip of her new emotions. They blazed to the very core of her in her eyes, simulated though
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they were, as she begged him not to touch her.

"I—I don't seem able to control myself," she whispered, "when I'm with you. I'll be glad when you go away."

It was at times like this that Lew Davidson found himself wishing that he might never go away or, if he did, that he could take the object of his adoration along with him. That afternoon, before his talk with Kessler, he had suggested it to her.

"If you can get out of your contract," he said, "I'll take you east with me, and give you an engagement with my company."

"I couldn't," Irene murmured, knowing perfectly well that she had won. "I'd be afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of not making good, after you had placed such confidence in me."

"You'll make good all right. I'll see to that. Will you go?"

"Can anyone do, with a masterful man like you?" Irene told him, wiping away some purely imaginary tears. Then, with a sure instinct for the dramatic, she turned to comedy. "Oh, mighty shelf," she laughed, "how do I know your wife won't try to pull out my hair?"

"Nonsense," Lew replied, treading Elyxian fields. "I got to meet women in my business, ain't I? Any reason I shouldn't make a new star?"

The magical word revived Irene's spirits instantly.

"If you can fix things with Mr. Kessler," she said, "I'll go." The result had been the conversation outlined above. "I've got to meet her, dear, don't take her," Sam had said. "But, as a friend I told you she's making a mistake."

"That's my affair, Sam. Should we consider the matter closed?"

Mr. Kessler decided to make one more appeal.

"Take my advice, Lew," he said, "and don't sign her up till you give her a tryout. She ain't what I call a real actress. And it's no good a fellow mixing up business with his love affairs."

Davidson turned on him instantly, his face stormy.

"Look here, Sam—this ain't no love affair—but this way you go. This girl's just a kid. Never let me so much as touch her hand, I tell you. Why, I'm old enough to be papa."

"What's that they call them, papas, ain't it?" Sam Kessler began, but the look in Davidson's eyes stopped him. Privately, he wished that before train time the beautiful Irene would slip on a banana peel and break her neck, but he offered no further opposition. Experience had taught him that friendship between men crumbles, when put to the test by a clever woman.

CHAPTER VII

One morning, about a week after his dinner with Jimmy Reese, Tony Hull was sitting at the studio with Jane Dare, waiting for the arrival of Alice Carroll. The police station was then even more temperamental than usual, during Mr. Davidson's absence; it was nothing for her to keep the entire company waiting half an hour, before putting in an appearance. On this particular morning the directors, camera men, actors and a score of extra people were all cooling their heels on the set, waiting for the lingering star. Alice had a major scene before her, and had been scheduled for the morning, and nothing could be done until she arrived. Tony, after looking over the groups working on the other sets, took the other two reel comedy—a detective thriller—came back to Jane in a very bad humor.

"Davidson got in this morning," he said. "He was yelling at the other man to cut a bit, out in Hollywood."
"How so?" Jane asked carelessly. She felt no great interest in Mr. Davidson's private affairs.

"Oh—met a girl out there he took a fancy to. I heard about it, a week ago, from a friend of mine just back from the Coast. Since then, this friend—he's a director with old man Rockefeller, has one or two directors. It seems that Lew spent most of his time, out there, chasing around with this party. Her name's Shirley—Irene Shirley. I never supposed Lew would embark on such a fool's errand!"

"Cheap little fraud? Do you know her?"

"Yes." Tony's eyes hardened; the grey of their pupils became almost black. "I know her perfectly. And I can say this, I'm glad of it. The moment she makes a break you'll get your chance. It's coming to you, and I know you'll make it."

"But—don't you see how wrong he looked when he flashed into the girl's eyes thrilled her. Homely he certainly was, with his big, awkward frame, his irregular features, his tousled brown hair. His half-closed eyes, his long grey eyelashes, the whimsical twist to the corners of his mouth, delighted her. A big man, and a singular one, so rough and so sort of man a woman could depend on. She colored a bit beneath his gaze, and Tony noticed it.

"I'm for you, dear," he whispered, "first, but the time, you can't count on it!"

For an instant he rested his hand lightly on her bare arm; the touch of him filled her with hot little surges of emotion.

"Thank you, dear," she said, "it's good to have such a friend."

"A friend—and more," he whispered back, his eyes fixed steadily on hers. Jane allowed herself to be carried away. This was almost a declaration, in full view of the chatting group about them. The others, however, were paying no attention, being occupied with their own affairs. "I've a little difficulty in deciding on a reply, groping for suitable words, Jane suddenly felt Tony's body, beside her, stiffen, heard him utter a gasp of astonishment as he sprang to his feet."

"Well, I'm Spelman, the studio manager, was coming toward them, a letter in his hand, a curious expression on his face. Tony, who had walked a very beautiful woman—a girl, almost, to judge from her simple dress, her quiet, unembellished manner. She headed straight for Tony, a smile of triumph on her lips."

"Why—you dear old dear," she murmured, in a smooth, lisping voice. "It's perfectly heavenly to see you again!"

Jane, with a quick breath, glanced at Tony. It was clear, from his expression, that between these two lay some deep and lasting experience—some common emotional ground.

"Yes, dear," she said, "we've had our spats, but time and again we've come back to the same spot."

"Yes, dear," he said, "you're the one."

The girl turned, plucked from Abe Spellman's fingers the letter he held in them, offered it to Tony with a triumphant smile. "Here, Tony, you always knew it would happen, didn't you? If it's all thesame to you, you can make me a star, here's a letter about me from Mr. Davidson."

Jane Dare felt the blood suddenly drain from her face. All the hopes that her father had cherished for her dreams of taking Alice Carroll's place, even her confidence in Tony Hull, vanished in a quick fade-out.

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“EMPTY HANDS”—Paramount.—From the story by Arthur Stringer. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: Griswold, Jack Holt; Claire Endicott, Norma Shearer; Robert Endicott, Charles Clive; Mr. G. C. Handy, Donald Ogilvie; Lady Kegswyn, Gertrude Olmstead; Monte, Ramsey Wallace; Milt Bisset, Ward Crane; Indian Guide, Charles Stevens; Spring Water Man, Hank Mann; Butler, Charles Green.

“MAGELINA”—F. B. O.—Story and scenario by Enrico Gauzzoni. Directed by Enrico Gauzzoni. Photography by Alfredo Lunci. The cast: Messalina, Rina de Liguoro; Princess Mirtil, Giovanna Terrillini; Elia, Lucia Zambisi; Eunice, Gigo Talamo; Polonia, GilboI Borel; Marenco, Alfredo De Felice; Varennes, Artiste Girandi; Catin, Mario Cusino; Tigris, Adolfo Trouche; Claudius the Emperor, Augusto Mastapietri.


“IT IS THE LAW”—Fox.—Based on the story by Hayden Talbot. From the stage play by Eligh C. Gordon, adapted by Harry Edwards. The cast: Albert Woodruff, “Snifter,” Arthur Hohl, Justice Victor, Herbert Heyes; Ruth Allen, Mimi Palmer; Inspector Delos, George Loewy; Trenor, Robert Yong; Lillian Allen, Florence Dixon; Cummings, Byron Douglas; Bill Elliott, Oaf Hyetten; Bernice, De Saca Moscoas; Mose, Guido Trento; Harley, Byron Russell; Valerie, Bijou Fernandez; Habitude of Gambling Casino, Dorothy Kingdon, Helena D’Aly, Patricia O’Connor, Nancy Newman.

“THE DESERT OUTLAW”—Fox.—Story and scenario by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Edmund Mortimer. The cast: Huckleberry Holmes, Hal Holbrook; Evelyn Brent; Doc McCreary, DeWitt Jennings; Tom Holmesley, William Haynes; Black Loomis, Claude Payton; The Sheriff, William Gould; Mr. McTenn, Bob Kelin.


“SINVERS IN SILK”—Metro-Goldwyn.—Story by Jay C. Jourdain, Diamond. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by Holscot Henley. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: Merrill, Adolphe Menjou; Pernalo Stevens, Evelyn Preville; Creton, Herbert Rawlinson; Nagel, Dr. Entace, Jean Hersholt; Bates, Edward Connelly; Bowes, John Patrick; Mrs. Stevens, Hedda Hopper, Pat, Miss du Pont; Chief, Virgil Delgras; Teddy, Tad, Bradle; Ward, Rota, Dorothy Dwan; Sir Edmond Ramsey, Frank Elliott; Olivia, Ann Luther; Estelle, Peggy Elms; Chet, Eugene Gilbert; Peggy, Milt; Atten, Carmen, Estelle Clark.

“LILY OF THE DUST”—Paramount.—From the story by Herman Sudderland. Adapted by Paul Bern. Directed by Dimitri Tiomkoff. Photographs by Paul Hurst, Polly Negri; Lieutenant Prell, Ben Lyon; Colonel Mother, Noah Beery; Richard Deacon, Raymond Griffith; The Unite, Wllie J. Kelly; Jalia, Jeanette Dauet.

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

"SINNERS IN HEAVEN"—PARAMOUNT. From the story by Clive Arden. Adapted by James Creelman. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: Barbara Stockley, Bebe Daniels; Alan Cros, Richard Dix; Hugh Rochdale, Holmes Herbert; Mrs. Judge, Florence Bingle; Little Girl, Betty Hilburn; Miss Cole, Atlantic; Montagu Love; Mrs. Stockley, Effie Shannon; Barbara's Aunt, Maria Harris.

"FLIRTING WITH LOVE."—FIRST NATIONAL. From the story by Le Roy Scott. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Gilda Lamont, Colleen Moore; Wade Cameron, Conway Tearle; Estelle Van Arden, William Blyson; Miss Cameron, Frances Raymond; Dickie Harrison, John Patrick; Frankstone, Alan Roscoe; John Williams, William Gould; Hemand, Marga La Rubia.

"BUTTERFLY."—Universal. From the story by Kathleen Norris. Scenario by Oga Printzlau. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Dora Carr, Laura La Plante; Hilary Collier, Ruth Clifford; Craig Spaulding, Kenneth Harlan; Konrad Kroski, Norman Kerry; Von Mandelscheid, Cesare Gravina; Violet Van Alten, Margaret Livingston; Duke, T-map; Cameron, Freeman Wood; Cy Dwyer, T. Roy Barnes.


"THE FEMALE."—PARAMOUNT. From the story by Cynthia Stockley. Adapted by Christine Johnston. Directed by Charles Vroom. The cast: Dalla, Betty Compson; Colonel Valentina, Warner Baxter; Barabu de Beer, Noah Beery; Claudal Harrison, Dorothy Cummings; Clan Biron, Freeman Wood.

"THIS HOUR."—Metro-Goldwyn. From the story by Elinor Glyn. Adapted by Elinor Glyn. Directed by King Vidor. Photography by John Mescall. The cast: Tanuroma Loretta, Aileen Pringle; Gritko: John Gilbert; Alexandra Arrowhead, Emily Fitzroy; Stephen Strong, Lawrence Grant; Ola Gobsh, Dale Fuller; Count فالنتين, Louis Shanks; Shaka- nof, Jacqueline Gadsdon; Satho Basmanoff, George Waggner; Princess Murielka, Carrie Clarke Ward; Boris Varizhkin, Bertram Grassby; Suiia Zatskine, Jill Reits; Lord Courtney (Jack), Cap. Wilfrid Gough; Grand Duke, Michael Mitchell; English Minister, Frederic Vroom; Fat Harem Lady, Nelly Comont; Rolf, E. Eliaziaroff; Serge Grassby, David Mir, Ivan, Bert Sprotte.

"AMERICAN MANNERS."—F. O. — Scenario by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by James W. Horan. Photography by Warner Bissell. The cast: Roy Thomas, Richard Talman; Dan Thomas, Marc Fonten; Clyde Haven, Lee Shumway; Geria Weldon, Irene Hervey; Christine Strong, Secret Service Man, Arthur Meletto; Jonas Winthrop, William Turner; Mike Barlow, Pat Harmon; Bud, the Waf, George Wade.

"THE BREATH OF SCANDAL."—B. P. SCHULGEB PROD., Inc.—From the story by Edwin Balmer. Scenario by Eve Unsell. Directed by Louis Garson. Photography by Henry Sharp. The cast: Harry Byrons, Jacobo Berist; Betty Blythe; Marjorie Hale, Patty Ruth Miller; Bill Wallace, Jack Mulhall; Helen Hale, Myrtle Stedman; Charles Hale, Lou Tallegen; Bert Monse, Forrest Stanley; Bill; Husband, Frank Leigh; Clara Simmons, Phyllis Haver; Ahertor Bruce, Charles Clary.

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JAMES CRUZE Production "MERTON OF THE MOVIES"
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BEBE DANIELS in "DANGEROUS MONEY"

RUDOLPH VALENTINO in Rex Beach's "A SAINTED DEVIL"
A JOSEPH HENEBERY Production. From the Rex Beach novel, "The Rope's End." Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

POLA NEGRI in "FORBIDDEN PARADISE"
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The Winners of the
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and editors of PHOTO-
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there was no alterna-
tive if full and fair
consideration was to
begiven every entrant.
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the winners will ap-
pear in the January
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Things the
Stars Want
to Forget

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in our past lives that we
would like to erase from
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recall them. The stars
probably have more of
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tions than the rest of us.

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BROADWAY AFTER DARK—Warner.—A hum- 
manized melodrama well-directed, cast and 
played. (Auguat.)

BROADWAY OR BUST—Universal.—A Hoot 
Gibson vehicle below his average. Both director 
and story utterly overlooked much in producing picture. 
(August.)

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

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

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Vitagraph.—Of the old roister-
ing days of seventeenth century and revolves 
around a series of sea fights. Splendid entertainment. 
(November.)

A special service to its readers, Photoplay 
Magazine inaugurated this department of tab-
low reviews, presenting in brief form 
critical comments upon all photoplays of the 
predicting 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 
productions.

Photoplay has always been first 
and foremost in its film reviews. 
However, the fact that most photo-
plays do not reach the great majority 
of the country's green theaters until 
months later, has been a manifest 
drawback. This department over-
comes this—and shows you accurately 
and concisely how to save your com-
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 tableau 
indicates the issue of Photoplay in 
which the original review appeared.

CONFIDENT MAN, THE—Paramount.—The 
all-time favorite from Meehan in a new version of the 
redemption theme. Amusing, well done and worth 
while. (November.)

CYTHEREA—First National.—Par above the 
average picture, although differing largely from Her-
gesheimer's book. Alma Rubens, Lewis Stone and 
Terry-Thomas are excellent and settings and photography 
beautiful. (July.)

DANCING CHEAT, THE—Universal.—The love 
of a dancer for a gambler. Lots of romance—little 
tension. (June.)

picture made in France with Susse Yabukawa 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 ramp recovered by clever flapper 
daughter. (July.)

DANGEROUS COWARD, THE—F. B. O.—Poor 
entertainment provided by story of a cowboy who re-

tuces to fight and is dubbed "yellow." (August.)

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

DARING YOUTH—Principal.—A race face, 
well enough done, with Bebe Daniels and Norma 
Kerr. (July.)

DARK STAIRWAYS—Universal.—If you will 
lay aside your judgment you'll like this one. A 
mediocre story, impressively but exciting. Good en-
tertainment. (September.)

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

DAWN OF TOMORROW, THE—Paramount.— 
Clean, beautiful entertainment for the whole family, 
well directed and acted. (June.)

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

DON'T OWN YOUR HUSBAND—Metro. — 
Viola Dana and Alan Forrest take an ordinary story 
and put life into it. (August.)

DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL— 
United Artists.—Great combination of Mary Pick-
ford and Marshall Neilan and the historic novel by 
Chas. Major. Don't miss it by any means. (June.)

EMPTY HANDS—Paramount.—Story of engineer 
and society girl lost in wilderness. Experiences cure 
girl of distorted view of life. (November.)

—A charming fantasy, beautifully handled, with 
a most appealing story, enacted by Richard Barthel-
mes and May McAvoy. (June.)

ENEMY SEX, THE—Paramount.—Betty Com-
son in a sexy film of the girl who comes through fire 
unscathed. Keep the family home. (September.)

EXCITEMENT—Universal.—One of those 
whose-love-beg-a-tone homilies. (June.)

FEMALE, THE—Paramount.—Poorly handled 
story of girl who once ran into an African jungle and 
plays with lion cubs. (November.)

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

FIGHTING COWARD, THE—Paramount.—A 
satire on the fire-eating Southerner of the ante-bellum 
days, remarkably well done. (Continued on page 10.)
One would expect Barbara La Marr, with her exotic, rich-toned personality, in a screen story that moves against a background of luxury and gorgeousness. "Sandra," in which she appears with Bert Lytell, is that kind of a picture. It blends a lively, interesting story with pictorial splendor. 

"Sandra" is a woman of two personalities. One self is the woman her husband married; the other, a strange, adventurous creature whose craving for romance carries her to strange places amid strange people. Read the novel by Pearl Doles Bell and prepare for the photoplay.

Miss La Marr is seen on the left.

Other First National Pictures

"Her Night of Romance"—Connie Talmadge has Ronald Colman for her leading man in this. As for the story, well—it's a typical peppy, Conniesque comedy.

"Husbands and Lovers"—a John M. Stahl production with Florence Vidor, Lew Cody, and Lewis Stone. Like Stahl's other pictures, a domestic drama and decidedly human.

"Born Rich"—Being the story of a millionaire married couple who broke all precedent by not getting divorced. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor are the principals, while Doris Kenyon and Cullen Landis are the would-be home-wreckers.

"Sundown"—Earl Hudson's story of the passing of the old West. Showing the final drive of cattle the American plains will ever see. A prairie fire and a stampede. And a love story enacted by Bessie Love and Roy Stewart.

"Classmates"

There is a new and even more appealing Dick Barthelmess in "Classmates," his latest picture. As a country boy who secures an appointment to West Point, Dick has his finest role since "Tol'able David." The West Point authorities, by the way, co-operated in the filming of this picture, so its realism is beyond dispute.

Thanksgiving week will see the premiere of "Classmates" in cities throughout the country. Follow the advertisements of your local theatre.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**FIGHTING FURY—Universal.**—A conventional Western of cattle-stealers, lovely ranchowner and heroic stranger who merits unqualified verdict of "pretty picture," with Raymond Hatton at his best. (August.)

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

**FIRE PATROL, THE—Cładwic.**—An old-time melodrama with every old film thrill worked in. (August.)

**FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE—Pathe.**—The most amusing comedy that Harry Langdon has appeared in thus far. (November.)

**FLAPPER WIVES—Selznick.**—The faith-healing theme, with nothing new in the story. Fair. (June.)

**FLIRTING WITH LOVE—First National.**—College Medicine, with little hair in typical flapper role but finally learns that she loves a reformer. (November.)

**FOOLS IN THE DARK—F. B. O.**—Frankfest kind of bloopers, with skeletons, cautious postmen, bell boys, bums, etc. (August.)

**FOR SALE—First National.**—Clair Windsor's beauty goes to biggest bidder, when her father (Tully Marshall) is about to shoot himself. Mediocre stuff. (September.)

**FOURTY-HORSE HAWKINS—Universal.**—A good comedy well handled, starring Hoot Gibson as a village meeker. (October.)

**GAITY GIRL, THE—Universal.**—English picture with slow action and poor plot. (August.)

**GALLOPING ACE, THE—Universal.**—A Jack Hoxie Western, with Jack doing some of his best riding and heroic deeds. (June.)

**GALLOPING FISH, THE—First National.**—Trained seal supported by Louise Fazenda and Sydney Chaplin. Skippety, but funny. (June.)

**GALLOPING GALLAGHER—B. O. B.**—An amusing farce, with Tom L. Thompson being the re-deeming feature. Comedy is awful. (June.)

**GAMBLING WIVES—Arrow.**—An amusing comedy, at a fast house party, cabarets and gambling rooms. Just usual. (June.)

**GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST—F. B. O.**—Interesting and human. The novel transferred to the screen by American actors. (August.)

**GIRL SHY—Pathe.**—All the laughs and all the thrills that one expects in a Harold Lloyd picture. Fun fast and funny from start to finish. (June.)

**GOLDFISH, THE—First National.**—Constance Collier and red hair are the central figures in this comedy. (August.)

**GOOD BAD BOY, THE—Universal.**—Principal—Story of the worst boy in village who is really good at heart. Worth seeing. (August.)

**GUILTY ONE, THE—Paramount.**—A regular vaudeville of farce, murder and whatnot, and the result is mostly nothing. The players themselves don't seem to think much of it, either. (September.)

**HIGH SPEED—Universal.**—Story of an athlete in love with a banker's daughter. Herbert Rawlinson retains his stand. (October.)

**HILL BILLY, THE—United Artists.**—Jack Pickford in a truly appealing role. His best picture in a long time. (October.)

**HIS DARKER SELF—Hodkinson.**—Played originally by Al Jolson and done by Lloyd Hamilton, it proves Jolson should have done it. (June.)

**HIS FORGOTTEN WIFE—F. B. O.**—The third of the Palmer's crime pictures, and up to the standard of the others. The war is in this one. (June.)

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

**HIT AND RUN—Universal.**—A Hoot Gibson romantic comedy in which his fans will find him at his best in a story quite unusual and entertaining. (October.)

**HOLD YOUR BREATH—Hodkinson.**—An amusing farce with a human fly and funny situations. (August.)

**HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Hodkinson.**—A worthy effort to picturize an old best-seller, but it is rather slow. (November.)

**IN FAST COMPANY—Truants.**—Incongruous. Comedy falls down. Good prize fight scene. (August.)

**IN HOLLYWOOD WITH POTASH AND PERT-MUTTER—First National.**—Corking good comedy with a laugh in every sub-title. (November.)

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

**IRON HORSE, THE—Fox.**—An epic of the terrific hurdle under which the first transcontinental railroad was completed. Interestingly intense, also interesting. (October.)

**IT IS THE LAW—Fox.**—Another melodrama of the internal triangle with suspense, laughter and thrills. Carries a surprise punch. (November.)

**JANICE MEREDITH—Cosmopolitan.**—Another romantic tale of the American Revolution. Marion Davies appears as Janice. Supporting cast good. (October.)

**JUBILIO, JR.—Pathe.**—If you were ever a kid you will want to see this Gay Leron and The Gang combine for a lot of fun. (October.)

**KING OF WILD HORSES—Pathe.**—A remarkable picture because of the work of the camera man.Shows the wild horses never equalled. The Black is a worthy star. (June.)

**K THE UNKNOWN—Universal.**—Overplayed story about a woman who gives up everything when he imagines himself guilty of carelessness. Reduces self by operation. (November.)

**LAST OF THE DUANES, THE—Fox.**—Zane Grey's novel of hair-trigger shooting and hairbreadth escapes makes a typical Tom Mix picture. (November.)

**LADY OF THE DUST—Paramount.**—From Sigmund's "Song of Songs." Talk lacks real appeal. (November.)

**LISTEN LESTER—Principal.**—Adapted from a musical comedy popular some years ago and modernized to include bootleggers. Fast and full of tricks. (July.)

**LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOE—Metro.**—Viewing the adventures of a shipwrecked sailor on aiani-"ewish island is an evening well spent. The children will love it. (October.)

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

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

**LURE OF THE YUKON, THE—Le-Braddock.**—Conventional gold rush stuff with plenty of red-blooded action. (October.)

**MANHANDELED—Paramount.**—In which Gloria Swanson discovers that men will be men and an honest man's love is in best. By far this star's best work. (September.)

Who Won the $5,000 Prizes?

Announcement of the winners in PhotoPlay Magazine's big Title Contest will be made in the next issue. Watch for the list of names. Perhaps yours may be among the lucky ones.

In January PhotoPlay—On Newsstands Dec. 15
You Might Laugh at This New Way to Grow Hair

But Here’s POSITIVE PROOF of What I Am Doing Everywhere

These are true, unretouched photographs of Mr. Murray Sadow’s hair before—and 60 days after—using my remarkable new treatment for baldness and falling hair. This is not a rare instance. Enthusiastic letters are pouring in daily telling of the astonishing results being secured everywhere—through use of my scientific system. What better proof is there that I can actually grow new hair?

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By ALOIS MERKE
Founder of Famous Merke Institute
Fifth Avenue, New York

A NEW growth of hair in 30 Days—or no cost! This may sound impossible to you. But just look at the two photos reproduced above. Mr. Murray Sadow, of New York City, started my treatment January 23, 1924—and sixty days later—as you can see—he had an almost entirely new growth of hair. Then read the statements from users of my method printed on this page. These are true excerpts from original letters and are typical of hundreds of others in our files which are open at all times to the inspection of any one interested.

I don’t say my system will grow hair for everyone. There are some cases of baldness where nothing in the world can help. But I’ve grown new hair for so many thousands of others who had given up hope that I am entirely willing to let you try it at my risk for 30 Days. Then, no matter how fast you are losing your hair or how little of it there is now left—if you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced I will instantly and gladly mail you a check refunding every cent you have paid me. That’s my absolute Guarantee, and You Are the Sole Judge. I take all the risk. You take none whatever.

Entirely New System

Most people believe that when their hair falls out the roots are dead. But I have proven that in the majority of cases the hair roots are merely dormant—inactive. Through under-nourishment, dandruff and other causes the starving, shrunken hair roots have literally gone into a state of “suspended animation.” Tonics, ointments, massages, crude oil, etc., fail to grow new hair because they do not reach these dormant hair roots, but instead simply treat the surface of the scalp. To make a tree grow you would not rub “growing fluid” on the bark. Instead you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

My new method provides an effective way of properly treating dormant hair roots and stimulating them into a new and natural growth. And the fine thing about my system is the fact that it is simple and inexpensive and can be used in any home where there is electricity, without the slightest discomfort or inconvenience.

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"I have used Thermonurop Treatment for 6 weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for 6 years the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact, the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—W. G., Kentwood, Ohio.

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"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Thermonurop. I can’t say enough for it. It will do everything you claim it to do."—G. G., Texas.

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**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 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.

I consider your letter written to Photoplay Magazine the most unfair, contemptible thing I have read. In the first place, you knew nothing of Mabel Normand personally or you never would have written what you did. I would be pleased to learn just how Mr. York erred in his appreciation of Miss Normand. You state that you refuse to believe any of the fine tributes paid to Mabel by those who know her intimately; well, it happens to be one of the many who have been privileged to meet Mabel Normand and I wish to impress on your mind the fact that she is one of the finest young women in films, and she also does charities that are many, and that among the studio workers she is easily the best liked girl in Hollywood. You state that you always have been ready to defend movie stars in their time of trouble; your letter in Photoplay proves that the contrary is true. I do not believe you are a real, honest-to-goodness movie fan. It is very unfortunate that Miss Normand has been the victim of a fate that has allowed her to become the target of hag-souled gossips and he-scaland-mongers. The most surprising feature connected with your communication is the fact that it comes from a section of the country noted for its chivalrous men. You, evidently, are an exception to the rule.

**John D. Cahill.**

**Adela Starts Something**

Chelsea, Mass.

Adela Rogers St. Johns has precipitated what promises to be a lively discussion. But it is my unsolicited opinion that Mrs. St. Johns knows her sex. Her keen perception has overlooked none of our vagaries and her words bear the stamp of truth. Therefore I lay my honest appreciation of her superior talent at her feet. To be sure, why do I delude with "Our Adela" she takes from such an immaterial angle the relative beauty of Thomas Meighan, Douglas Fairbanks, or Bill Hart? Why not rather question the potent issue raised by her when she enumerates the qualities in men which appeal to us most?

It is almost positive that these three men would consider themselves the recipients of a sincere compliment. Mrs. St. Johns has shown clearly that none of these three needs personal pulveritute to increase his fan following, so why the demoral wail for the fanciful slight to Tom's nice face?

As for Wallace Reid, we sincerely thank her for giving us an intimate glimpse of the man's personality. The loyalty of the love and devotion given him transcends death. His memory is eternal. Others have faded into oblivion; some, once famous, are now relegated to the background, but Wally exists forever.

**Ethel Moreland.**

**Golden-Hearted Mabel**

That infamous letter by H. G. Nelson, of Manning, South Carolina, in August Photoplay, is nauseating to any saner person. What can have happened to that part of America which has ever, and not without reason, boasted about its culture and manhood—"The Old South?"

M ust that delicate structure, Miss Mabel Normand, always be the victim of calumny? Know this, Mr. Nelson: In pictures, Miss Normand always gives the same entertainment; in private life, she is a golden-hearted lady.

The excuse I offer for this breach in conduct, the public discussion of Miss Normand's non-professional affairs, is that I can no longer tolerate the muttering of thumb-down tools who would forever have their Roman holiday.

**Ward Sayre.**

**Males Will Let Their Hair Grow**

Netcong, N. J.

Why the "Brick" from Brooklyn at some of the screen actresses when asked their opinion of bobbed hair? I refer to Ella Morton's letter in September Photoplay. I'm here to hand Anna Q. Nilsson a "bouquet." "Say it with flowers"—because she is right.

Some folks make me tired when they say: "There is no individuality left. When you see a bunch of girls together they all look alike." But why, I ask, pick on bobbed hair? What about women wearing high-heeled shoes? Stand 'em row on row and you couldn't tell who was who. "No individuality?" Certainly, but we go on wearing high-heeled shoes.

Our screen players have simply stated their viewpoint, and if certain persons feel indignant it only shows that they are guilty. "The shoe pinches." I will admit that I don't agree with Mae Murray about "lack of intelligence and an old-fashioned mind," because, in some cases, "huffy" won't agree to the shearing process. What about the poor, deluded chicks down below Mason and Dixon's Line who are letting their hair grow because their wives are "shingled"? I'm for bob. There is nothing like it, including the upkeep.

**Pansy L. Greenleaf.**

**Another Viewpoint**

Wooster, Ohio.

I agree with Ella Morton who wrote what she thought of the bobbed-hair question. Bobbed hair is significantly common and greatly reduces the charm of an individual.

**Polly KeeneY.**

**Copy Cats**

San Francisco, Calif.

The very idea of some actresses talking as they do about girls who don't bob their hair! "How about a bangy" indeed! Well, I wouldn't want to be called a copy cat. That's what they are—copy cats. Nothing else.

I have long hair. Not "all the king's horses nor all the king's men" would make me bob it. Why be cowed who cow before the mode? Style is a silly word. Individuality is a strong one with a great deal of meaning.

**Margaret Quesly.**

**What Has Happened To Rudy?**

Chicago, Ill.

I read your most interesting book every month, and I agree with Mr. James K. Quirk that something has happened to our Rudy of "Blood and Sand." I saw "Monseur Beaucaire," and while I enjoyed it, all I can say is that it is a beautiful picture but leaves one unsatisfied. Please, Mr. Valentino, "be yourself." You are trying to be too artistic. In fact the whole picture seemed to me to be artificial. I don't want to see Rudy turn into a hothouse flower. I hope his next picture will be as great as beautiful but more human.

**Margaret O'Brien.**

**Nude Display Unnecessary**

Dade City, Fla.

Many of the younger generation coming on are laboring under the mistaken idea that the quick way to gain popularity is to make a generous showing of their legs. I still believe that modesty in women is a cardinal virtue and that men, as a whole, have a deep respect for women who are becomingly attired. The Gish girls, Mae Marsh, Alice Joyce, Lois Wilson and others are exceedingly popular, and they didn't attain that popularity by an unseemly nude display of their bodies. And who is it that does not love them? They are grand beyond compare.

**G. W. Walker.**

**Nearly Broke Up Her Home**

Denver, Colo.

I was both shocked and grieved by your recent editorial on "Monseur Beaucaire." I went to see the picture four times in one week. The only thing that prevented my going oftener was lack of time.

I cannot agree with you in your statement that the improvement in Valentino's acting detracts from the charm of his personality. It seems to me that he is more vivid, as well as more finished, than ever.

It takes a tremendous personality to triumph over the artificialities of a costume picture. This, in my opinion, is what Valentino has done. I don't know what he wore nor could I see the marvelous "sets" while he was on the screen.

Don't run away with the idea that Rudy is no longer "dangerous to women." He has nearly broken up my otherwise happy home.

**Janet Henderson.**

**Another Defends Mabel**

Chicago, Ill.

H. G. Nelson, Manning, S. C.

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All Wool Blocked Polo Coat

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MANN'S MATE, A—Fox.—John Gilbert and Rene Adore do their best, but the result is pretty bad. (June)

MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Fox.—Easily the top picture of the month, a typical, unsentimental, straight-ahead fight battle of redemption and win. (November)

MAN WHO FIGHTS ALONE, THE—Paramount.—Very much a lightweight, designed to turn a wheel chair person who believes he is losing his wife's love. (October)

MARRIAGE CHERISH, THE—First National.—The South Sea again, with Leslie Joy, Stuart Stone, and Lina Ador- mant, and Adolph Menjou mixed up in a triangle plot. A minor character, as native girl, helps the plucky girl who is making a fight for her man. (November)

MARTYR'S TRAIL, THE—Capital.—What one brutal man can't do to two poor females! But regeneration of the wicked and sunshine follow. (January)

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

MERTON OF THE MOVIES—Paramount.—A screen-struck youth decides to become a movie star. Taken from the well known stage play with Glenn Hunter in the title role. Amazing. (October)

MESSALINA—F. B. O.—Spectacular story of ancient Rome, not at all successful. The wife of Emperor Claudius, difficult to follow. (November)

MIAMI—Hokinson.—A flippery story with Betty Compson not up to her best. Yarn is weak in spots. (April)

MILE-A-MINUTE MORGAN—Santford.—"Just another movie" and about as poor as possible. (June)

MILE-A-MINUTE ROMEO—Fox.—Tom Mix again—dauntless as ever—and with the help of Tony, just an entertaining melodrama. (April)

MISSING DAUGHTERS—Selznick.—Thriller dealing with white slave trade done in old-style melodrama—first tear and then a laugh. (August)

MILE, MIDNIGHT—Metro.—Mac Murray in a black wig which somehow detracts from her usual allure. Mexican locale and mix-ups. Fair. (July)

MONTREAU BEAUREPAIRE—Paramount.—The return of Capitaine to the screen, along with the story by Booth Tarkington, makes this worthy of an evening's entertainment. (October)

MORAL SINNER, THE—Paramount.—Screen version of "Leoba, the Liar" makes a rather mediocre crook drama. (June)

NAPOLION AND JOSEPHINE—F. B. O.—Story too well-known to be told here. Picture lacks vitality despite several great situations. (August)

NEGLECTED WOMEN—F. B. O.—Another variation of the wife who is neglected for business. Just a dull and mildly histrionic melodrama. (October)

NIGHT HAWK, THE—Hokinson. —Harry Carey at his best in a Western drama of plenty of plot and riding. (June)

NIGHT MESSAGE, THE—Universal.—Melodrama based on a Southern family feud. Also, pretty well done. (June)

ONE NIGHT IN ROME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A long suffering dulness is unjustly accused of being the cause of a young husband's suicide. Happily everyone is saved. (November)

OPEN ALL NIGHT—Paramount.—Novel story based upon a case bit a holdup in presentation. Story of a woman who grows tired of over-gentlemanly husband and seeks cam hidden but gets over it. (November)

PAGAN PASSION—Selznick.—Starts well, but gets off the track and becomes tiresome. (June)

PAL O' MINE—C. B. C.—A human story of a woman who has decided to take up a career and does it. Pleasing. (August)

Society Woman Takes Off Every Bit of Excess Flesh! Mrs. Bayliss Tells Here How She Did It

I NEVER dreamed you could do it, Mr. Wallace," wrote that young matron from Philadelphia's smart suburb. Her letter is an eloquent testimonial to the efficacy of Wallace reducing records. A reduction of more than 50 pounds in a few weeks! But read her own story.

"Here I am, back to 138 lbs. after my mustardpots had hovered round the impossible two hundred mark! Your perfectly wonderful muscle movement, I tell you, has been the one man who has not had activities and enjoyments curtailed for years—and suddenly restored.

"Thanks to Wallace I am dancing, golfing and 'going' as of yore, and wearing styles I would have had to forgo with my figure what it was. Because I once laughed at the idea of 'getting thin to music' I offer in humble apology this letter, my photographic and personal request to publish them should you desire."

It's SO EASY to Do! No Starring, No Punishment

Most women of bulky figure would make almost any sacrifice to attain the symmetry Mrs. Bayliss' photo reveals. But you need not sacrifice your health, comfort or even convenience. The beauty of it is this: You use Wallace's records but ten minutes a day! Yet the reduction is felt within five days of starting; the second week will bring a noticeable improvement; the third or fourth week will find you lighter by many pounds.

The beauty of Wallace's method is absolutely natural reduction and redistribution of weight. Unlike the drastic dieting and drugging methods, there is no loss of flesh where you cannot afford it.

How long will it take? Some lose seven or eight pounds in the first five days—test period. Others but two or three. Much depends on the individual constitution. But you can and will lose steadily by this system, for it is good for you. And everyone who ever reduced this way will tell you it's downright fun.

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Just try Wallace's way for a week. That's all he asks. Don't send any money; don't promise to pay anything now or later. The trial is free. If you don't see surprising results in even these few days, simply mail back the record and you will not owe Wallace a penny. Let the scales decide. Here is the coupon that lets you go away with the saving lesson complete, record and all:

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Please send me the FREE and POST-PAYABLE PARISIAN FLESH FOOD MAKES MEN AND WOMEN OF 10 LBS. look 10 LBS. younger, fresher, more energetic. The beauty and slenderizing lesson sent. A sure way to regain the charm of a clear, wholesome, girlish complexion. Amazing results in short time. Removes wrinkles, crow's-feet, fine lines, furrows. Restores elasticity to skin, hair and to under-tone of entire body. Kills hollows of face, neck, and develops bust.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(continued from page 15)


TELEPHONE GIRL, F. B. O.—This one of the series, called "The Switchboard Operator." It is about as interesting in its subject matter as the previous one, and it is a failure. (September.)

TENNESSEE WILLIE'S—Metro.—Mr. Metro has touched the screen material as well as its vitality. Both leading characters poorly done. (October.)

THAT FRENCH LADY—Fox.—All about love without a touch of romance. The picture of what punch it might have had. (October.)

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT—F. B. O.—The Balkans, rich radium deposits, and the battlefield of syndicates to get control make up this not very interesting picture. Well directed. (September.)

THOSE WHO DANCE—First National.—A thriller, well directed and acted, through a maze of bootleggers, blacklegs, police pursuits, pistols and jazz. (August.)

THREE WOMEN—Warner Bros.—Story is the emotional struggle of a woman and grown daughter over a man. Not savory but smoothly told. (November.)

TIGER LOVE—Paramount.—Antonio Moreno and Eraldo Malangranda match time for time in the mountains of Spain with outlaws, and kidnaping at the altar. (September.)

TROUBLE SHOOTER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix in a part that fits him act. A simple story sustained by his straightforward acting and enlivened by Little Kathleen Key. (September.)

TRY AND GET IT—Hokinson.—An impossible story, but with many laughs. Bryant Washburne and Billie Dove in cast. Good entertainment. (June.)

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

TWENTY DOLLARS A WEEK—Selznick.—George Arliss in a comedy that is by no means worthy of him. A weak force. (June.)

UNGUARDED WOMEN—Paramount.—Drama and life here collaborate to make an exciting picture. Good work by Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix. (September.)

UNMATED YOUTH—F. B. O.—A pretty good story of a gypsy (Dorothy Perdue) whose unconventional way of life leads her to a small town and the love of this village. (July.)

VANITY'S PRICE—F. B. O.—Heavy and luxurious tale of a society woman on the lookout for and amazing a box office sex-lokom. (November.)

VENUS OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Lee Bradford. —Annette Kellermann still good in water but inadequate to the emotional lines on land. (August.)

VIRTUOUS LIARS—Vitagraph.—Good cast, but a conventional story and not very exciting. (June.)

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND—Paramount.—This picture is filled in name, but it is a failure. The acting by sheer beauty, acting and directing. (August.)

WANDERING HUSBANDS—Hokinson.—Lilian Bow Lee wins in this picture with many attractive natures and a dash of sentiment. (August.)

WANTED BY THE LAW—Aynon.—Neither worse nor better than a hundred other Westerns (June.)

WANTED, THE—First National.—Worth, fine character, mightily performed. A film for us that we don't always want what we think we do. (June.)

WESTERN LUCK—Fox.—Lives up to name without a thrill left out. (August.)

WHAT THREE MEN WANTED—Apollo—Mystery story. Dull and unentertaining. (August.)

WHEN A GIRL LOVES—Associated Exhibitors. —A love story that is entertaining. (August.)

WHICH SHALL IT BE—Hokinson.—A picture of an old goon with real sentiment, and heart appeal in it. Very much worth while. (June.)

WHITE MOTH, THE—First National.—Story is good, the acting splendidly good, with poor directing and bad acting. (August.)

WHITE SHADOW, THE—Selznick.—Good story of twin sisters. Could be handled better, especially in puzzling situations. (August.)

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME—First National.—A farce by Avery Hopwood done seriously. Title is a bit. (August.)

WINE—Universal.—Another hectic film of the Jazz Age, featuring Clara Bow as the flipper heroine. (October.)

WINE OF YOUTH—Metro-Goldwyn.—Frightened by an army of saints, the heroine takes two of them to a mountain castle for a little honeymoon. Nothing much happens. (September.)

WOMAN ON THE JURY—First National.—A strange story of a gay Philadelphian and a jury con- taining one of his victims. Hardly for the family. (August.)

WOMAN WHO SINNED, THE—F. B. O.—Melodrama with the line that if a woman leaves her good, faithful husband and checks for a new-dowered, she's bound to be sorry eventually. (July.)

YANKEE MADNESS—F. B. O.—Thin story, but lots of action in a Central American revolution. Good for, like excitement. (September.)

YOUNG IDEAS—Universal.—A host of sponging near-invalids are pushed out upon a cold world. Roy T. Barnes turns the trick. Fair. (September.)

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Photoplay Magazine published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1924

State of Illinois

County of Cook

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Doughtery, who, on being duly sworn, made the following declaration, to-wit: I am the holder manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that this is the first following the Act of August 24, 1912, and the true copy of the publication thereunder and this is the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and managing editor are: Kathryn Doughtery, 1375 W. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the printing office is: 930 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the place of publication is: Chicago, Ill. 4. That the post office address of the publication is: Chicago, Ill. 5. The purpose of the publication is: to furnish a daily summary of the current literature and the column in the reverse of this form. I declare that the above and hereunto subscribed is true of the publication for the six months preceding the date hereof. (November.)

KATHRYN DOUGHTERY,
Business Manager

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(My commission expires January 3, 1927)
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as frail and fleeting as it seems to be?

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It Can't Be Done

READ the second installment of Frederic Arnold Kummer's greatest novel of movie life. If you haven't read the first installment, send 25 cents to Photoplay Magazine, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and ask for the November issue containing it. It's a story that will hold you through every chapter, to the very last word. You don't want to miss it.

SOMEBODY once said there are four kinds of women—good and bad women, and good bad women and bad good women. With this idea in mind, the editor of Photoplay decided to find out if it were true, screenically speaking. So he asked seven stars to pose in roles opposite to those which had won them fame in films. For instance, we have above the beautiful Alice Terry posing as a vampire. This picture, according to her husband, Rex Ingram, is the last word in revealing an alluring, captivating and enticing woman who seeks what she seeks when she wants to. Alice has never played a vampire role on the screen, but she thinks that if she did she would get over big by just giving the men folks a look like the one in this photograph. And we believe she may be right. Now turn over a page and see what awaits you.
FROM "Passion" to "Salvation Nell" is a step we never dreamed Pola Negri would take. But she did—just to show Photoplay readers she could look as demure and unsophisticated as any little sugar-coated ingenue. Of course, Pola isn't going to play "Salvation Nell."
BUT look at this radiant vision. None other than May Allison, called the most beautiful blonde on stage or screen and never cast in a vamp part. All we have to say is that somebody has been stupid, or else May has hidden screen potentialities no one ever dreamed about.
BETTY BLYTHE with a halo is something we've always longed to see. We always felt that she deserved one or two but just because she has played so many vamp parts she probably thought the only way to get it would be to put one on herself. And here she has.
FLORENCE VIDOR, sometimes called the goody-goody girl of Hollywood, gives us her idea of a notorious Russian dancer. It is an exotic sort of thing, appealing to the romantic type. As a bad good woman, Florence seems to have registered 100 percent on beauty at least.
THIS is Barbara La Marr. She walked right up to the photographer and said: "I am a good woman. Take me as I am." He did—photographically, of course. If this is a picture of a good bad woman, we'll be satisfied to look at Barbara as a bad good woman from now on.
A ROSE and a fag and a hank of orange blossoms is Dorothy Gish's idea of what constitutes a vampire. Of course this is all due to Dorothy's wonderful sense of humor. But what we can't understand is, how she is going to smoke the fag while she's eating the rose.
Her beauty laughs at years

WILL YOUR COMPLEXION be as lovely ten years from now as it is today?

There is no fundamental reason why it should not be. With simple care, and good health, the beauty of youth develops imperceptibly into the beauty of mature womanhood.

Contrary to the belief of many women, the best and most effective care of the complexion is an exceedingly simple matter. If kept clean by daily washing with a soap as pure and gentle as Ivory, that wonderful self-renewing covering of your face practically takes care of its own future.

But the soap must be pure and gentle, else you risk an experience similar to that of a woman who wrote to us recently. For a long period she had had a great deal of trouble with her skin, and was at a loss to discover the cause. "I finally changed to Ivory Soap," she said, "and the trouble disappeared in a very few days."

Please understand—this incident does not prove that Ivory has curative powers: the function of soap is to cleanse, not to cure or transform. It proves only that Ivory is pure and gentle and that the soap our correspondent had been using was apparently not pure and gentle.

In using Ivory you can have absolute confidence in its quality—if we were to charge you a dollar a cake, we could give you no finer soap.

And all that is true of Ivory is true also of Guest Ivory. This dainty new Ivory cake, designed especially for toilet use, is modeled to fit the slimmest of feminine fingers.

Guest Ivory has captured the favor of a multitude of women who have been in the habit of paying many times its price for toilet soap. That price is five cents—an invitation.

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THE time has come when, for the good of motion pictures, you should take an accounting of yourself. You have contributed more to the progress of the photoplay than any human force. You come nearer to being the one positive genius of the screen than any other worker in filmdom. Von Stroheim and Chaplin have revealed their flashes of genius but you have come to be considered the dean of our directors, the guiding spirit of the silent drama.

But, Mr. Griffith, you have reached a point where you are before an impasse. Your abilities are at a dead stop. You must do something to yourself—and for the good of pictures.

Permit me to delve into your real self in pointing out a remedy. Your very habits of life have made you austere. You literally have withdrawn from contact with things about you. You have created a wall between yourself and the outside world. You have made yourself an anchorite at Mamaroneck. Such a withdrawal soon means a Puritanical repression, an unwielding eye upon humanity. You see men and things in sharp blacks and whites, as being very good or very bad.

YOUR pictures shape themselves towards a certain brutality because of this austerity. Much the same thing overtook the Puritans with their ducking stools and stocks and the high bred Spaniards with their racks and thumb screws. Austerity is a dangerous thing.

Your refusal to face the world is making you more and more a sentimentalist. You see passion in terms of cooing doves or the falling of a rose petal. You refuse to face the world because it would wreck your ideals of things as you think they should be and you create a false world of things as you would like to have them. But, remember, the screen—in order to advance—must portray life as it is.

Your lack of contact with the world makes you deficient in humor. You must know people to see the laughter of life.

In other words, your splendid unsophistication is a menace to you—and to pictures. You must not look upon yourself as the evangelist of the screen. You have too great genius to let it waste. You have demonstrated that in dozens of unforgettable screen episodes. The photoplay has reached its highest points in these episodes.

One of the penalties of isolation is the fact that it draws bad advisers. You must stop seeing life at second hand.

SOMEHOW I am reminded of a genial old darkey I met in Bermuda. He was the driver of an antiques hack. Having heard of his love for liquor, I asked him why he drank. "Well, I don't know," he said, thinking. The ancient horse plodded along. Finally, the old fellow said: "I guess I know why I drink—I drink to get a change of thought." There's something in that, Mr. Griffith. Not, of course, that I would recommend a violation of the Eighteenth Amendment. I am not recommending that you acquire puttees, a swimming pool and a squad of Jap valets. Nor am I suggesting that you pal around with Elinor Glyn. Yet, if I had my way, I would imprison Cecil De Mille at Mamaroneck for a while and I would loan you his Hollywood trappings, each and every one of them.

You, Mr. Griffith, could select your players anywhere, at your own figure. You are a tradition. You have the supreme advantage over every other director. Players, authors and technical workers would flock to you, once you dropped your austerity.

You must sacrifice yourself for the good of pictures. Let someone else take charge of your soul for a year or so. Faust tried it—and had a good time. Otherwise he would have been forgotten by poetry and history.

I fear you exaggerate your capacities as a business man. The sale of stock in your company to the public earned you nothing but trouble. Why not do as Allan Dwan and Marshall Neilan have done—let some proven business organization handle the other end of it? You have a wonderful brain, but only one. You made the screen of the past, Mr. Griffith. Now make it in the future.
Norma Talmadge believes that a diamond and sapphire pendant brings all her good fortune, and she wears it in every picture. It was the first present given to her by her husband-producer, Joseph Schenck, and she treasures this keepsake above all else in her jewel casket.

Colleen Moore refuses to let this little ivory ball, cut from one of India's sacred white elephants, out of her possession. She received it from an admirer in India the day she was selected to play "Flaming Youth."

A gold collar button worn by the great actor, Edwin Booth, is with Conrad Nagel in every picture he plays in.

Dorothy Mackaill is protected from all evil by her Navajo Indian bracelet, according to the wise medicine men.

Luck Pieces
worn by
Lucky Stars

Talismans that have brought success and happiness.
Anita Stewart would rather part with her fortune than the shoe worn by her brother when he was a baby. She always keeps it with her and believes that allegiance to this memento is responsible for her success.

A signet ring bearing the name of a coat of arms that has been in her mother's family for centuries is Pola Negri's luck piece. It is gold with a flat blue stone in which is engraved a pigeon grasping a horseshoe which rests on a crown of five points. Another pigeon holds a second horseshoe in its beak.

Betty Compson believes her scarab pendant surrounded with emeralds brings all her good luck. It has a pedigree a good long and was given to her by a friend who found it while exploring ruins in Egypt.

Buster Keaton believes misfortune would come to him if he didn't wear the little flat pancake hat.

A fat little gnome wearing a red coat is the talisman given to Lillian Gish by a bent, old woman as she was leaving Rome.
A coin which he picked up while in the Toboga Islands is Thomas Meighan's most cherished talisman.

A lip stick that he used when he made his stage debut at the age of seven is something that Rod La Rocque wouldn't part with for fear of black failure.

Agnes Ayres was not only a cute baby but fat, and she still wears her baby ring which now fits her little finger.

Constance Talmadge believes pearls bring her good luck and she wears them whenever possible. When she can't wear them in a picture she carries them with her.

John Gilbert wouldn't start a picture without using the old make-up that belonged to his mother, Idá Clair, when she was a popular stage favorite.
WELL, here we have little Betty Bronson in her "Peter Pan" costume. She is the envy of every girl in America because Barrie selected her out of scores of others of whom tests have been made and she rose from obscurity to fame over night. One of the reasons that Barrie selected her was that her legs and form were so boyish and fit so well into the elfin-like character. Herbert Brenon will direct the picture. Next month PHOTOPLAY is reproducing a wonderful pastel portrait of Betty on the cover and it's something you surely will not want to miss.
Close-Ups &

A Letter from my pal Harry Carr of the Los Angeles Times brings bad news. Fred Thomson, who in addition to being the husband of Frances Marion is one of the most likable, brilliant and real fellows on our screen, had the bad luck to fall and break a leg in one of his devilish athletic stunts. Doug Fairbanks was extending his sympathies to Fred. Doug met a soothsayer in Paris who told him he would be killed jumping over something. Doug was terrified, and he has forewarned athletic stuff for the time being (Doug is subject to change without notice). He says from now on he is going to play sweet old mothers sitting in rocking chairs knitting socks.

Bob Frazer, who became the envied enemy of all mankind by being proclaimed a perfect lover by Pola Negri, writes that he thought my story in a recent issue of Photoplay would make him so famous he would be recognized in any disguise. But alas, it seems all flappers do not read good literature. Bob in Indian make-up for his latest picture entered the Montmartre Cafe in Hollywood where he usually excites interest and there wasn't a stir. Sid Grauman, who owns the Egyptian theater in Hollywood, employed Indians to advertise "The Covered Wagon." And when the famous Bob, the perfect lover, passed a table of flappers he heard them exclaim, "M'Gawd, when did 'The Covered Wagon' come back to the Egyptian?"

Lucien Muratore and Lina Cavalieri recently visited Rome and heard Ramon Novarro sing. Muratore was enthusiastic about the young star's voice and offered to coach him if he came to Paris. Ramon decided to employ an Italian instructor and prepare himself. The Italian gave him what he claimed was a secret method of voice culture. Ramon tried it on me and asked what I thought. My verdict was that it ought to be kept a secret.

Mary Pickford says that when she retires from the screen she would like to manage one or two players, young and promising artists. And this is what she outlines:

"It would interest me to put the beliefs my experience has taught me into effect. First of all I would suppress all personal publicity. I would permit them to give no interviews. I would do all the talking that was to be done. It would have to do strictly with their work, never with their lives. Publicity has been a boomerang where it has been excessive."
LONG SHOTS

be the policy of a certain breed of copy pounder to twist serious utterances into polysyllabic quips and real humor into the semblance of ridiculous sincerity.

I can cite instances where real tragedy has resulted from the asinity of these hams. If I could tell the truth without hurting Mabel Normand further I could prove to you that she has suffered at the hands of penny-a-word writers worse than anyone ever suffered before the Inquisition. The greatness of Mabel Normand will never be known until death releases it. When the cruelest blow of her life was dealt her through a false interview, one which was fabricated without one single comma of truth, she wept bitterly for days. Yet through her tears she never once condemned the writer. "She only would say over and over again, as she said to me, "If they only knew what they do . . . If they only knew, they would never do it."

Those words of Mabel Normand linger with me as the truest expression of Christianity I have ever heard, an unconscious echo of "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

AFTER piously naming Florence Vidor for the Madonna in the film translation of Papini's "The Life of Christ," I learn with dismay that she is now the toast of Hollywood. I cannot imagine a Madonna as the toast of Hollywood. When I read the heading of Adela Roger St. Johns' recent story in Photoplay to the effect that Florence had become the--the--but no, I can't say it, the tears are blinding me. I have that little choked feeling as I did when I discovered Santa Claus to be the horrible old Sunday school superintendent.

YOU see I knew Florence when she was lavender and old lacey, a rhieme from a valentine, a shy buttercup from the meadows sweet with hay. When I read the Bacchic headline of Adela's story I had a vision of Florence on a table surrounded by flashing champagne goblets, hoisted by men with hearts as false as the pearls in their shirt fronts. I feared that Florence had suddenly gone wild while I was abroad. I once knew a very gentlemanly barber who suddenly went wild and cut the throats of all the patrons in the chairs. I thought something like this had come over Florence. Maybe she was called Floss now. Maybe she pulled lines like, "Refuse a drink? Well, not in these . . ." A convulsive shudder shook me.

WHAT was my relief, then, after three bottles—I mean three paragraphs of Adela's superb article, to find that Florence is still Florence, that she merely heralds a new style of charmer sent by God to overthrow the pausing slapper. I'm not usually interested in what ladies write about love. It is usually pathetically reminiscent, but what Adela delivers is worthy to be bound as a text book for the James of today.

I hope to enlist in Florence's battalions immediately upon my return. Even if it means getting up at six in the morning to find a place on her tennis court. That's what my brother does. He hasn't been able to get inside the house yet on account of the crowd, but he hopes to make the back shed by Christmas.

A party given by Buzz Meredith and Kathleen Key in Rome in honor of Frances Agnew, a hot dispute was waged as to whether French, Spanish or Italian was the loveliest language. Fred Niblo won for Italy by reciting the following:

In English you speak of dollars and pounds.
In German you speak of soldiers and swine.
In French you speak to courtesans and kings.
But in Italian you speak to your sweetheart and God.

I agree heartily with Fred. But I'm certainly up against it when it comes to talking to sweetie and the Omnipotent.

HERE in a nutshell is what the film producer is up against abroad: Fred Niblo engaged a night watchman for the quadro outside Rome where the imposing "sets" of "Ben Hur" have been erected. The purpose was fire protection. After the Italian night watchman had been shown where he could find the twenty fire extinguishers, he said, "Well, where's my bed? If there's a fire you can call me."

I WISH to thank my legion of followers for letters received since I came to Rome for the "Ben Hur" races. I only regret I cannot answer them all. I've had to loan several of my secretaries to Rudolph Valentino, who is also beginning to get fan mail, and is over here.

I'm particularly pleased by a letter from a lady who says she suspects me of entertaining a secret love for Pola Negri. If the lady had been a regular reader of Photoplay, as a lady should be, she would know there was no secret about it.

The latest news of the Polish persecutions in Hollywood is brought by a letter from Pola herself. She says my article quoting her on the twelve greatest artists of the screen has brought her many more enemies. But with the sweet resignation of a martyr Pola says she will stick to telling the truth, even if tigers are turned on her in the Hollywood Bowl and she is torn to bits—or they are.

I'll say right now in advance that my heart goes out to those tigers and their bereaved families.

THE first evening I visited a Roman cabaret with Novarro three people approached in turn, upon recognizing Novarro, to ask if he knew Mabel Normand. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]
That Which Has Gone Before

The story opens with a pending displacement of the star, Alice Carroll, of the Davidson Productions Company. Alice’s contract is about to expire and Lew Davidson, a hard-boiled judge of pretty women, has been seen to scan cynically the first traces of wrinkles in her otherwise girlish face. Her fate is regarded as sealed. Tony Hull, a director with a sense of decency, a tall, grey-eyed man of thirty-five, has secret hopes of witnessing the elevation of Jane Dare, a small, graceful woman just emerging from joyous youth, of great beauty and fine character, to stellar honors.

Into this situation is precipitated Irene Shirley, a vamp of much sophistication, and a past that might not bear too close inspection, but with an alluring innocence of manner that is very deceptive. Through watching her opportunity at a party Irene manages to twine herself into the good graces of Davidson, feigning inexperience with life, flattering him, and catering to his personal vanity.

By these means she succeeds in infatuating the producer, hoping thereby to be invested with the stellar robes soon to be stripped from Alice Carroll. She works with such subtlety that Davidson is impelled to seek his producer friend Kessler, with whom Irene is under contract, though appearing in no important roles, to ask Irene’s release. Kessler readily agrees, while warning Davidson that it looks like he is making a fool of himself.

Meantime, Tony Hull believes that Jane Dare, in whom he is growing personally interested, will succeed Alice Carroll. It comes to him as something of a shock, therefore, when Irene hands him a letter from Davidson, and implies that she is to be given an important part.
PART II
CHAPTER VIII

EW DAVIDSON, on his journey back to New York from the Coast, had a very enjoyable time. With every hour of the long trip he fell more completely under the spell of Irene Shirley’s charms. In Hollywood, surrounded by people whom he knew, he had been obliged to hide his mounting interest in the girl, to pretend an indifference he did not feel. Now, on a train containing no one at all who knew him, he felt like a schoolboy taking a vacation.

The long, idle days were spent listening to Irene’s artless chatter about everything under the sun, from the queer books she had read and failed to understand, to the beauties of her ancestral Maryland home.

Both her artlessness and the ancestral mansion were imaginary; Irene had been born in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, and her father was a tugboat captain named Joe Shevlin. She had changed her name to the more euphonious Shipley at the time she went to New York to dance in a second-rate cabaret; on her arrival at Hollywood it had been again changed, to Shirley, but she did not speak of these things to Mr. Davidson when he asked her about her past.

The romantic story of the old Southern home was based entirely upon a visit she had once made to Maryland as one of a very lively party arranged by a wealthy young New Yorker who had a string of horses entered at Havre de Grace and Pimlico. During the course of this trip, which lasted several days, the young ladies of the party had been invited by a sporting bachelor of Baltimore to take dinner at his house, an old colonial mansion at which a signer of the Declaration of Independence had once entertained. Irene had never forgotten the glimpse thus obtained of old-fashioned Southern life; it stood her in good stead in her conversations with Davidson, although she was obliged to shrink the details considerably to fit her somewhat more modest story.

As for her stage career, she touched upon it lightly. She had, so she told him, been in musical comedy for a while, but an urge to more worth-while things had sent her, first into vaudeville, where she had headed her own company, and later, into the world of the screen, where she was determined to make a name for herself.

It would have made small difference what she told Mr. Davidson in his infatuated state of mind. What really counted was her youth, her beauty, her sex appeal, cleverly concealed behind a mask of innocence. The warm, fragrant freshness of her, accentuated by heavy, sensuous oriental perfumes, was infinitely more eloquent than any mere words could have been.

Davidson renewed his own ebullient youth in a contemplation of hers, content to sit beside her, hour after hour, ministering to her smallest wants, allowing her to bully him in a pretty, childish way, happy in the belief that all the things she told him about himself, about his wonderful brain, his keen judgment, his artistic perceptions, were Gospel truth—or at least that she so believed them.

He thought her sincere, because youth is sincere, and her assumption of girlish simplicity swept away the cynicism by which he had guarded and defended himself against the self-evident snares of more mature sirens. Irene was like a hawk in dove’s plumage, beguiling the wisest of barnyard fowls.

In the evenings they played cards, or she read to him, asking his opinion of this or that passage, listening to his words gratefully, although as a matter of fact she knew a great deal more about the matters under discussion than he did. When she had retired for the night, which she invariably did quite early, he would sit for hours smoking, dreaming impossible dreams.

Had he been a single man, he told himself, he would have asked Irene to marry him. But there stood in the background the figure of his wife, gnarled, unlovely, but faithful. His feeling of dependence upon her, the prejudices of his race against divorce, precluded any thoughts of dismissing this companion of his youth. She had encouraged him through many lean years; he could not bring himself to discard her in favor of a younger and more beautiful wife. Indeed, he loved her, respected her. And yet, he wanted Irene desperately. In old Testament days she would have been his concubine.
Human nature was the same as it had been for three thousand years. The only way in which he could possess Irene physically was to make her his mistress, and to Lew Davidson's credit be it said, he believed implicitly in her purity, her innocence. As a result, he put all physical thoughts from his mind, and determined on a platonic affection, in which his greatest happiness would come from serving her, helping her to attain success. She was delicate for a worldly business man of fifty-four.

Irene's thoughts were far less complex. She had discovered Davidson's weakness, and determined to make use of it to her own advantage. That was all. She understood precisely the effect produced upon him by her seemingly girlish and innocent fondling. She would lean against him, pat his cheek, his hand, arrange his tie, even give him impulsive little caresses such as she might have given to a middle-aged uncle. But she was under no illusions concerning the effect of these blandishments. The emotions produced by them meant that Mr. Davidson should sublimate to more spiritual ends, namely, the advancement of Irene Shirley.

Had he been less scrupulous in his attitude, had he suggested that they play the usual game of sex, she would have refused indignantly, not on moral grounds particularly, but solely because she realized that once her pose of innocence was destroyed, the power she now wielded over him would be destroyed along with it. The situation was almost laughable.

By the time the two reached New York, Irene, without asking for anything, in so many words, had secured Davidson's promise of a five-year contract, playing leads, at first, with the promise of stardom later on, as soon as she had proved herself worthy of it.

Irene made up her mind that the interval should not be long. She expected, from some information she had adroitly extracted from her companion, that the days of Alice Carroll's reign at the Davidson plant were numbered; he had hinted as much, in Hollywood, but now, in a moment of confidence, he asserted definitely that he did not intend to renew her contract. As for her own ability, Mr. Davidson was full of compliments.

Thinking her, as she did, the most charming woman in the world, he would have been obliged to question his own judgment had he even suggested that the public would not think her so, as well.

He made some tentative offers of money, when they reached the end of their journey, fingering yellow-backed bills with boyish embarrassment, but Irene was far too clever to take any of them. She had saved quite enough to see through, she said, until she began to draw the very liberal salary he had promised to pay her.

He impressed her deeply, although a moment's calculation would have told him that since her engagement began at once, she would need no fortune to get along in New York for a week. She did allow him, however, to drive her to a fashionable and expensive hotel, bespeak for her the good offices of the management, and entertain her at breakfast. The journey finished off to his office, promising to send her by messenger, at once, a letter which she was to present to Mr. Spellman, the studio manager.

Irene lost no time; the letter arrived while she was completing her toilette—a few moments later was on her way to the studio.

Her meeting with Tony Hull did not take her unawares. She knew he was with the Davidson forces, was prepared for it. In fact, for reasons which she had not confided to Mr. Davidson or to anyone else, she intended that Mr. Hull, willingly or unwillingly, should be of material assistance to her, in the career upon which she was now embarked. She had laid her plans to that end.

Every character in "It Can't Be Done" is drawn directly from life. Theme and setting ring true. Mr. Kummer has achieved a masterpiece. If you failed to get last month's Photoplay read the synopsis of preceding chapters on page 34. But don't run the risk of missing it again. Ask your dealer to reserve your January copy. Out December 15.

CHAPTER IX

The apartment in which Jane Dare lived on east Sixty-first Street consisted of half of the top floor of a reconstructed dwelling house. There were four rooms in it—a large studio or living room, well lighted, a smaller bedroom adjoining, a kitchenette and a bath. On her salary Jane might have lived far more extravagantly, had she so cared, but the rooms were sufficiently large and comfortable for her wants. She had other uses for her spare money—clothes, lessons in singing, in French and Italian—a saddle-horse, on which she spent an hour each morning in the Park.

She also bought a great many books. Jane was not in any sense a "high-brow," but she had a theory that success, in the work she aspired to undertake, could best be achieved by maintaining a clean, intelligent mind, in a fresh and healthy young body—that she must bring to her task something more than mere physical good looks, if she was to win success.

Sometimes, when she saw brilliantly successful screen actresses running the gamut of hectic dissipation, trusting to their splendid youth to prolong themselves upon their mental and physical stamina, she wondered whether or not her theories were correct. These women, many of them, "got by," received tremendous salaries, seemed to lose nothing, by reason of their dissipations.

Then she would think of other stars, even more successful, who walked in the path of the most rigid self-denial, in order to preserve the freshness of their youth—a Marlene Dietrich, a Jeanette MacDonald. The public might suppose, from widely-advertised Hollywood scandals, that the life of the average screen star was a breathless compound of free love, liquor and dope, but Jane knew better, in spite of the occasional escapades of some black sheep of the screen world, knew that the majority of men and women in the profession—the really successful ones—cared for their health rigidly, knowing that it was their greatest asset.

The latitude granted performers on the legitimate stage, was a luxury which might persist for generations, was denied the actors, and particularly the actresses. In a few brief years, the span of their freshness, their beauty, and they were faced by a public with its thumbs down. She thought of Alice Carroll, a woman of twenty-seven. She had aged quickly, for reasons other than her dieting. It was generally known, in screen circles, that the little star had undertaken to heal a heart, broken in a tempestuous love affair, by the fatal route offered by the poppy flower.

On the evening which followed Irene Shirley's arrival at the studio, Jane was sitting at her dressing table, combing her heavy masses of red-brown hair. The amber lights on either side of the triple mirror turned the soft pink of her shoulders and breast to old ivory; their exquisite curves might have inspired a master-sculptor to create a modern Aphrodite. As her hand plied the comb swiftly, the muscles rippled like flowing water beneath her polished skin, yet in repose her arms were as round and soft as those of a child. A curious, dissatisfied smile twisted about her mouth as she regarded herself in the mirror.

What was the two years of sacrifice, the happiness spent in Hull's meeting that morning with Irene Shirley, the look of surprise, of anger in his eyes, the deep satisfaction that had shown in Irene's. It was perfectly clear that Tony had been swept, momentarily, by some very bitter emotion—not love—she realized, but possibly the hate which is its twin sister. What had Jane seen in Tony Hull that was so terrible? With her own feelings for Tony Hull just budding into possible love, she experienced a very natural curiosity concerning his past relations with Miss Shirley.

She thought, from Tony having insisted on their dining together tonight, that it was his intention to enlighten her. Well—she was interested, of course, but what concerned her still...
“Never mind, Tony dear,” she whispered. “I’m bound to get there if I make good.”

more was the effect which Irene’s engagement might have upon her own future with Davidson Productions. The girl had boldly asked Tony to make her a star. What had Mr. Davidson promised her? Jane was quite honest, in her mental processes; she admitted frankly that Irene was a woman of both beauty and charm. “Better looking than I am,” she told her reflection in the mirror. “If she screens as well as she looks, I’m likely to lose out. Nothing to do, however, but wait and see.”

She finished arranging her hair, slipped on the Nile green chiffon she had selected for the evening, went into the living room humming a popular tune. Tony had said that Irene Shirley could not act; it was a comforting thought.

She pressed the button in answer to his ring, received him at the living-room door. It was the first time he had come to the apartment, and Jane felt a certain embarrassment in welcoming him.

“Hello,” she said, a trace of color mounting in her cheeks. “After all those steps you deserve a cocktail, but my bootlegger is off on his steam yacht.”

Tony threw himself into a chair, clearly out of sorts. “Charming place you have here,” he said, glancing about the bright little room, with its flowered hangings, its brilliant French prints, its quaint old-fashioned furniture.


“Do I? Sorry. I’m a bit upset about something, but I cer-
"Haven't you enough confidence in your ability as an actress," she said, "to appear before the camera opposite a well-dressed woman?"

certainly didn't mean to inflict it on you." He forced a smile, rose. "If you're ready, suppose we toddle along.
"Tony Hull," said Jane, placing her hand on his arm, "you're upset about Irene Shirley?"
"Yes," he admitted, a spark of anger in his eyes. "That's true. But why spoil our evening talking about her?"

Jane, who had particularly wanted to talk about Irene, felt rebuffed. Were his past relations with the girl of such a nature that he could not discuss them? Had there been a heart-break which even now hurt so poignantly that he could not bear to speak of it? With half a dozen words Tony had thrown up a barrier between them, aroused in her a sudden feeling of jealousy. Why this secrecy? What was he hiding from her? A moment later she smiled at her thoughts. After all, there was no reason why Tony Hull should confide in her. His affairs were his own. He had never given her any right to question him, beyond the few words that morning, to the effect that he wanted to be a friend to her—and more. Jane took up her wrap, turned to him with her usual bright smile.

"Come along, cross-patch," she laughed. "I'm hungry. Where are you going to take me?"

"From what you said about spaghetti the other night," Tony remarked, "I guess you must like Italian cooking. I know the best little place on Forty-fourth Street—"

It was very small and primitive, a back yard surrounded by a brick wall, and covered with a striped awning. To enter it, one was obliged to pass through the kitchen. Jane almost stumbled over a too affectionate cat. But continued on page 103"
The First Instalment of

Jackie's European Diary

Written exclusively for Photoplay by the famous nine-year-old star

Jackie crossed the ocean on the Leviathan and wore a sailor suit like any member of the crew.

At the Empire Exposition at Wembley, a racing coaster, bearing the young traveler's name, was awaiting him.

"Put a bit of speed on," says Jackie, as he guides the boat through the grounds at Wembley.

Jackie Coogan, the universally adored nine-year-old screen star who recently upset Europe with his presence there, is writing exclusively for Photoplay the story of his experiences abroad. Jackie will write this story in his very own style, and subject to no editorial blue pencil.

Jackie's humanitarian mission to the near eastern countries is known to everyone. The sacrifice of time and money to help the destitute orphans in the distressed areas of the Levant is a cause worthy of the highest praise. Every cent of the expense incurred on the trip, including the American campaign on which more than a million dollars in food and clothing was realized, the round trip across the Atlantic, the journey from London to Athens and back again, was paid by the Coogans gladly and freely as a contribution of their own to the cause which their own boy is championing.

—The Editor
I don't like to write or do arithmetic. Mrs. Newell is my tutor, and she says if I don't write well and do my problems right I can't go to college when I grow up, and I guess I'd like to do that because they play football there, and I'm writing a story of my trip to Europe instead of my daily penmanship exercises. Mrs. Newell says that I am to write just like as if I were telling a story. I know lots of big words like 'incomprehensibility' and lots of others, but Mrs. Newell says that little boys should write just like they feel and not use words where they do not fit, so I am going to write this from my diary, only longer because diaries are very short.

When my daddy asked me about six months ago if I would like to go to Greece and help the boys and girls over there who have no mother or father or any one to love them I said I would and so a little while after that we started across America on the Children's Crusade. Everybody remembers from their history the story about the shepherd boy Stephen who took seventy thousand children on a crusade, and when they crossed the Alps they all disappeared and no one heard of them ever again. They all got lost. This was a long time ago. But my crusade was different because we collected food and clothing in America which will keep seventy thousand children alive until they grow up and can go out and earn their own living. And my daddy says when these boys and girls become men and women they will be friends of America and a boat it was so still. Then we played deck games and at night I was tired. Then one morning Captain Hartley came into my cabin and said "Jackie hurry, get up and come out and see the great wall that Napoleon built." I hurried into my sailor suit and went out on deck and we were coming into Cherbourg. And I saw the great wall that Napoleon built to keep out the enemy soldiers and sailors.

That same night we reached Southampton, but it was so late that they made me sleep on board. [continued on page 115]

100,000 Titles Received in Photoplay Contest

Swamped, deluged, smothered and figuratively buried by coupons, the judges of Photoplay's great "Story Without a Name" Contest were unable to accomplish the impossible. In other words, you more than thirty thousand fans who strove mightily with the in the Five Thousand Dollar cash prizes, the announcement of the twenty-three prize-winners will not be made until the January issue.

The picture, which Famous Players-Lasky made from the story, was shown for several weeks under the title "The Story Without a Name," will be changed to the winning title.

This much the judges have definitely decided upon. In going through the coupons that I submitted they found one that they unhesitatingly named for the first prize. It is "Without Warning." The name of the winner as well as the names of the other twenty-two will not be announced until January. This is done only in fairness to the other twenty-two.

As if I were living with a burst of speed that kept the office force working overtime. Eight thousand coupons came in the last day. Contestants eager to win the prizes left nothing undone to get in at the last minute. Thousands sent in coupons in special delivery letters, while other contestants as far away as California, Seattle and Florida sent in suggestions by telegraph.

Because Americans helped them in their time of need. And I think countries need friends that are the same as people do.

When we reached New York we had gathered $1,000,0037 worth of food and clothing, and that's a week the cruiser took three different ships to carry the things to Greece, and I helped load the ships and the captains of the three boats gave me papers and I gave them to the orphans in Greece.

We started across the Atlantic Ocean on the Leviathan. That's the biggest ship on the sea. It's like a regular city, and I'd never seen such a big boat before. Captain Hartley is a wonderful man and he was nice to me for six days on the boat.

In the morning daddy and I ran around the gymnasium a while and then took a swim and we got awfully hungry for breakfast. In the afternoon I did my lessons out on the deck with Mrs. Newell and we hardly knew we were on a boat.

Winners of $5,000 Prizes to be announced in December issue

It was a grand last minute rush that made it impossible for the judges to give a fair decision in time to print the names of the prize-winners in the December issue of Photoplay. Strive as they would, they could not go through the mass of coupons that accumulated in the last few days, and therefore started in the degree of fairness to all the contestants. At the time this is written, every space inch of available space has been jammed with coupons, and extra filing cabinets are being brought in to accommodate those left over.

The contest brought suggestions from every state in the Union, Canada and many foreign countries. So too, the contestants showed unusual ingenuity in preparing their suggestions. One woman built a miniature theater and placed titles on slides that took up the entire "screen." Of course her suggestions that entered in the contest were made on regulation coupons attached to the slides. Her theater was a work of art, as were some of the other suggestions. One girl sent in many suggestions typed on silk. Another hand-painted hers.

All in all, it was one of the most interesting contests Photoplay readers have ever engaged in. They not only showed their interest, but also their appreciation by sending in more suggestions than any one connected with the contest dreamed of.
The Emancipation of Virginia

By Philip J. Evers

It's going to be necessary for Hollywood to cultivate a new crop of these beautiful, nice, dumb women, if it doesn't look out.

There used to be such lots and lots of them—the kind about whom you said, "Y-y-yes, she is beautiful, and she's such a nice girl. A little dumb, of course, but then you can't have everything."

The immoral thing about Hollywood, to me, has always been the fact that so many of the nice women would literally bore a well-intentioned young man into breaking any or all of the ten commandments. They were so emphatic about their virtue. So insistent about their niceness. It became the paramount issue in all conversations. And when a man's intentions are entirely calm and honorable, he can become a little nauseated with too many reiterated declarations for superior morals.

But the old order changeth.

Florence Vidor has developed a delicious sense of humor and a charmingly cosmopolitan flavor in her conversation; Lois Wilson has just recently returned from Europe with eight trunks full of Parisian perfumes, Parisian underwear and a lot of illuminating experiences; May Allison has ceased to command her dressmaker to hide the fact that she has the most alluring figure on the screen; and now, Virginia Valli, according to persistent rumor along the Boulevard, has "blossomed out."

I have always felt a little sorry for Virginia Valli. I don't know exactly why. She looks like a pale pink rosebud with the morning dew still fresh upon it. Her eyes are blue—of the deepest blue. She was born in Chicago, but for all that her voice has a mellow tone that is like little golden bells in a honeysuckle arbor. And there is a golden sheen on her white skin, instead of the pink and lavender and tangerine hues that most women produce nowadays.

But there is always something hauntingly sad about those big Madonna eyes and about the fluttering smile, that is like a white moth.

I put it down to the fact that she married a man who didn't think she was intelligent enough to learn to play bridge. Demmy Lamson himself plays a good game of bridge—he is Virginia's husband. But he never encouraged Virginia. In fact, I have heard him say that Virginia could sit and read a book while the others played. I think that dampened Virginia's intellectual pursuits at the very outset. There are husbands who in sheer self-defense prefer that their wives should remain dumb, if possible. I always develop a strictly personal and masculine feeling when I see Virginia. I feel that she needs flattery and encouragement and lots of sunshine and music and merriment around her.

Or rather, that's the feeling I used to have.

For truly, Virginia has blossomed out.

The sad little white moth smile isn't gone entirely, but Virginia seems to have discovered that there is a lot of fun in life. She isn't shy and timid, like she used to be. And she laughs right out loud now, and she has opinions about everything and they are very witty and rather sound opinions, too.

Perhaps it is stardom, and that the public and the critics have hailed her so praisefully in "A Lady of Quality" and "The Storm" and "The Signal Tower." Perhaps it is that during the year she lay ill in a hospital after the making of "The Storm" she realized how fleeting life can be and how necessary it is to pack every moment quite full if one can.

Whatever it is, Virginia Valli sparkles nowadays in a way that surprises you and, though she's still beautiful and still nice, she really isn't dumb any more at all.

To date, the rumors of a separation in her family haven't been confirmed. And I see them together frequently. But just between us, I should say that Virginia no longer sits about and reads a book while Demmy plays bridge.

So we might call this story the "Emancipation of Virginia."

Announcement of $5,000 Title Winners—Things the Stars Want to Forget—The Man (Monte Blue) Who Found Himself—An Impression of Marion Davies

Next Month
"The Covered Wagon" Wins Gold Medal
As the Best Picture Released During 1923

The Covered Wagon wins. That's the verdict of readers of Photoplay, and the Photoplay gold Medal of Honor will accordingly be awarded to Famous Players-Lasky Corporation for producing the best picture released during the year 1923. There were strong contenders in this contest. "The Ten Commandments," "Scaramouche," "The White Sister" and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" were particularly conspicuous in the running. And there were other formidable entrants, too, less spectacular in treatment and theme, but noteworthy, nevertheless, because of their excellent direction and acting. Notwithstanding all this, when the judges had counted the last ballot, "The Covered Wagon" was found to be winner by a safe margin.

This was Photoplay's fourth gold Medal Contest, and many thousands of votes were cast in conferring this greatest honor in filmdom. Those taking part in the contest evidenced by their decisions that they carried in mind Photoplay's qualifications of a great picture: a combination of theme, story, direction, acting, continuity, setting and photography; for all these requisites "The Covered Wagon" possesses to a marked degree.

This picture is truly an epic. It represents on a tremendous scale the conquest of the West. It is a fitting monument to those courageous pioneers who led the way to the gold fields of California and the fertile prairies of Oregon in the late '40s. It captivated every audience because it represents Americanism in action, and "The Covered Wagon" is a tribute to our national spirit.

To James Cruze, the director, must go a good share of credit for the picture's success. There are at times flashes of genius in his unfolding of the vast panorama and in his startling fidelity to details. Ernest Torrence, Lois Wilson, Tully Marshall, J. Warren Kerrigan and others in the cast deservedly won marked attention from audiences everywhere because of the splendid and sympathetic realism they put into their acting. This picture raised two actors—Lois Wilson and Ernest Torrence—to stardom. Certainly those Americans who cherish the traditions of the pioneers found in the presentation of "The Covered Wagon" all they had ever read or dreamed about that heroic period in our history.

For these reasons and for the further fact that the picture provides genuine entertainment of a high order, Photoplay Magazine is proud to award the gold Medal of Honor to "The Covered Wagon" as the best picture released in 1923. It is additionally proud of its readers, to whose cooperation and discriminating taste the award is really due.

Nor was this decision an easy task for the readers to accomplish. Last year saw some of the best pictures in the history of the screen. It was not only a year of big scenic productions but a year in which many films of high dramatic quality appeared. Many who cast their ballots asked that the names of other pictures well up in front in the voting be named when the award was announced. Some of these have been mentioned above.

The Photoplay Medal of Honor is recognized as the supreme mark of distinction in the motion picture world. The first medal was presented to Cosmopolitan for "Humoresque" as the best picture released in 1920. Inspiration Pictures Inc., was given the medal for 1921. "Tellable David" Douglas Fairbanks won the medal. [Continued on page 110]
Few actresses can compete with Clara Bow, precocious baby vamp, for artlessness or innocence on the screen. She ranks almost supreme among the ingenues in picture roles, and her beauty enhances the clever acting she has done with, apparently, a lack of self-consciousness.
HUNTLY GORDON'S family wanted him to be a banker. His college faculty wanted him to be director of athletics at his alma mater. He tried banking for a while but the lure of the stage finally won out and he now ranks as one of the screen's most popular leading men.
ANTONIO MORENO will come to his own in "Mare Nostrum" unless the whole film world is wrong. His friends have long wanted him to appear in a Rex Ingram production, believing that such a combination would bring about the best picture either has ever done.
MAY MC AVOY is just as pretty with her new blonde wig as in her natural darker tresses. She is in Rome to play Esther in "Ben Hur," but whatever her success in that picture may be, she always will be remembered for her beautiful work in "The Enchanted Cottage."
Here's a story that is one in a thousand. O. Henry rarely wrote a better yarn. I recommend that you read it now.

—J.R. Quirk

Illustrated by Herbert Bohnert

Trouble With Women

By Frank Condon

Nowhere. I was goin' to Frisco.

You a hobo?

You don't think I'm the Queen of China, do you?

Johnny meditated for a brief instant. The shack was small and in the past he had met with grievous experience succoring the friendless.

You'd better come in with me and dry off," he said at length. "You'll get pneumonia."

Sully accepted the invitation with a non-committal grunt, wailed out of the drift, brushed himself, called down a few maledictions upon the railroad and followed Johnny into the little shelter.

"Slick place," he said, glancing about the room. "You live here?"

"I been living here four years Christmas," answered his host.

"Railroad owns it, but they lemmie alone."

"Any women around?" Sully asked.

"Why, no," Johnny smiled. "What would women he doin' around a dump like this?"

"Can't tell," continued the traveler. "They worm in everywhere. I always find out first if there's any women around, because if they is, I duck. They're all right, mind you, but I duck."

Sully sat down, wrung the water from his frayed cap, spread his hands over the sizzling stove and beamed.

"You hungry?" Johnny inquired.

"I ain't et nothin' in two days," said Sully. "Goin' on three."

Johnny cooked beans and bacon, saying little but studying the ragged visitor, noting the signs of decrepitude and travel, and the cheerful countenance of the wanderer. Johnny himself
was a derelict, but he had never entirely slipped loose from respectability and his clothes were presentable.

Sully had long since ceased to give a hang for respectability. His whiskers straggled from his chin in an unkempt wave and his thin hair grew down about his ears, which stuck out at right angles. Sully’s nose was too large, and there were ridges upon his sparse skull of blue and purple. Most of his teeth were missing, which increased the geniality of his smile. His eyes were watery from wind and cinders and his costume was a frayed pair of overalls, torn at the knees, an inner shirt, once gray, and a jacket of no recognizable color. He was a worn knight of the road, but there was a cheerfulness about him that pleased his host.

Johnny was thin and serious. He stuck to collars and a necktie. True, his garments were too large, but they were given to him by Ben Deal, the hotel man. Johnny smiled but rarely and when he did it was the tremulous smile of a man who has wanted to make friends with the world and has been rebuffed.

“**So you were goin’ to Frisco?**” Johnny remarked, watching his guest eat.

“Yeh.”

“What for?”

“To git away from a woman.”

“Your wife?”

“No. I never had a wife. This was jest a woman. I never had no luck with ’em, but they’re always fellerin’ me around.”

Supper finished, they gabbled after the manner of elderly males, smoked, and became acquainted.

“You better sleep on the cot,” Johnny said finally, that being the lone decoration of the adjoining room, and Sully went to bed and slept peacefully. All this happened three years ago, and instead of going to Frisco, or anywhere else, Sully remained with Johnny Gilmore, and the room with the cot was his home. As time passed, the two old derelicts became warmly attached and this friendship was further cemented when Johnny discovered that Sully could play a fiddle.

Mr. Gilmore, a rent-free tenant of the Salt River Railroad, occupying its property without charge, had completely solved the business of living, through his commercial association with Ben Deal, who ran the Salt River Hotel, half a mile down the tracks. In return for three meals a day, Johnny regaled the guests with harmonies evoked from a portable organ. They were not the melodies of genius, but they were moderately pleasing noises, and Alva City, especially in winter, is lacking in night entertainment. The guests were obviously satisfied to linger in the dining room after supper, while Johnny played sad airs. Usually there was singing of a sombre sort by traveling freight agents and shoe salesmen. Johnny’s best and most melancholy piece was “Silver Threads Among the Gold.”

With the coming of Sully to the household by the tracks, thought had to be given to Sully’s upkeep and Johnny referred to the musical conditions.

“Sure,” Sully said cheerfully, “I don’t mind if I hang around this town awhile, and if you play a hand organ, mebbe they’ll feed me. secin’ I can play a fiddle, or could.”

“You play a fiddle?” Johnny asked, regarding his guest dubiously.

“Well, I ain’t a boaster, but I was the slickest fiddler in Dubuque.”

“Good,” said Johnny, “I’ll tell Ben Deal and mebbe he can dig you up a fiddle. What can you play?”

“I can play anything,” Sully responded.

“Silver Threads?”

“I got a medal for playin’ it.”

Mr. Ben Deal later examined Sully with a cold and unfriendly eye and informed Johnny that he could find a fiddle, without doubt, but that Sully would have to improve his appearance if he meant to entertain with music. Johnny carried the word.

“You got to shave off them whiskers, Sully,” he said.

“What for?”

“Because you look seedy. Ben is particular and right now you’re a sight. I’ll lend you clothes.”

“I’m goin’ to keep these whiskers,” Sully declared. “If Ben Deal don’t want me to fiddle, all right. But the whiskers stay.”

There was no use arguing with Sully and the tangled mass remained upon his chin, although he consented to take a bath, and accepted clothes from Johnny, whose own wardrobe was meagre.

“I don’t know why you want to go round lookin’ sloppy,” Johnny complained, after the friendship had grown to permit free criticism. “You ain’t a hobo no longer.”

“No,” agreed the offender, “I ain’t a hobo, and that’s the trouble. Long as I was on the road, I could keep away from women, but now I’m fiddlin’

“Get them,” said the actress. “All my life I’ve been hunting for somebody who could play sad music that is sad. This is it. I can start crying right now, listening to it. We take them back to Hollywood”
in a hotel, and the worse I look, the better. You don’t know what I been through.

Johnny did not know, in the early days of the acquaintance, but he learned, because Sully was not averse to self-discussion. Sully, it appeared from his recital, was a natural prey for women, a victim of women, utterly helpless before their wiles and forever stumbling unaware into romantic disaster. Since his early youth, the sex had flocked to him, and in answer to his charm and amorous caresses, over which he seemed to have no control. Not a human being, and not gifted with benign or courteous manners, there was still something about him, as he told Johnny, that set women aflutter. Sitting beside the hot stove in the shack, the wayfarer unfolded astonishing things.

"You don’t mean this here girl actually followed you around?"

Johnny, the costar to a particularly exciting epitome.

"Folled me! Say, she used to set on the front porch of the boarding house in K. C. all night some nights, and me inside, sound asleep."

"No," said Johnny, wide-eyed in contemplation of such indignity.

"Sure," continued Sully, warming as he beheld the effect. "And one night I won’t come out and go walkin’ with her. What does she do? I send out word by the landlady that I won’t go walkin’ with her, and what does she do but she up and hails out a bottle and drinks herself full of poison on the front steps and people goin’ by."

"Not!" said Johnny. "A girl!"

"Sure, a girl. Young, too, and pretty as a picture. Name was Nora."

"Did she die?" Johnny asked, horrified.

"No. Turned out it wasn’t poison. It was bromo selzer and she was tryin’ to scare me so’s I’d marry her. That was one time. Nother time, there was a girl named Peggy. Lovely blue eyes and slim as a goat, and she goes and gets stuck on me in Akron, where I was telegraph operator. Said if I didn’t marry her, she’d kill me with a gun. Got a gun, too. Used to lug it in her muff and finally I got sort of nervous."

"What’d you do?"

"Went to Pittsburgh," said Sully. "But what good did that do? I wasn’t in Pittsburgh two weeks before they was a married woman chasin’ me. Name was Ella, and what did she want? Wanted me to help her drown her old man in the cistern, her feelin’ he was in the way."

So went the stories by the rusty stove in the Salt River shack, with Johnny Gilmore listening intently, astoundingly, and Sully romancing through the dim corridors of his shadowy past. Johnny had never had affairs with women young or old, little knowledge of the sex and no particular curiosity. As a young man, he had come up through the salad years singularly free from the painful and spasmodic aberrations known as love affairs and Sully’s free-told tales amazed him. The endless recital of astounding adventures impressed Johnny, and as his wonder grew so did Sully’s fanciful wander further afield in search of sentimental fiction.

BEN DEAL accepted Sully as assistant to Johnny and fed him three good meals a day. The evening carnival at the Salt River Hotel began at eight o’clock, at which hour the guests generally finished supper and loll’d, and the two musicians played industriously until ten and later, on occasions. Sully could play a fiddle, as he demonstrated, not like a virtuoso, but with a certain mauvishness that blende’d perfectly with Johnny’s melancholy organ.

In his earlier days, Johnny had set out to be respectable and achieve business success. He had wandered over the land, poor but neat, and Alva City was an accident in his affairs. There was nothing fascinating about Alva City, but at fifty a man wouldn’t find the open road and the smell of box cars. The railroad shack suited him and there he remained.

Musical affairs at the hotel moved along serenely, but up at the shack there was trouble. Sully eventually came to regard the place as home, and himself as a natural fixture. His room demand’d and received slight attention, because it contained only the cot and Sully was no fussor. Johnny’s boudoir was more ornate, with a jagged bit of oil-cloth, a bed, wash-stand and a photograph of Theodore Roosevelt laying a corner-stone. It was Johnny’s grand ambition and the hope of his life to some day add a bathtub to the establishment, a bathtub with a shower arrangement and all the fripperies, including a rubber rug to stand on while you dried yourself. Sully washed, when he washed, in a tin basin which stood outside on a bench.

"You make me sick," Sully often said in answer to his pal’s reproaches. "Always beenin’ about me cleanin’ up. I’m clean enough."

"No you ain’t," Johnny insisted stubbornly. "Least you could do is shave off them whiskers."

"Not me," said Sully. "Them’s protection. I purposely wear whiskers and don’t dress up none so’s to keep the women away. Women hates whiskers. Once I shave, some female will be sure to see me and then the trouble begins." He gave a sigh.

"I don’t believe it," Johnny snorted.

"All right. You don’t believe nothin’. Some day I’ll shave and show you."

"No women around here," Johnny argued.

"They’d be here. When you got a natural curse on you, like I got, you can’t keep ’em away."

MISS MARCEL MARCELLA arrived at Alva City early in the afternoon, accompanied by a obscureous director, a complete staff of mechanics, and two dozen assorted actors. It was Miss Marcella’s intention to take a few scenes amid the rugged grandeur of the mountains and chuck them into her new society picture, and what Marcella desired was usually brought about by her deferential employers. Her director was Mr. Zinn, a chinless person with a waxed mustache and a "yes dear" manner. [continued on page 78]
A BUSTER KEATON farce in six reels—and funny practically every inch of the way. Which is an accomplishment, because it isn’t easy to be laughable for six thousand feet of film. Buster plays the heroic Sap who finds himself with his sweetheart on an ocean liner cut adrift by enemies of the owner. The Sap becomes the captain, crew and cook until the vessel strands upon a cannibal isle. Then Buster dons a deep sea diver’s suit and keeps the cannibals more or less at a distance until a submarine comes to the rescue. Of course, like all farces, this doesn’t stand analysis, but the tale is studded with hilarious moments and a hundred and one adroit gags. Keaton was never funnier than in “The Navigator” and he has a pretty foil in Katharine McGuire. It’s a picture you’ll enjoy.

A S. M. HUTCHINSON seems to adapt to the silver-sheet with unusual facility. While “The Clean Heart” isn’t another “If Winter Comes” by any means, it is an interesting and appealing character study. A writer, tired of cares and drudgery, becomes a drifter. Here—in this man’s fight against himself—was the material for an absorbing psychological study. J. Stuart Blackton, the director, has caught enough of this to lift “The Clean Heart” out of the rut of pictures. “The Clean Heart” has a real and elusive appeal. Percy Marmont, who played Mark Sabre in “If Winter Comes,” depicts the wanderer, and his performance is finely limned. Otis Harlan’s portrayal of a derelict philosopher who gives up his life for his friend, is excellent, too.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

GILBERT EMERY’S play of New York life, with its message that, while all men are a bit tarnished morally, it is best to accept one who cleans easily, seemed pretty strong meat for the screen. However, it has been very adroitly built into film fare.

The credit for this goes to Frances Marion, who adapted the story, and to George Fitzmaurice, the director, who reveals a restraint wholly lacking from his work of recent years. In their hands, “Tarnish” develops simply and sanely into a strong silver screen drama.

“Tarnish” is directly the story of three people: Emmet Carr, tarnished because of an escapee of the past with a little manicurist; Letitia Tevis, the girl he loves; and old Adolph Tevis, her father, a conscienceless old philanderer who has fallen victim to the same little manicuring gold-digger.

How Letitia adjusts herself to a new philosophy of things in her love for Emmet forms the basis of the drama.

“Tarnish” will not offend audiences, it seems to us, but it will surely hold them. It has undeniable vigor. Again we compliment the directness of the script and the simplicity of the direction, adding that the cast is pretty close to flawless. Ronald Colman, the hero of “The White Sister,” is an unsterotyped young man of today as Emmet. May McAvoy gives a dignified performance of Letitia, Marie Prevost flashes brightly as the manicurist, and Albert Gran, of the original stage cast, is the tearful old reprobate, Adolph Tevis, to the life.

Take your choice of these performances—and don’t forget Harry Myers’ bit as a comic barber.
The Six Best Pictures of the Month
TARNISH THE STORY WITHOUT A NAME
THE SILENT WATCHER NEVER SAY DIE
THE NAVIGATOR THE CLEAN HEART

The Six Best Performances of the Month
BESSIE LOVE in "The Silent Watcher"
GLEN HUNTER in "The Silent Watcher"
BUSTER KEATON in "The Navigator"
PERCY MARMONT in "The Clean Heart"
DORÉ DAVIDSON in "Welcome Stranger"
DOUGLAS MACLEAN in "Never Say Die"

Crafts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 98

THE SILENT WATCHER—First National

HERE Frank Lloyd, the director, turns from the picturesque "The Sea Hawk" to a straightforward little story of married life, based upon Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Altar Upon the Hill." Lloyd makes the step with considerable skill.

The married folk are young people. The husband is an aid to a politician, a candidate for the Senate. He is not only an employee—but a hero worshipper. So, when his "chief" gets involved in a scandal, he protects him with his silence, even though it seems about to cost him the love of his young wife. She misunderstands and misjudges—and the boy's home almost comes toppling about his ears along with his ideal.

Director Lloyd has told his story smoothly, deftly pointing the little quarrels, tiffs and readjustments of the first years of marriage. He has kept his camera centered upon character rather than upon action. Indeed, he has gotten many little human touches into his story. Finely limned are all the vicissitudes of youthful marriage, here running all the way from the little wife's shrewd observation of her husband, when he returns proudly from a luncheon with his chief, to the girl's suffering when her Joe sacrifices himself for his employer. We doubt if two stories could be further apart than "The Sea Hawk" and "The Silent Watcher." Yet Lloyd has successfully bridged the distance between Sabin's swashbuckling tale and Mrs. Rinehart's homely story of marriage.

The young people are played exceedingly well by Bessie Love and Glenn Hunter. Their performances have vitality. The chief is effectively done by Hobart Bosworth.

NEVER SAY DIE—Associated Exhibitors

ANOTHER amusing Douglas MacLean effort is this adaptation of a stage play by W. H. Post. The wealthy hero, told that he has but three months to live, marries the sweet heart of his best friend in order that the couple may inherit his fortune. When he doesn't die on schedule and discovers that he loves his wife, the complications begin to pile up. There are amusing sequences, among them being the doctor's test in which the hero walks blindfolded out a window and along a narrow ledge while safe movers work just above his head. Another concerns a runaway cab. MacLean gives a skillful farcical performance. This young star is coming along in a sort of celluloid Willie Collier field of operations. Lucien Littlefield does a valet very neatly and Lillian Rich is the girl who's the center of things.

THE STORY WITHOUT A NAME—Paramount

THIS visualization of Photoplay's prize contest story should have high interest to our readers. It has enough melodramatic action crowded into its six reels to make at least several exciting serials. If you have followed the printed adventures of the young inventor who has created a death-ray, and his sweetheart, daughter of an American admiral, you should find them doubly interesting in celluloid. Director Irvin Willat has maintained nicely the spirit of excitement throughout and his handling of the various tense moments, as the bombing of the yacht, is workmanlike and dexterous. He has kept the wide sweep of movement in a compact and concise grip. The cast manages to keep from being swallowed in the maelstrom of action. Antonio Moreno and Agnes Ayres are the menaced young folk.
FEET OF CLAY—Paramount

A NOT a single bath tub in this newest effort of Cecil B. DeMille, but the master of plumbing and lingerie gives a glimpse of his idea of heaven. A mad story is this, of a young chap, bitten by a shark, who weds the girl he saved during the experience. Later the two try to commit suicide via gas. These heavenly scenes savor of the stage success, "Outward Bound." Hectic, and apt to disappoint.

THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS—Paramount

NOT Director James Cruze at his best and yet a slightly better than average photoplay built upon a Leroy Scott mother-love story. Mother O'Day puts her daughter completely out of her life that she may be brought up properly. Later she foils a fortune hunter and the two are reunited. Typical Cruze touches are here, such as an old fashioned corner saloon done in detail. Louise Dresser is admirable.

THE ROSE OF PARIS—Universal

A NOTHER variation of the Cinderella theme. A dying father dispatches an emissary from Paris to bring him his disowned daughter, reared in a convent. The emissary plots to hold the girl one way or another among the Apaches for her fortune. An involved melodrama sacrificing romance to action. The promising Mary Philbin is again buried amid the machinations of an inferior story.

WELCOME STRANGER—Prod. Dist. Corp.

ISADORE SOLOMON drifts into a small town, opens a store, overcomes racial prejudices, cleans up the wicked political gang and rejuvenates the place. All this is built upon Aaron Hoffman's successful stage play, which was adroitly constructed with an eye to the boxoffice. Nearer the cash register than life but an entertaining comedy withal. Dore Davidson's playing of Solomon is excellent.

THE BANDOLERO—Metro

A N inferior story glorified by superb backgrounds of old Spain. A fiery Spanish officer becomes a bandit to avenge his wife's honor. But his daughter and the son of the wicked nobleman in question come to love each other. A cumbersome and draggy tale, over titled, with superb atmosphere and a strong bull fight climax. Pedro de Cordoba excellent as the heroic bandit.

HONOR AMONG MEN—Fox

A NOTHER romance of mythical royalty, built from Richard Harding Davis' "The King's Jackal." Prince Kaloney is blind to the weaknesses and deceit of his monarch. He follows his king into exile, becomes the victim of his plots and almost gives up his love for his false idol. But "the king's jackal" finally wins out. This sort of thing always seems tinselly and false on the screen.
DANTE’S INFERNO—Fox

This is a queer mixture of a modern story with Dante’s immortal effort interwoven. A millionaire is heartless until some one sends him Dante’s Inferno to read. The scenes of Dante’s journey through Hell are breathtaking sometimes. There is more nudity among the writhing figures than has hit the screen in an age. Brimstone, pitch and bathing girls! Shades of Dante!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE—Ince

The poetic “shoot if you will this old gray head but spare your country’s flag” has little to do with the heroine of this adaptation of Clyde Fitch’s play. Once again there is a lovely Southern gal in desperate love with a handsome Northern officer. The flag episode is dragged in. Conventional and slow moving Civil War stuff. The direction makes Florence Vidor’s Barbara super-sweet.

THE BEAUTY PRIZE—Metro

The fanciful romance of a winner of the annual Atlantic City bathing girl contest. Viola Dana is the snappy little manicurist who runs away with the first prize and finds herself involved in a lot of excitement. Based upon a Nina Wilcox Putnam short story and pretty slender material. Studded with lame wise-cracking sub-titles. Just fair comedy with the star in one of her typical jazzy roles.

DANGEROUS MONEY—Paramount

Boy, page Cinderella again! Bebe Daniels plays a boarding house “slavey” who inherits a fortune, goes to a finishing school and well nigh forgets the rough young man who loved her in the beginning. Just another dabby fil-em story with one William Powell, the scoundrel who tries to get Bebe’s money, running away with the opus. There’s a fire, with engines, life nets and what not.

LIFE’S GREATEST GAME—F. B. O.

Emory Johnson, the director who has been endeavoring to give immortality to our firemen, postmen and policemen, has turned his attention to our baseball players. The tale opens in the days of high bicycles and mustached infielders and swings up to a world’s series of today, when the old player’s son wins the deciding game. Full of hokum melodrama but the baseball atmosphere has its interest.

HER LOVE STORY—Paramount

Gloria Swanson gives it interest but it is a decided drop after her pulsating “Manhandled.” Mary Roberts Rinehart’s tale of mythical Balkan royalty has a phony tone on the screen. This revolves around a princess who loves a captain of the guard but is forced into a marriage with an old neighboring monarch. She gets the captain finally. Characters are puppets. [Continued On Page 114]
The House

that

Jack Built

By Ivan St. Johns

Tucked away in a corner of the Hollywood hills stands a fragment of old Persia.

Flanking the rim of a deep ravine, with its funny roof brushing crazily against the skyline, is a house that might have been dug out of an ancient legend.

It is the "House That Jack Built," the home of Jack McDermott, well known director, who is known as a master of comedy drama. A crazy house it is, fantastic, unreal, yet as firm in construction as the solid hill it rests upon.

Bit by bit, timber, stone and tiling, the director assembled the house that is a mockery of conventional architecture. He built it himself during his spare time—early in the mornings when mocking birds were singing from the oak trees in the ravine, evenings when the tree toads were croaking hoarsely their approval of the world.

It is graphic testimony to the sense of humor of the builder, sense of humor with a cynical twist to it. Perhaps it is his greatest joke on himself. Perhaps it is a chuckle tossed carelessly at the shining palaces that grace other Hollywood hillsides.

The house is far off the traveled highways as distance is measured in a crowded city. From his roof one may stand in the dusk and see ten million lights and watch the tiny cars crawling along Hollywood Boulevard. But within those quaint walls it is easy to forget noises of the city things half a mile away. As you sit in McDermott's miniature Persian castle on a jaunty stool from "Rosita," with your feet cocked up on a table from "The Thief of Bagdad," with a pipe and a book, your dreams carry you easily across the world.

An automobile road takes you to a broad plateau high above the city. Then you take a trail that is steep and winding, that tops the ridge and leads haphazardly down the slope for a little way, then turns sharply upwards again. It wasn't blasted by an engineer.

There's the house, and it isn't pretty. Old looking, like it had stood there a thousand years. The trail stops at a draw bridge,
guarded by mummy slaves. They played their part in a film drama one time. A caliph in an alcove nearly rates a double salam.

A dab of paint here and there on the framework, which rests upon the rock and tile foundation, presents a futuristic atmosphere—as conceived by modern faddists—but McDermott wasn't striving for such an effect. His thoughts were on a Persian or Moorish palace of long ago when he scattered that paint.

A couple of spires from the roof that reach into the fog banks that occasionally drift along the ridge, lend a touch of the Far East.

A heavy door that probably was lifted from "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," opens slowly on rusty hinges and you’re inside the strangest room that ever harbored man.

It reflects every period, every thought. It carries you back through history's pages thousands of years, it whispers of tragedy, it inspires a laugh.

Two bodiless heads hang on a wall, grotesque, with splotches of red, indicative of terrible things. There's a bloody sword beside them. Good paint job, that. And there are pictures, copies of old masters, originals, one or two, and prints of other favorites.

It is in the pictures and the books that one sees the dreamer and artist within the red-haired nonchalance of the gay Irish director. They are beautiful and real.

The house is a veritable collection of odds and ends. Furnished from motion picture productions, pieces plucked at random from dismantled sets. As McDermott says, "I find an odd bit of furniture or a broken picture on some motion picture lot. I take it and make it fit somewhere in the house. It has played its part and it's been discarded. I save it from oblivion. "Here in this shanty of mine there are reflected memories of many of the screen's classics."

And there are. There's a chair from Jackie Coogan's "Long Live the King," a bed from Norma Talmadge's "The Song of Love," a cabinet from Richard Walton Tully's "Omar the Tent Maker." A catalogue of his furniture would involve the mentioning of dozens more famous photoplays.

A sunken fireplace and a stone well make an interesting corner of his living room. Behind a heavy oak door, in a tiny cove, is his kitchen. Just an electric stove, that’s all.

Below the living room are a bedroom and bath. A narrow staircase, barely wide enough for one person to creep down at a time, leads you to these rooms.

A lone bed, a dresser, a table and a weird lamp furnish the bedroom.

The bathroom looks like a page from "Broom." A cubist might have designed the tiled walls. There’s a sunken tub and a beautiful mirror. But it's a he-man place for all of that. There's a shower that yields only ice-cold water, piped from a spring below the house.

Built and furnished by a humorist, built and furnished by an artist; a fiery-haired adventurer, a blue-eyed dreamer.

McDermott is a bit of a cynic, also a bit of a sentimentalist. He chuckles mockingly at his beautiful things, but he loves them and appreciates their worth.

His keen practicality and (continued on page 110)
Studio News

By Cal York

Written from the inside of the Hollywood and New York Studios.
If you read it here it’s so

Immediately upon his return from New York, Gaylord Lloyd, brother of Harold Lloyd, and Miss Vera Webb, known on the screen as Barbara Starr, were married at the “Little Church Around the Corner.” Harold was best man and the bride’s sister was maid of honor. Mildred Harris was one of the bridesmaids.

Miss Marjorie Bonner, film actress and sister of Priscilla Bonner, and Jerome Chaffee, Jr., were also married. Priscilla Bonner was maid of honor and Dr. E. B. Woolson best man.

Among the guests were such well known personages of the film world as Jobyna Ralston, Virginia Browne Faire, Mary Astor, Grace Gordon, Duane Thompson, Molly Malone and others.

Pat O’Malley has asked the assistance of the Los Angeles and San Francisco police departments in an effort to locate a double who so strikingly resembles the screen star that he can court a girl for an entire month without the slightest trace of suspicion in her mind.

Evidently there is such a man, for Pat received a letter from Margaret Selwynne, 120 Hyde Street, San Francisco, containing endearing terms, asking why he had left her without saying good-bye and ending in a threat to sue the actor for breach of promise. And Mrs. O’Malley opens all of Pat’s mail!

“I’ve had many strange letters in my screen career,” says

Here is the first picture taken of Gloria after she arrived in Europe, where she is making a film. She has on a new Paris gown of metal cloth and chinchilla. It is a little more wearable than the bath tub and exotic gowns that C. B. De Mille draped around her. Nowadays Gloria uses both tubs only for practical purposes.

IT reads just like a movie romance or a novel—the romance of Benjamin B. Hampton, author and motion picture producer, and Claire Adams, pretty motion picture star.

Three years ago Hampton sat at the bedside of his dying wife and the woman who was passing into the great beyond asked him, in case of her death, to marry Miss Adams.

At Hollywood’s famous “Little Church Around the Corner,” where more celebrities have been married than any other place in the country, the dying woman’s wish was fulfilled when Father Neal Dodd united in matrimony Hampton and Miss Adams.

William de Mille, director, gave the bride away and Mrs. Robert Paulson, Hampton’s eldest daughter, was matron of honor. The bridesmaid was Miss Mariel Adams, the bride’s sister, and Neil S. McCarthy, prominent attorney, was best man.

The bride wore a white chiffon afternoon dress, a Paris model, with a picture hat of white velvet and tulle. Her bouquet was of bride’s roses, lilies of the valley and gardenias.

Hampton is forty-eight and the father of five children. His bride is twenty-four. The pair met when the first Mrs. Hampton brought Miss Adams on from New York to take the star part in a Zane Grey picture that Hampton produced.

In addition to the Hampton-Adams ceremony, two more marriages were performed last month of well known film colony people.

Jim, Lila and Jim, Jr., who is playing the stellar role in Jim Kirkwood’s household in Hollywood. In this picture Jim is playing the subordinate role of father, while Mrs. Kirkwood, Lila Lee, is supporting Jim, Jr.
Pat. “but this one is the limit. I'm sorry Miss Selwynne has been deceived and am sorry my name and reputation should be made the means of destroying a woman's trust and confidence, but if I get my hands on this masquerader he'll be worse than sorry.”

HELENE CHADWIC is no longer an apartment dweller. At last she owns her own home—an honest-to-goodness home in fashionable Beverly Hills, verging on the famous Hollywood foothills. Artisans, gardeners and decorators are now busy getting the plans in shape for its new mistress, and Miss Chadwick is planning an elaborate house-warming when she moves in.

SYLVIA BREMER is to wed and retire from the screen.
Dr. Harry W. Martin, Los Angeles specialist, has confirmed reports of his engagement to Miss Bremer and says they will be married in a few months, honeymoon in Europe, and that his fiancee will retire from the screen.
They met at a Hollywood reception a few months ago and since then have been together a great deal.
Dr. Martin is the man who started the medical profession several years ago when he broke his neck diving into a plunge, set the broken bones himself and completely recovered.

HAROLD LLOYD and “His Gang,” including his brother Gaylord, Tim Whelan, Ted Wilde and Joe Reddy, are back in Hollywood after a six-weeks' vacation in New York, where Harold made his first personal appearance.
“I was simply scared stiff,” frankly admits the famous comedian.
He vigorously denies that he has signed any new releasing contracts, and says he will continue to produce his own films.
Harold says he thought of staying over for the opening of the international polo match and that the personal invitation to attend the dinner given in honor of the Prince of Wales was a temptation, but there was a greater inducement to hurry back to Hollywood—Baby Gloria Lloyd, now four months old—so he missed the match and dinner.
And as a reward Mildred Davis Lloyd and Gloria met the comedian's train at San Bernardino so they could see him two hours sooner. Little Gloria behaved her prettiest and expressed her delight at sight of Harold with happy coos.

MICKEY NEILAN and his beautiful blonde wife, Blanche Sweet, are back in Hollywood after several months in Europe on a combined business and pleasure trip, fo' while abroad they made exterior scenes for the director's next picture, “The Sporting Venus.”
“Never again!” were Neilan's first words on their homecoming. “It's a great place to visit but I'll make my pictures in Hollywood in the future.”
Lew Cody accompanied them, as both he and Miss Sweet appear in Neilan's picture, and the director admitted Lew was one of his greatest worries.
“Lew can't travel without a bodyguard,” was Mickey's wail. “Every time I looked around for a minute Lew would lose his hat, his ticket or something. Why, after going several hundred miles to do some exterior scenes, 'way down to a little French village, we got all set up and ready to shoot and Lew discovered he'd left his make-up kit behind.
“They'd never heard of grease paint in that village and I finally made Cody up myself, using ordinary woman's cold cream and some dark face powder. It was terrible. He needs a nurse.”
The trip improved Neilan's health, despite his worries over Cody. He looks much better than when he sailed. Physically, we mean, for the jury is still out as far as his sartorial

Here is the first sister picture taken of Norma and Connie in four years. Which do you think is the better looking in close comparison? We have our choice, but we are not going to try to influence your decision.
attire is concerned. Just imagine the shock Mickey gave his friends when he alighted from the train attired in a trick English suit, a soft hat slung loosely on his head a la Prince of Wales, and sporting a mustache and two walking sticks.

WHILE there’s so much talk going on about hair cuts and bobs, and what not, there is one thing, at least, that can be said for Aileen Pringle. She has an extremely clever hair cut, as shown on another page of this issue of Photoplay.

Miss Pringle cuts her hair short in the back, about an inch and a half behind each ear. It is cut to the natural line of the hair. The two side pieces are left at full length, and can be dressed in any way desired. This gives the head the small, shapely, clean-cut look so necessary since the advent of the bob, and still is neither as much trouble nor as much expense as the regulation bob. It is pretty under hats and gives the head a charming and womanly look, while keeping the fashionable new lines. It is very easy to dress, also.

After a dinner party recently, when Florence Vidor complained of the weight of her lovely long curls and the fact that her head always seemed large compared to the small, sleek heads about her, Miss Pringle persuaded her to try the new cut. So they went into the dressing room and Miss Pringle became barber and now Mrs. Vidor is delighted with the new fashion.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, daughter of Richard Bennett, has temporarily deserted Broadway and is the latest acquisition to the Hollywood film colony. She came out from New York to play the lead in Zane Grey’s “Code of the West,” now being filmed by Paramount.

HARRY CAREY was the persecuted but victorious hero of a real-life drama recently that held more suspense and drama for him than any picture in which he has ever appeared.

And it was regular hokum. The old homestead threatened, and all that sort of stuff.

The Carey Rancho, near Saugus and about forty miles from the Hollywood studios at which Carey works, is one of the most famous and picturesque in Southern California. Not only has the actor stocked it with thoroughbred cattle and placed a part of it under intensive cultivation, but he has built a spacious ranch house where he lives with his family, commuting to the studio each day.

Carey “homesteaded” this property, but three years ago was forced into a contest for its possession through the recommendation of the federal mineral examiner that his ownership be revoked on the ground that the land was valuable for oil. At the same time an oil company began drilling on the adjoining property, but the well proved a dry one and was finally abandoned.

There was a long series of legal battles in which Carey fought for full rights to the property. Prominent geologists testified in the actor’s behalf and it was established that he had expended $40,000 in improvements.

At last he has won his three-year battle, gaining full and unconditional ownership to the beautiful acres, and Carey now declares he will shoot on sight any promoter who talks oil to him.

THE filming of the first scenes for “Peter Pan” were distinctly an “event” at the Paramount Hollywood studios. Herbert Brenon started it off with two blasts on a little silver whistle, which he must have been cherishing for just such an occasion, for no one had ever seen it before around the studio. And there were a number of distinguished visitors present. The two blasts were a signal for a flood of light and the cameras started to grind on a very Englishish dining room set in which four players, Cyril Chadwick, Esther Ralston, Edythe Chapman and James Neil, started to unfold the charming story of “Peter Pan.”

KING Vidor, well known young director, is in a terrible mess.

He borrowed a valuable police dog from a friend, bought another one of his own, and posted both of them as guards over his new Beverly Hills home, and along came some burglars and not only footed the Vidor residence but carried off both dogs as well.

Now King is wondering how he can replace his friend’s “watch dog.” He isn’t a bit worried over the loss of his own canine, for if it was that kind of a dog King says he doesn’t want him back.

ELEVEN blue ribbons decorate the walls of Noah Beery’s dressing room, trophies won by his horse, “Bess,” at various horse shows. This is the chief reason Beery was so glad to be cast in Emerson Hough’s great Western story, “North of the 37,” for it gave the actor a chance to take his pet back to his native state of Texas, where the Paramount company is making this Western classic. Beery insist on using his own horse in this picture.

REGARDLESS of the fact that Tony Moreno is happily married to one of the most charming of women, there are still those among his fans who love the romantic young screen wooer so much—or so little—that they would joyously lure him into bigamy. In a single day, according to Tony, he found in his...

At “The Little Church Around the Corner” in Hollywood. Here it was Father Neal Dodd married Bill Hart and Winifred Westover, Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller, Benjamin Hampton and Claire Adams, Gaylord Lloyd and Barbara Starr, Jerome Chaffee and Marjorie Bonner, besides scores of others.
fan mail no less than forty women of various races, colors and creeds who fired a point blank "will you marry me" at him.

Among them was one from an Indian squaw in Billings, Montana, whose letter indicated that she had learned English successfully at the white man's school. Another came from Japan, from an Oriental flapper, who was quite sure she would satisfy the man and who proved her contention that she had learned how to wear clothes from American films by enclosing a most flapperish photograph.

The bulk of the proposals came from girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two.

HER'S another strong argument either for or against bobbed hair. You can take it any way you like it best.

If you intend to abandon the bob and let your hair grow out, take heed to Colleen Moore's warning and profit by her experience.

Or if, by chance, you still possess those wavy long tresses we read of in ancient history and are thinking of parting with them, this little yarn may change your mind.

For the first time in years, Colleen Moore, the famous flapper of the screen, is called upon to uncover her ears publicly for her part in "So Big," in which she portrays a girl of 1899.

Drafts at the studio on tender ears that for years have been protected by flapper bangs brought on severe neuralgia pains in Colleen's head, according to her physician.

And now Colleen wears ear-muffs between scenes to prevent further suffering.

So, if you are planning to let your bob grow out, and do your hair up again—thus immodestly exposing your ears—we warn you to buy your ear-muffs first and be prepared.

CAN you imagine being put out of one of New York's best hotels because of your popularity?

That's just what happened to Bob McGowan, who makes the "Our Gang" comedies and who is a more important man than the President of the United States to little Darina, Joe Cobb, Mickey and the rest of them.

McGowan was enjoying a short vacation in New York and some enterprising press agent sent out a story that the "Our Gang" director was in town looking for more talent. He foolishly mentioned the name of his hotel.

The story was carried in a morning paper and before McGowan was fairly awake his phone was besieged by impatient mothers and fathers whose offspring were just what he wanted. They were sure of it.

The hotel management sent in a riot call and a call for McGowan simultaneously, and when the director reached the lobby he found it so packed with children of all ages, nationalities and degrees of dirtiness that he couldn't even leave the elevator.

The hotel was in a state of siege. The guests couldn't enter or leave. McGowan was spirited out a back entrance, to protect him from violence, so intent were the throngs of parents on landing their children in the picture.

Nor was that all. Mack was asked to leave the hotel. And he was willing. It was the only way he could elude the deluge of children. He left no forwarding address and the rest of his vacation was quiet and enjoyable.

OLD DOC STORK is sure having a busy season in Hollywood.

Just think—three of the most famous babies have arrived at the homes of three more famous Hollywood couples, and by this time next year the picture colony can have a "Better Baby Contest" all its own.

First to arrive this month was little James Kirkwood, Jr., son of Lila Lee and Jim Kirkwood, and he now shares honors with young Robert Talmadge Kenton, as being the second boy among almost a dozen babies born in the colony this year.

Then came Lestrice Joy II. Her mother, of course, is Lestrice Joy, beautiful Paramount star, and her father is John Gilbert, also famous on the screen.

"It's a girl," they told William Duncan a few days later when little Miss Duncan made her debut at the Hollywood hospital. Her mother is Edith Johnson, leading woman for her husband in his screen serials.

THEY'VE just gotta kick it off somewhere and this was the ultimatum fired by Mabel Normand as she stamped her dainty foot and vehemently denied allegations made in a recent divorce complaint filed by Mrs. George Church against Norman W. Church, a wealthy Los Angeles man.

"It's just about time for this sort of thing to stop," said Mabel, with snapping eyes. "I've made up my mind to quit being good natured about all this dirt being dished out about me." Miss Normand and Church were patients in a Los Angeles hospital at the same time last year and in Mrs. Church's suit against her husband it was alleged that there was intimacy spring up between them.

Mabel describes her hospital acquaintance with Church as a purely "How-are-you-this morning?" affair.

"I haven't seen him since he left the hospital," said the fair actress. "In fact I wouldn't know him if he walked right in the door this very minute.

"I was in bed all the time. They had me all trucked up with braces and things. Couldn't [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]
Why the Prince would make a Great Film Star

By Harriette Underhill

Edward Albert, Prince of Wales, photographs like a million dollars and would make more than that for himself and all concerned if he went into pictures.

If it should suddenly be announced one day, that Edward Albert, Prince of Wales, Duke of that island called Long, and affectionately known as "Davey"—if it should be announced that H. R. H. had signed a contract to appear in pictures, other than news reels, we for one should not be surprised. Or, to be quite truthful, no more surprised than we were when we read the announcement of Geraldine Farrar's cinema capitulation or that of Mary Garden and Enrico Caruso. There seems to be only one reason why Prince Edward Albert should not try "the movie game," and many reasons why he should. He is handsome, he screens like a million dollars, and he would make even more than that for himself and everybody concerned. The only reason he should not do it would be because he did not care to. What other people might think would make little difference to H. R. H., we fancy. He is incredibly emancipated, so much so, in fact, that he does nearly everything he wants to. He is indeed "The Happy Prince," though not like Oscar Wilde's Prince, happy because he never asked what lay beyond the Palace Wall. This Prince is happy because he is intensely interested in what lies beyond nearly every wall.

He visited the Herald Tribune office the other day, but because we had all been sworn to secrecy concerning the advent of the Prince into the fourth estate, not more than 100,000 people gathered outside to catch a glimpse of him. We were so busy reading a story about how "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood," that we had forgotten all about "The Wonderful Visit." Then suddenly we looked up and saw standing before us A Prince! We knew it was a Prince, even before we realized that it must be The Prince. That impalpable divinity that doth hedge a King, embraced in this case a Scotland Yard detective. The happy Prince we observed over the top of our desk. The detective we identified underneath the desk. Scotland Yard men apparently all have the same size feet and they all wear the same sort of shoes. The Prince smiled. We smiled. The Prince blushed. We didn't, though we are sure that he must have met more critics than we have met princes. At that, we do know a few princes, or did, for there were any number of them floating about in Mexico before the war.

But H. R. H. Edward Albert, of [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]
Photoplay's Fashion Review of the Month

By Grace Corson

Above at the left is Doris Kenyon as she appeared in "Lend Me Your Husband." This gown, and the one beside it, falls into the "picture gown" category. By that I do not mean motion picture, but, as one would say, a "picture hat." It contains an excellent suggestion for a simpler gown, if you choose, but although its super-abundance of tulle frills is unsuited to the average party, there is a delightfully frivolous air to its cascading ruffles and very brief lace slip. Of many shades of fuchsia, it is altogether lovely. For the girl who is limited to one or two evening gowns such a costume would be an unwise choice, for the tube still reigns.

At the right is a gown worn in "Garden of Weeds." For the very rare occasion when one could wear such a formal gown this is very lovely. Soft black velvet in innumerable ruffles form the lower part of the skirt and train. In this case the low back is not only permissible but adds beauty to the design, for the wearer has cleverly chosen to pattern the otherwise open back with a necklace worn in the very new and smart French way—knotted at the back and reversed. This one has a clasp of black pearls and diamonds. Minus the train and with a higher back, still Y-shaped, this gown would still be unusual and much more wearable.
Marie Prevost, in "Lover of Camille," wears a beautiful afternoon costume of pumice velvet and fox.

Virginia Valli, in "In Every Woman's Life." A smart sport coat of beige and black with mouflon.

Bebé Daniels, in "Dangerous Money," is faultlessly turned out in straight wrap trimmed with metal braid and satin.

Norma Talmadge, in "The Only Woman," wears a beautiful wrap of palest grey suede-cloth and squirrel, with new wide belt.

Jetta Goudal, in "Open All Night," gives a glimpse of a smartly tiered coat. Unusual hat and ornament.

Doris Kenyon, in "Restless Wives," shows a wool ratine coat trimmed with louvre—distinction and comfort.
THE costumes illustrated on these pages are chosen because they represent the type of thing which may be worn by anyone without the fear of being "overdressed." Although not particularly original, with the exception of the center figure above, they are in good taste and may safely be worn by any woman whether limited or unlimited financially.

At the left above is a straight model, suitable for either girl or older woman, although a narrow belt worn low would be advisable for a full figure.

Dresses like these need not be uninteresting, for the simpler the lines the more striking may be the accessories. If, for instance, this same frock were to be of heavy black satin with black satin slippers and small hat, the combination of oyster color scarf, gunmetal buttons, sheer black hose would be an effective background for these accessories: pale grey suede gloves, black and white pearls with green stones, to be worn at either throat or wrist, with similar combination as ornament for the hat, a pin to be worn either in front or at the side toward the back, and finally, an under-arm purse of green leather, with handkerchief of either black, grey or green.

The costume in the center worn by Miss Daniels is an excellent example of originality and smartness. The new style points are the exaggerated frill or long jabot seen very frequently on the recent French models, wide leather belt, slightly fuller skirt and soft becoming hat, of the type known as beret. There is a coat to match which I have illustrated on the opposite page, forming a charming three-piece costume suitable for practically any hour of the day.

At the right, Miss Compson wears a frock which would be lovely in tones of fuchsia or magenta, for afternoon. The long scarf, although a graceful addition, has declined in popularity.
Now We Can Tell How:

Mary Pickford refused to be "second to Chaplin" and by her demand for more money upset the whole screen world, with effects on the destiny of several big corporations.

Benjamin B. Hampton, the advertising impresario of the American Tobacco Company, looked over the films and decided to roll his own.

Albert E. Smith's new baby cost Vitagraph a contract with Mary Pickford, without ever even seeing that famous young woman.

Thomas Ince, with his spectacle picture "Civilization," accidentally and incidentally became an important help in electing Woodrow Wilson president for his second term.

William Fox prayed for "Dear Herbert" Brenon, the man who is now making "Peter Pan" for Famous, when the director was in Jamaica with "The Daughter of the Gods."

It had taken the experience of only a few months to reveal to Adolph Zukor of Famous Players, and Alexander Lichtman, his sales manager, that Miss Pickford in "Class B" was outselling "Class A" pictures with big stage stars.

Now when the Christmas season of 1915 found New York motion picture conferences agonizing with the whispers of big money and Chaplin negotiations, Adolph Zukor was entirely aware that Mary Pickford was the essence and spirit of Famous Players. It was the possession of Mary Pickford which made the name Famous Players stand-up. She was the final argument in the hands of every salesman out booking the Famous Players films to the theaters. The theaters which played Pickford had to buy the rest of the Famous Players pictures, the whole output. Mary was the big pink peach on top of the basket filled with the Famous Players program.

Under George Kleine and J. J. Kennedy, with their Motion Picture Patents Company and the General Film Company, the motion picture had been proven to be a business and the film were demonstrated to be merchandise. In the feature developments...
ment epitomized by the rise of Famous Players it was demonstrated that personality, star value, was the biggest single component of that merchandise.

It is always slow and tedious like that, when the public has to express itself. The public made the nickelodeon and the nickel theater made the film business, and the film art, too, for that matter. Now the public had made a great star—Mary Pickford. And in reality this Mary Pickford was a greater star than the great Sarah Bernhardt of the very first Famous Players pictures, because Mary was made by a greater public. The millions took the greatness of Bernhardt, just like the greatness of Shakespeare, on the strength of hearsay and tradition. But the millions saw Mary Pickford with their own eyes, and admitted their liking at the box office.

This process had to be slow. When the public tries to tell any business or any art what it wants it is in the same predicament as a man trying to teach a trick to a dog. You can not explain it to the dog. You put him at it. When he does it you feed him. When the dog fails he starves. After a while the dog sees the idea of what gets him the beefsteak. He learns through his tummy. The inarticulate public teaches the film industry the same way—through the box office.

The box-office ballot had given Pickford a large majority, but Adolph Zukor was the only person in the world who knew exactly how important she was to Famous Players. For several years he had held a deeper conviction of star value than anyone else in the world. Now competition was rising. Every motion picture maker had plunged into the feature picture business. Triangle, with Griffith, Ince and Sennett and their stars, was the roaring new born success of the day. The members of the old group of the licensees of the Patent Company had well near abandoned General

Film with its nickelodeon type film and were engaged in star building campaigns of their own. Lewis J. Selznick was developing symptoms of aggressiveness. Universal and Mutual, with a straddling policy, were still maintaining the old short picture schedule and meanwhile trying to get aboard the feature movement. William Fox and his Box Office Attractions company was clearly out to make big pictures with big stars. There was a potential bidder for the services of Mary Pickford on every side.

Meanwhile Mary had brought her salary up to two thousand dollars a week for the year of 1915. The offer of the lead in “The Diamond from the Sky” serial had done that. Now at the end of 1915, when the contract was to expire, the industry was in a violent state of flux. Many complex and technical adjustments were taking place with the ebb of the old nickelodeon program and the rise of the feature consuming theater. The year ahead was filled with uncertainties for every maker of pictures. There were many rumors in the wind. Zukor was not ready to make a new and costly contract with Pickford, and he was most unwilling to lose her.

Sometime in the first week in January Pickford and Zukor met and talked over the new year. They agreed on a new arrangement like the year before, a fifty-fifty participation in a special Mary Pickford Famous Players Corporation, but with a guaranteed drawing account of $4,000 a week, instead of $2,000.

Zukor indicated that there were special reasons why he could not sign such a contract just then and made the agreement verbal. Mary and Adolph shook hands on it by way of sealing the deal.

The newspapers of January 8, 1916, carried a little one paragraph announcement that Mary Pickford had contracted to continue with Zukor of Famous

JAMES R. QUIRK.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117
A hit with the fair sex, still Ronald Colman is liked by men

ALL the girls in Hollywood are mad about him. He is besieged at dances by the most alluring beauties of the screen. At "cat parties" his name ranks with reducing and bobbed hair as the chief topic of conversation. Ingenues and famous scenario writers alike grow ecstatic about his technique at love making and his irresistible way of holding a lady's hand and his good looks. And yet—

The men like him. And when men like a man in spite of the above mentioned handicaps, he is bound to be regular.

It was such a happy combination that gave Wallace Reid his amazing and lasting hold upon the affection of the public, that have combined to make Tommy Meighan the best loved and highest salaried star of today, and that now seems likely to add to the list the name of Ronald Colman, leading man for Lillian Gish in "The White Sister" and "Romola" and in George Fitzmaurice's latest hit, "Tarnish."

It doesn't always follow that a man who is a success with the feminine fans is likewise a riot in his own country of Hollywood. Many a famous screen lover has languished as a wallflower among the feminine portion of the film colony. And the oldest living resident cannot remember when any man has had such an instantaneous personal triumph among them as young Colman.

It seems to have been accomplished without any effort on his part. In fact, he's just a little embarrassed and slightly annoyed about it and doesn't always know just what to do. And this is one of the reasons the men like him, of course.

Ronald Colman—formally called "Mustard" Colman in school days because his last name is spelled the same as the manufacturer of the famous mustard itself—is an Englishman, with a slight trace of Scotch in his ancestry. He is the type of "black Englishman" not so familiar in this country—his hair is jet and he has the big, black eyes that we associate more with the Italian or Spanish type. But as to temperament, disposition, and tastes he is thoroughly British.

In fact, in spite of his romantic and impetuous good looks, he's a serious, quiet chap, fond of books and a pipe and interested in politics and sports of all kinds. To him, his work is the first and most important thing on earth. He never takes an important step without a lot of thought. He has a fund of good, solid common sense, and a lot of business ability.

Yet no less an authority than George Fitzmaurice declares he registers as much romance as any man on the screen. And in his love scenes his hands are almost as expressive as those of Zasu Pitts, which is saying a lot in Hollywood.

Colman is a veteran of the war, though he's just past thirty. As a boy of twenty just out of Hadleigh-Sussex College, he enlisted in the London-Scottish Regiment when war was declared and was among those who went with the first British Expeditionary Force. He was seriously wounded in the first battle of Ypres, and when he was discharged from the hospital after many months he was placed on detached service.

He began his career as an actor shortly after the close of the war, playing the Richard Bennett rôle in "Damaged Goods" in London. He made a big hit, followed by several others, including "The Misleading Lady" and "Little Brother."

When Lillian Gish offered him the leading rôle opposite her in "The White Sister" he accepted it eagerly. Pictures appealed to him. But when he came to America after completing "The White Sister" he couldn't get a job on the screen so went back to the stage, supporting Ruth Chatterton in "La Tendresse" and Fay Wray in "East Is West."

With the release of "The White Sister," critics hailed young Colman with fervent and lengthy praise, and Miss Gish signed him again for the lead in "Romola." Then George Fitzmaurice brought him to Hollywood to play opposite May McAvoy in "Tarnish."

His ambition in life is to be a director, not an actor, so that he can earn money faster and retire forever as a gentleman farmer. This seems a worthy ambition and has at least the merit of being different.
A charming new Gift for her personal use-

**THE** very latest aid to personal loveliness is the charming new Cutex Marquise Set. The case is of metal—beautifully decorated, rich and substantial. It contains everything for the most luxurious Cutex manicure—and everyone knows how women appreciate the Cutex manicure above all others.

This handsome gift contains the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover that gives smooth shapely cuticle, Nail White for spotless finger tips, the new Liquid Polish, Cake Polish and a beautiful buffer, sterile absorbent cotton, orange stick, steel nail file and fine emery boards.

The price is moderate—only $2.50 in the United States—$3.00 in Canada.

*The various Cutex Manicure Sets offer a delightful selection of gifts ranging in suitability from the friendly inexpensive greeting to the substantial gift of permanence.*

They are on sale at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada, and chemist shops in England, Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City, or 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

**Cutex Gift Sets in Special Holiday Wrappers**

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Following the Camera

The man who turns the crank must be up and doing

Camera work on King Vidor's production, "The Wife of the Centaur," might be said to be "rolling along." They are taking a moving shot of these banquetteers for the picture of that name.

Below—What's wrong with this picture? Nothing at all, only that if Director Del Andrews really permitted his "props" to point the mirror at himself and his cameras, instead of on his actors, they would call the picture "light struck."

Perhaps you have watched the grimy face of the engineer as his powerful locomotive leaps over the rail, have seen it staring at you from the screen, and wondered how it was taken. This picture above will show you. Harry Carey is at the throttle in "Roaring Rails," and the cameraman and director are riding right with him on an especially constructed platform scene fast to the side of the engine.
The Princesse Matchabelli
on the importance of caring for the skin

"I have been so much impressed by the way American women do not allow the effects of exposure to mar the smooth delicacy of their complexions. Indeed, their charming youthfulness is due largely to their clear, fresh, beautifully cared-for skins. Women everywhere can acquire the same perfection with the use of Pond's Two Creams."

Princesse Matchabelli

SLENDER but commanding; features of chiseled beauty; fine dark eyes; a skin as ivory-white as the roses that bloom in the gardens of her Italian villa.

This is the Princesse Matchabelli. But add to the picture the imperious graciousness of a noble-woman with a name and title nine centuries old and the social entree to the sophisticated inner circles of Rome, Paris, London and New York.

"Princesse," I asked her, recently, "tell me how American women have impressed you."

"But they are beautiful," said the Princesse Matchabelli. "So fresh and young. Their skin — it is like satin. And that is because they are now doing what European women have done for years — caring for their skin with cold cream."

Then we discussed the method these lovely American women are following to keep their complexions so youthful — the simple use of just Two Creams — which together provide the balanced care every normal skin requires.

How exquisite women keep their youth

Before retiring or after any unusual exposure apply Pond's Cold Cream generously to 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 or a rub with a bit of ice.

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 makes your powder stay on longer and more smoothly than ever before.

Begin for yourself this method which the beautiful women of the beau monde everywhere are following. Buy Pond's Two Creams today. Soon you'll find a new radiance appearing in your skin, that very smoothness, that clear delicacy, that look of youth which the Princesse Matchabelli finds so charming. The Pond's Extract Company.

The beautiful Princesse Matchabelli praises Pond's Two Creams

THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISI
THE DUCHESS DE RICHELIEU
MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR.
MRS. JULIA HOYT
MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP
MRS. CORDELIA BIDDLE DUKE
MRS. CONDÉ NAST

are among the other women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed approval of 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 instructions for following Pond's method of caring for the skin.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. M
147 Hudson Street, New York
Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.
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City State

When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.
Aileen Pringle
Compromises on
Bobbed Hair

She tries out this two-in-one coiffure

Above, if it were not for the tresses at the side, one could swear she had bobbed her hair. She cut it off bob-fashion in the back to take the weight off her head. Comfort first

And at the upper right is a side view of the strange hair cut. It looks as if Jack-the-Clipper had stolen up behind her and snipped off enough to make a wig for his baby's best-loved doll

At the right she shows just exactly what she can do with it if she wants to give the appearance of never having anything like a bob. A "neat and tasty" coiffure, says we
Seven women out of ten are using a wrong shade of face powder

THE natural loveliness in every woman’s skin can be enhanced by the right use of the right shade of the right powder. I will tell you the shade of powder for your skin.

The shade of powder you should use depends on the natural tone of your skin.

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 skin. And because of this fact there are four shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder—a right shade of powder for every typical skin.

The Medium skin. This skin is harder to determine than others, for it is frequently found with light or dark hair, light or dark eyes, or combinations of middle shades.

The medium tone of skin is pleasantly warm in tone, with faint suggestions of old ivory, and fleeting suggestions of sun-kissed russet.

Medium skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. If you are hesitating whether you have a light skin or a dark skin, the chances are that you really have a medium skin, and should use the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The White skin. This is the milk-white skin that is quite without trace of color except where the little blue veins show. It appears only in certain types of very blonde-haired people, very black-haired people, and most often with red hair.

This is the only skin that should ever use White powder, and even these women will be more effective in using White Pompeian Beauty Powder for evening only—using Flesh or Naturelle for daytime.

The Pink skin. Most women who have a pink skin become sensitive about it as they approach the thirties, for then the youthful pink may deepen and result in a too-high coloring.

However, this is a skin that can be turned into a definite asset of beauty if it is properly treated.

Women with pink skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder—they should always use the pink tone of powder—the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. This shade tones in with, and at the same time tones down, the pink of the skin.

The Olive skin. Many artists think there is no type so beautiful as the clear, dark skin we frequently see in beautiful Spanish or Italian women. The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Why women prefer Pompeian Beauty Powder

Many women, beginning to use powder, have through frank affection of being ‘different’ started with the use of a face powder that is almost prohibitive in price. They find they get more protection, more satisfaction, and can practice a justifiable economy in using a powder of less price, and equal, if not greater, merit. Its odor is exquisitely evasive—a tantalizing suggestion of lovely perfumes. It may be obtained at toilet goods counters everywhere. The price is $1.00 the box. (Slightly higher in Canada.)

Pompeian Beauty Powder is made from the finest selected ingredients. It has an exceptional adhesive quality that women appreciate, and that assists in keeping the skin well covered over an unusual period of time.

The New Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact

Thousands of women who are devotees of Pompeian Beauty Powder will welcome the news that this powder is now available compacted in a new, smart, refillable case.

The new Pompeian Powder Compact is a graceful, round, golden-finished case—thin, of course, to avoid ugly bulging when carried in pocket or bag. The top is engraved in a delicate design, the cartings filled with violet enamel—a color typical of the regal purple of the Pompeian packages. The mirror in the top covers the entire space, to give ample reflection—and the lamb’s wool puff has a satin top. Refills are of the usual Pompeian quality. The new Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact is $1.00 (slightly higher in Canada).

Get 1925 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 18 x 7½. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 50c. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for 10c.

With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2121 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for the new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," and the four samples named in offer.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

City ______________________________ State ___________________________________

Shade of face powder wanted __________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Most of us remember Colleen Moore as a flapper, but she is just one year older than voting age. However, all ages are easy for her on the screen and in "So Big" she portrays a school girl and little old woman.

Colleen, the little lady scrun of "Flaming Youth," just made the camera job like everything in "So Big." Here she is at sixty.

And on the right we have her at sixteen, a boarding school flapper of the seventies. Isn't she all dressed up?
"The most desired Silverware of all"

If you can be swayed by beauty and if you believe in the virtue of quality, then, for you, Community Plate is the one creation in modern silverware that will wholly satisfy.
Why Any Child Can Have Beautiful Hair

How to Keep Children's Hair Soft and Silky, Bright, Fresh-looking, and Luxuriant

You see children with beautiful hair everywhere today. Beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck. Any child can have beautiful hair. The beauty of a child's hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

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.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

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 cocanut 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 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 cocanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and 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 small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water, and 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.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

This is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, squeeze it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it, and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

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 remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocanut 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 cocanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
Cocanut Oil Shampoo

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
JANE RUTH OF GOOD OLD CALIFORNIA.—Like the majority of your sex, my gentle Jane, you get off a flattering preamble when you are not sure of the replies of the game; and though I swallowed hold, line and sinker about my humor and information, you, young lady, are not going to have answered more than five of what you humorously term "a few questions."

The address of Jack Holt, Pola Negri and Nita Naldi is the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Address Myron Mason, Fox Studios, 1425 N. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. and Conway Teaile, Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

DOROTHY JEAN CONSTANCE DURANA, Rosemont, Pa.—According to your request, I address you by your full name, and it's some name. Evidently you are interested in names, for, answering your inquiry, I assure you that Norma has always been her name. Some lucky girls have pretty names from the first, just like that, others achieve them, and some have them thrust upon them—frequently not so pretty. Norma is Mrs. Joseph Schenck in private life. I know a young thing—a steno—who sometimes breezes into the office in a perfect gale of excitement—"Oh, I just met Norma (or Constance, as the case may be) and she is just the same unaffected as if we went to Flatbush High. Isn't it wonderful!"

Also when she is not using her real honest-to-goodness name of Mae Murray, she is known as Mrs. Robert Leonard, in reply to your second question.

BLANCHE, BRATTLEBORO, Vt.—You are, admire your personality, and I am sure you are the possessor of "most regular features" and, alas, "five feet, eight in height," which last, on the screen is a handicap. You want advice. Your self-description recalls somewhat the poet who wrote "faultily faultless, kicy regular, splendidly null," which was an awful smash. However, don't be discouraged, and above all, cultivate your sense of humor—I'll need it if you persist in your determination to be a "real star."

When I was younger even than I am now I was guilty of writing a song in which occurred these lines:

"Some of us are apt to get some raps and know"

"But stepping-stones are often made from stumbling-blocks."

And think of it sometimes. Keep up your courage. It is a wonderful, and fatal elsewhere in this number for the most convenient studios where you can make inquiries.

E. F. McIl, Sterling, Colo.—Don't fool yourself, old top, if you had the job of lithotyping in Photoplay's office your chances for knowing the "stuff you would be setting up" would be extremely thin. The early bird, the busy bee, the, beaver, and the deaf adder are the prominent exhibits in our zoological department. I am sure, there are several pretty dears missing "round"

Gloria Swan-on appeared in "The Gilded Cage," so either you or your friend won the argument.

MARIGOLD, ALLIANCE, O.—Today you get first out of the basket, for as "welcome as the flowers that bloom in the Spring" this bleak morning is an epistle slated "Marigold."

Your letter is as prim and demure as your name. Enclose 25 cents to cover expenses. Rudolph Valentino, 6 West 4th St., New York City.

LEONA Y. PATTERSON, N. J.—Zowie! Leona, you think I hit the way with you. Not that I mind being called "old dear" the first crack out of the box, by an evidently dashing brute of 19 years and 110 pounds, but it's sudden! However, I like it, and I like you so much that I wouldn't think of taking up your generous offer of a million dollars just for a description of my peculiar style of pulmonary. The best thing you can do is not to mention my name, for I am one of those B. V. D. Apollos and the Smith Bros. of Cough Drop fame, and you have an approximation. However, it's hard to describe oneself, so let's come down to earth.

Jack Gilbert played in "The Exile" and has the honor of being married to Letrice Joy. Heis 23. Address Fox Studios, 142 N. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

SAMIR S., NEWARK, N. J.—A great many of us are glad to think that you have not had enough of Johnnie Walker lately but, perhaps, the situation may be bettered a bit now. His address is F. B. O. Studio, cor. Goven and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Cal.

As to your other complaint, that you do not see as much of Rudolph in Photplay illustra-
tions as you would like to, that is not reason-
able, for if you will refer to some of our back files, you will see that we have gone far as possible.

PAUL R. SWEETWATER, Tex.—Why the "Rupert"? Oh, I forgot, I think, I did once say that I like the name, but by the same token, I confessed I liked Peter best of all. But lately, I've taken a shine to Basil. It's such a smooth, suave sort of a name, if you get me—still, something better may come along.

Shirley Mason and Viola Dana and Edna Flugrath are sisters, one of the real famous families of Hollywood.

I think all of us "dear" fans agree with you in your estimation of John Bowers. He is a cracker-jack!

SARAH B., WESTFIELD, N. Y.—"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," they say, and why shouldn't the reverse be true? Send your letter to Glenn Hunter, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. and you'll win him the chap he is. I can assure you that it will not be consigned to the waste basket unread, as you so much fear. Believe me, dear girl, there is a time when even the twinkliest of the stars has a feeling of eclipse and discouragement. Just then, perhaps, comes along a word of encouragement and cheer from some unknown friend, and it helps, oh, lots. Try your luck. I agree with you, he was tremendously clever in "Merton of the Movies."

M. S. Y., KANSAS CITY, Mo.—If "consistency is a virtue of small minds," as has been said, you certainly have got a whale of a mental strain to endure, but what's the use? All girls, bless 'em, are gaited that way, and perhaps that's why—but that's another story. Of course, I don't know how old you are, but when you say I'm very cynical, I know just how young you are.

Constance Talmadge is entirely cured of her eye trouble. Corinne Griffith is 22, her address C. G. Production, United Studios, Hollywood Cal., and Sylvia Breamer is 26, care of First National United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

VIOLET, SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.—Since you say I am "adorable," I think whatever you do of everything, I like your name, Vi. Pat O'Malley is thirty-two. Yes, little one, married. Marion Davies wears no wedding ring.

NANCY, BIRMINGHAM, England.—Corinne Griffith is entitled by birth to the charm of the South. She was born in Texas, not a great while ago. Well, if you insist, twenty-three years. The two Bettys, Compton and Rhylee, are of the same age. How about Rod LaRoque an Argentinian? Not unless they grow on Chicago soil. Maybe he was born an Argentinian in a picture.

BEATRICE, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Vera Reynolds is eighteen, not married only because she is too young. Has brown hair and eyes. Pauline Carson's birthplace is the state city of Montreal, Canada. The important event occurred Sept. 9, 1900. A genuine sun-dried blonde. Not married. She has been making pictures in England.

ELAINE, MOUNT SHasta, Calif.—Couldn't do without me. Nice Elaine. Way off on the age, dear child. Ben Lyon is twenty-three. Yes, still working in United Studios. Richard Dix's eyes and hair are a perfect match. Both are "network," and The actress about whom you inquire numbers thirty-one years.

H. N. R., Philadelphia, Pa.—First time in my life I ever saw your right fist, son. Did you dictate the other letters? A conscientious correspondent am I. Yes, a quarter of a dollar—not a cent—is the amount you should spend for a player, which I recommend sending it by check or postal order. Conrad Nagel works at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 81]
Clever Money is the Cheapest Thing in the World

I

WOULDN'T like to put a Stop, Look and Listen sign at the head of this yarn.

Because the first thing you are going to say is—Earl Hudson? Who the deuce is Earl Hudson? And when you discover that he is production supervisor for First National and a mere business man, you are apt to say—"Well, we're not interested in him."

But the funny part of it is, you are interested in him and if you'll wait a minute I'm sure I can sell you the idea. There are at least seven million people in the United States today who are vitally interested in him. Why?

Because Earl Hudson is the man who put the original story for the screen back on the map. He is the man who had the nerve to go out and make pictures from short stories and original scenarios when every other producer in the business was murmuring that formula, "books and plays—books and plays."

And since the country is full of people who believe they have something to give the screen, since critics and authorities have long deplored the fact that the industry is developing no fresh writing talent, but is stifling any attempt at creative genius by fresh blood, Earl Hudson is naturally of interest to a lot of people.

Now every once in a while there comes into Hollywood a "man behind the man behind the camera" who stands out, even among the vivid and colorful personalities of the screen stars. And when a man starts to buck the old order of things, starts to knock the moss off some of the ancient and hidebound traditions, he makes people sit up and take notice.

Incidentally, every boy will get a kick out of the history of Earl Hudson's rise to success and power at the age of thirty-one—because it's a history that any boy can duplicate if he's got the goods.

Earl was born in Elgin, Illinois, and he doesn't care who knows it. His father was, and still is, a policeman. And his son started out with the same chances to be president that every other boy has. It is to be assumed that he caused the kind ladies who taught in the Abby C. Wing school just as much mental anguish as any other boy.

Leaving school when the eighth grade had done its best for him, Earl went to work in the watch factory which has made Elgin famous. While he worked at jewel pins, he had visions of the Rio Grande and "a good little hoss" picking its way through the cactus. But Texas had plenty of cowboys and when Earl arrived, after bumping his way from Elgin, the sheriff was the only person who had a job for him. It was steady work, but strenuous, on the section gang. But one night when a freight car paused at a water tank, Earl decided that Elgin was a great place and he went back home as quickly as he could get there.

He got his job back at the watch factory and eventually rose to the heights of finding $75 a week in his pay envelope. But he didn't like the future outlook, so he decided to become a newspaperman. He did—and a good one. When a man becomes special feature writer for the Chicago Tribune, he is good.

How he got into the motion picture business by running a convention paper for a meeting of exhibitors, how he became J. D. Williams' right hand man at First National and was kept in that capacity when Dick Rowland came into power, is part of motion picture history. Everybody thought Rowland was taking a long chance when he sent a young and untried executive to the West Coast with unlimited authority to make pictures. But it was Hudson's great chance and he took it.

Under his supervision have unfolded "Flaming Youth," "Her Temporary Husband," "Lilies of the Field"—all big successes. Also "The Perfect Flapper," and "For Sale." To come are "Sundown," "Counterfeit," "If Ever I Marry Again" and "Where the Worst Begins." Of these, two are adaptations of novels, two are plays, two short stories and three are original stories. Three more original stories are now in preparation under Hudson's supervision.

If you want to peep behind the scenes in Hollywood, if you want to see something that interests and shocks and has really turned Hollywood upside down—peep at Earl Hudson. He has busted all traditions. He has made stories that he liked the way he liked them, and evidently the public is for him, for the public has liked his pictures, too.

He has succeeded because he is a wholesale personality. He buys his staff by the brains, his stories in the raw, his directors by the zeal and his cigarettes by the carton. He has placed a premium only on originality and he pays a handsome bonus to anybody who can think of a new and better way to do anything. He listens to everybody—and does as he pleases.

"Money spent cleverly is the cheapest thing in the world" is his motto. And spending lots of First National's money to make lots more is his financial theory. Incidentally, he runs the big production unit under his charge without shouting or whispering, and he would just as soon work in Wanamaker's window and file his correspondence in the public library, which is new to a business where mystery, politics and intrigue have been running first under the wire most of the time.

The boys on the lot say that Earl Hudson is as regular as a Western Union clock.

Probably that's why, at thirty-one, he has one of the biggest jobs in the motion picture or any other industry.
A model of straight, sheath-like lines that affords just the right body support with no loss of body freedom and achieves without effort the fashionable trimness of smoothly rolled silk.

Fastening at the side in straight smooth lines with a long skirt hose supporters that will not tear elastic inserts correctly placed and light weight boning for firmness and strength, the Brassiere Cor-Set is a practical, comfortable and much demanded model.

Two Qualities
Royal Worcester, $1.50 to $2.50
Bon Ton, $3.50 to $10.00

At all the leading stores and specialty shops

ROYAL WORCESTER Corset Company
WORCESTER - NEW YORK - CHICAGO - SAN FRANCISCO - LONDON
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.

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.

Ipana Tooth Paste stimulates the gums

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 strengthen- ing 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 smooth consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

Ipana Tooth Paste—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

Bristol-Myers Co.
Dept. 122
42 Rector St.
New York N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without obligation on my part.

Name
Address
City

[Advertisement continued from page 94]
Hand in Hand
with Fashion

For the Final Touch —
So Necessary!

Here indeed is the Gift of Gifts — dear to every woman's heart — beautiful and useful.

"Delysia"
A crowning complement to Milady's costume — a Whiting & Davis "Delysia" Vanity Mesh Bag, with two mirrors and separate compartments for rouge, powder and handkerchief.

"Utility"
Whiting & Davis "Utility" Mesh Bags, silk-lined, spacious, with mirror, in colors, tapestry enameled mesh that will blend and harmonize with the modish colors of Milady's gown, or in silver, gold or sunet mesh.

And like Mother's Mesh Bag is "Baby Peggy," priced to match its tiny owner, with silken top and enameled mesh of different colors, also gold and silver plated.

Leading jewelers and jewelry departments have a complete line of Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags, awaiting your selection, at prices ranging from $5 to $500. Send for our booklet. It will aid you in making a choice.

Whiting & Davis Company
Dept. A-1, Plainville, Norfolk County, Massachusetts
In Canada, Sherbrooke, Quebec

Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags
Special Sales Period at Your Jeweler's, December 1 to 15.
When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
I wipe away the blur of each day in "three golden minutes"

Night comes again....and bed time.
And in "three golden minutes" I wipe away the blur of the day just ended.
Then my skin is ready for real beauty-giving rest.
For in this fragment of time I remove the day's dirt with a cold cream that cleanses and revives the skin, and smooths out tired lines all at the same time: one that's so pure, doctors prescribe it—Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.
If you, too, make it a rule never to let your face touch its pillow at night until your skin has been thoroughly cleansed, with this perfect cold cream—you'll soon notice new cleanliness and beauty.

For sale at department and drug stores—the white package with red bands. Taber 10c. 25c, 50c. Jars, 75c, 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

Got a date with an actress. Slick.
Johnny was impressed.
Who is she?
You wouldn’t know her. She’s just a darn nice woman I met at the studio and she wants me to come up to the house.
"Don’t get into any trouble," warned Johnny.
Calling on a woman," said Johnny gloomily, "always means trouble before you get through.

Sometimes, the Don Juan's dates worked out unfortunately, especially on rainy nights. Sully either took the long sleigh ride to his night club, or walked callouses upon his feet during the hours in which he was supposed to be calling upon ladies. Sometimes he went to a theater a long way from the boarding house, where his high hat and elaborate dress drew audible comment. Once he was caught in a hard shower and had to pay the tailor two dollars damages on the tuxedo, and on other occasions he merely sat patiently upon a soap box in the back yard, waiting for Johnny to retire.

He sent himself boxes of candy, cigars and small gifts wrapped in blue ribbons, and showed his triumphs to Johnny. He even conducted sly conversations on the telephone for his comrade to hear and marvel at, and his crowning achievement was the afternoon Mary O'Neill consented to walk down the street with him, past the boarding house, where Johnny sat upon the steps. Mary is a handsome woman and a fine actress and why Sully wanted her to walk down the street is still one of the unsolved things in Mary's life.

How do you do it?" Johnny asked, admiringly.

"I don't do anything," Sully replied. "It's just natural. You can't keep away from me, and it was like this since I was a boy.

Slowly the tub fund grew and the musicians reported regularly at their studio. Johnny investigated the history of Angeline, and found the things were costly, and that they would have to work steadily for weeks to come.
Once the money was earned, Johnny intended to return to Alva City. No matter what had happened to Sully, who apparently had given himself over to a wild night life of theaters, movies, late suppers and mysterious doings with female company, Johnny pursued him everywhere and dogged his footsteps.

Miss Marcela Marcella shortly went to New York to do a picture, leaving Johnny and Sully to together and the job began having too many stunts to pull upon Sully, especially his night work, which was giving him rheumatism.

"When we go home?" he demanded of Johnny.

"Soon as I get the money, of course. I'm savin' as hard as I can. We may be here some time yet."

Sully groaned. He contemplated, without pleasure, untold weeks of nice clothes, false telephone talks and chill nights in the back yard, along with other manifestations of his popularity with the weaker sex.

"Couldn't we go right away?" he asked.

Johnny said no. When they went back, if they did go back, the last thing they thought of was the effects of hard work, and Sully argued and pleaded, but Johnny held out.

"All right," Sully said to himself. "Let him stay here, him and his tub. I'm goin'."

He made the preparations and related his story. It would never do openly to desert Johnny, who might lose his job, because the portable organ needed the fiddle, but, as Sully schemed, Johnny would be the one of the nurses impressed on eleventh, and if Sully proved weak enough to cope with her, then Johnny could find no real fault with such a breakup. Elopements always excuse themselves.

Preventing Johnny from explaining that he and his woman had parted with mutual consent.

On a certain Friday night, Sully wrote a brief note, directed it to his pal and left it with Mrs. Oakley, the landlady. Early Saturday morning he packed his few belongings, sneaked from the house without awakening his comrade, and vanished from Hollywood and all its works.

"He’s gone," said Mrs. Oakley, "and he told me to tell you, and you’re to take care of the bill."

"Where’s he gone?" Johnny asked, astonished.

"I don’t know. He seemed in a hurry. Here’s a note he said to give you."

Johnny read it.

Johnny—One of them got me. We have to elope, on account of her brother, a tough guy. I am now on another honeymoon, and if I don’t see you no more, good luck, Johnny.—Sully.

"Well, I’ll be darned," said Johnny. "He warned me, and it came true."

FOR another week, Johnny Gilmore toiled at the studio, but the zest had gone out of his life. He missed Sully dreadfully, and he almost regretted having directed the small amount of money his bathtub fund had not reached the needful size, but he determined to cut the business short, buy whatever tub he could get with what he had saved, and go back to Alva City. The studio people were sorry to see Johnny leave, but on a morning, a week after Sully’s elopement, Johnny took the hoarded money from its own, and the dressers took him to the store where they sell all kinds of tubs.

He stopped on the boulevard and waited for a red car, and presently he observed a lady in distress, a youngish thing, wearing the typical Hollywood hat of the moment, which is a cross between an inverted coal scuttle and a marine cupolder. The young female was crying gently and dashing at her eyes.

"What ails you?" Mr. Gilmore asked politely.

The girl looked at him. She was nineteen or twenty and good-looking, with a baby face and a receding chin.

"I want to go down town," she said, in a low, sweet voice, "and I haven’t any money."

Johnny deliberated briefly. A red car was coming.

"I’ll goin’ down town," he said. "I’ll pay your fare."

"In a taxi?" she asked.

"Hell, no. In a street car.

"Thank you, mister," she said undisturbed, and two minutes later she was seated amiably beside Johnny, and when a red car was.</ref>
The genuine Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets can be identified by the two tiny raised diamonds on their celluloid surface.

Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets have genuine celluloid tops that never lose their color and that actually outwear the shoe.

Fair Colleen!

Colleen Moore, First National star, is an actress of great feeling and fine discrimination. She displays her evident good taste in her every action, every mannerism, every article of clothing that she wears. On and off the screen she is always correctly costumed for the occasion.

When lace shoes are the correct footwear for the completion of her costume Miss Moore wears shoes that are finished with visible eyelets because visible eyelets are fashionable, decorative and practical. They are one of those niceties of footwear construction that are always evident on the shoe of quality, fashion and good taste. Without visible eyelets to adorn and protect it no lace shoe can be absolutely stylish, correct and finished 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.
Chaps?—then you don't know of the skin's "Precious Moisture?"

Sarah Lee's hands were always soft and her skin was just as smooth. She never complained like the rest of us, of chapped hands or cracked lips—she seemed always a lovely creature, perfectly oblivious of the weather and her skin.

One night she told us the simple truth. "Your skin—every skin has a moisture and that is what keeps it lovely! But we wash it away and the skin doesn't get so much of it in winter. Without this natural moisture the delicate skin dries up into tiny scales, stings and cracks—this we call chapped. Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is exactly made to give back this 'precious moisture.' It dissolves the scaliness, sinks right in and makes my skin feel so gloriously smooth. My grandmother told me about it."

We remembered then, seeing her use something after she washed. So that was why she looked so fresh and always had about her such a clean, delicate fragrance!


questions and answers

Peggy and Patti, Upper Harlem, P.A.—So you have agreed to call me "Mr. Encyclopædia." Thanks, Peggy and Patti. Just for that I'll confide to you Rod La Rocque's color scheme. He has brown eyes and black hair. And his real name. It's the same as his screen one. He plays the leading man's role in "Feet of Clay." They're both wows for looks. What chance has a man sitting at a desk piled high with letters against these movie idols? Wonder if I could get on the lot as an extra? Look like the picture of the man at the head of these columns? Come closer, Peggy and Patti. Whisper. Certain persons are mean enough to say it flatters me.

Robin, Eagle, Colo.—Of course, Robin. Ben Alexander's age is thirteen. Blue-eyed and blond as to be mistaken for a model. He succeeded at it—is four feet ten and one-half inches. Still with the J. K. McDonald Productions.

Jane, Virginia, Minn.—Richard Dix is the only man you have ever read about in the movies. You like "brown men like Mr. Dix." And you feel that Charlie Chaplin, "the perfect fool" and "perfect artist," is suffering from a broken heart because his hair is graying. Tut! Tut! More likely it's the Kleig lights, Jane. He was born in 1889, can have a little in April. Specifically the sixteenth. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893.

Alan, De Kalb, Ill.—Another inquiry from one of the boys. Gloria Swanson's plans and specifications? Five feet, three inches tall, one hundred twelve pounds—heavy or light. Born in Chicago. Told me the other day that she is twenty-five. Latest plays "Man-handled" and "Her Love Story."

Every advertisement in PHOTOLPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Sore throat?

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

They are 25 cents a package

Naturally, he didn’t enjoy the show

All through the performance she wore a quizzical smile. At first, something seemed to irritate her. He wanted to know what it might be.

Then his curiosity turned her irritation to amusement. But she wouldn’t tell him.

* * *

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—three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

Listerine is made only by the Lambert Pharmaceutical Company. To avoid possible fraudulent substitution, insist upon obtaining this antiseptic in the original brown package—14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The real truth about skin beauty

There is more misinformation in the matter of skin beauty than in almost any other field of women's interests. It is not, as many think, the surface layer of the skin that really determines its beauty. The under layers contain all the active forces, and the whole matter of skin beauty comes down to keeping these forces functioning normally.

That is why thousands of women have adopted the daily use of Resinol Soap for the toilet and bath. They have found that it does protect the skin against those outside influences—dust, soot, wind, germs, etc.—which interfere with its normal activity.

Don't wait until your skin begins to look old, coarse, oily, before trying Resinol Soap. Adopt its use now and let the soft, luxuriant lather guard you against these disorders.

Should blemishes appear, 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.

Studio News and Gossip

[Continued from page 59]

Conway surveyed them one and all, calmly, kindly and willing. "The only trouble with this woman is that she doesn't know what she is talking about. My name is now, always has been, and, unless I am driven to unforeseen and incomprehensible straits, always will be Frederick Conway Tearle." The toy balloon collapsed, the gossip collapsed, the reporters collapsed, and then gathered themselves together and sallied forth to learn whether it was true that Peggy Hopkins Joyce was still married to her fourth or forty-fourth husband.

After it was all over, Conway asked particulars and learned that Mrs. Jules Levy of New York City had been quoted as follows: "Conway Tearle is the son of my dead husband. His real name is Frederick Levy. When he was a boy of seven his mother married Osmund Tearle, who took them to England. My husband never saw Frederick after that." To which Conway added, "And never before."

Wedding bells rang so often late in the fall that it was hard to keep track of all the nuptial events. Betty Compson and James Ruze just couldn't wait to go through with their marriage plans, which called for a wedding in November at Betty's old home in Fresno, Utah. In October they decided they had waited long enough, so the ceremony was performed in Flintridge near Hollywood. The
A Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Hair Waving

The Most Exciting Gift That Santa Can Bring Into Any Home—Price Only $15

Thirty-Five women were blinded through the use of hot curling irons in 1925, according to a recent publication of the Government Statistical Bureau. What would an investment of $15 for a Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit have meant to the lives of these unfortunate ones? Here is a perfectly safe article—an invention sometimes classified as one of the greatest ever made for personal comfort and safety—by the use of which, once

climbed to unprecedented heights. What it means to the straight-haired girl and matron to have curly, wavy hair under all possible circumstances can be realized only by those who have actually tried the Nestle Outfit, never to give it up again, except perhaps in favor of professional treatment. We recommend this where the money and convenience are available, but millions of girls and women are not so fortunate. And forthwith the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit is just the thing. It lasts forever, and with it, they can, at very little cost, wave not only their own but other heads as well.

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the success of the Home Outfit—that every Outfit ever sold in the two and one-half years since its invention was sold on 30 days' free trial. Send the Nestle Company a check, money order, or draft for $15, and get your Outfit. Besides the regular supplies, you will receive free trial materials. Use these. Then examine your hair as to its quality. Test the curls and waves you get any way you like. Shampoo, rub, brush and comb them, as you please. Then, if you are not satisfied with the results, return the Outfit within thirty days, and we guarantee to refund the entire $15 to you without question or delay.

Above is an illustration showing the way the Home Outfit is used. You curl the hair strand by strand. Each strand, wet with the sympathetic "LANOIL" lotion, and wound on a Nestle mechanical curler, is warmed for only seven minutes, and each strand comes out transformed, as if by magic, to naturally curly, even though, when waved by ordinary methods, it never held a curl or wave for more than a day or two.

Do Not Delay

This magazine is behind our guarantee as well as we ourselves. Nestle's are known all the world over, as the originators of Permanent Waving and the famous "LANOIL" Process. You take not the slightest risk in making this free trial—and the results will bring you and your family great happiness.

Send a letter, a postal, or the coupon below for your Outfit today.

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"The process is so simple and easy. My husband waved my hair without a bit of trouble," writes Mrs. G. A. Brightwell, 828 Norfolk St., Fort Worth, Texas.

or twice a year, a straight-haired woman's troubles are turned into pride and pleasure.

A Permanent wave by the Nestle Home Outfit, with the latest "LANOIL" Process, means the transforming of the straightest, lankiest hair—hair which otherwise needs curling daily or nightly, into naturally wavy hair. You may shampoo it at will, use hair treatments of any kind, dance and perspire, go out in rain and fog, brush and comb it as much as you like—and yet have curly hair just as if you were born with it.

The Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit Is Safer Than All Other Curling Devices

Although a great many thousands of Nestle Waving Outfits are in homes everywhere in the world, and although in the United States alone, over four thousand hairdressers every day use the large professional Nestle apparatuses for "LANOIL" waving, we have never heard of a single instance of serious mishap. Children of twelve have successfully waved their elders' hair, while with many high school girls, Nestle waving has become a favorite pastime, because the process is so interesting, and the results so thrilling.

Entire Families and Groups of Friends Waved With One Outfit

Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute declared in 1909 that the Nestle discovery of the permanent hair waving was in his opinion, the greatest step forward ever made in hair science. Since then, the popularity of permanent waving has

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honey will take place in the spring, because Betty couldn’t finish her De Mille picture “Locked Doors” until the end of October and Cruze had to start “The Goose Hangs High” on November 6. This is Betty’s first marital adventure. Cruze was formerly married to Marguerite Snow.

A NEW wedding of great interest to film fans was that of Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan. They were married in October and spent their honeymoon in California. Picture work prevented a contemplated trip to Honolulu.

FOR the first time in many years, Conway Tearle and his brother, Godfrey, are working in the same city—and both in pictures, too. Godfrey is unknown to American film fans but has made quite a reputation on the stage in this country. He appeared in several English films before coming to this country. Conway is in New York making “The Ultimate Chance,” while Godfrey is being featured with Jetta Goudal in “Salome of the Tenements,” a Famous Players-Lasky production, which is in the making at the Long Island studio.

JOSEF Von Sternberg has been selected by Mary Pickford to direct her next picture. The choice was made after Mary had seen “The Salvation Hunters,” which is the first picture Mr. Von Sternberg has directed. So much confidence does Mary repose in her new director that she has left the matter of selecting her next picture entirely up to his judgment.

THERE were all sorts of rumors floating around a month or so ago to the effect that Pauline Frederick was contemplating getting a divorce from Dr. Charles Alton Rutherford of Seattle, so that she could marry another man whose name was not mentioned. Polly and Dr. Rutherford are second cousins and were married in 1922. They separated shortly after their marriage. Previously Polly had been married to Frank M. Andrews and Willard Mack.

BUMPET! bump, bump! BUMP! Raymond Hatton has gone over so many bumps that didn’t hit him that he’s almost bump-proof. But he got one bump that he neither dodged nor objected to when it landed kerplunk. It was five-year contract with Paramount to play exclusively for that organization. So, after many years of bumps in which he got the worst of it sometimes, an even break at others and a generous share of praise and worldly goods from still others, he finally got a bump that represents the end of the rainbow, the cottage at the end of the long road and all the other good and desirable things that any amiotious young man starts out to get. Yes, Raymond has landed with the proverbial two feet. He is one of the greatest character actors on the screen and his good work in the past is only a forerunner of what he will be able to do in a great organization like Paramount. One of his first pictures under the new contract will be “Contraband.”

OCCASIONALLY there is a real thrill—one not written into the scenario—in a motion picture, and then someone stands a good chance of serious injury or death.

Just such a thrill occurred while Viola Dana was working on the “Lucky Strike 11,” one of the fastest speed boats in the Pacific, just off Catalina Island, in scenes for “Lord Chumley.” A smoke pot, too heavily charged with sulphur and powder, exploded unexpectedly in its resting place in a locker and blasted a hole through the hull just at the water line. The pilot and Miss Dana were targets for flying splinters and bolts and were blackened from head to foot by the explosion.

Miss Dana leaped to the bow and wildly signaled the camera boat, a hundred yards away. However, that little piece of business was in the script, so the cameras clicked serenely on until Director Frank Urson sensed that something was wrong.

The camera boat arrived just in time to save Miss Dana from taking to the water and the speed boat from sinking.

TOMMY MEIGHAN has just been elected shepherd of the Lamb’s Club. A membership in this club is the great ambition of every motion picture actor. It is the most famous organization of its kind in the world. It wasn’t so many years ago that anyone who went into it from motion pictures was looked upon as losing cast, and Thomas Meighan is the first motion picture actor to be elected as its leader. This is a demonstration that
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Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, late of the Follies, who is now "flappering" to the camera in Hollywood, say they are to be married in the spring and go to Spain on their honeymoon. Their engagement has been announced and Lowe's divorce has been granted, so the only thing which seems to be holding up the wedding bells is a two-months' vacation which Lowe is trying to get to make the romantic honeymoon a reality.

W. E wonder if the whole world isn't going to the dogs. Anyway, another one of our few remaining idols has come toppling down. Little Marlan Nixon, so charming and sweet, who we have always regarded as one of the very nicest of the latest crop of Hollywood baby stars, has learned to smoke. At least word has come from Pendleton, Oregon, where she has been working on a picture with Hoot Gibson, that she was seen to smoke in public and that her companions were a crowd of men.

And just to think of it - she was smoking a pipe. Cigaretes are bad enough, and women who smoke cigars are usually o-tradized, but a pipe - horrors! And Marlan but a child.

Of course she explains it well. Marlan says she was smoking the Pipe of Peace with an Indian tribe. That she took but seven tiny puffs, as is the custom, and that it made her very, very sick.

And to back up her story she returned to Hollywood with a marvelous Indian headdress, valued at several hundred dollars, the gift of Chief Oaken Bucket, known among his tribe men as Tam-Pam-Kohen-Kohen (a Jewish Indian), as well as a tomahawk said to be three centuries old and to have been used in the Whitman massacre in 1847.

Traffic policemen don't always have a sense of humor. And then again, even in Hollywood, they are not all studio brooke. This pretty Dorothy Mackaill has learned to her sorrow.

The fair actress was driving her roadster down Hollywood Boulevard and at a busy intersection a husky representative of the law held up his hand, indicating a stop, as traffic was running the other direction.

"Hold it for a street," said Dorothy, laughingly. The "street crack" might have been Greek as far as the officer was concerned. One thing was sure—his dignity had been ruffled.

Deserting his crossing, he majestically, if a little ponderously, waddled over to Miss Mackaill's car and, taking out his pad and pencil, presented her with a ticket.

Dorothy tried to explain, but his only answer was, "Try it on the judge—maybe he'll get a laugh out of it."

Dola Negri's next starring picture, "Forbidden Paradise," adapted from "The Carina," will be almost as good as a fashion show and should establish at least four new styles, according to critics of dress. Miss Negri's gowns were designed by Howard Greer to carry with them the smartness of Paris and at the same time suggest the regal quality of a queen.

Luxurious negliges, morning costumes and evening gowns are included in her latest wardrobe and all are created with distinctive lines which serve to accentuate the slenderess of the actress' form.

The courtly monks trying to master the intricacies of Moh Jong, and they will probably succeed as well as most of us. Next month Mr. Fox has promised that he will set these stars to work on some cross-word puzzles.

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The portraits are alphabetically arranged and below each is printed a clear and comprehensive sketch of the career of each star presented. Altogether, the volume constitutes a combined art gallery and brief biography of all the leading players.

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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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to play in a pirate picture. We can’t imagine it, but Fair Alma confesses it is her greatest ambition.

It seems that when she was a little girl, one of her favorite tales was the sea captain, with the usual propensity of the seafaring man for spinning yarns about cannibals and pirates. The tales were very thrilling to little Alma, and even since the pirate’s life on the bounding main has had a secret fascination for the actress.

Anyway, the only kind of a location job Alma wants now is a pirate picture, which will keep her on the ocean for days.

BELLE BENNETT, former Triangle star, who is again back in pictures after several years on the legitimate stage, and Fred C. Windemere, a motion picture director, have announced their engagement. They are keeping the wedding date a profound secret from even their most intimate friends.

WHEN it comes to aviators, Priscilla Dean is without a doubt the queen of the Hollywood film colony.

“The Little Flight Commander”

This is the title bestowed upon her by the six “Magellans of the air” when they arrived in the film colony after their historic round-the-world flight.

While all Hollywood was on hand to welcome the daring air crusaders when they taxied to earth at Clover Field, Santa Monica, Miss Dean was the only film celebrity who waved them a greeting when they landed at San Diego. And she also flew with the squadron of planes which escorted the army flyers from San Diego to Santa Monica.

Nor was this all that happened to make Priscilla the envy of the other stars. Immediately after their great public welcome at Clover Field, the six young fliers slipped away from the adoring thousands, motored to a Hollywood hotel, where they “slepted up,” and then out to Priscilla’s, where they were her dinner guests. They remained at Priscilla’s until it was time to dash to the ball given in their honor.

Five months ago, when the fliers started on their daring attempt to circle the globe, Priscilla kissed them all goodbye and gave each a good-luck token. On their successful and triumphant return they fairly showered the star with gifts picked up in all parts of the world.

The guests at Priscilla’s dinner included Flight Commander Lowell H. Smith and Lieutenants Leigh Wade, Erick Nelson, John Harding, Jr., Leslie Arnold, Henry Ogden, Major and Mrs. C. C. Mosley (Mosley was formerly commander of Clover Field and is now commander of the California branch, air service of the National Guard), Lieut. Bill Nelson, cousin of Erick Nelson, Doris Anderson, Norrine Johnson and Charles Emory.

NORMA TALMADGE is to desert the movies to go on the stage. At least that was the report circulated in New York in October. However, Norma’s desertion is not to be permanent. According to the report she has been engaged to play the Madonna in “The Miracle,” the great Morris Gest spectacle that has enthralled New Yorkers for the past year, when it appears in Los Angeles next spring. Mary Garden was originally selected for the rôle on the Western trip but her illness made it impossible for her to make the trip to play in a role that, however wonderful, is not to her own liking.

Well-Known Women Usually Travel a Great Deal

And They Are Particular in the Selection of Their Luggage

STARS of the screen and stage and women engaged in educational or artistic pursuits and in all walks of society have found the DAISY HAT BAG a constant joy when traveling.

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His Wife: “Henry, where have you been?”
Professional Reformer: “Hic-n’ dear-n’ investigatin’ moral-n’fluence of the movies”

Every advertisement in PHOTOLY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Edmund Lowe, who featured as the Northern officer in "Barbara Frietchie," and who is now starring for Fox in "The Fool," keeps in shape for his work by an hour on the hand-ball court every day. These stars have got to keep their figures. A rubber coat is one of the newest stunts for this purpose. Lowe doesn't seem to need much reducing, but he is not taking any chances.

California. Negotiations between Norma and Gest were in progress all the time she was in New York. Many offers to go on the stage have been made from time to time to the winsome Norma but she has always refused them, contending that the movies were her darling and that she would not quit them. It was left for the silver-tongued Gest to induce her to change her mind. His well-known persuasive powers were taxed to the limit, it is said, before she consented. According to Norma's plans, she will visit Europe with her mother late this fall and upon her return take up the study of the role which has become celebrated in histrionics.

Jack Dempsey has signed up for what is said to be the biggest salary every paid in vaudeville. The giant killer, movie hero and vaudevillian is thus assured of getting three square meals a day for the next ten weeks. An effort is being made at this writing to include Estelle Taylor in the act, but Jack is frowning upon that angle. He likes Estelle Taylor, but he remembers the experience he had with Betty Palmer, whose hus-bond brought a suit that afterwards dropped out of sight and was generally considered the brilliant idea of some press agent. That's one reason Jack doesn't have his own press agent. He sees what happens through the work of others.

The biggest screen deal of interest to fans in the past month or so was that by which Famous Players-Lasky garnered in the distribution of the Rudolph Valentino and Harold Lloyd pictures. As stated in November Photoplay an announcement might be expected any time saying that Lloyd would sign up to produce for Famous Players. He has one

When you don't expect them

It's a wise hostess who keeps a generous supply of "Uneeda Bakers" sugar wafers on the pantry shelves. To such a discerning woman the problem of what to serve the unexpected guest is no problem at all.

For instance, take NABISCO—the lightness of its two wafers and the creamy flavor of its creamy filling make it a favorite with everyone.

Then there's HARLEQUIN, another well-liked sugar wafer, with triple layers of delicious cake and alternate layers of creamy filling.

And FESTINO, the crisp and delectable wafer that looks and tastes like an almond.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"
more picture to make for Pathe and then will move into the Famous Players-Lasky organization. Valentino will make his first picture under the new management on the coast, starting about the first of November when he returns from Europe with Mrs. Valentino.

JOSEPH HENABERY, one of Famous Players-Lasky's leading directors, was married in New York recently to his first wife's sister, Edith Lillian Nolan. The first Mrs. Henabery died several years ago and it was at her bedside that Henabery was married to Miss Nolan. Henabery has been at the Long Island studio of Famous Players-Lasky for some time and his latest production was "A Painted Devil," starring Rudolph Valentino.

The sympathy of the film colony and film fans generally went out to Tom, Owen and Matt Moore when their mother, Mrs. Rosanna Moore, passed away in Los Angeles. Her death occurred in October. She was born in Ireland but came to the United States nearly thirty years ago and resided in Los Angeles since 1913. Another brother, Joe, also survives. Mrs. Moore's husband died several years ago.

ALL reports that First National would lose Milton Sills when his contract expired turned out to be untrue for Sills has just signed up for a new five years' contract. Each Hudson negotiated the deal and everybody is congratulating him. It was reported before the announcement that Sills would retire from the film work because of his heart condition. Evidently Hudson helped him change his mind. First National has a number of big pictures scheduled in which Sills will appear. The first one will be "A Girl of the West." Dean Keaton will also have a leading part in the picture, which will be made in the East.

EVERY person who thinks he or she is screen material will get a chance to look the casting director in the eye and tell him so. That, at least, is what he or she can do at the Famous Players-Lasky studios. Orders were issued to the effect that every person who applies for work be given a call. A new sign at the casting director's offices says that he will receive "all new applicants for work daily from 5 to 6 P. M." The action was taken because of the tremendous effort required to find a suitable "Piper Flag." When she was found she turned out to be a known. Mrs. Hughes is visiting in America, and since the girl was thus engaged on the febiles of film popularity we ran into a newspaper squib concerning her. It seems that she had been visiting his father, Mr. W. Hughes, who lives in New York to be starred on the Keith vaudeville circuit in a sketch by Joe Jackson called "Ask Dad—He Knows It.

SPED-speed records were broken when Evelyn Vaughn obtained a divorce from Bert Lytell. Fifteen minutes after the decree her complaint was filed, Mrs. Vaughn had her decree. She charged desertion and sold the coast that her hand-on-eye screen star husband had been interested in other women, particularly older women, however, were named in the complaint or at the hearing of the case. Lytell misled and said he had expected it. He also was quoted as saying that she would marry Claire Windsor within a few weeks.

REGGIE DENNY has bought an aeroplane. You probably remember that he was an officer in the Royal Air Force during the war, and made his mark as an aviator. And he has been enthusiastic about aviation ever since. Just as soon as Mrs. Denny had departed for England to visit her mother, Reggie dashed out and bought himself a new plane. Mrs. Denny has always had a feeling of the danger of such a pastime.

Now Reggie is entirely happy and pester all his friends with invitations to go up and do sundry stunts in the air with him.

If anything happens to mar Gloria Swanson's face she will get $100,000.00, which in this business is a tremendous amount since the days of Ben Jonson and his cronies.

More to be a good sport than for any other reason, she sampled some of the good old English ale, which if you know talk, is not just a few peyter mugs. Miss Wilson’s chance remark that they were curious looking and that she would like to own one was published in several London papers next morning with the result that during the following week more than a score of peyter mugs of all shapes and sizes from various London fanciers.

WHY do they do it we don’t know unless it is just to get a little more publicity. We are talking now about the way titles are changed from day to day. Recently F. B. O. announced that titles to four pictures had been changed. "Paris After Dark" was changed to "The Thrill of a Night," "The Prose" is now "The Dangerous Fleet," "Hard Cash" is now "Sold for Cash" and "The Stranger from Nowhere" is now "The Millionaire Cowboy." But the principle the producers follow is to hope for a flat and that the stranger doesn’t lose his millions.

LOOKING over a file of the 1921 issues of Photoplay we ran across a story about sentimentally Tommy, and there we found Glen Hughes’ picture of Miss Vaughn in a number of others in the cast. We were wondering what had happened to her. He made a great reputation in "Sentimental Tommy," but fell out with her studio and has her now engaged in a number of stage and film pictures. He is more thus engaged on the febiles of film popularity we ran into a newspaper squib concerning her. It seems that she had been visiting his father, Mr. W. Hughes, who lives in New York to be starred on the Keith vaudeville circuit in a sketch by Joe Jackson called "Ask Dad—He Knows It.

With the arrival of a kangaroo hide from an Australian admirer, the office of C. B. De Mille now contains the skin of the distinctive animal of every continent. The kangaroo joined a collection including the hide and horns of a red antelope from South Africa, ant-eater from South America, bear from Europe and bear and moose from America.

LOIS WILSON, who shares honors with Florence Vidor and Mary MacAvoys as "Hollywood's nicest star," owns a collection of peyter mugs that would turn an old "tover green with envy. She is one of the screen stars who live up to the very spirit of the prohibition law. She would no more think of making "hove brew" than she would of printing her own hundred dollar bills.
Gray Hair Banished in 15 Minutes

"I make no secret of the fact that INECTO RAPID Notox banished my gray hair in 15 minutes."

This is the frank expression of many thousands of women today because they realize that this preparation alone imparts to their hair truly natural color and prevents it from growing back gray. It is used as appropriately as a touch of rouge and a pat of powder upon the cheeks.

The Art of Hair Tinting

Brought originally from Europe, INECTO RAPID has been on the American market for four years and has been constantly improved upon. The new American INECTO RAPID Notox is the result of most exhaustive scientific research by an Organic Chemist of exceptional qualifications and institutional connections.

INCTO RAPID Notox contains no paraphenylenediamine.

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THE SILENT WATCHER — FIRST NATIONAL — From the story by Mary Roberts Rhimes. Excerpts by John M. Fox. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: Joe Roberts, Glenn Hunter; Mary Roberts, Bessie Love; John Steele, Hobart Bosworth; Mrs. John Steele, Gertrude Astor; Lucy Elliott, Alice Ail. Bennett; Jim Tufts, George Nicholas; Mrs. Jim Tufts, Aggie Harring; Barns, Lionel Belmore; Chief of Detectives Sonni, De Witt Jennings; William Brandon Hurst; Director, O’Farrell; Pat Har antioxidant, Feature Dancers, Mlle. Susette, David Murray.


THE CLEAN HEART — VITAGRAPH — From the novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Adapted by Marion Constance, Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The cast: Philip Herriot, Percy Marmont; Puddles, Otis Harlan; Essie Elliker, Marguerite de la Motte.

NEVER SAY DIE — ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS — From the stage play by William H. Post. Adapted by Raymond Griffith and Wade Boteler. Scenario by Raymond Cannon, Directed by George H. Foss. The cast: Jack H. Woodbury, Douglas MacLean; Violet Stevenson, Lillian Rich; La Gigale, Helen Ferguson; Victor Walters, Hallam Cooke; Griggs, Lucien Littlefield; Cun, Florence Vare, Andrew Laney; John Fraser, M. D., Wade Boteler; Virgil Gables, M. D., Eric Mayne; Karl Gerberdi, M. D., William Conklin; Gordon Gibbs, George Cooper.

THE STORY WITHOUT A NAME — PARAMOUNT — From the story by Arthur Stringer. Adapted by Victor Irvin. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: Mary Walsh, Agnes Ayres; Alan Holt, Antonio Moreno; Drakay, Tyrone Power; Kurler, Louis Wolheim; Claire, Dagmar Godowsky; Don Pavlov, Jack Bohn; The Crypt, Maurice Costello.

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THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS — PARAMOUNT — From the story by Leroy Scott. Adapted by Walter Woods and Anthony Coldwey, Directed by James Cruze. The cast: Mother O’Day, Louise Dresser; Mark Rob, Ricardo Cortes; Mrs. Kendoll, Kathlyn Williams; Molly Kendoll, Virginia Lee Corbin; Cliff Kelley, Pierre Grendon; Mike, James Farley; Tim O’Day, Ben Hendricks; Baby Molly, Vondell Darr.

THE BANDOLERO — METRO-GOLDWYN — From the novel by Paul Gwynne. Adapted by Tom Terris. Directed by Tom Terris. Photography by George Peters. The cast: Donaldo (Bandolero), Pedro de Cordoba; Petra, Rene Adore; Marquis de la Torre, Silvestre Seyfferitz; Ramon, Maxine Granado; Padre Dominigue, Gordon Beggs; Concha, Dorothy Ruth; Juan, Arthur Donaldson; Maria, Maria Valray; El Tuerto, Jose Rueda.

THE ROSE OF PARIS — UNIVERSAL — From the story by Dolly. Adapted by Bernard McConville. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: Misti, Mary Phillips; Christian, Robert Cain; Andre du Valoire, John Sainpolis; Mme. Balomou, Rose Dione; Florence du Valoire, Dorothy Revier; Paul Marin, Gino Corrado; Peett, Daron Turner; Juliet, Ervin J. Brady; Victor, Charles H. Puffy; Mather Superior, Cunna Daunoyer; Guestion, Alice H. Smith; George De Vara, Frank Currier; Jor, Dono, D. J. Mitsoras; George, Cesare Gravina.

WELCOME STRANGER — PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTORS — From the play by Aaron Hoffman. Adapted by James Young and William Mack. Directed by Victor Lewis. The cast: Isodore Solomon, Dore Davidson; Mary Clark, Florence Vidor; Essie Solomon, Virginia Brown Faure; Fisohd Wilston, Noah Bevey, Virgil Tyler, Lloyd Hughes, Bob Ennis; Robert Edeson; Clew Bovins, W. V. Meng; Seth Strimble, Otis Harold; Gideon Tyler, Fred J. Butler; Detective, Pat Hartigan.

HONOR AMONG MEN — FOX — From the story by Richard Harting Davis. Adapted by Denkon Clif. Directed by Denkon Clif. The cast: Prince, Edward Lowry; Patricia Carson, Claire Adams; King Loris, Sheldon Lewis; Constance Zara de Winter, Diana Miller; Colonel Erhard, Fred Becker; Bany Borrall, Paul Weigel; Lala, Virginia Brown; Count de Winter, Fred Malatsbata; Little Crown Prince, Walter Wilkinson.


THE BEAUTY PRIZE — METRO-GOLDWYN — From the story by Nixa Wilcox Putam. Continuation by Winifred Dunn. Directed by Lloyd Ingraham. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: Captain de las Batas, Viola Dana; George Bryan, Pat McAllie; Eddie Schwartz, Eddie Phillips; Madame Estelle, Eunice Vin Moore; Dire du Bots, Edward Connelly; Kelby du Bots, Helen du Bots, Joan Standing; Eric Brandon, Fred True-dale.

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Interview with Carolyn Van Wyck

Do not apologize for asking the question: "How shall I make men admire me?" There was never a woman who would not like to be admired by the brother sex. I have known many such.

CHICAGO Mail Plan—Please Lodge, you and us.

They have a plan, a good one, to suit the Bovery boy. The meaning is the same. "I want a friend who will be mine, hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, on the long march." There are accessories. The pretty girl has an advantage in the power to attract attention. Yet I can recall twenty men who have told me that the beauty that is in love with a girl they don't know whether she is pretty or not. If she is the girl for them she is to them beautiful. The plain girl can make up her beauty deficit in charm.

Men admire pretty clothes. Though if we could persuade them to tell the plain, uninformed truth, ever so many of them do not know what lines or colors a woman is wearing. They are not the clothes and the type harmonize. Countless men could not describe her costume. They only know that it is eminently suitable for her—as they know that two notes struck at the same time on a piano do not jar. A man likes a girl to be entertaining, but not too chatty. Responsive is a better word.

Let in a tearoom next to the table where sat a responsive girl this afternoon. Her companions were a much older man who may have been her father and a younger who, quite apparently, was "the one." The young man was scanning an alleged funny column in a newspaper. He read a paragraph, now and then, from it and laughed. The girl laughed. The young man said that the chap who wrote that newspaper column was clever. The girl was sure he was. The tinkle of her laughter was an obbligato to the baritone of his through the half hour of tea and toast and cakes. When they went out she was still laughing at "that delightfully absurd creature." You may be sure that young man admires that girl. "She is clever," he thinks, "because her views agree with mine." She may not be very clever but she is responsive. Another way of saying that she is good-humored. That is a point on which all men agree. They like the good-natured girl. They dislike the shrew.

The well-groomed, becomingly, though not necessarily richly-dressed, the good-humored girl, clever enough to be a "good pal," is always admired by men.

WALLACE, BALTIMORE, Md.

Have you ever tried to start the conversational ball rolling by paying a girl a compliment? Compliments are the small coin of conversation. Read about a famous man named Chesterfield. He paid many such coins. If you really think a girl is pretty or dances well or if her dress is becoming tell her so. Older swain than you have learned that art. Find out what interests the particular girl. It may be sports or dancing or her last year in school.

Just Betty, Mount Pleasant, S. C.

I believe the combination you suggest is as good as it can be obtained. Are you sure you are exercising ingenuity in the matter? There are pretty little powder puffs that can be screened by the handkerchief. A light, scented powder can be applied while seeming to wipe the face. I do not think you are too thin for your height and age. Blue, I think, is much your best color. A combination of two shades of blue is refined and effective. A midnight blue dress would be serviceable. Charm would be added to yourself and the dress by touches of light blue. The light blue could be introduced in facings of the sleeves, in leather belt and collar, or in a handkerchief.

PEGGY, TAMPA, FLA.

You would better study the young man in whom you are so interested, Peggy. Be concerned in whatever interests him, whether he be a man or a woman. I have noticed that the woman who holds his hand through a long life merits that title. Think more of being his pal than his sweet heart and you are more likely to be both. Men do not want to be "sweethearting" all the time. There is a very practical strain in them. If you are jealous, whether with or without cause, have one frank talk with him about it. Tell him you want to believe in him and ask him, not tartly nor peevishly, but sweetly, never to give you occasion to be jealous of him. Remember—men who are jealous are plowed superior to jealousy. They scorn it. Others were born so, as they were born with blue eyes or brown.
JOHNSON, MALETA, M O.

How to cure jealousy? My dear Marion,

you speak of a problem full of heartache possibilities. I wish you had been more deliberate. If you mean to be jealous, that is a controllable trait that you can control your way to overcome. Your health is a concern of you. You must have a serious inward talk with yourself on the subject. Ask yourself what you have that you do not have and rejoice in it. It may be lovely, flashing, even teeth. Or it may be abundant health. Or a cheerful disposition. Those are beautiful blessings. Instead of counting the gifts and possessions of others count your own. Convince yourself that you have no right to what belongs to them. Suppose that they want what belongs to you. You would think it most unjust. You can cure that habit by much reasoning with yourself. If the jealousy is of someone you love there is a bigger, sadder problem to solve. That kind of jealousy is a terrible thing. If the person you love do not wish for it you cannot wish it will be unhappy, but little by little, after a long time, you will cease to care for him. It is an old adage, but as true as it first set down, that those whom we cannot reject we cannot love.

MARION, ANDOVER, N. H.

Your little skirt will make you look shorter. Have you been to see the exercises of hot baths? They reduce the weight. Do you take cold baths? They make the flesh firmer. Do not use them without the consent and approval of your physician. See him before attempting them. Those who wear rubber bands about the disproportionately heavy part of the body report less of weight. For one of your colorings I recommend orange rouge.

MARIANN, NEWBURY, N. Y.

A little of the lightest rouge would be best for your type. Try the blues and greens until you find a shade particularly adapted to you. Perhaps shatter green will bring out your best points in coloring. Have a sample of it against your cheeks by daylight and by artificial light. Carefully applied, the lotion should be beneficial.

CITY, HOBBS, N. M.

You are not an iota too weighty. Don’t be a starveling, my child. You need all the strength you have to finish your growth. I think your proportions are admirable. Your color scheme is good. If your face is broad, put your hair on the side. If it is not, put it in the middle. What does your mother think of your going to basketball games and the movies? She should think of those young men. It is better for a girl not yet out of school to be chaperoned by an older relative or friend—at least until she knows the young men well and favorably. It has come to be a matter of individual taste about the bob. It is becoming to most girls and some women.

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Write to PAUL VON BOECKMANN, Studio 300, 110 W. 40th St., N.Y. C.

Certainly it is sanitary. One of my friends is letting her hair grow after two years of bobbing. She says it has grown thicker and more lustrous for the amputation. “Twice as thick,” she says, and she is not addicted to exaggeration. The war and against bobbing still rages. Each to her personal taste. Indeed, taste is a good guide in most affairs of life.

E. BOYDEN, WARREN, R. I.

A blonde with blue gray eyes can wear beige, the violet, shutter green and the hennas. I think of no shade that shall not be shown her. You are a very lucky young woman. Let me suggest, however, that the blonde, if not of brilliant coloring would be better to wear the more subdued tints of all colors. For her own color scheme would be dimmed by too bright hues.

BLANCHE, MORRISTOWN, N. J.

Powder au naturelle, not too liberally applied, is best for you. Orange rouge and the darkest shade in lipsticks. None too freely used. Suggestion is better than overemphasis. Those of medium coloring look their best in pronounced shades. That is my coloring. My most reliable dressmaker advises “strong colors” for me. She means dark, rich shades as henna and burdocks. Never the navy and darkest green. She advises you not to use hair dyes. A good general guide is “extreme colors for the medium type. Medium colors for the extreme type.”

MAE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The actresses you mention have excellent complexion and take excellent care of them. All those whom you say you admire: use cold cream plentifully and protect their faces slightly, but sufficiently, from the sun and wind, by dusting them with good powder. You can dust your throat by exercising. Holding the head far back and turning it from side to side repeatedly several times a day will strengthen the muscles and develop them. Feel the neck and under cheek a few times a day, using plenty of cold cream. Cleanse the face thoroughly with oil and with water, and mild soap, and apply a nourishing cream or skin food. Put it in well and leave it on all night. The skin will absorb and be nourished by it. The clean, well nourished skin looks well at all times. Fatigue may give it a temporary pallor or sallowness. Heavier powder is appropriate for the evening. Rouge is not taboo, but you must have observed that it is less used than it was. Powder and the lipstick are discreetly employed. Try lavender powder by electric light.

MRS., DETROIT, MICH.

If you drink milk and eat plenty of nourishing foods, as you say, and do not gain flesh you may be leading a too active life. Rest as much as you can. Sleep an hour longer. Try to take a nap, even if a short one, every day. Let me tell you a little secret. Actresses avoid line and dull eyes by resting them when they are tired. Most of them rest systematically every day. Lillian Russell always rested from five to six after the afternoon while she was playing. She left orders that nothing less serious than a fire that was burning down the house should be allowed to disturb her. I advise the use of olive oil. External and internal use for those who are overweight.

HELEN R., ST. LOUIS, MO.

There are reducing soaps and creams that are effective. The use of rubber bandages also melts excess pounds.

SMERLE W. V., EGG ROCK, MASS.

The strong, rich colors in dress are best for one of neutral natural coloring. The rose-sets and hennas and lovely deep reds of the autumn are harmful to you. So is white and so should be Alice blue or even a lighter tint of blue. Study the becomingsness of colors by trying samples against your face before the mirror in a light by day and by evening electric.
It Can't Be Done
[continued from page 38]

the food was delicious, and under the influence of a surreptitiously served cocktail Tony began to recover his good nature.

"I'm afraid I was rather rude, a while ago," he said, "when you mentioned Miss Shirley. Forget it, won't you? There isn't any reason why we shouldn't talk about her, if you want to. I admit I don't like her, and I'm mighty sorry Davidson has taken her on. She's a very selfish and dangerous woman, ready to make trouble in any way she can. Take my advice and look out for her."

"But—how can she hurt me?" Jane asked.

"I don't know. She'll find a way, if you give her half a chance. Be careful what you say to her. She's certain to carry it to Davidson. Naturally, she wants your place. She's already asked me how far along we are with 'Saints and Sinners.' If she could take your part away from you, she'd do it in a minute. I shouldn't be surprised to see her try to pick a quarrel with Miss Carroll, before the week's out. From what I hear, Davidson thinks butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, she's that sweet and innocent. I could open his eyes, if I wanted to, but unfortunately, for certain reasons, my hands are tied. Take my advice and have as little to do with her as possible."

T O N Y's words, his manner, created a profound impression on Jane. She wondered in what way he could undeceive Mr. Davidson concerning Irene—why and how his hands were tied—but pride would not permit her to ask.

"I don't think I'll have much chance to get chummy with Miss Shirley," she said. "When Abe Spellman introduced us, she looked at me as though I were the dust under her feet."

"Exactly," Tony's frown returned at her words. "She thinks she can twist Lew Davidson around her little finger; run the studio to suit herself. And for all I know, she can. I haven't seen the old idiot yet, but that letter she brought to Spellman didn't look good to me at all. It said there was a permanent addition to our forces, and we all know we can't do our best to make her welcome. As far as I am concerned, she's just about as welcome as a rattlesnake. There was a deep and very bitter note in his voice.

"For goodness sake," Jane said with a laugh, "don't let's be so tragic. Even if Davidson does like her, he's too sensible a man to let her run his business."

"I'm not so sure of that. No man is sensible when he's under the influence of a shrewd, unscrupulous woman. I see trouble ahead—lots of it. Particularly for you."

Jane took his big, powerful hand and squeezed it. Perhaps she had misjudged him. Perhaps his anger arose from a knowledge that Irene's engagement might affect her, Jane's chances for advancement. Dear, lovable chap, she thought, always thinking of others.

"Never mind, Tony dear," she whispered, "I'm bound to get there, if I make good. And if I don't, why then I don't deserve to. That's all there is to it."

"I only wish it were. Do you suppose all these stars and near-stars the public is asked to accept 'get there' because they're such wonderful actors? Wheels within wheels, my dear, that luckily you don't know much about."

"Oh, yes, I do. Didn't I work for two years at the Globe, under Julius Schwartz and Paul Brennan. For heaven's sake, Tony, don't think I'm a dumbbell, just because I happen to be decent. I could play Irene Shirley's game, if I wanted to. The only reason I don't is, that some day I hope to fall in love, and when I do want to give the man I care about a square deal."

"Then you haven't—you?" Tony asked, turning to her eagerly.

"What—fallen in love?"

"Yes," he nodded. "I'm terribly interested in that."

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"Well," Jane colored in spite of herself. "I really don’t know. Perhaps I shan’t know until the man has eloped with his bride to-day!"

It takes two to make that sort of a bargain, don’t you think?"

Tony gripped his cigarette so tightly between his fingers that it burned in two, but he did not speak. There was a savage gleam in his eyes.

"I guess it does," he replied calmly. "Shall I order you some special coffee?"

Realizing that he had deliberately withdrawn into his shell, Jane did likewise, turning the conversation to unimportant topics. They parted early, at the front door of her apartment. For a moment she thought of asking him in, but decided against it. The evening, for some reason, had proved a disappointing one; she went to her rooms, put on a dressing gown and began to read.

CHAPTER X

M. R. DAVIDSON did not visit the studio on the day of his arrival in New York. At four o’clock, however, he called Irene up at her hotel, to find out how she was feeling. She had been ten times as ill the night before, but after a week spent almost constantly in her company, the day without her seemed a long one. Even the mass of correspondence which had piled up in her hotel suite could not take his mind from her charms. When he heard her soft voice over the telephone, a feeling of warmth came over him.

"I’d like to come around for a while," he told her, "and hear how you made out at the studio."

"Come and have tea with me," Irene murmured. "It—it’s been such a dreadful long day."

As a matter of fact it had been nothing of the sort, so far as she was concerned, she had been busier than usual. She hoped that Davidson had missed her, wanted him to believe that the feeling had been mutual. "I’ll be right around," he said, "as soon as I sign a few letters."

Irene had just come in from a frantic shopping tour, and still wore the tan silk-jean suit in which she had gone to the studio. Promptly removing it, she took a hasty shower and put on, over the filliest of lingerie, a pair of watered silk trousers and a coat of silver thread gauze, covered with tiny, hand-made rosebuds. It was not precisely her character, she knew, but it would afford Mr. Davidson more of an opportunity than he had hitherto had, to glimpse the slender pink perfection of her figure.

He arrived earlier than she had expected. On receiving his telephone message from the lobby she told him to come right up, left the door of the suite ajar, and retreated to the bedroom. When Mr. Davidson, appearing as the schoolboy, entered the little parlor, she flew in to him with simulated breathlessness, her gauze coat open, her throat and breasts very nearly bare. Then, having gained the look she was after, she gave a gap of embarrassment.

"Oh!" she cried, clutching the coat about her with a pretty gesture, managing at the same time to look at him as if she would not think of me. I was in such a hurry to see you — I forgot I wasn’t dressed. In fact, I didn’t expect you nearly so soon. I really ought to put something on — let me put it on, I mean.

She took something in her hand, a little perched herself on the broad, upholstered arm of a chair, parted its set invitingly, a schoolgirl in the hallmarks of a courtesan. "Sit down and let me look at you," she said as he entered. He had crowded into the chair she allowed her shoulder to droop softly against his own. "Did they keep you at that nasty office all day, when I wanted you so much?"

Davidson had never seen her dressed— or undressed—like this. The pink of her flesh, though the silver gauze of her coat, the subtle perfume she exuded, the slight tremble of her breath, with which she had sprayed herself after her bath, the warmth of her shoulder against his, the whole cunningly calculated sex appeal of her, made doubly maddening reason of the virginial manner beneath which it was disguised, swept him, figuratively speaking, off his feet. His right arm, impromptu momentarily by her shoulder, he quickly released, and circling his left about her waist, he tried to kiss her. Did kiss her, in fact, on the cheek. Irene, expecting just what had happened, ready for it, turned her head tantalizingly aside and resumed her novel.

"Oh—no—Mr. Davidson—really, you mustn’t," she cried, darting from him and standing quite purposefully between him and the window. "I haven’t—ever—tried anything like that."

Davidson’s mind was a clutch of thoughts, chief among which was the recollection of that ungainly naked body had been to his covetous arm.

"—of course I wanted to kiss you," he blurted out. "Why not? Anybody would."

She came up to him, leaned forward with her hands on the arms of his chair, imprisoned him in it. As she bent down, he felt the press of the two firm, apple-like globes of her breasts.

"You’ve been so dear and sweet to me, Mr. Davidson," she said, "that I’m going to give you just whatever you want."

Almost like a prayer, she had visualized what had happened, she had danced lightly away and curled herself up in a chair.

"Now," she said, smiling sweetly at him, "let’s stick it."

Mr. Davidson felt like doing many things, but talking was not one of them. However, there seemed nothing else to do, in the face of that he asked her. Irene puzzled, intrigued him. For a moment, when she bent forward to give him the kiss, she had doubted her. His hands had reached out greedily; had touched the un-shelled doors of his arms—her pose of innocence would have ended there and then. She might have held him by the lure of the flesh, but Irene knew well enough not to be goaded into an emotion. A week, a month, a year, and then the inevitable finale. She had more far-reaching plans than that. Her brief and quite innocent response, however, restored his confidence in her, but increased tenfold the power of the physical hold she had secured over him. Yielding, she would no longer have been unattainable. As it was, Davidson desired her in exactly the degree that it seemed impossible for him to attain her. As the turbulent emotions of the moment gave way to more sober feeling, he found himself_case_ her on her pedestal. Lew Davidson was certainly a man, but he was not by nature a libertinist. He loved the girl’s youth. His vanity was cooled by the knowledge that he was not the only one interested in this girl. He wanted to tell her. He expected that she might in time come to love him, in which event whatever happened between them would not be a thing, but a fore-shadowing of his future sex affair. He looked into Irene’s smiling eyes and found himself smiling too.

"Did they treat you all right at the studio today?" he asked.

"Why—yes. Everybody was very nice. What’s the matter with your star, Miss Carroll? I found everybody sitting around waiting in a state of silent alarm when I was—I was—"

I thought Mr. Hull was going to bite her head off, he was so angry. The poor woman must have sleeping sickness or something.

Davidson frowned. He was too good a business man to regard with complacency such loss of time, with costs running merrily on.
"What excuse did she give?" he growled.
"Why—I don't know. I didn't hear what she said to Mr. Hull. But from the looks of her eyes I should say she'd been on a party." Irene was already engaged in skillfully knitting the one person in the Davidson organization that stood in her way.
"She looked positively old," she added. "I felt really sorry for her." Mr. Davidson's frown deepened.
"If it wasn't we'd shot a couple thousand feet of this picture already," he grumbled, "I'd let her out."
"Too bad there isn't a chance for me in it," Irene said. "Of course I don't want to deprive anyone else of a job, but now that I'm engaged, and getting a salary, I'd like to do something to earn it."
"There's only two good women parts in that picture," Davidson told her, "and Miss Dare's playing the other one. Fine little actress, and a mighty nice girl."
"Mr. Hull apparently thinks so," Irene slipped the suggestion over for what it was worth. The picture of Jane, in earnest conversation with Tony on the set that morning, had suggested to her quick brain a possible tender feeling between the two, and it occurred to her that if Davidson knew it, it would tend to discount any support of Jane's cause on the part of Mr. Hull. Any woman as good-looking as Jane Dare, she reasoned, was a potential rival.
Mr. Davidson, however, paid no attention to her remark; he was thinking of something else.
"Look here," he said. "You be at the studio tomorrow morning early—see. I'll be there—all I'll stop for you, right after breakfast, and drive you down in my car. I got an idea."
"Oh!" Irene ran to him, hugged his arm. "You old dear. Is it something about me?"
"Maybe. I ain't sure yet, how it's going to turn out, but you leave it in my hands." He rose.

"Why," objected Irene, "you're not going, are you? Not now? It's only half past five. And we haven't had our tea, yet."
"Tea don't mean anything in my life," Mr. Davidson remarked, "and I got to get home to dinner. You see, I been away over two weeks, and my wife is expecting me—has asked in some friends. Too bad I got to leave you here all alone, but there's no way out of it—not tonight."
"Oh—that's quite all right." Irene caressed him with a smile. She knew when it was policy to be insistent, and when it was not. "Of course you must go to your wife, if she is expecting you. I suppose I'm selfish, to want to keep you with me. We've been together so much of late. I think I'll just have a bite to eat here in my room and then go see a picture."
"That's the idea. Fine."
He drew a card from his pocket and wrote a few words on it. "Go up to the Plaza and give this to my manager, Mr. Lewis. He'll fix you up. You ought to see that picture we got running there, 'When Love Laughs,' and get a line on the sort of thing we been starring Alice Carroll in."
He took up his hat. "Good-bye till tomorrow, and sweet dreams."
Irene fondled his thin, nervous hand in both of hers.
"Good night, you dear, kind, understanding friend," she whispered, standing very close to him, "I'll be mighty lonely till I see you again." She spoke so sincerely, so plaintively, that Mr. Davidson was impelled to clasp her shoulders in a protecting, fatherly arm, press a kiss upon her scented hair.
Then, feeling tremendously noble and virile, he went out, enveloped in an aura of perfume.
It would have shocked him inexpessibly, had he seen the impish gleam with which Irene, having closed and locked the door, began to pirouette about the room, executing some perfectly outrageous dancelsteps, and concluding with a high-kick which threatened the lintel of her bedroom door.

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CHAPTER XI

When Tony Hull entered Mr. Davidon's private office at the studio the following morning about half past nine, he paused Irene lounging in an easy chair in the reception room. This, however, occasioned him no surprise, since word that Mr. Davidon had arrived, bringing his new recruit along with him, had spread through the studio like wildfire, a few moments after his limousine had driven through the gates.

Tony greeted her with a curt nod, an equally curt good-morning. It might have been better policy on his part to have concealed his dislike for the girl, but he was a poor hand at disimulation, and his reasons for not liking Irene Shirley were deep-seated. She, on her part, gave him a disarming smile, but the flash in her eyes, had he seen it, might have warned him that if a fight was to come, she would be quite ready for it.

Mr. Davidon, behind his huge bar desk, seemed to have been rejuvenated by his trip. Instead of his usual sombre black he wore a fashionably cut suit of blue mohair, and his shirt and tie reflected colorfully the bright mood in which he found himself on this warm spring day.

"Hello, Tony," he cried, with a cordial handshake. "How's everything?"

"Pretty fair. Glad to see you looking so well. Your trip did you good, Mr. Davidon, if you feel as well as you look.

"Never felt better in my life. How's the new picture getting along?"

"Slowly. We've been working inside, the past few days. Rotten weather, all this week. We ought to be further ahead than we are, but I hope to make it up later." He might have laid the blame at Alice Carroll's door, where it belonged, but Tony was too good a sportsman for that. She had disliked her part, from the beginning, and had done her best to show it in her work.

"How many feet of film have you shot so far?" Davidon questioned.

"About nineteen hundred. As I tell you, we've been going very slowly.

"If--" Davidon scratched some figures on a pad. "And in how much of that footage has Miss Dare worked?"

"Miss Dare?" A dull anger rose in Tony's breast as he realized the purpose of the question.

"Sure. How many feet of film did you get to scrap, if I give Miss Dare's part to somebody else?"

"Do you think that would be quite fair to her?" Tony objected.

"It won't hurt her and I'll see that it doesn't. I'll give her something else—something better. And her salary goes on just the same, don't it?" he concluded defensively.

Tony saw, from Mr. Davidon's manner, that he had made up his mind—that it would be a waste of time and effort to oppose him. "Miss Dare," he said slowly, "has worked in about a third of the scenes we've shot so far. Roughly speaking, of course—I'll have to check it up. It's in the interiors where she comes in most—the scenes in the Adirondacks. You remember the story, don't you?"

"Sure I do. Now, Tony, look here. I got a little girl I found working for Sam Kessler, out in Hollywood, that I think has a future ahead of her. Just the type to play the part of the sort of Alice Carroll used to play so well, three or four years ago. It won't cost us much to make the change, and I want to see what she can do. Must have her yesterday when she was out here, didn't you?"

"Yes," Tony said dully. "I met her."

"Well, then, you know just what I mean. Jane Dare is a find, Tony—of course I'm not discounting her a bit—but in the part of this little country kid in 'Saints and Sinners' Miss Shirley is going to be immense—imply immense. You fix things up with Miss Dare, will you tell her I'll treat her right, in our next picture. And retake them scenes, using Miss Shirley. She's outside now."
Tony received the unwelcome news in silence. There was nothing to be done, and after all, he reflected, it would take only one picture to convince Davidson that in lacking Irene he was making a very foolish and costly mistake.

"All right, Lew," he replied. "Whatever you say. I'd better see Miss Dare at once, before she gets made up. But I can't put Miss Shirley to work unless she has a costume. She'll need evening dress, for the scenes we're working on today."

Davidson pressed a button, told the boy who entered to ask Miss Shirley to step in. A moment later Irene appeared, calmly confident.

"Miss Shirley," Davidson explained, with business-like coldness, "Mr. Hull and I have decided to give you the second part in this new picture of ours, 'Saints and Sinners.' We got to can a lot of film to do it, but I want to give you a chance. Mr. Hull here says for the scenes he's shooting right now you'll need an evening dress. How long will it take you to get one?"

"Just as long," replied Irene, equally businesslike, "as it will take your chauffeur to drive me to my hotel and back. It happens I bought a new evening gown yesterday afternoon." She did not explain that a few judicious inquiries at the studio during the morning had informed her concerning the scenes on which the company was now working—that the action took place during the progress of a big ball. Irene believed in preparedness; if she succeeded in persuading Davidson to put her in the picture, she would be ready—if not, a new evening gown would not be amiss, especially if he could be made, in some way, to pay for it.

"I'll drive back with you," Davidson said. "I got some people coming in to see me around noon." His real reason for going was his desire to avoid the storm of discussion his action in displacing Jane was certain to arouse. Not that he expected any objection from Jane; she was too much of a gentlewoman for that, but Alice Carroll was different; she possessed a vicious temper, and he thought it highly probable that she would object violently to doing over for the second time the scenes she had already finished, especially for the benefit of a possible rival.

When Irene and Davidson had gone, Tony went down to Jane's dressing room. The door was open; she was already prepared for work, and looked very sweet and lovely in her evening gown of amber chiffon. It was effective, but very simple; Miss Carroll did not permit the members of her company to wear clothes as elaborately as her own, and was apt to fly into a temper if they tried it.

Tony went into the room and closed the door behind him. Miss Carroll dressed just across the hall, and he did not wish his talk with Jane to be overheard. She, noticing the seriousness of his expression, became suddenly serious herself.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Davidson wants that Shirley woman to take your part in 'Saints and Sinners,'" he blurted out—"damn him."

"But—how can she?" Jane's face paled a little, but she lifted her chin bravely. "I've already played a lot of the scenes."

"I know. They'll have to be done over. He says he wants to give this girl a try-out, and promises to take care of you in some other way."

"That's not like Lew," Jane said steadily. "He's always been—fair."

"Up to now—yes. But this girl's got him hipped, I guess. The way I look at it, I'm not half sorry. She can't act—I happen to know that. By the time the picture's done, Lew will know it, too—will wish he'd never seen her." Tony had, as yet, no conception of the power Irene had gained over Mr. Davidson. "Perhaps it's just as well to have her eliminated at once." He took Jane's hand, patted it affectionately. "Don't worry, dear girl. Everything will turn out right."

Jane's sense of humor came to her rescue; she looked up with a comical smile.

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CHAPTER XII

At twelve o'clock Mr. Davidson's limousine once more rolled through the studio gates, its rear seat occupied by Irene, very small and obscure beside the massive figure of her chauffeur. The young man wanted to make all those scenes over again. It won't be fit for publication. Does she know, yet?

Tony shook his head.

"I'm on my way with the bad news now. Miss Shirley's gone over to New York with Davidson to collect an evening dress. She won't be back for an hour and a half. You'll stick around?"

"Rather. I wouldn't miss the fireworks for worlds."

Tony went out, knocked at the door of Miss Carroll's room. A petulant voice asked who it was.

"It's Tony Hull. May I see you for a moment?"

"Come in."

He opened the door. Miss Carroll was reclining languidly on a chaise lounge while her maid arranged her clothes.

"Well, what's the matter now?" she inquired, blowing the smoke of her cigarette toward the ceiling. "Am I late again?"

"No, I'm free for an hour or more. I stopped to tell you."

"Hum! After all the trouble I took to get here early, I suppose now I've got to wait around for some extra woman."

"Not exactly. Mr. Davidson has decided to make a change in the cast. Miss Shirley is to play Jane Dare's part. We're waiting for her."

Miss Carroll buried her cigarette holder and all on the floor, shattering the slender ivory tube to bits.

"That red-headed little idiot I saw around here yesterday? Make me do all those scenes over again for her? I'll see him in hell first."

"There aren't many of them," Tony replied, "but if you feel that way about it, you'd better see Davidson. It's his idea, not mine."

"I won't stand it. I won't! I won't!" Her voice rose to a shrill scream. "Where is he? I insist on seeing him at once."

"He's gone to New York with Miss Shirley to get a costume for the ball-room scenes," Tony grinned. "As soon as she gets back, we'll go to work."

"So I've got to wait her pleasure, have I?"

In her anger, Alice spat like an enraged cat.

"Sit around here all day while she goes shopping with Lew Davidson! I tell you I won't stand it."

Tony withdrew without comment. He had long since grown tired of the little star's fits of temper. As he reached the end of the corridor he came upon Abe Spellman.

"The old man's gone cuckoo," Abe whispered, with a mournful sigh. "A sweetie—at his age, too. Hell."

"He'll get over it," Tony laughed, "when he sees her work."

"Lemon, eh? I thought so, or Sam Kessler wouldn't have let her go so easy. Well, only thing to do is wait until he comes out of his trance. Meanwhile, we're losing a lot of time—and money," he glanced at his watch.

"We're going to lose a whole lot more, Abe, before this thing's over," Tony said, and passed on toward the dark, cavernous studio.
volley of caustic remarks from Miss Carroll’s door across the hall. “We’ve lost a lot of time.”

“Isn’t there someone you could get to help me dress?” Irene asked softly. “I haven’t a maid with me.”

“I’ll see,” Mr. Spellman replied, and hurried off to interview some of the extra women.

The commotion across the hall increased. Irene’s arrival at once became the signal for unusual activity on Miss Carroll’s part. With a bright spot of color flaming in either cheek she swept down the hall and appeared suddenly on the ballroom set, pushing her way impatiently through the groups of extra people made up as guests. Tony, script in hand, was conferring in low tones with his camera men, his assistants.

Miss Carroll glared about sternly.

“Isn’t it about time we got started, Mr. Hull?” she asked icily. “I can’t be kept waiting like this.”

“We are all of us waiting, Miss Carroll,” said Tony sharply. “Just as we had to do yesterday morning, when you were late.”

The remark silenced her for a moment, since its truth was so obvious, but the murmur of appreciation which it did nothing to improve Miss Carroll’s temper. She paced up and down the floor like a spitfire, clenching and unclenching her small hands. It had begun to dawn on Tony that Davidson was bringing a dangerous rival into camp—a woman younger than herself, and, one, it seemed, who was able to twist affairs to suit herself. The knowledge spelled danger, and Miss Carroll’s Irish blood made her always ready for a fight.

Irene, surveying her dressing room, decided at first to delay as long as possible, and thus annoy her rival still more, but she was too eager to get on the set to put the plan into execution. In an uneventfully short time, assailed by the extra woman Mr. Spellman had sent in, she made the change, and walked swiftly through the big, cluttered studio to the ballroom set at its far end. No one saw her in the gown—she appeared suddenly in an open doorway at one side of the wide, polished floor, took a step forward and confronted Alice Carroll just as the latter turned in her petulant pacing across the stage. Miss Carroll stopped dead. A faint murmur went up from the little groups at either side of the set. No more dramatic entrance had ever been made in the history of the Davidson Productions Company.

Irene had taken the trouble, the day before, to read the novel from which “Saints and Sinners” was adapted. She knew thoroughly the type of character she was to play. A little, unsophisticated country girl, made suddenly rich by the death of an uncle, visiting her married cousin in New York for the first time, should, in Miss Carroll’s opinion, have appeared at her first big dance in a dotted Swiss, or some other equally archaic product of the village dressmaker. Irene, however, thought otherwise; had explained her ideas to Mr. Davidson on their way to town. A girl from the country, she argued, suddenly rich, able to spend money as she had never dreamed of spending it before, would naturally go to the finest, the most expensive shop on Fifth Avenue, and purchase the most daring Paris creation the place afforded. This, in fact, was precisely what Irene had done. The sheer metal-clad gown she wore might have grown upon her like a skin, so perfectly did it fit her slim round figure. It suggested the bark of a silver birch. Her smooth, perfect shoulders and back were glimmering naked, her young breasts hardly covered by a filmy net. The chiffon stockings beneath the vis of skirt were priceless; the arrangement of her hair—she had prolonged her stay in town three-quarters of an hour to have it done—was bizarre in its effectiveness. In her hand she carried an enormous green ostrich-plume fan. A bird of Paradise, smooth, exotic, beautiful. Instinctively she clutched the battery of lights which had for a moment focused itself upon her turned to Miss Carroll. What would she do—what answer would she

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make to this blazing challenge? Her own costume, cooly as it was, seemed by comparison almost dowdy.

As Alice Carroll took in with one swift glance the perfection of Irene’s toilette, her lips drew into a hard, thin line. The tempestuous anger which had filled her disappeared, leaving her cold with fury. Turning suddenly to Tony, who had started across the set, she addressed him in words so stinging that physically, like bits of brass dropped upon a marble floor.

“Unless Miss Shirley dresses the part properly,” she said, “I refuse to go ahead with the scene.”

Tony looked at the two women with a troubled eye. It was a situation which required delicate handling, and he was in far from a proper mood. Before he could speak, Irene replies to Miss Carroll’s remark with feline smoothness.

“What is the matter with my costume?” she asked. “I think my hair looks like lead. Then Irene’s small, penetrating voice broke it.

“Haven’t you enough confidence in your ability as an actress, Miss Carroll,” she said, “or is your arrogance better than your own?”

And, no doubt, paid for it, as well,” Miss Carroll blurted at her, completely losing her temper.

A ghastly silence followed. Except in period plays, actors were required to furnish their own costumes. What Alice Carroll had said was equivalent to calling Irene Mr. Davidson’s mistress. The silence hung like lead. Then Irene’s small, penetrating voice broke it.

“Mrs. Davidson himself approved it.”

For an instant Alice Carroll reeled beneath the scorching contempt in Irene’s words. Then, like an infuriated cobra she darted forward and struck the girl savagely against the mouth.

The spurt of blood which smudged her face attested the violence of the blow.

[END OF PART II]

The House That Jack Built
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

knowledge of life and the whims of its people have won for him a solid acre in the directorial field. He has directed drama, but he scorns it. He is a student of comedy drama, and is a graduate of it.

He made “Her Temporary Husband” for First National and it’s rated as one of the fastest going vehicles of the year. He recently directed Ruth Roland in the second of her independent productions, “Out Where the Worst Begins.”

McDermott is now under contract to Joseph M. Schenck and is directing Buster Keaton in “Seven Stages.”

“The Covered Wagon” Wins Gold Medal
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

for 1922 on the motion picture "Robin Hood." The film itself is a thing of beauty. It is of solid gold, weighing 12½ pounds, and is impressive not only because of its size but because of its beautiful design. It measures two and one quarter inches in diameter and was made as were the others, by Tiffany and Company of New York City. On the obverse side is inscribed: “The Photoplay Magazine Medal.”

On the reverse are the names of the winning picture and the producer. A medal will be awarded for the best picture released in 1924. Announcement will be made in time for every reader to cast his ballot, expressing his opinion as to the best one released this year.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

Edith Margaret, Hamlet, N. S.—Richard Dix began his screen career about thirteen years ago. Not an unlucky number, thirteen, for him or us, eh? Edith Margaret? His height is imposing, six feet. Weight, too, is impressive, lacking sixteen pounds of two hundred. His face and color of his chestnuts in the autumn sunshine. Yes, dark, glinting brown. He goes to Paramount Studios even when not working. A busman's holiday.

C. W. G., WAUKEGAN, ILL.—Mr. Miser-rioso "Hello." A new name for the much named. I'm both cynical and good-natured, you know, and I turn to me first in the monthlys feasts which Photoplay spreads. You are a girl of taste and kindness, C. W. G. The tall, good looking man who played in the second version of "Get Rich Quick Walling- ford" is Sam Hardy. He was in "Little Old New York." Musical comedy successes included him and I. S. D. before he sailed for Europe. His "opposite" in the play with the floral name is Enid Bennett.

Elizabeth, San Diego, Calif.—You would have knowledge of the first born of him who, you assert, is "the artist supreme." Wonder if he's any good? Yes, yes. A wonderfully successful chap. Dix was born March 3, 1921, so is in her fourth year. The actor who chewed tobacco so diligently in "The Covered Wagon" is Johnny Ford, and Dolores, whom you admired in "Beau Brummel" and "The White Sister," has reached the age so fascinating to women, thirty-three.

L. H. B., ELIZABETH, N. J.—Robert Ellis is not a Welshman—unless all Welshmen are being typed David Powell Ellis by us. We do not know the incident.

CRASMAN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—It's you and her conscience for a photograph of Barbara La Marr. Miss La Marr did not go to Europe. Changed her mind and is making the picture, "Sandra," uptown in New York, while I am writing this on an autumn afternoon.

H. L., WACO, TEX.—Be assured for the moment, at least. Ramon Novarro is not married. But exactly this. I am making promises for him. Every man reaches, sometime, the stage of non-resistance to lovely woman. He was born in Mexico. His name is pronounced as though spelled "Raymon No-vaw-ro." The second syllable of the last name is accented.

Miss Dixie, New York, N. Y.—Richard Dix is in his thirtieth year. His height is six feet. He was an actor on the stage before he went on the screen. Yes, anxious heart, he is still around, or is while we are preparing to go press.

C. H., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Aha! A mere name is stirred by curiosity about Ramon Novarro. His birth, in Durango, Mexico, occurred twenty-five years ago. He is in Rome for the Metro-Goldwyn Co., making "Ben Hur" into a picture.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

Amazing New Curling Cap Marcel Your Hair in 15 Minutes

Now you can always keep it beautifully marcelled at no expense

You'll welcome this news with open arms if you realize just how much beautiful curly hair adds to your appearance, for this starting new invention banishes all hair waving troubles forever. It makes it easy for you to keep your hair stylishly Marcelled at practically no expense.

If you've ever used a curling iron, you'll understand at a glance just how this marvelous new Curling Cap works, for the principle is very much the same. But instead of applying heat directly to the hair (which common sense will tell you is very injurious to both the delicate strands of hair and the scalp) the elastic copes of the Curling Cap simply hold the hair in "waves" until it dries in that position, and leaves the hair beautifully Marcelled. The Curling Cap is aided in this natural action by a specially prepared curling fluid—Spanish Curling Liquid—which is furnished with each outfit. This delightful lotion not only accentuates the curl, but acts as a tonic for scalp and hair, promoting rich, luxuriant growth.

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Whatever style of "bob" you prefer—slipstyle, Ina Claire, cross-wave, center or side-part bob—whatever kind of hair you have—soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short—this new curling device is guaranteed to give you just the kind of Marcel you want in fifteen minutes' time. And the beauty of it is that you can have a fresh Marcel every time you need it with as little trouble as ordinarily takes to comb long hair.

Think what a saving this will mean in a few months' time! Instead of paying $1.00 to $1.50 plus a 25 or 50 per cent every time you need a Marcel, now it will cost you only a few cents.

More important even than the saving of money is the improved condition of your hair that this method will bring. Instead of the harsh, scalp-drying, hair-scalding treatment which sooner or later will run any suit of hair, you give broken end, thin and unruly, you have a simple, natural method that not only keeps the hair beautifully Marcelled, but enriches and nourishes it, making it silky and more beautiful all the time.

Amazing introductory offer

When you consider the remarkable results this new Curling Cap insures and the price asked for curling devices that can't compare with it in any way, you would expect it to retail at $10 or more. Without a doubt Mr. McGowan, the inventor, would have been justified in putting such a price on the cap, for it is easily worth that—and more. But Mr. McGowan knows that the best advertisement is the satisfied user. He knows that if he can just get this invention in the hands of a few thousand women in a comparatively short time, it will mean thousands and thousands of sales from their recommendations alone—for every woman that tries this device is delighted with it and naturally tells her friends. So in order to introduce his Curling Cap as quickly as possible to as many users as possible, Mr. McGowan has figured the price down to the minimum—$2.87 for the entire outfit, including a generous sized bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid.

You'll save enough on the first few Marcs to pay for the entire outfit. And then you can have all the Marcs you want without any expense. With a little attention the Curling Cap will last indefinitely. It is made of especially treated elastic and may be washed freely without detriment. With each outfit there is included enough Spanish Curling Liquid for many treatments, and when your supply is exhausted the old fluid may be purchased separately at a very low cost.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't risk a cent nor do you have to pay for the Curling Cap and outfit in advance. All you do is just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days your postman will bring the Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid and then you pay him $2.87, plus a few cents postage. You'll be delighted the very first time you try your new found beauty secret, but the greatest joy will come after you have used it a few times and begin to see your hair getting trained the way you find it most becoming.

And after a thorough trial, if you are not delighted with results—if you do not feel it is the best investment you've made for beauty in all your life—simply return the outfit and your money will be refunded.

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"I love you!" When a girl hears those three little words whispered in her ear by the "only man in the world," her supreme moment has come. She has won his heart. All her dreams, her hopes, her longings, have ended happily. She stands on the threshold of womanhood with the love of a good man locked in her bosom. Happy, happy girl!

But unfortunately, many girls never experience such bliss. They wait and wait for their "Dream Man," but he never comes. It's a startling truth that three out of four girls can't marry. That is because, every year a million marriageable men have four million marriageable girls from whom to choose a mate.

Then, too, many an innocent girl has been led to undreamed-of heights of happiness by these three little words, "I love you," only to learn later that the man was using her as a plaything, a passing fancy. Those three little words may lead to infinite happiness or a broken heart. What are the motives behind them? You must know and you can know if you are familiar with the rules of the fascinating game of love.

You can't afford to lose

Many broken hearts, wrecked fortunes, suicide and ruin—all caused by men and girls playing in the game of love without knowing the rules. Our schools teach many important subjects, but the most important subject in your life—the subject of love—you are expected to learn in the "school of bitter experience." Love is a dangerous game if you do not know its rules. Those who know the rules are rewarded with happiness and success. You play in the game of love—what do you know about it?

Love problems solved

Sana Swain, a recognized authority on affairs of the heart, gives the necessary advice to enable you to win in the game of love. Sana Swain lays bare the innermost thoughts of lovers and frankly reveals the scheming and planning of men and women. The intimate problems that confront your mind are completely answered in the latest sensational popular book—"Sana Swain's Dictionary of Advice," explaining how to win and hold love.

Mr. H. A. of New Jersey, writes, "The author certainly knows life as it is lived today. Best 97 cents I ever invested."

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This wonderful book tells you how to make friends and how to impress them favorably. You no longer need yearn for the sympathetic companionship of the opposite sex. You need no longer be bashful; for Sana Swain's Dictionary of Advice tells you what to do and say on all occasions. It banishes gloom and loneliness by newly made friendships.

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I followed your good advice—and now I'm a happy bride."

This book is not a "story book"—it is a valuable reference book listing almost a thousand questions giving the answer to each frankly and completely.

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Questions and Answers

B. D., MASSENA, N. Y.—Ramon Novarro is in Rome for the filming of "Ben Hur." It is the Metro-Goldwyn Company that is making into a picture General Lew Wallace's long-lived play. I do not know Mr. Novarro's tastes in correspondents, ardent one. He seems to be a serious young man, wholly devoted, thus far, to Mistress Art.

MARGARET B., CHICAGO—I'M M! The uncertainty of the heart of the female of the species. Three women of your favorite and you cannot decide among them. You must have your photographs ever before you can determine the leader. The good old Answer Man will help you to make your mind. Write Lasky Studio for Rod La Rocque's picture; Metro-Goldwyn for Ramon Novarro's face; Ince Studios for Cullen Landes' features. And may you decide quickly and decide right.

C. M., OAKLAND, CALIF.—Yes, Cathie. David Torrence and Ernest, of the same surname, are brothers. "Under the Skin" and at the altar at Christening time. Not merely half brothers. Same father and mother. Can I be more explicit?

LOUISE, HARTFORD, CONN.—The birthplaces of your two favorites are Leatrice Joy, New Orleans, La.; Lois Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa. Nothing more, my dear Louise? Amazing. But easy for the Answer Man who wants to get into his golf stockings and out to the links.

KATE, OSHEEK, WIS.—Your suspicions were well founded, Kate of the Searching Mind. Viola Dana has a sister named Shaw, but not Ruth. The sister was Edna Flugrath, and now is the wife of Harold Shaw, the director.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

MARRIED FLIRTS—Metro

The old theme of the wife who neglects her personal appearance and loses her husband is played upon with variations. Director Robert Vignola does it smoothly and quietly. He is given first and last through a striking performance by Pauline Frederick, who depicts the woman from dowdy wife to novelist butterfly, to a nicey. The author entertains the film company producing her novel. This calls for an interesting behind-the-screen interlude.

THE PRICE OF THE PARTY—Asso. Exhibitors

A NOVEL story of Manhattan's night life, of a rose of the cabaret's who maintains her sweetness despite all the temptations of New York's roaring '20s. This is redolent of jazz and is designed as sure fire boxoffice stuff. The cast includes a number of screen names, with Hope Hampton as the girl, Harrison Ford, Arthur Carew, Mary Astor and Dagmar Godowsky. Fairly good entertainment of its kind but not pretentious.

HEARTS OF OAK—Fox

The story of this gripping stage play is too well known to be retold here. It has lost nothing of its appeal to the hearings in the screen telling and should prove popular with film fans who like a tale of simple folks striving to attain happiness in their homes, honest way. Radio is an innovation, and Herbert Bosworth as Terry Dunnsen, dying in the arctic, hears the final good-byes of his wife and baby over the romantic wireless. Pauline Starke is the other featured player.
THE PAINTED LADY—Fox

The picture lags until the hero and heroine are seen. Then—action fulcrum—tropical storms, a sinking yacht and a thrilling fight. Dorothy Mackaill and George O'Brien share the honors but the cast has a tendency to overact. The story concerns a girl recently accused of theft. Unable to keep employment on account of being an ex-convict, she becomes a painted lady of luxury. On a South Sea Island cruise, she meets a real he-man and through his love "comes back." Not for children.

THE FAST WORKER—Universal

George Barr McCutcheon's novel, "The Husbands of Edith," comes to the screen under the title "The Fast Worker." Terry Brook is persuaded as a favor to assume the identity of his friend Medcroft and to go to California at once. Accompanied by Medcroft's wife, precocious child, and attractive sister-in-law, Terry finds himself the center of many embarrassing situations. Complications make this highly improbable plot screamingly funny, and as smartly risqué as a French farce. Reginald Denny has a chance to do some thrilling automobile racing. A capable cast makes this picture thoroughly entertaining.

Jackie's European Diary

[Continued from Page 40]

that night and go to London in the morning. So everybody else said good bye and landed and we had the whole boat to ourselves. I could hardly sleep that night because I was so excited, and I tried to imagine what the Tower of London would look like and how all of the soldiers were dressed at the palaces. I was up very early the next morning and all of the newspaper men were on board and asked me how I enjoyed my trip and took pictures of mother and daddy and me. Everyone wanted to know what I wanted to see first and I told them the guard and the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey and London Bridge and lots of other things. When we landed the docks were full of people and they cried, "Cheerio, Jackie old boy, cheerio"—that's what they say in England instead of hello. Then we saw the train—they were the oldest trains I had ever seen. The engines were tiny and I climbed into a cab with the engine and he told me that the little train went seventy miles an hour, that's pretty fast but I think I like the great big locomotives on our American trains better. When we got to the station in London, my, there was a crowd, and when I got off the train everybody rushed toward me, and just saw the finest dog—his name is Jack the Retriever—and he collects coins for the British orphans, and I gave him two shillings that's about fifty cents in our money. He certainly was a fine dog and he reminded me of my two police dogs, Olga and Buzoff who had to stay at home. I think they're the best dogs in Hollywood.

Everybody in London seemed glad to see me, and I was very happy that I had come to England.

The first thing I did was to go to St James palace, that's where the Prince of Wales lives. I went right inside the Palace, too, and from a window I saw the changing of the guard in the court yard. They looked just like the pictures in my history books. They wore big black hats and red coats and big black trousers with white straps across the shoulders. They were the most beautiful soldiers I had ever seen, and they call them the Cold Stream Guards. They marched stiff like wooden soldiers and the band played. They change the guard every morning just like they have been doing for a long time. I wish we had.

A Rendezvous with Beauty

There is no supernatural reason why forty years have dealt so gently with my skin and complexion. No mysterious gift of nature to help my appearance compete with youth—to play side by side with you girls and still feel one of you in looks. What I have done with my appearance every woman can do with hers. The beauty and freshness of youth can be with you for many years to come. My secret, if you call it such, has been.

Gouraud's ORIENTAL CREAM

It will keep your skin smooth and soft and render to your complexion a fascinating, radiant beauty. Its antiseptic action has kept my skin pure and clear—free from all blemishes. Its astringent action has greatly discouraged wrinkles and flabbiness. With all that it has accomplished for me, its use is simple—just a few moments a day. A new and greater beauty is awaiting those who will try it.

Gouraud's Oriental Comprimettes

At last! Gouraud's Oriental Cream in compact form. You have never used anything like it. A soft, silky powder, containing all the subtle beautifying properties of Gouraud's Oriental Cream. Two sizes, 50c and $1.00, and in six shades. White, Flesh, Redish Powders, and Light, Medium and Dark Rouges.

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A New Scientific Discovery

which completely solves the old age skin problem—rejuvenates the skin, aids in healing blemishes, fungus, acne, age spots, freckles, spots caused by sun exposure. A new, non-drying lotion. Produces a healthy, even skin, beautiful as a baby's. Results astounding. Booklet "The Magic of a New Skin" free in plain sealed envelopes.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. C8, 30 E. 26th St., New York

DAINTINESS

A pure and harmless antidote that destroys instantly all personal odors. A velocity fast disappearing cream that can be used at all times. A dressing table jar for $1.00 at your druggist—direct from THE RALIVO CORPORATION

Worcester - Massachusetts

LEARN ACCOUNTING

Bryant & Stratton New Training System fits you to earn big money. Learn in your own home. Short Course for everybody. New method. If you have, write for booklet given you by BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

FOR 7 EYES -- I Wonder If He Had

HEAR ME LADY

seven WAYS

LADY

Bryant advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

Players. This item mentioned no salary, but it stressed the fact that Miss Pickford received fifty per cent of the stock of a new company. This item was intended in famous Players strategy to keep bidding away from Mary Pickford. It might be noted that purpose neatly, but unexpected things happened.

A few weeks later, in February, came the startling announcement of the contract by which John R. Freuler of the Mutual Film Corporation agreed to pay Charles Chaplin $875,000 for a year’s work.

Mary Pickford had been in the pictures for five hard years and she had already been acclaimed “America’s Sweetheart” when the obscure Chaplin started before the camera at Keystone in 1913.

Mary shrewdly gaged that if this newcomer was valued so highly, she, too, could hardly be worth less to picture producers.

Mary Pickford’s Unsatisfactory Contract

“America’s Sweetheart” did some thinking. Here she was getting a mere $4,000 a week, only $850,000 a year, while this starlet stepped into and helped himself to more than three times as much.

Mary Pickford appears to have discussed matters rather freely with Mrs. Con Carrington Wilkening, Mrs. Wilkening had come into contact with Miss Pickford as an agent for scenario material and had been instrumental in the making of an agreement with the McClure Syndicate for newspaper publication of a series of articles signed by Mary Pickford and written by Frances Marion, beginning the autumn before.

This syndicated series was on of several ways in which Miss Pickford realized upon the commercial value of her name. She also made a contract with the Pompeian Company, makers of a toilet cream, which added to her fame by covering the land with handsomely printed calendar pictures of America’s Sweetheart. By another deal Mary collected royalties on a radiator cap for motor cars, and by yet another arrangement for the use of her name by a music publisher. The newspaper syndicate arrangement was the subject of much extravagant guessing in newspaper and motion picture offices. Discoloration of the reputation of the McClure Syndicate shows that from October 31, 1915, to September, 1918, Miss Pickford received $24,243.30, which represented 60 per cent of the gross sales of the articles.

All of the makers of pictures for Mutual release were reluctant to accept a percentage of the earnings of their pictures in lieu of direct purchase. The most vigorous resistance to the new Freuler policy was the Thanhouser Film Corporation at New Rochelle, in which Freuler held a considerable interest.

Percentage Earnings Disturb Picture Makers

The Thanhouser Corporation threatened Mutual with secession. Freuler put on his frock coat and went up to New Rochelle to a directors’ meeting.

“I am here on the stockholder and director of the Thanhouser Corporation, only,” he announced. The meeting was concerned with the discussion of finding a new outlet for the Thanhouser product. Freuler suggested that important negotiations were under way which would give the company much greater prospect of profit.

“I moved,” he said, “that the president of the corporation be instructed to investigate this situation carefully and if possible bring the negotiations to a successful conclusion,” said Freuler.
A New Perfume

As a lover of rare perfumes, you will be enchanted by the indescribable fragrance of Honolulu's new creation —

Honolulu Bouquet
Perfume $1.00 per oz. Toilet water, 4 oz. $1.50. Tonics, 50c. At druggists or department stores. Send 2c for sample. (For personal use only.)

Rieger's
PERFECTLY TOILET WATER

Flower Drops
Flower Drops is the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made with actual flowers. Bottle with long glass stopper, containing enough for a month. Fragrances: Cherry, Cranberry, Lily of the Valley, Rose and Violet 6c. At druggists or by mail. Send 2c for miniature bottle.

Send 20c for trial bottle.

Paul Rieger & Co. (Since 1877)
163 First St., San Francisco

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 hair-brush with a little “Dandeline” 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 “Dandeline” is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and drudgery disappears. Get a bottle of “Dandeline” at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

A Busy Day—No Time to Apply More Rouge

For the modern woman, every day is a busy one. No wonder she chooses Pert a rouge which need only be applied in the morning to last all day. To remove Pert, she uses cold cream or soap.

Pert Rouge is easily applied and its creamy texture makes it spread smoothly as powder. In two shades — Orange (showing pink on the skin) and Rose. 75c.

Match your Pert Rouge with Pert Waterproof Lipsticks and Lipstick for old drug and department stores.

Send a dime today for sample of Pert Rouge.

ROSS COMPANY
241 West 17th Street
New York

Pert Rouge

SLENDER ANKLES CAN BE YOURS

Low Prices None Can Beat

Diamonds 50% of the Marke

Any Diamond sold for absolute free examination and return at any time. 

Why Pay Full Prices
Costs Nothing to See

Any Diamond sold for absolute free examination and return at any time.

Baby Loves A Bath With Cuticura Soap

Bland and Soothing to Tender Skin.

Boys & Girls Earn Xmas Money

Lower 50 Cents. Wholesale Christmas Sales. Sell for 10c a unit. When sold retail at $1.00 and keep 25c. No Work—Just Fan.

B. ST. NICHOLAS 2246 Chaveted Bldg., Dept. 42, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Mary Ready to Leave Famous Players

Mrs. Wilkening went to see Hampton and found him in an interested mood. There were conferences presently in her office and Pickford and Hampton seemed to have been just a little hesitant, now that she was face to face with a step that might break her long and profitable Famous Players connection. Uncertainty was almost a Hampton habit. He had to reconcile the makings in his dress clothes and rolled their own as they emerged from the Metropolitan Opera House.

It was a certain consequence, in view of these dramatic symptoms, that Hampton should, in the course of his gyrations, impinge upon the motion picture.

or bulletin system, in which communications from the president's office went out on a special color tinted letterhead over a watermarked paper. The color was a signal to each of the sixty-eight exchange managers to keep its contents a secret and to lock the letter up in a certain ponderous black and padlocked leather book supplied by the home office for the purpose. The weakness of the system lay in that it made it easy for the spies of the competition to locate confidential papers. In this period, important film office staff included espionage agents.

The pink letter which went out this day was an inquiry addressed to the manager of leading branches of the Mutual as to the potential Pickford business in each territory.

Within two days the motion picture grapevine telegraph of gossip began to buzz with Pickford rumors and tremors of excitement. Adolph Zukor was meanwhile being rather well flattered.

Mrs. Wilkening was still eagerly looking about for a chance at new bids for Pickford. The report came up Broadway by way of Wall street that 115 Fifth avenue, the office of the American Tobacco Company, was filled with motion picture ambitions. It seemed that Benjamin H. Hampton, vice-president in charge of advertising, was the focus of the threatened invasion of the screen world by tobacco millions.

Hampton had been by turns a publisher and an advertiser. He had come into considerable prominence by dint of his advertising exploits, some of them effective and all of them amusing and impressive. Probably the most typically eccentric was the campaign with the slogan, "The Men Who Chew Are the Men Who Do!" It aimed at rescuing the habit of chewing tobacco from the decline which seemed as the anti-spitting ordinances swept over the land as a sequel to the advance of the germ theory. Chewing tobacco was passing swiftly into the limbo of mutinuous whiskers and suspenders. It was a bit of Hampton's whimsy that he hoped to make chewing the emblem of all He-Men. A similar campaign aimed at making it apparent that all the best people carried the makin's in their dress clothes and rolled their own as they emerged from the Metropolitan Opera House.

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lofTis
BROS. & CO. 26-28
DIAMONDS
WATCHES
Cash or Credit
MAKE WORTH-WHILE
Christmas Gifts
A handwound Swiss Diamond or a
14K. Diamond Gold Watch, etc., in the
best traditions of Golden Age craftsmanship.
$1.25 A WEEK
No. 12 Black & White Diamond, Gold, or Bronze Case. Wrist Watch. $1.75 A WEEK
Terms, $1.00 Down. 5% Off.
We include with you: a small Illustrated Sentiments booklet.
Send for Catalog.
| No. 33 Black & White Diamond-Gold Watch, with Date and Month Calendar. $4.95. Only $1.50 Down.
| No. 43 Black & White Diamond-Gold. $2.95. Only $1.25 Down.
| No. 24 5 Blue White Diamonds, Platinum, $9.50. Only $2.50 Down.
| No. 35 14K. Gold Watch with .40 Carat Diamonds, $7.50. Only $2.50 Down.
| No. 27 18K. Gold and Diamond Watch, $12.00. Only $3.50 Down.
| No. 36 18K. Gold and Diamond Watch, $12.00. Only $3.50 Down.
| No. 37 Unusual Diamond Watch with Gold Band, $15.00. Only $4.50 Down.
| No. 11 Gold and Diamond Watch, $9.50. Only $3.50 Down.
| No. 38 Platinum and Diamond Watch, $12.00. Only $3.00 Down.
| No. 39 Platinum and Diamond Watch, $12.00. Only $3.00 Down.
| No. 40 Platinum and Diamond Watch, $12.00. Only $3.00 Down.
| No. 41 Platinum and Diamond Watch, $12.00. Only $3.00 Down.
| No. 42 Platinum and Diamond Watch, $12.00. Only $3.00 Down.

Genuine Diamonds GUARANTEED
TERMS: Payable in four equal monthly installments. If not paid in full by end of fourth month, you may return watch and Terriers will be refunded.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

WRIST WATCH
25.40—Solitaire White Pearl, 18K. White Gold Band, $1.50.
32.80—Edwardian Diamond, $1.90.
37.50—Pearl and Diamond, $2.50.
62.50—Gold and Diamond, $7.50.

$1.00 A Week

17 Jewel Elgin
Guaranteed 25 Years
No. 1-Green Gold, $2.00 down. 18K. Solid Gold Band.
No. 2-Gold, $2.00 down. 18K. Solid Gold Band.
No. 3-Gold, $2.00 down. 18K. Solid Gold Band.
No. 4-Gold, $2.00 down. 18K. Solid Gold Band.
No. 5-Gold, $2.00 down. 18K. Solid Gold Band.

NOE. 10.50 A WEEK

LOFTIS
BROS. & CO. 26-28
THE OLD FREE SAMPLES IN VESTIMENTAL JEWELRY
108N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

Send for the Loftis Catalog

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?
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, 1001 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

the mazes of stern hard business through which she has had to pick her way and fight for supremacy. The lighting and business agility had a great deal more to do with the fame of Mary than the curls and little girl mannerisms, which her emulators take to be her power.

Now with this option signed, and Hampton actively engaged in looking about for capital, the excitement in the inner and upper circles of the film industry began.

Mary Wilkenson and Mary now had two deals on the string. It was time to see how Zukor would react.

Mrs. Wilkenson went to see Zukor with the news. "He really questioned that she had talked with Mr. Zukor and he said with Mrs. Pickford that he intended to go on with the motion picture business, which he had no intention of doing," Mrs. Wilkenson testified, telling of that session in a subsequent litigation.

Within a week, on March 23 to be exact, the gossip and thrilled rumors stirring the industry broke into the New York Times without a direct quotation discussed reports sufficiently comprehensive to indicate that anything, or everything, or both, was going to happen in the motion picture world.

Mergers were hinted involving Lubin, Essanay, Selig, Triangle, Mutual, Famous Players, Lasky and Morris and Pallas, the latter two being contributors to the Paramount program.

The story included, too, the news that Benjamin B. Hampton was reported to have made a tentative offer of $500,000 a year to Mary Pickford. The Hampton story was too cautious about that Pickford paragraph. A reporter called up Mary, who was quoted as saying she was then working under a temporary or tenti-

Mary Pickford Controls Film Situation

The fact was, in this great tentative situation in the film industry, whoever emerged from this situation in possession of a contract with Mary Pickford was going to hold the whip hand in the whole industry.

In some dim way every concern in the business realized this.

The price of Mary Pickford became the price of supremacy.

Seven years before that same girl walked to save carcarse when she went job hunting at the Biograph studio.

Slenderness will make you more attractive—

Are you worried because you are overweight? Are your figure if losing your charm, your youthful figure?

Slim women are at a disadvantage. Pretty clothes no longer fit them, their movements are awkward, their attractiveness deserted them. Friends are sympathetic.

But many of these friends have a secret method of keeping slender! They use Marmola Tablets (thousands of men and women each year regain slenderness this way). These tablets will make you slender again, too. Try them. No exercises or diets—just a pleasant, healthful way of becoming slender.

All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1710 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

For Luck in Love
Love is the greatest thing in the world. Why not have good luck in love?

The Sheik, the world's most famous lover, the outstanding hero of the genius Arabian Nights, commands your attention with his image on it.

The Sheik Ring with his image on it is the symbol of this great lover's charm and power. Amazing stories are being told of good luck in love by prominent women. Get this Arabian Sheik Ring of unique design and unusual beauty adorned with gorgeous Arabian ruby and emerald. Join the hundreds of your friends who now know that the Sheik Ring is the charm and power of love.

Sheik Ring, $3.75. Free postpaid. Add 50c for gold finders. Send $3.75 to me. Ask for Slow Postscript

THE SHEIK ARMED, RHOD McNALLY Bldg., Dept. 34, Chicago

FREE YOUR NAME AT $1.50! MAKE YOUR NAME IN EMBOSSED LETTERING FREE FOR $1.50!
INKOGRAPH, LTD., 312 Centre St., New York

THE PERFECT WRITING INSTRUMENT
The new Improved Inkograph. Writs like pen with India black beston good from- ing. For secret business, art, etc. 5c. each, 100 for $7.50, 500 for $25.00. 1000 for $10.00. Postage 15c for first 300,10c for each additional 100. Made in England. Silver and gold
dipped. Guaranteed for one year. Free postpaid.

"POOR GIRL!"...
Is what I heard whispered. The matter was pretty I looked into it. Instantly asked my appearance in the mirror, and admired by men and envied by girls. If you have the same, without doubt this effect can be achieved by sending a stamp for my secret and FREE book "Beauty Laced with a Write Guide," Madame Louise, Suite 131-B, 149 Fifth Ave., New York.

"POOR GIRL!"...

Print Your Own Money
If you have a practice of spending money, you will want this Machine. It contains a Stock of Pressed Paper Notes, which can be cut off in any desired amount. A roll of 500 notes costs 50c. Paper Cutters 34c. Money, with your signature, being used, is sent. Write for catalog, price list, and orders.

INKOGRAPH CO., LTD., 312 Centre St., New York

Every advertisement in PHOTOFILM MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Because it was the Chaplin contract with its reaction on Pickford which had become the success of the moment in the industry, it is necessary to compare their places before the screen world.
No Money in Advance

Any of the wonderful Christmas Diamond Values pictured above sent you for FREE EXAMINATION—not one penny in advance. If you keep your selection, pay at the rate of

Only a Few Cents a Day

Merely the small change you now waste on trinkets will soon pay for a wonderful diamond. $5 yearly increase in value on all diamond exchanges absolutely guaranteed. Also 5% home privilege.

Million Dollar FREE Get it now, Make Bargain Book by your choice from the Greatest Bags in America. Write for your copy today. Get the benefit of our liberal Charge Account Plan, Address Gems, 1725.

J.M. Lyon & Co.
24 Maiden Lane, New York
In Business Nearly 100 Years.

INDIAN BEAD BANDS FOR BOBBED HAIR

For $1.50 (money refunded if not entirely satisfied) you will send postpaid an Indian bead headband, such as worn by Indian Princesses. Fits all heads. Different styles and colors available. All very good quality. Large assortment of color.

This Year's Most Unusual Christmas Gift
SOUTHWEST ARTS & CRAFTS, INDIAN TRADERS, Santa Fe, N. Mex.

BANISH YOUR MOLES with DESOLVE

A SAFE, SIMPLE, PAINLESS, GUARANTEED HOME TREATMENT

Write for booklet of information to: F. C. L. Allen, Binghamton Sta., Box 74, Memphis, Tenn.

FREE!

THIS MILLION DOLLAR BOOK OF CHRISTMAS BARGAINS

How '8 Day Buys a Gift That Will Never Lose Its Charm

With the help of 25 million dollars worth of diamond jewelry and a similar amount of other fine gifts, the Christmas/New Year gift buying season is expected to make a record leap. This is the great reason why you buy this million dollar book of Christmas bargains.

John B. Freuler returned to New York after a trip to Europe, where he met Pickford and presented her with a proposition, which included a drawing account of $100,000 a week. He offered her a contract of five years and a bonus of $300,000 on the signing of the contract. This was backed by a guaranty that her earnings under this arrangement would be not less than $300,000.

A million a year guaranteed—if she would put her name to "Mary Gladys Moore, known as Mary Pickford," on the dotted line.

Mary said yes.

Freuler returned to his office and went into sessions with Samuel M. Field, his attorney, and had drawn up a remarkably complete Pickford contract. The preliminaries of the momentous and costly words were to appear above the aforesaid dotted line.

Mary went back to the Famous Players and told the glad news to Adolph Zukor.

Some days later a telephone call arrived from Samuel M. Field that Miss Pickford was not going to sign that contract.

June 24, 1915, Pickford signed again with Zukor. Technically the contract was with the Pickford Film Corporation. It ran for a term of two years. Mary's compensation was set at fifty percent of the net profits guaranteed to be not less than $1,049,000. The guaranty was to be paid as salary, ten thousand dollars each Monday. In addition, there was a bonus of $80,000, payable when completed the pictures. This was to compensate Mary's pride for the fact that Chaplin got $30,000 bonus for signing his one year contract.

The contract provided that Mary Pickford's name was to be in the biggest type and the only featured name in any advertisement of her pictures. She was guaranteed partner car transportation for herself and her mother to and from California and a motor for services outside of Greater New York. The corporation agreed to provide a studio to be known as the Mary Pickford Studio, in which no other pictures could be made, and in the event she made winter pictures in California, she was to have a stage to herself. She was to have a voice in the choice of pictures, casts and every thing else. Just by way of completeness Mary under this contract collected $90,000 for the time between May 29 and June 24, when she had not been on the payroll, this on the ground that the time was spent in examining scenarios.

Not Quite a Million

This was not up to the Freuler guaranty of a million a year, but Mary had managed to equal the Chaplin figures and still cling to the contractable under the able management of Zukor's organization.

This was Zukor's big year, filled with the crises and the issues which were to determine his place in the motion picture industry. It is the custom of motion picture writers on the subject, which are mainly those of press agents, to say that it was 1912 and the famous players in famous plays which began the remarkable career of Adolph Zukor. Nothing could be farther from the fact.

The steps from 1912 to 1916 were largely thrust upon Zukor's shoulders and external forces. During this year he began of his own purpose and consciously the campaigns which in the swift development of the motion picture industry, placed the most powerful people in the industry. The skill and strategy by which he came began his ascendency was of a technique common to all businesses, with nothing peculiar to the motion picture industry about it. The masters, whether you choose Napoleon, Harriman, Woolworth, or Rockefeller, all operate on a fundamental pattern.

Now that the Pickford contract was settled, spectacular moves centering in Zukor's office followed in swift succession. Power was growing out of the use of power.

Famous Players pictures were being sold under contract to Paramount Pictures Corporation, the distributor. Paramount made a guaranty of $85,000 per picture. Costs were

Play this Jazzy Sax Without Practice

Any one can play this big imported Jazzy Sax right away, No book to study, no lessons required, no lessons, only a few numbers printed, no notes. All you need is: The Saxophone, a pair of reeds, a good mouthpiece, a box of extra reeds, and a good mouthpiece. A good mouthpiece, $5.00. So, Judge, buy a good mouthpiece and send your address to Ferry & Co., Dept. M, Chicago.

Send No Money

Send just your name. When we get 15000 free Reeds arrive, say Patman only 15000 free from Patman, enclosed. One card only, say Patman only. 15000 free Reeds arrive, say Patman only 15000 free from Patman, enclosed. One card only, say Patman only. Ferry & Co., Dept. M, Chicago.

SWEET and TWENTY

Youth—& an exquisite rose-toned skin, white as milk and soft as silk.

But for how long?

SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY

The One Beauty Cake

—will help keep the bloom and freshness of life's morning. And for her who faces the fadng years there is imperative need of this beautifier. Sold everywhere or by mail. A seven day trial size cake on receipt of 50 cents.

SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY CO.
29 Tumee Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Beauty Culture Course

Earn $40 to $75 a Week

Specially trained, carefully selected girl can make $40 to $75 a week, after a short course in the beauty culture. Those who train with us earn the money they earn. Send for free catalog today.

For a Good XMAS Suggestion

See page 128

GOVT. HELP NEEDED

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 65, willing to accept Government Positions, $11.00-2500, stationary, at or near home, or traveling, write, Mr. Osborn, 284, N. Lewis, Madison, Wisconsin.
Is this a Miracle?

Faces restored while you wait! Facial tissues revitalized in an hour! To remove all traces of time from the face is now a matter of moments!

A miracle? Yes. The modern miracle of facial filming.

To realize what this discovery means, study the photographs. If you think it cannot be true — the lady in the picture is 54 years old! If you doubt that face filming always works, on any human skin — and will work on yours — read the arrangements for letting you try it.

Facial Film was born in France. Because of the tremendous cost, its use has been restricted until its base to neoplasma, worth $5,000 a pound! The perfection of this film in solution has brought it to America in affordable form, giving beauty power which forever solves the problem of perfect complexion. A face with telltale lines is now inexplicable. Even deep furrows may now be removed from the countenance: wrinkles succumb to a simple application of neoplasma film; every minor blemish is banished or old dissolve almost with the first touch.

When women realize the full significance of this discovery there will be no old "young faces" to "withered" faces at any age — no old eyes in young heads — or "sacks" beneath the eyes in middle age. Lines from the corners of the mouth to nose, and down to chin are dispelled by the rejuvenation of tissue. So are the line that cause necks to look old before their time. It makes no difference what caused these wrinkles — whether due to the general condition of age, organic trouble, under-nourishment, or just nervou strain — the filming process revitalizes and makes firm the whole skin structure and flesh beneath. It "takes up the slack" and draws sagging tissues as taut and smooth as in early youth. (Filming naturally has the same effect on hands, and on any part of the body.)

In the age of creams and clays, and endless other "beautifiers" it is hoped that neoplasma film will not be regarded as a cosmetic. It is gentle, to be sure, it is a physical regent accomplishing the same astonishing change for which women have undergone plastic surgery. The results are the same — without the risk, dis comfort or expense. You have read the remarkable results of "face lifting" neoplasming.

Now, fold this edge of picture over, along dotted line, and see how facial filming restored youth.

Time of treatment: 60 minutes.

PHARMACEUTICAL PRODUCTS LTD.

460 So. State St., Chicago

606 South Michigan Ave.

Please send free sample of Facial Film for free trial.

We pay postage if you mail sample back, if you don't enjoy it, we ask only postage.

Order now, the savings are yours! Use coupon printed here!
Photoplay

That's exactly what the "Edythe May Roller for Reducing" will do for you. No laborious exercising, no dangerous dieting, no harmful drugs. Just a simple little device, based on scientific principles, that has PROVED in value and demonstrated beyond question its ability to produce results easily and quickly. NOT an experiment. Here is something that WILL work.

I have made reducing a pleasure instead of a drudgery. It's fun to use my Roller. Doesn't leave you in a weakened condition but stimulates at once and increases your health. It is like millions of other women, you want to improve your appearance, add to your style and compete with your more graceful sisters you can positively reduce your arms, hips, thighs, abdomen, ankles or calves of the legs with the "Edythe May Roller for Reducing".

"Reduced my waist measure two inches," says A. L. "Lost nine pounds and am in healthier condition," says S. P., "took off seven pounds," says C. C.

My "Edythe May Roller for Reducing" is a joy to every woman. Simply roll the four scientifically-designed and prepared rubber balls briskly over the parts to be reduced. Increased circulation will be instantly created. The fatty tissues will be broken down and the impurities will be carried off through the pores. This is a scientifically proven fact.

For my price of $6.00 you may start to secure a slender figure, an attractive appearance, health and beauty. You'll look better, feel better, and get more joy out of life. Send in the coupon NOW! Enclose money or pay the postman when he calls.

"EDYTHE MAY ROLLERS"

FOR REDUCING

BANTA-BILTZ CO.

101 Mission St.
San Francisco, Calif.

BANTA-BILTZ CO., Inc., 341-F Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

Please send the "Edythe May Roller for Reducing" Price 86. Price full payment enclosed.

Send by mail and I will pay postman. (Check method of purchase preferred)

Genuine

BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Colds

Headache

Neuralgia

Lumbago

Pain

Toothache

Neuritis

Rheumatism

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains printed directions.

Handy “Bayer” boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—bottles atata.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetlenide of Salicylicacid

of the Lone Star corporation being independently offered to the theaters as an invasion of the Paramount program, and the parallel personal pressure of the rivalry between stars expressed in the Pickford affair.

Capitalism Versus Art

The inevitable cycle had come, with the progress of the art breaking down old commercial selling practices and old programs, only to establish a new program level to again be broken down by the attainment of new levels in the art. This process is continually in progress, repeating itself endlessly. We may see it today in operation with the release of the biggest pictures, such as “The Covered Wagon,” the “Ten Commandments” and “The Hunchback of Notre Dame.” All these are pictures too costly and too big for the main channel of program flow. Presently the broad field of production will come up to them. They will be the program, and the vanguard of picture pictures to replace the main channel of program flow. Presently the broad field of production will come up to them. They will be the program, and the vanguard of picture pictures to replace the main channel of program flow.

This year of 1916 brought to the screen two interesting production which must be viewed as indirect offspring of “The Birth of a Nation.” “Civilization,” a lofty effort by Thomas H. Ince, opened at the Criterion theater June 2. It was a spectacular indictment of war, painted with a big brush. It was doubtless in part a move by the canny Ince to assert himself as a director in competition with Griffith. The picture was in tune with the anti-war sentiment of the country.

This year was the year of the second Wilson campaign. Some of the shrewd students of the political situation, including the press representative of the Democratic National Committee, averred that the Ince picture, with its delineation of the horrors of war, was a large influence in the Wilson victory at the polls. It was a timely rendering of the slogan “He kept us out of war,” on which Wilson was re-elected.

But “Civilization” was not made as propaganda. It was made to sell to an already existing public sentiment.

The Premier of “Civilization”

The opening was made a signal event, calculated to start a wave of emotion. A first-class feature story for the newspapers was created when Billie Burke fainted in the audience, overcome with the thrill and suspense of the picture. Presumably the fact that Miss Burke had been working in a picture for Ince-Triangle release was not connected with this episode. Wild acclaim broke from the first night audience and Al Woods pulled the reluctant Ince onto the stage to take a bow and make a speech. The New York Times commented that Ince was refreshingly modest. Ince is a capable actor.

The war theme erupted pretentiously again that week in the opening of “The Fall of a Nation,” by Thomas Dixon at the Liberty Theater, on June 6. As in “The Battle Cry of Peace,” America was invaded again and there was a hand-some battle scene off Long Island. The picture had a musical score by Victor Herbert and a doverly presentation. It bid for a share in the fame of “The Birth of a Nation.” It did not get it.

The real significance of these pictures was in their recognition that the World War was coming closer.

The restrictive year of 1915 was also made gay by two handsome clashes.

When Charles Chaplin went over to the Mutual, Essanay held back its first Chaplin picture, release was not connected with this episode. Wild acclaim broke from the first night audience and Al Woods pulled the reluctant Ince onto the stage to take a bow and make a speech. The New York Times commented that Ince was refreshingly modest. Ince is a capable actor.

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shuddered at the words
that delivered her to this terrible fate of000
the East. How could she escape from400
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“Believe me, dear Herbert, I pray for you every night before I close my eyes, that God will spare you so that I will be able to be so proud of you, because I can just imagine how great a man you will be when this picture is assembled and shown throughout the world. . . .”

It is a reasonable presumption that if William Fox was doing any praying about “The Daughter of the Gods” it was with reference to the cost-sheets.

Meanwhile when he found that he did not have the genuine Brill credit for the picture Fox decided to do it.

When arrangements for the premiere at the Lyric were made instructions were issued to give Brill an invitation and by way of special precaution guards were stationed at the stage door and to ensure the threat to keep Brill out.

Brenon’s personal press agent sent a hinting telegram to the newspapers of New York:

“Brenon is refused seats at opening ‘The Daughter of the Gods.’” First time auget barred from premieres in a long while.

William Fox was in the lobby that night of October 17, 1919, when one of his confidential employees approached with the news that Brenon was in the lobby.

Fox summoned the captain of the guard to receive his remarks, which were ample unto the occasion.

The blonde was searched. They found Brenon, wearing a lovely set of false studio whiskers, in the best seat in the house, middle of the orchestra, on the aisle. Brenon stayed, and probably only enjoyed his self. He did not have the evening for William Fox.

After the Brenon controversy, directors began to be cautious about credit clauses in their contracts.

When the autumn of 1916 arrived the lines had only formed for the new war for supremacy in the motion picture business. It was going to dominate the new feature era? Now came Lewis J. Selznick and the entry of the United States in the World War, with excitement enough for the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Film Inaccuracies

ANCIENT life, as represented in motion pictures, evidently worries the archaeologists. Bruce Bryan, writing in “Art and Archaeology,” finds that “motion picture realism, not always true to fact, in spite of advertisement to the contrary.”

For example: “It is foolish,” he thinks, “to accurately copy the form of an Egyptian god and then deliberately adorn him with a grotesque painted expression. A motion picture conception of a statue of the god Osiris that I saw is enough to make a real Egyptologist squirm in agony. As long as it pays to advertise realism and accuracy in detail and fact, why isn’t it equally probable to really make careful research and produce an accurate work?”

The headdress of a pharaoh worn by slaves, hieroglyphics cut in relief, instead of cut into the stones, queer-looking sphinxes, and pyramids out of place, armor such as would have caused the ancients to gasp in wonder—all these things, according to Mr. Bryan, are lamentable innovations in screen versions of old Egyptian life. Together with other historical pictures he finds many things to criticize in The Ten Commandments—costumes, gods, architecture, casting. That this picture is especially rich in its historical inaccuracies.

In spite of this all, however, he says that “The Ten Commandments is the greatest picture that has ever been made and one well worth going to see.”

“Movie realism is not always real in spite of what so-called Egyptologists efforts. Why not then?” Mr. Bryan concludes, “secure the help of real Egyptologists for accuracy.”
Why the Prince of Wales Would Make a Film Star

Wales, is the most fascinating, interesting and popular Prince in the world. Probably one reason we felt so immediately at ease in the presence of His Royal Highness was because never before had we spent so many hours cutting him and the whole Royal Family. It was done judiciously, we hope, for it is not easy to cut a six-reel picture down to fifteen hundred feet, and this was our task. "Through Three Reigns," the picture was called, and Edward Albert first appeared at the age of five, we are told. Anyway, it was just at the close of Victoria's reign when suddenly there appeared on the screen a sweet cherub. "Who is that dear little boy?" we asked, and when he was asked who the cherub was Edward Albert, grand-son of King Albert Edward. In the course of the picture Edward Albert appeared again and again at various funerals, coronations and meetings, and yet we had to be forcibly restrained from including in the fifteen hundred feet every scene in which the Happy Prince appeared. So, yes, H. R. H. is almost the oldest cinema player in the world. He and the newest art were in their infancy playing together.

So that is the reason why Prince Edward Albert seemed to be making a personal appearance that day we met him face to face. As we had found out about the wonderful visit we had rushed to our immediate boss, who had lived in London so long and so well that he could run in the back door of the Palace any day he chose. We asked him to instruct us in the proper way to meet a prince who was a reigning favorite. "Forget that he's a prince. He never remembers it unless he is compelled to," he said.

All of which seems quite simple when you finally do meet him. Although we hate to sound gushy, Edward Albert is, oh, so handy, so slim and straight and so terribly swank! One famous actress who has recently returned from abroad said to us, "Every woman would love him even if he were running an elevator." And personally we believe he would even then make as great an impression as Douglas Fairbanks in "Hell Box 10." Also, personally, we shouldn't sleep a wink in the same hotel with that elevator.

But to be quite serious, we truly believe that it is no matter if a Happy Prince's personality is rather than his rank which has made him what he is today, the most romantic figure in the world. We doubt if there is any girl who could look at him and not feel that he was hers. So then.

The day he accepts an offer to appear on the screen that day may be您的 tomorrow.

And with everybody, including the Queen of Roumania and Lady Diana Manners crowning Manners and their right off the street isn't it a big enough dream doesn't take any stretch of the imagination to picture the heir to the throne of England fixing his fine blue eyes on the eye of the camera and dropping the necessary lines to the director to say, "Act." In fact, H. R. H. has already done that, but alas, his thoughtful emissary remembered to ask for the signatures of the photographers under a statement saying, "Not to be used on the screen as a part of any picture play.

In discussing Edward Albert's screen possibilities—and we assure you that everyone is discussing them—one man told us that he should play the Charles Ray sort of parts. He said, there is a naive self-consciousness which he feels as much a part of his attractive personality as the part in his hair. Once I observed Ray at a Los Angeles restaurant burlshly muscling up courage to tell the waiter that the spaghetti which he had brought was not the dish which had been ordered. Now, Ray hates spaghetti but in the end ate it

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But possibly the Prince, in grateful return for the way his films were produced, would award the director the order of Knight of the Cartier. Or if Cecil B. De Mille directed, the Prince surely would decorate De Mille with the emblem of a Knight of the Bath. And the directors could then emulate Charles Ruggles, who, owning the first automobile in Los Angeles, had his name painted on the side. The doors of all the important movie officials could be emblazoned with royal orders, sanctioned, of course, by Will Hays and passed by the National Board of Review.

And possibly, with the influence which Edith Herbert unquestionably has with his father, he could see to it that some of the film magnates were knighted. Wouldn't it be wonderful to address Sir Jesse Lasky or Sir Sam Goldwyn?

Close-Ups and Long Shots
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]
When we said we did they were so delighted that they immediately sat down and drank up all our asti spumanti. Since then I have received a card from Mabel, who has been chasing bears and squirrels around the deep tangled wildwood of Northern Minnesota. It is a question now whether I or Mussolini has the greater influence in Rome.

RAMON NOVARRO played on the stage with a star who had reached the age when the face had to be lifted regularly to prevent a general landslide toward the chin. Yet she demanded roles where she might bound in, twirling a sunbonnet and shaking her saucy curls. Ramon, then age twenty, clammed for whiskers and decrepitude.

"You are young, you should play roles of youth," remonstrated the veteran ingenue star. "Why do you players want to play old people?"

"Well, some one has to," replied Ramon, "the old ones won't."

I HAVE a letter from Bull Montana as interesting as any Sanskrit. Half of each page is illuminated with flowing blue prints of Mister Montana in ferocious poses plastique, together with such violent bits of poetry as "Bull Montana, Champion Light Heavyweight, Available All Parts of the World." Modesty forbids him referring to his historic achievements. I have a staff of experts working on the letter and to date they have deciphered the following momentous lines: "Tell the sweet mamas of Italy that Papa Bull will be over next year."

Noting that the vogue for handwriting analyses is again current, I take occasion to analyze Bull's remarkable character through his fanciful writing:

Dear Mr. Montana: Your writing, as well as your spelling, shows originality, courage and contempt for conventionalities. The dots over the "i's" indicate that you have a mind for detail—even though they are half a block down the line. Your disregard for capital letters shows freedom from artificiality and a democratic spirit. Taken all in all, I would say, judging by your writing, that you are secretive, not caring to reveal anything even in your letters. The purple ink proves you to be a passionate nature, and the way it is used shows a generous, if somewhat primitive, nature. A great soul, a gay heart and a heavy hand!

P. S.—Bull, I met that untidy widow you told me about. She wants to know will you please send back that alarm clock she threw at you. She says it was a lie; she didn't smash your new brown derby, and anyhow it was an old one you lifted from a rack at Child's. Toodle-oo, Bull, and write often.

A FILM actress is to adopt her husband's name. It seems hardly worth while for such a short time.—Punch.

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Miss Taylor has ideas of her own and expressed them pretty freely. Mr. De Mille expected absolute obedience, such as his leading women have always given him in their work. Miss Taylor's temper—she is Irish, it is true—rared out the better of her under the great stammer's magic wand, and she "sassed back," so 'tis said.

Consequently they parted company and the Lasky contract which was to have been signed was seized by mutual consent.

Then they tried little Vera Reynolds in "Feet of Clay." In the role Miss Taylor relinquished. But Miss Reynolds hasn't seemed to be too well received. She's a bit light, and she tries too hard and she hasn't that beauty which belongs to itself in the sumptuous and voluptuous settings of De Mille.

So now the search goes on.

An odd coincidence and a unique reunion took place when Arthur Rankin, scion of the well known stage family of that name, was cast to play Mrs. Wallace Reid's son in her latest starring Lasky role.

For, though they had never met, Mrs. Reid and young Rankin are brother and sister—legally.

When Dorothy Davenport—who later became the wife of one of the screen's greatest male stars—was seven, her mother and father, Harry Davenport, brother of Fanny Davenport, were forced apart. The following year Jack Davenport married Doris Rankin, a well known stage actress with a small son, Arthur. Later, Davenport legally adopted the boy, and Dorothy is his brother and sister.

And there is only a very slight difference in their ages, though Arthur is playing her son.

GREAT secrecy was maintained about Maude Adams' future with films when, late in October, she obtained articles of incorporation for the Maude Adams Company, Inc., in Delaware with capital stock of $83,000. Aside from a statement that the object of the company was to produce motion pictures, her attorneys refused to discuss its plans. It is possible that the company was organized for the purpose of exploiting her colored film process. However, this could not be confirmed, nor could a report that she was planning to go to India and try to "do her K'm," which has long been one of her ambitions.

LILA Lee and James Kirkwood and young James Kirkwood II are receiving these days, and it's really funny to imagine that anything so small could look so much like anything so large. What I mean is that young Jim II is a miniature edition of his famous father— even to the peculiar shade of red in his hair.

Lila is perfectly happy now, and life in the Kirkwood house has returned to the new arrival. In fact, Hollywood's best orgies seem to have descended to talking about babies— their weight, diet, hours and general characteristics.

Leatrice Joy is recovering slowly from the birth of her small daughter and is not yet able to be about or to see anyone.

By the way, it is rumored that Leatrice is to follow Gloria Swanson's example and refuse to allow anyone to take a picture of the baby or see it.

This might be wise, though upon what grounds it is difficult to see.

Even the queens of Europe—whose social example and prestige is hardly to be denied—have always been quite particular with their children about them. Queen Victoria herself, certainly a model of propriety and excellence in every way, is to be seen in many delightful and charming situations, in company with her babe. After all, no picture has ever equaled for charm and beauty and loveliness the picture of the Madonna and her child.

What harm can come to the child is also...
somewhat hard to figure. The rumors and stories, which were circulated about Gloria's baby, because its pictures had never been seen, were certainly more deadly effective than any of chic, sweet, decent publicity—mother and child—could have been. I have personally had dreadful arguments with people who contended that there may be something wrong with the baby or Gloria would be proud to have its pictures taken.

The only argument seems to be that it will ruin the illusion of sex appeal which clings to such types as Gloria and Lorette. But this hasn't much foundation to stand on. Women with children have always been just as charming and alluring and attractive to men as women without children. At any rate, probably both Gloria and Lorette have been advised in their courses and by someone they trust implicitly. And possibly they are right.

POOR John Bowers! A man must love his art—or his bank account—greatly to make such a sacrifice.

John has been cast for the role of Treves DeJor in Colleen Moore's "So Big!"—and he had to dye his nice, dark curls a beautiful shade of golden yellow. And he does look too funny! It might have been a little better if he hadn't happened to choose the exact shade of Marquette de la Motte's soft curls. They are engaged, you know, and so are seen constantly together. And the right of these two heads, exactly the same color, really is funny.

BEN LYN, who is the latest of the young actors to boom as a star-crafter of vitality in one of the new names—sugar-to see some of the vacant gap in the ranks of young male favorites, has had his name coupled with several famous beauties of the screen since he made his debut in "Flaming Youth" only about eighteen months ago.

Barbara La Marr and he were such good friends that at one time he was rumored. Jacob Daughtery might name him in his divorce action, but Jack indignantly denied this. Then he was chosen to play with Pola Negri in "Son of the Sheik," and a storm raged among the starlets to be permitted to smile upon him. And finally he and Gloria were seen together constantly in New York.

But for all that, Ben seems more than a nice boy. You cannot help liking him. He is quite a san-and retiring when there are ladies about, and at a very sprightly party recently a-soni-ha-at home, an interesting visitor in his succession with his charming, gray-haired mother, ignoring all the stress and beauties present.

The devotion between Ben and his mother is very lovely and it certainly is the best recommendation for a youth just starting a career as a movie star.

THE Los Angeles' opening of "The Clinging Vine," starring Peggy Wood, one of New York's favorite musical comedy song birds, was interesting from several standpoints, including the audience. One had brief glimpses of Corinne Griffith in palest pink verging on orchid, with a big picture hat; of Constance Talmadge in the newest shade of green with one of her pet silver turbans; of Mildred Harris in "Leilani" and its black satin; Elinor Glyn in the smartest black satin with a close-fitting black hat and some magnificent diamond or ruby jewelry which she had been known to wear as her "brand," and in the new white waisted, tight fitting frocks of black satin, very severe as to line and color; of Marion Davies, in definitely figured white, head of beautiful woman all beautifully gowned.

But the appearance of young Derek Glymnme as the leading man opposite Miss Wood, caused considerable comment, and a storm among the Hollywood contingent. Derek is the dark-haired young Englishman who was Elinor Glyn's choice for "Three Weeks," and who has been trying even since to live it down. Hollywood will have its little jokes, and Derek seemed fatal to go through life marked as the ideal Paul, which isn't altogether an enviable position.

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NOTE: The above letter is in our file for inspection at any time.
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